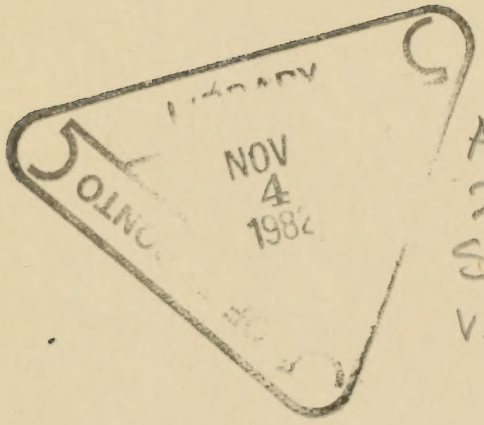
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The Thirty-first Annual

FICTION NUMBER

Short Stories of great variety and interest make up the annual FICTION NUMBER. They represent the best work of writers old and new.

MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS tells a dramatic story of a camp in the Canadian wilderness when a British officer dropped down from the clouds.

MERIEL BUCHANAN in "The Miracle of St. Nicholas" relates a pathetic story of Russia in war and revolution.

MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT develops an unusual character in "'Bally Old' Knott," one of his most attractive Englishmen.

THE COUNTESS OF CHAMBRUN tells a story of a Blue Ridge Mountain resort and a gambler.

ARTHUR TUCKERMAN, a new writer, has a romantic tale of a steamer on the African coast—"Black Magic."

CORNELIA GEER LEBOUTILLIER makes an Irishman and his wife the subject of her charming sketch, "Chaff."

F. S. CHURCH writes and fantastically illustrates "My Vacation."

SARAH ATHERTON has another story of alien miners entitled "A Lie and the Litany."

A Variety of Articles Not Fiction

MADAME WADDINGTON recalls her memories of the last Cowes Regatta before the war, when the German Emperor and his yacht were there. *It can never happen again.* The illustrations are by Fred Pegram.

JUDGE FRANKLIN CHASE HOYT continues his story of bad boys who appear before him in the Children's Court, under the title "The Gang in Embryo."

PROFESSOR W. H. R. RIVERS, of St. John's College, Cambridge, who recently lectured in this country, discusses "Psychology and the War."

ELIZABETH W. ALLSTON PRINGLE continues her memories of the Old South with an account of "The Coming of Sherman's Army."

A STEVENSON FIND: Here is a veritable unknown article by R. L. S., unearthed by George R. Stewart, Jr., from the files of an old Monterey newspaper, in which he discusses San Carlos Day with the well-known Stevensonian touch.

HENRY VAN DYKE, travelling in the East, sends his essay for "Guide-Posts and Camp-Fires," founded on his Hawaiian experiences.

A GROUP OF POEMS by Olive Tilford Dargan and others.

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THE *September Number* of *Scribner's* contains adventure, literary essays, discussions of art, and a variety of short stories by writers old and new

Adventure and Travel

are well represented *by Henry van Dyke,* who has just arrived from Japan, and who will contribute to "GUIDE-POSTS AND CAMP-FIRES" his vivid impressions of Japanese life, with some reference to the students at the Imperial University, where he delivered a series of lectures; by "THE CAVE TIGER OF CHINA," *by William Lord Smith;* and by "TRAILING STATISTICS ON AN AMERICAN FRONTIER," *by Viola I. Paradise.*

Literary Essays and Discussions:

"GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO," *by Joseph Collins,* who treats particularly of the literary genius of the man.

"THE PARADOX OF THOREAU," *by Odell Shepard;* a new view of an old writer.

"PROTECTIVE THINKING," *by Professor Edgar James Swift,* author of that very successful book, "Psychology and the Day's Work."

Art and Artists:

"A SCULPTOR OF THE WEST," *by Ernest Peixotto,* who tells the romantic progress of the man who is about to complete two equestrian statues for Denver — A. Phimister Proctor — a remarkable sculptor who grew out of the West.

A GROUP OF ETCHINGS by a Middle West artist, Walter Tittle, among them unusual pictures of *Meredith Nicholson* and *Charles Dana Gibson.*

THE GREAT JOHNSON COLLECTION of Philadelphia is described *by Harrison H. Morris.*

Short Stories:

Mrs. W. K. Clifford, a striking story, "THE ANTIDOTE."
"LINKS," *by Leonard Hatch,* a tale to make laboring men think.
"SEA GINGER," a new kind of sea story by a new writer, *J. Edward Macy.*
"THE ARGOSIES," *by Alexander Hull,* another new writer of fiction from the Far West.

If you want to be entertained, enlightened, or amused, you will find the material in Scribner's *for September*

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The October Number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE is privileged to publish a remarkable group of

Letters *of* Joseph H. Choate

from the notable "Life of Joseph Hodges Choate," soon to be published by Charles Scribner's Sons. E. S. Martin has made for the Magazine an unusually interesting selection from those letters, written while Mr. Choate was the American Ambassador in England, to members of his family, in his inimitable style. In them is revealed the distinguished American Ambassador and his qualities of wit and social grace and great ability in public affairs.

The New Heavens

Dr. George Ellery Hale, at the head of the Mount Wilson Observatory, shows graphically, with many illustrations, what the giant 100-inch telescope is revealing nightly. It is estimated that more than one hundred million new stars will come in the range of human vision through this telescope. The nebulae and double stars are resolved, and there is even hint of a universe beyond this universe.

Fraser's Bust *of* Theodore Roosevelt

This bust, in the opinion of Mr. Roosevelt's friends, is the best representation of him, and it is pictured and described with anecdotes by Louise Eberle.

John Burroughs

From his winter spent in California, Mr. Burroughs writes a most delightful essay, "Under Genial Skies," showing the charms of that region from the point of view of a great naturalist, with keen observations on unusual animal life.

Judge Franklin Chase Hoyt

Judge Hoyt continues his striking studies of youth as they appear before him in the Children's Court with a paper, "In Quest of Change and Adventure."

James Russell Lowell as a Teacher

William Roscoe Thayer, the eminent biographer, was one of Lowell's last pupils, and here gives his reminiscences of the man.

Henry van Dyke

having returned from the Far East with a new and vivid lot of impressions, will contribute a group of short poems, "Japanese Word-Prints."

The Short Stories:

"Reluctantly Diana," a story of a moose hunt, by *Mary R. S. Andrews*.—"The Opal Flagon," a subtle study of character, by *Louis Dodge*.—"Our Home-Grown Soviet," by *Ruth Danenhower Wilson*, showing amusingly the application of some curious ideas to a household.

THIS number contains the usual departments: *The Point of View; The Field of Art*, dealing with the etchings of J. Alden Weir; *The Financial Situation* by Alexander Dana Noyes.

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SCRIBNER'S *for* NOVEMBER

JOHN GALSWORTHY'S *Short Stories* are always of special interest, and "Awakening" in the November number is one of his most alluring studies of youth. The character is a link in one of the great families of his novels.

JUDGE FRANKLIN CHASE HOYT *of the Children's Court* has another of his studies of the characters and incidents growing out of his work. He takes his title from the Prayer Book, "Sore Let and Hindered."

SCANDINAVIA'S LESSON TO THE WORLD is an explanation *by Lothrop Stoddard* of the way in which the Scandinavian nations have settled their differences without fighting, and have in effect been a small League of Nations.

A TRIP TO THE FALLS OF KAIETEUR, *by Eleanor Beers Lestrade*, is a charming adventure, with some unusual pictures of a little-known wonder of South America.

ON THE DIFFICULTIES OF WORLD-CITIZENSHIP is a pertinent discussion by the Belgian author of "The Re-making of a Mind," *Lieutenant Henry de Man*, a student of social conditions now lecturing at Washington University, Seattle.

REACTION OF A LAYMAN TO PSYCHOANALYSIS is discussed *by Professor Harvey Carson Grumbine*, a study of its modern manifestations.

KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD contributes one of her most effective short stories, "French Eva." There are other short stories by *Arthur Tuckerman*, *Sarah Redington* and *Alexander Hull*, all of them new Scribner authors.

THERE are also the regular features: HENRY VAN DYKE, *Guide-Posts and Camp-Fires* · THE POINT OF VIEW · THE FIELD OF ART [*by the late William Walton*] · THE FINANCIAL SITUATION, *by Alexander Dana Noyes.*

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CHRISTMAS IN ALGIERS is one of the delightful pictures drawn *by Madame Waddington* in her charming paper, "A Winter in Algiers."

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AND EDINBURGH. *Dr. Lauchlan MacLean Watt*, vice-president of the Stevenson Club, Edinburgh, and minister of the church that the Stevenson family attended, has written from full knowledge and warm Scottish appreciation, "Stevenson's Contribution to Literature and Life," a paper to be enjoyed by every Stevensonian.

Scribner's for Christmas

[DECEMBER]

HENRY VAN DYKE will contribute a paper for the season to "Guide-Posts and Camp-Fires."

THE WEAKNESS OF PSYCHIC RESEARCH. A well-considered examination of this important subject *by Winifred Kirkland.*

THE NEW IGNORANCE, by the author of "The Rising Tide of Color," *Lothrop Stoddard*, who shows how the interchange of the higher learning and literature has been blocked by the war and by the high prices now prevailing for all the implements of learning, such as books, periodicals, and scientific instruments—all contributing to segregation of the intellectual classes.

A GROUP OF POEMS FOR THE CHRISTMAS SEASON, *by Martha Haskell Clark, Charles W. Kennedy, John Finley*, and others, fully illustrated.

SHORT STORIES WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

THE SECOND ROUND, *by Mary Synon*, an inspiring story of regeneration.

BEYOND SCIENCE, *by Harriet Welles*, an amusing tale of an ill-assorted marriage.

CANDLES OF FAITH, *by Blair Niles*, a story of the real and the artificial view of immortality.

THE TRIAL OF JOHNATHAN GOODE, *by John Preston Buchanan*, a negro character story with inimitable illustrations by A. B. Frost.

THE WAGON AND THE STAR, *by Myra M. Sawhill*, a story of a modest philanthropist.

THERE are also the usual departments: THE POINT OF VIEW · THE FIELD OF ART, "F. S. Church," *by Lucia Fairchild Fuller*, with many of his works · THE FINANCIAL SITUATION, *by Alexander Dana Noyes.*

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¶ THE FIFTH AVENUE SECTION BEGINS ON PAGE 4

A Galsworthy serial "To Let"

JOHN GALSWORTHY, novelist, playwright, poet, and essayist, is at the top of his power as a man of letters, modern in his ideas, and preserving the very best of the great traditions of English literature. "To Let"—Scribner's serial for 1921—is a story of to-day, the action beginning in May, 1920. It is modern life, with all its complexities and uncertainties for the "man of property," which is pictured. Above all, it is a story of young love, idyllic and beautiful. There has been nothing like it since Richard Feverel and Lucy. The opening instalment in this number will entice all readers.

Putting a new republic on the map

CAPTAIN RAYMOND RECOULY, who has been sojourning in Czecho-Slovakia, with side trips to Budapest, Vienna, and the Carpathians, made his journey in search of convincing evidence of peace progress in Central Europe. He gives the readers of the Magazine a brilliant and trustworthy pen-picture of what he found most reassuring in the Republic of Czecho-Slovakia. He had intimate talks with the president of the new republic, Masaryk, Archduke Joseph, aspirant to the throne of Hungary, and other prominent men. The article is a unique picture from the inside of one of the newest republics on the map.

The author of "Home, Sweet Home" in prison

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, in a debtor's prison in London, wrote from day to day a diary of his feelings and distress, and of the brave fight he was making to pay his debt by writing a play from a successful French drama of the period. This diary, in the possession of his grandnephew, Thatcher T. P. Luquer, will be published in the January and February numbers, with many illustrations of the contemporary celebrities in the theatrical world of London in 1820.

Major Powell in Malaysia

THIS is an amusing account of "Adventuring After Adventure" while travelling with a moving-picture expedition. It has all the variety of scene and the romantic characters and situations that give charm to a comic opera by George Ade. It begins with a glimpse of the Sultan of Sulu, with dances of the Moros, includes a side trip to Borneo, a wonderful procession in Cambodia, and a royal wedding.

When the call comes to them

JUDGE HOYT, of the Children's Court, gives in this remarkable paper a summary of his views (which Scribner's readers have followed in the past months) in regard to the saving of the children whose unfortunate surroundings tend to lead them astray. It is a stirring call to service by a judge who is familiar with all the conditions.

The crisis in education

LEE RUSSELL, a man of experience in teaching, puts clearly the danger which confronts us by reason of the diversion of the right people from teaching to other more profitable pursuits. He has had first-hand knowledge during thirty years as a teacher in Massachusetts.

Henry van Dyke

DR. VAN DYKE'S twelfth paper in "Guide-Posts and Camp-Fires" reveals this delightful essayist in one of his best moods.

SHORT STORIES, POEMS, AND THE USUAL DEPARTMENTS. Some phases of Japanese art will be shown in the Field of Art.

ALEXANDER DANA NOYES will discuss the Financial Situation.

SCRIBNER'S

for JANUARY



Original negative by Brady, 1863.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN DURING THE DARKEST DAYS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

—Abraham Lincoln, page 32.

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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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ERSKINE DALE—PIONEER

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

XXIV

UP the James rode Erskine, hiding in the woods by day and slipping cautiously along the sandy road by night, circling about Tarleton's camp-fires, or dashing at full speed past some careless sentinel. Often he was fired at, often chased, but with a clear road in front of him he had no fear of capture. On the third morning he came upon a ragged sentinel—an American. Ten minutes later he got his first glimpse of Lafayette, and then he was hailed joyfully by none other than Dave Yandell, Captain Dave Yandell, shorn of his woodsman's dress and panoplied in the trappings of war.

Cornwallis was coming on. The boy, he wrote, cannot escape me. But the boy —Lafayette—did, and in time pursued and forced the Englishman into a *cul-de-sac*. "I have given his lordship the disgrace of a retreat," said Lafayette. And so—Yorktown!

Late in August came the message that put Washington's great "soul in arms." Rochambeau had landed six thousand soldiers in Connecticut, and now Count de Grasse and a French fleet had sailed for the Chesapeake. General Washington at once resorted to camouflage. He laid out camps ostentatiously opposite New York and in plain sight of the enemy. He made a feigned attack on their posts. Rochambeau moved south and reached the Delaware before the British grasped the Yankee trick. Then it was too late. The windows of Philadelphia were filled with ladies waving handkerchiefs and crying bravoes when the tattered Continentals, their clothes thick with dust but hats plumed with sprigs of green, marched through amid their torn battle-flags and rumbling cannon. Behind followed the French in "gay white uniforms faced with green," and martial music throbbed the air. Not since poor André had devised the "Mischiana" festival had Philadelphia seen such a pageant. Down the Chesapeake they went in transports and were concentrated at Williamsburg before the close of September. Cornwallis had erected works against the boy, for he knew nothing of Washington and Count de Grasse, nor Mad Anthony and General Nelson, who were south of the James to prevent escape into North Carolina.

"To your goodness," the boy wrote to Washington, "I am owning the most beautiful prospect I may ever behold."

Then came de Grasse, who drove off the British fleet, and the mouth of the net was closed.

Cornwallis heard the cannon and sent Clinton to appeal for help, but the answer was Washington himself at the head of his army. And then the joyous march.

"'Tis our first campaign!" cried the French gayly, and the Continentals joyfully answered:

"'Tis our last!"

At Williamsburg the allies gathered, and with Washington's army came Colonel Dale, now a general, and young Cap-

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tain Harry Dale, who had brought news from Philadelphia that was of great interest to Erskine Dale. In that town Dane Grey had been a close intimate of André, and that intimacy had been the cause of much speculation since. He had told Dave of his mother and Early Morn, and Dave had told him gravely that he must go get them after the campaign was over and bring them to the fort in Kentucky. If Early Morn still refused to come, then he must bring his mother, and he reckoned grimly that no mouth would open in a word that could offend her. Erskine also told of Red Oaks and Dane Grey, but Dave must tell nothing to the Dales—not yet, if ever.

In mid-September Washington came, and General Dale had but one chance to visit Barbara. General Dale was still weak from a wound and Barbara tried unavailingly to keep him at home. Erskine's plea that he was too busy to go with them aroused Harry's suspicions, that were confirmed by Barbara's manner and reticence, and he went bluntly to the point:

"What is the trouble, cousin, between you and Barbara?"

"Trouble?"

"Yes. You wouldn't go to Red Oaks and Barbara did not seem surprised. Is Dane Grey concerned?"

"Yes."

Harry looked searchingly at his cousin:

"I pray to God that I may soon meet him face to face."

"And I," said Erskine quietly, "pray to God that you do not—not until after I have met him first." Barbara had not told, he thought, nor should he—not yet. And Harry, after a searching look at his cousin, turned away.

They marched next morning at daybreak. At sunset of the second day they bivouacked within two miles of Yorktown and the siege began. The allied line was a crescent, with each tip resting on the water—Lafayette commanding the Americans on the right, the French on the left under Rochambeau. De Grasse, with his fleet, was in the bay to cut off approach by water. Washington himself put the match to the first gun, and the mutual cannonade of three or four days began. The scene was "sublime and stupendous." Bombshells were seen "crossing each other's path in the air, and were visible in the form of a black ball by day, but in the night they appeared like a fiery meteor, with a blazing tail most beautifully brilliant. They ascended majestically from the mortar to a certain altitude and gradually descended to the spot where they were destined to execute their work of destruction. When a shell fell it wheeled around, burrowed, and excavated the earth to a considerable extent and, bursting, made dreadful havoc around. When they fell in the river they threw up columns of water like spouting monsters of the deep. Two British men-of-war lying in the river were struck with hot shot and set on fire, and the result was full of terrible grandeur. The sails caught and the flames ran to the tops of the masts, resembling immense torches. One fled like a mountain of fire toward the bay and was burned to the water's edge."

General Nelson, observing that the gunners were not shooting at Nelson House because it was his own, got off his horse and directed a gun at it with his own hand. And at Washington's headquarters appeared the venerable Secretary Nelson, who had left the town with the permission of Cornwallis and now "related with a serene visage what had been the effect of our batteries." It was nearly the middle of October that the two redoubts projecting beyond the British lines and enfilading the American intrenchments were taken by storm. One redoubt was left to Lafayette and his Americans, the other to Baron de Viomenil, who claimed that his grenadiers were the men for the matter in hand. Lafayette stoutly argued the superiority of his Americans, who, led by Hamilton, carried their redoubt first with the bayonet, and sent the Frenchman an offer of help. The answer was:

"I will be in mine in five minutes." And he was, Washington watching the attack anxiously:

"The work is done and well done."

And then the surrender:

The day was the nineteenth of October. The victors were drawn up in two lines a mile long on the right and left of a road that ran through the autumn fields south of Yorktown. Washington stood at the



From a drawing by F. C. Yohn.

"Make no noise—and don't move."—Page 5.

head of his army on the right, Rochambeau at the head of the French on the left. Behind on both sides was a great crowd of people to watch the ceremony. Slowly out of Yorktown marched the British colors, cased drums beating a significant English air:

"The world turned topsyturvy."

Lord Cornwallis was sick. General O'Hara bore my lord's sword. As he approached, Washington saluted and pointed to General Lincoln, who had been treated with indignity at Charleston. O'Hara handed the sword to Lincoln. Lincoln at once handed it back and the surrender was over. Between the lines the British marched on and stacked arms in a near-by field. Some of them threw their muskets on the ground, and a British colonel bit the hilt of his sword from rage.

As Tarleton's legion went by, three pairs of eyes watched eagerly for one face, but neither Harry nor Captain Dave Yandell saw Dane Grey—nor did Erskine Dale.

XXV

To Harry and Dave, Dane Grey's absence was merely a mystery—to Erskine it brought foreboding and sickening fear. General Dale's wound having opened afresh, made travelling impossible, and Harry had a slight bayonet thrust in the shoulder. Erskine determined to save them all the worry possible and to act now as the head of the family himself. He announced that he must go straight back at once to Kentucky and Colonel Clarke. Harry stormed unavailingly and General Dale pleaded with him to stay, but gave reluctant leave. To Dave he told his fears and Dave vehemently declared he, too, would go along, but Erskine would not hear of it and set forth alone.

Slowly enough he started, but with every mile suspicion and fear grew the faster and he quickened Firefly's pace. The distance to Williamsburg was soon covered, and skirting the town, he went on swiftly for Red Oaks. Suppose he were too late, but even if he were not too late, what should he do, what could he do? Firefly was sweeping into a little hollow now, and above the beating of her hoofs in the sandy road, a clink of metal reached his ears beyond the low hill ahead, and Erskine swerved aside into the bushes. Some one was coming, and apparently out of the red ball of the sun hanging over that hill sprang a horseman at a dead run—black Ephraim on the horse he had saved from Tarleton's men. Erskine pushed quickly out into the road.

"Stop!" he cried, but the negro came thundering blindly on, as though he meant to ride down anything in his way. Firefly swerved aside, and Ephraim shot by, pulling in with both hands and shouting:

"Marse Erskine! Yassuh, yassuh! Thank Gawd you'se come." When he wheeled he came back at a gallop—nor did he stop.

"Come on, Marse Erskine!" he cried. "No time to waste. Come on, suh!"

With a few leaps Firefly was abreast, and neck and neck they ran, while the darky's every word confirmed the instinct and reason that had led Erskine where he was.

"Yassuh, Miss Barbary gwine to run away wid dat mean white man. Yassuh, dis very night."

"When did he get here?"

"Dis mawnin'. He been pesterin' her an' pleadin' wid her all day an' she been cryin' her heart out, but Mammy say she's gwine wid him. 'Pears like she can't he'p herse'f."

"Is he alone?"

"No, suh, he got an orficer an' four sojers wid him."

"How did they get away?"

"He say as how dey was on a scoutin' party an' 'scaped."

"Does he know that Cornwallis has surrendered?"

"Oh, yassuh, he tol' Miss Barbary dat. Dat's why he says he got to git away right now an' she got to go wid him right now."

"Did he say anything about General Dale and Mr. Harry?"

"Yassuh, he say dat dey's all right an' dat dey an' you will be hot on his tracks. Dat's why Mammy tol' me to ride like de debbil an' hurry you on, suh." And Ephraim had ridden like the devil, for his horse was lathered with foam and both were riding that way now, for the negro was no mean horseman and the horse he had saved was a thoroughbred.

"Dis arternoon," the negro went on, "he went ovah to dat cabin I tol' you 'bout an' got dat American uniform. He gwine to tell folks on de way dat dem udders is his prisoners an' he takin' dem to Richmond. Den dey gwine to sep'rate an' he an' Miss Barbary gwine to git married somewhur on de way an' dey goin' on an' sail fer England, fer he say if he git captured folks'll won't let him be prisoner o' war—dey'll jes up an' shoot him. An' dat skeer Miss Barbary mos' to death an' he'p make her go wid him. Mammy heah'd ever' word dey say."

Erskine's brain was working fast, but no plan would come. They would be six against him, but no matter—he urged Firefly on. The red ball from which Ephraim had leaped had gone down now. The chill autumn darkness was settling, but the moon was rising full and glorious over the black expanse of trees when the lights of Red Oaks first twinkled ahead. Erskine pulled in.

"Ephraim!"

"Yassuh. You lemme go ahead. You jest wait in dat thicket next to de corner o' de big gyarden. I'll ride aroun' through de fields an' come into the barnyard by de back gate. Dey won't know I been gone. Den I'll come to de thicket an' tell you de whole lay o' de land."

Erskine nodded.

"Hurry!"

"Yassuh."

The negro turned from the road through a gate, and Erskine heard the thud of his horse's hoofs across the meadow turf. He rode on slowly, hitched Firefly as close to the edge of the road as was safe, and crept to the edge of the garden, where he could peer through the hedge. The hall-door was open and the hallway lighted; so was the dining-room; and there were lights in Barbara's room. There were no noises, not even of animal life, and no figures moving about or in the house. What could he do? One thing at least, no matter what happened to him—he could number Dane Grey's days and make this night his last on earth. It would probably be his own last night, too. Impatiently he crawled back to the edge of the road. More quickly than he expected, he saw Ephraim's figure slipping through the shadows toward him.

"Dey's jus' through supper," he reported. "Miss Barbary didn't eat wid 'em. She's up in her room. Dat udder orficer been stormin' at Mars Grey an' hurryin' him up. Mammy been holdin' de little Missus back all she can. She say she got to make like she heppin' her pack. De sojers down dar by de wharf playin' cards an' drinkin'. Dat udder man been drinkin' hard. He got his head on de table now an' look like he gone to sleep."

"Ephraim," said Erskine quickly, "go tell Mr. Grey that one of his men wants to see him right away at the sun-dial. Tell him the man wouldn't come to the house because he didn't want the others to know—that he has something important to tell him. When he starts down the path you run around the hedge and be on hand in the bushes."

"Yassuh," and the boy showed his teeth in a comprehending smile. It was not long before he saw Grey's tall figure easily emerge from the hall-door and stop full in the light. He saw Ephraim slip around the corner and Grey move to the end of the porch, doubtless in answer to the black boy's whispered summons. For a moment the two figures were motionless and then Erskine began to tingle acutely from head to foot. Grey came swiftly down the great path, which was radiant with moonlight. As Grey neared the dial Erskine moved toward him, keeping in a dark shadow, but Grey saw him and called in a low tone but sharply:

"Well, what is it?" With two paces more Erskine stepped out into the moonlight with his cocked pistol at Grey's breast.

"This," he said quietly. "Make no noise—and don't move." Grey was startled, but he caught his control instantly and without fear.

"You are a brave man, Mr. Grey, and so, for that matter, is—Benedict Arnold."

"Captain Grey," corrected Grey insolently.

"I do not recognize your rank. To me you are merely Traitor Grey."

"You are entitled to unusual freedom of speech—under the circumstances."

"I shall grant you the same freedom," Erskine replied quickly—"in a moment. You are my prisoner, Mr. Grey. I could lead you to your proper place at the end

of a rope, but I have in mind another fate for you which perhaps will be preferable to you and maybe one or two others. Mr. Grey, I tried once to stab you—I knew no better and have been sorry ever since. You once tried to murder me in the duel and you did know better. Doubtless you have been sorry ever since—that you didn't succeed. Twice you have said that you would fight me with anything, any time, any place." Grey bowed slightly. "I shall ask you to make those words good and I shall accordingly choose the weapons." Grey bowed again. "Ephraim!" The boy stepped from the thicket.

"Ah," breathed Grey, "that black devil!"

"Ain' you gwine to shoot him, Marse Erskine?"

"Ephraim!" said Erskine, "slip into the hall very quietly and bring me the two rapiers on the wall." Grey's face lighted up.

"And, Ephraim," he called, "slip into the dining-room and fill Captain Kilburn's glass." He turned with a wicked smile.

"Another glass and he will be less likely to interrupt. Believe me, Captain Dale, I shall take even more care now than you that we shall not be disturbed. I am delighted." And now Erskine bowed.

"I know more of your career than you think, Grey. You have been a spy as well as a traitor. And now you are crowning your infamy by weaving some spell over my cousin and trying to carry her away in the absence of her father and brother, to what unhappiness God only can know. I can hardly hope that you appreciate the honor I am doing you."

"Not as much as I appreciate your courage and the risk you are taking."

Erskine smiled.

"The risk is perhaps less than you think."

"You have not been idle?"

"I have learned more of my father's swords than I knew when we used them last."

"I am glad—it will be more interesting." Erskine looked toward the house and moved impatiently.

"My brother officer has dined too well," noted Grey placidly, "and the rest of my—er—retinue are gambling. We are quite secure."

"Ah!" Erskine breathed—he had seen the black boy run down the steps with something under one arm and presently Ephraim was in the shadow of the thicket:

"Give one to Mr. Grey, Ephraim, and the other to me. I believe you said on that other occasion that there was no choice of blades?"

"Quite right," Grey answered, skilfully testing his bit of steel.

"Keep well out of the way, Ephraim," warned Erskine, "and take this pistol. You may need it, if I am worsted, to protect yourself."

"Indeed, yes," returned Grey, "and kindly instruct him not to use it to protect *you*." For answer Erskine sprang from the shadow—discarding formal courtesies.

"*En garde!*" he called sternly.

The two shining blades clashed lightly and quivered against each other in the moonlight like running drops of quicksilver.

Grey was cautious at first, trying out his opponent's increase in skill:

"You have made marked improvement."

"Thank you," smiled Erskine.

"Your wrist is much stronger."

"Naturally." Grey leaped backward and parried just in time a vicious thrust that was like a dart of lightning.

"Ah! A Frenchman taught you that."

"A Frenchman taught me all the little I know."

"I wonder if he taught you how to meet this."

"He did," answered Erskine, parrying easily and with an answering thrust that turned Grey suddenly anxious. Constantly Grey manœuvred to keep his back to the moon, and just as constantly Erskine easily kept him where the light shone fairly on both. Grey began to breathe heavily.

"I think, too," said Erskine, "that my wind is a little better than yours—would you like a short resting-spell?"

From the shadow Ephraim chuckled, and Grey snapped:

"Make that black devil——"

"Keep quiet, Ephraim!" broke in Erskine sternly. Again Grey manœuvred for the moon, to no avail, and Erskine gave warning:

"Try that again and I will put that moon in your eyes and keep it there." Grey was getting angry now and was beginning to pant.

"Your wind *is* short," said Erskine with mock compassion. "I will give you a little breathing-spell presently."

Grey was not wasting his precious breath now and he made no answer.

"Now!" said Erskine sharply, and Grey's blade flew from his hand and lay like a streak of silver on the dewy grass. Grey rushed for it.

"Damn you!" he raged, and wheeled furiously—patience, humor, and caution quite gone—and they fought now in deadly silence. Ephraim saw the British officer appear in the hall and walk unsteadily down the steps as though he were coming down the path, but he dared not open his lips. There was the sound of voices, and it was evident that the game had ended in a quarrel and the players were coming up the river-bank toward them. Erskine heard, but if Grey did he at first gave no sign—he was too much concerned with the death that faced him. Suddenly Erskine knew that Grey had heard, for the fear in his face gave way to a diabolic grin of triumph and he lashed suddenly into defense—if he could protect himself only a little longer! Erskine had delayed the finishing-stroke too long and he must make it now. Grey gave way step by step—parrying only. The blades flashed like tiny bits of lightning. Erskine's face, grim and inexorable, brought the sick fear back into Grey's, and Erskine saw his enemy's lips open. He lunged then, his blade went true, sank to the hilt, and Grey's warped soul started on its way with a craven cry for help. Erskine sprang back into the shadows and snatched his pistol from Ephraim's hand:

"Get out of the way now. Tell them I did it."

Once he looked back. He saw Barbara at the hall-door with old Mammy behind her. With a running leap he vaulted the hedge, and, hidden in the bushes, Ephraim heard Firefly's hoofs beating ever more faintly the sandy road.

XXVI

YORKTOWN broke the British heart, and General Dale, still weak from wounds, went home to Red Oaks. It was not long before, with gentle inquiry, he had pieced out the full story of Barbara and Erskine and Dane Grey, and wisely he waited his chance with each phase of the situation. Frankly he told her first of Grey's dark treachery, and the girl listened with horrified silence, for she would as soon have distrusted that beloved father as the heavenly Father in her prayers. She left him when he finished the story and he let her go without another word. All day she was in her room and at sunset she gave him her answer, for she came to him dressed in white, knelt by his chair, and put her head in his lap. And there was a rose in her hair.

"I have never understood about myself and—and that man," she said, "and I never will."

"I do," said the general gently, "and I understand you through my sister who was so like you. Erskine's father was as indignant as Harry is now, and I am trying to act toward you as my father did toward her." The girl pressed her lips to one of his hands.

"I think I'd better tell you the whole story now," said General Dale, and he told of Erskine's father, his wildness and his wanderings, his marriage, and the capture of his wife and the little son by the Indians, all of which she knew, and the girl wondered why he should be telling her again. The general paused:

"You know Erskine's mother was not killed. He found her." The girl looked up amazed and incredulous.

"Yes," he went on, "the white woman whom he found in the Indian village was his mother."

"Father!" She lifted her head quickly, leaned back with hands caught tight in front of her, looked up into his face—her own crimsoning and paling as she took in the full meaning of it all. Her eyes dropped.

"Then," she said slowly, "that Indian girl—Early Morn—is his half-sister. Oh, oh!" A great pity flooded her heart and eyes. "Why didn't Erskine take them away from the Indians?"

"His mother wouldn't leave them." And Barbara understood.

"Poor thing—poor thing!"

"I think Erskine is going to try now."

"Did you tell him to bring them here?" The general put his hand on her head.

"I hoped you would say that. I did, but he shook his head."

"Poor Erskine!" she whispered, and her tears came. Her father leaned back and for a moment closed his eyes.

"There is more," he said finally. "Erskine's father was the eldest brother —and Red Oaks——"

The girl sprang to her feet, startled, agonized, shamed: "Belongs to Erskine," she finished with her face in her hands. "God pity me," she whispered, "I drove him from his own home."

"No," said the old general with a gentle smile. He was driving the barb deep, but sooner or later it had to be done.

"Look here!" He pulled an old piece of paper from his pocket and handed it to her. Her wide eyes fell upon a rude boyish scrawl and a rude drawing of a buffalo pierced by an arrow:

"It make me laugh. I have no use. I give hole dam plantashun Barbara."

"Oh!" gasped the girl and then— "where is he?"

"Waiting at Williamsburg to get his discharge." She rushed swiftly down the steps, calling:

"Ephraim! Ephraim!"

And ten minutes later the happy, grinning Ephraim, mounted on the thoroughbred, was speeding ahead of a whirlwind of dust with a little scented note in his battered slouch hat:

"You said you would come whenever I wanted you. I want you to come now.

"Barbara."

The girl would not go to bed, and the old general from his window saw her like some white spirit of the night motionless on the porch. And there through the long hours she sat. Once she rose and started down the great path toward the sun-dial, moving slowly through the flowers and moonlight until she was opposite a giant magnolia. Where the shadow of it touched the light on the grass, she had last seen Grey's white face and scarlet breast. With a shudder she turned back. The night whitened. A catbird started the morning chorus. The dawn came and with it Ephraim. The girl waited where she was. Ephraim took off his battered hat.

"Marse Erskine done gone, Miss Barbary," he said brokenly. "He done gone two days."

The girl said nothing, and there the old general found her still motionless—the torn bits of her own note and the torn bits of Erskine's scrawling deed scattered about her feet.

XXVII

On the summit of Cumberland Gap Erskine Dale faced Firefly to the east and looked his last on the forests that swept unbroken back to the River James. It was all over for him back there and he turned to the wilder depths, those endless leagues of shadowy woodlands, that he would never leave again. Before him was one vast forest. The trees ran from mountain-crest to river-bed, they filled valley and rolling plain, and swept on in sombre and melancholy wastes to the Mississippi. Around him were birches, pines, hemlocks, and balsam firs. He dropped down into solemn, mysterious depths filled with oaks, chestnuts, hickories, maples, beeches, walnuts, and gigantic poplars. The sun could not penetrate the leafy-roofed archway of that desolate world. The tops of the mighty trees merged overhead in a mass of tent-like foliage and the spaces between the trunks were choked with underbrush. And he rode on and on through the gray aisles of the forest in a dim light that was like twilight at high noon.

At Boonesborough he learned from the old ferryman that, while the war might be coming to an end in Virginia, it was raging worse than ever in Kentucky. There had been bloody Indian forays, bloody white reprisals, fierce private wars, and even then the whole border was in a flame. Forts had been pushed westward even beyond Lexington, and 1782 had been Kentucky's year of blood. Erskine pushed on, and ever grew his hopelessness. The British had drawn all the savages of the Northwest into the war. As soon as



From a drawing by F. C. Yohn.

To his bewilderment, he found Barbara at his mother's bedside.—Page 11.

the snow was off the ground the forays had begun. Horses were stolen, cabins burned, and women and children were carried off captive. The pioneers had been confined to their stockaded forts, and only small bands of riflemen sallied out to patrol the country. Old Jerome Sanders's fort was deserted. Old Jerome had been killed. Twenty-three widows were at Harrodsburg filing the claims of dead husbands, and among them were Polly Conrad and Honor Sanders. The people were expecting an attack in great force from the Indians led by the British. At the Blue Licks there had been a successful ambush by the Indians and the whites had lost half their number, among them many brave men and natural leaders of the settlements. Colonel Clarke was at the mouth of Licking River and about to set out on an expedition and needed men.

Erskine, sure of a welcome, joined him and again rode forth with Clarke through the northern wilderness, and this time a thousand mounted riflemen followed them. Clarke had been stirred at last from his lethargy by the tragedy of the Blue Licks and this expedition was one of reprisal and revenge; and it was to be the last. The time was autumn and the corn was ripe. The triumphant savages rested in their villages unsuspecting and unafraid, and Clarke fell upon them like a whirlwind. Taken by surprise, and startled and dismayed by such evidence of the quick rebirth of power in the beaten whites, the Indians of every village fled at their approach, and Clarke put the torch not only to cabin and wigwam but to the fields of standing corn. As winter was coming on, this would be a sad blow, as Clarke intended, to the savages.

Erskine had told the big chief of his mother, and every man knew the story and was on guard that she should come to no harm. A captured Shawnee told them that the Shawnees had got word that the whites were coming, and their women and old men had fled or were fleeing, all, except in a village he had just left—he paused and pointed toward the east where a few wisps of smoke were rising. Erskine turned: "Do you know Kahtoo?"

"He is in that village."

Erskine hesitated: "And the white woman—Gray Dove?"

"She, too, is there."

"And Early Morn?"

"Yes," grunted the savage.

"What does he say?" asked Clarke.

"There is a white woman and her daughter in a village, there," said Erskine, pointing in the direction of the smoke.

Clarke's voice was announcing the fact to his men. Hastily he selected twenty. "See that no harm comes to them," he cried, and dashed forward. Erskine in advance saw Black Wolf and a few bucks covering the retreat of some fleeing women. They made a feeble resistance of a volley and they too turned to flee. A white woman emerged from a tent and with great dignity stood, peering with dim eyes. To Clarke's amazement Erskine rushed forward and took her in his arms. A moment later Erskine cried:

"My sister, where is she?"

The white woman's trembling lips opened, but before she could answer, a harsh, angry voice broke in haughtily, and Erskine turned to see Black Wolf stalking in, a prisoner between two stalwart woodsmen.

"Early Morn is Black Wolf's squaw. She is gone—" He waved one hand toward the forest.

The insolence of the savage angered Clarke, and not understanding what he said, he asked angrily:

"Who is this fellow?"

"He is the husband of my half-sister," answered Erskine gravely.

Clarke looked dazed and uncomprehending:

"And that woman?"

"My mother," said Erskine gently.

"Good God!" breathed Clarke. He turned quickly and waved the open-mouthed woodsmen away, and Erskine and his mother were left alone. A feeble voice called from a tent near by.

"Old Kahtoo!" said Erskine's mother. "He is dying and he talks of nothing but you—go to him!" And Erskine went. The old man lay trembling with palsy on a buffalo-robe, but the incredible spirit in his wasted body was still burning in his eyes.

"My son," said he, "I knew your voice. I said I should not die until I had seen you again. It is well . . . it is well," he repeated, and wearily his eyes closed. And thus Erskine knew it would be.

XXVIII

That winter Erskine made his clearing on the land that Dave Yandell had picked out for him, and in the centre of it threw up a rude log hut in which to house his mother, for his remembrance of her made him believe that she would prefer to live alone. He told his plans to none.

In the early spring, when he brought his mother home, she said that Black Wolf had escaped and gone farther into the wilderness—that Early Morn had gone with him. His mother seemed ill and unhappy. Erskine, not knowing that Barbara was on her way to find him, started on a hunting-trip. In a few days Barbara arrived and found his mother unable to leave her bed, and Lydia Noe sitting beside her. Harry had just been there to say good-by before going to Virginia.

Barbara was dismayed by Erskine's absence and his mother's look of suffering and extreme weakness, and the touch of her cold fingers. There was no way of reaching her son, she said—he did not know of her illness. Barbara told her of Erskine's giving her his inheritance, and that she had come to return it. Meanwhile Erskine, haunted by his mother's sad face, had turned homeward. To his bewilderment, he found Barbara at his mother's bedside. A glance at their faces told him that death was near. His mother held out her hand to him while still holding Barbara's. As in a dream, he bent over to kiss her, and with a last effort she joined their hands, clasping both. A great peace transformed her face as she slowly looked at Barbara and then up at Erskine. With a sigh her head sank lower, and her lovely dimming eyes passed into the final dark.

Two days later they were married. The woodsmen, old friends of Erskine's, were awed by Barbara's daintiness, and there were none of the rude jests they usually flung back and forth. With hearty handshakes they said good-by and disappeared into the mighty forest. In the silence that fell, Erskine spoke of the life before them, of its hardships and dangers, and then of the safety and comfort of Virginia. Barbara smiled:

"You choose the wilderness, and your choice is mine. We will leave the same choice . . ." She flushed suddenly and bent her head.

"To those who come after us," finished Erskine.

The End.

MASTERPIECES OF WILD ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY

By William T. Hornaday

Illustrations from photographs

IT was a notable event in the history of the wild life of our country when the first big-game hunter hung up his rifle and took to the woods with a camera.

Ever since the first photographer went afield with a sportsman, the camera man has been the best exponent and advertiser of the prowess of the man with a gun. During the days of the slow and cumbersome wet plate, and long exposures, the alert and sudden wild animal was about as unattainable pictorially as the canals of Mars.

The dry plate opened up great possibilities in the photographing of dead game in its haunts. From 1884 onward American hunters of big game joyously welcomed the startling pictures made by Laton A. Huffman, of Miles City, Montana. Mr. Huffman was a true sportsman, a fine shot, and as a photographer of hunting-scenes he long stood without a

rival. Never will I forget the thrills that I received in his little old log-cabin studio in "Milestown" when he showed me his stereoscopic views of "elk and dead grizzlies: glory enough for one day," a mountain-sheep ram on the brink of a precipice, many buffalo-killing pictures, and antelope and deer galore. I think that Mr. Huffman—who still lives and



A. G. Wallihan, pioneer in wild animal photography.

From a photograph by Mrs. Wallihan.

photographs—enjoys the distinction of having had more photographs stolen for publication without credit than any other camera man on earth; and that I know is a large order.

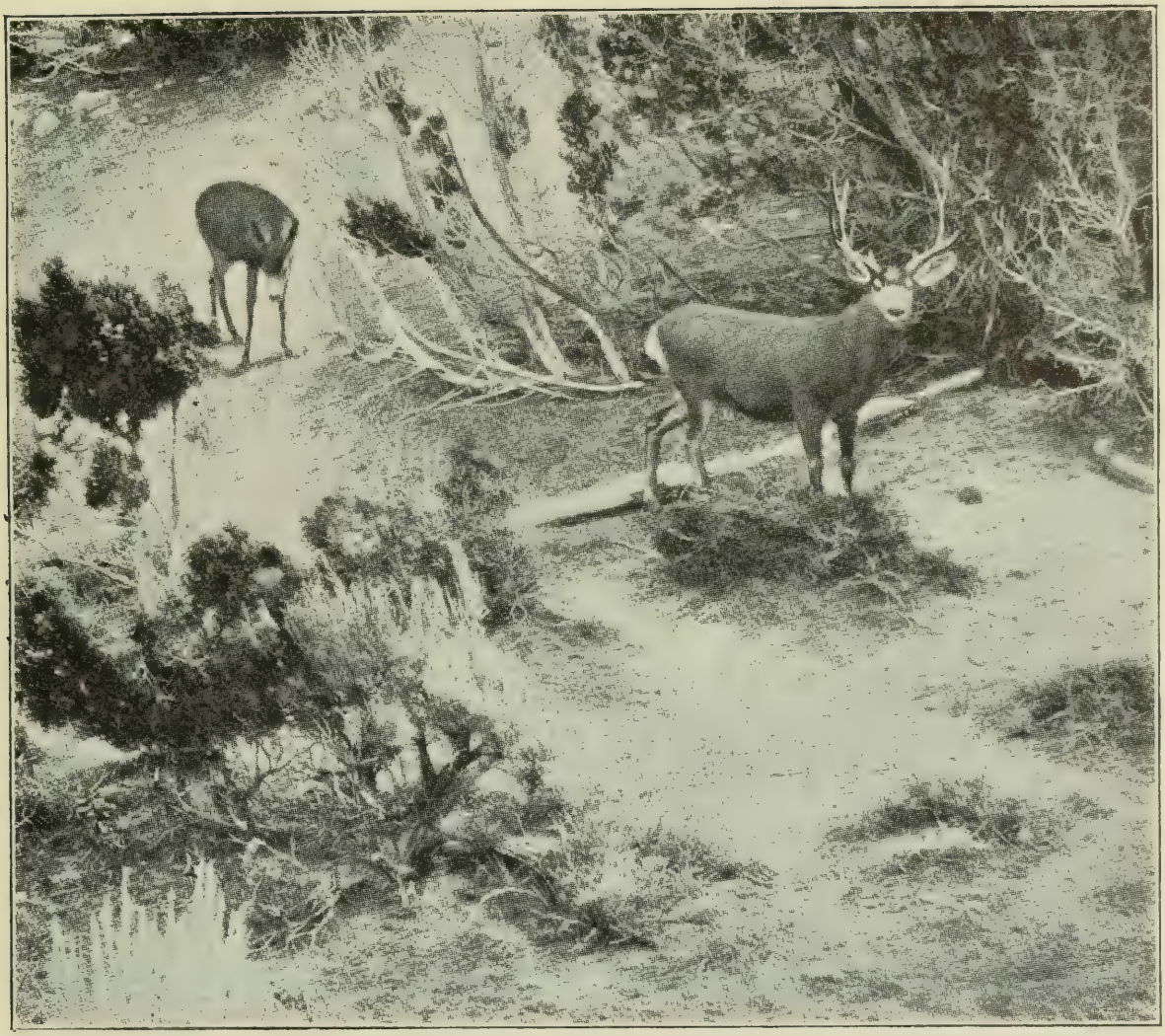
American sportsmen hailed with joy the birth of the light, ever-ready, universal-focus kodak. It was the opening of a new and delightful field of Christian endeavor. It presented a highway of escape from the flood of game-slaughter photographs that had been sweeping over the continent like a deluge.

About 1905 the long-continued slaughter of American big game had begun to produce on the public mind certain strong effects. The deadly efficiency of high-power repeating rifles and automatic shotguns was seen to be exterminating the game of America, great and small. This grossly unfair and to a great extent unsportsmanlike slaughter presently began to have a sickening effect. Thousands of sportsmen became so disgusted with game slaughter, and with endless pictures of dead game, that they hung up their guns forever. To this group, embracing many alert and vigorous young men who were keen to achieve new conquests in new fields, the possibilities of hunting with the camera instead of the gun instantly appealed. Hundreds of sportsmen definitely dropped the gun and took up the camera for the photographing of living game in its haunts.

Forthwith the world of outdoor lovers took off its hat to them and bade them good-speed. It was realized that any duffer with a good check-book, a professional guide, and a high-power repeating rifle can kill big game, but it takes good woodcraft, skill and endurance of a high order, to enable man or woman to secure a really fine photograph of a fine wild animal in its unfenced haunts.

Now, this supreme difficulty was precisely the incentive that was needed to place wild animal photography in a niche of its own, well above most wild animal shooting. Sometimes the dangers involved are a hundredfold greater than those encountered by a well-armed man in hunting. We know that Mr. Dugmore took great risks with African lions at six feet, and that Mr. Phillips accepted hazards in getting his goat pictures in British Columbia that were almost criminal. I have seen him in precipice diversions with his camera, and there is no room for doubt.

It was a good omen for the game of North America when sportsmen began to view it in the finders of the cameras instead of through the sights of rifles. No man can measure with any degree of accuracy the potency of the influence of the camera in the preservation of the wild life of North America. Did any one ever see a real devotee of the wild life camera who



First scent of danger.

From a copyrighted photograph by A. G. Wallihan.

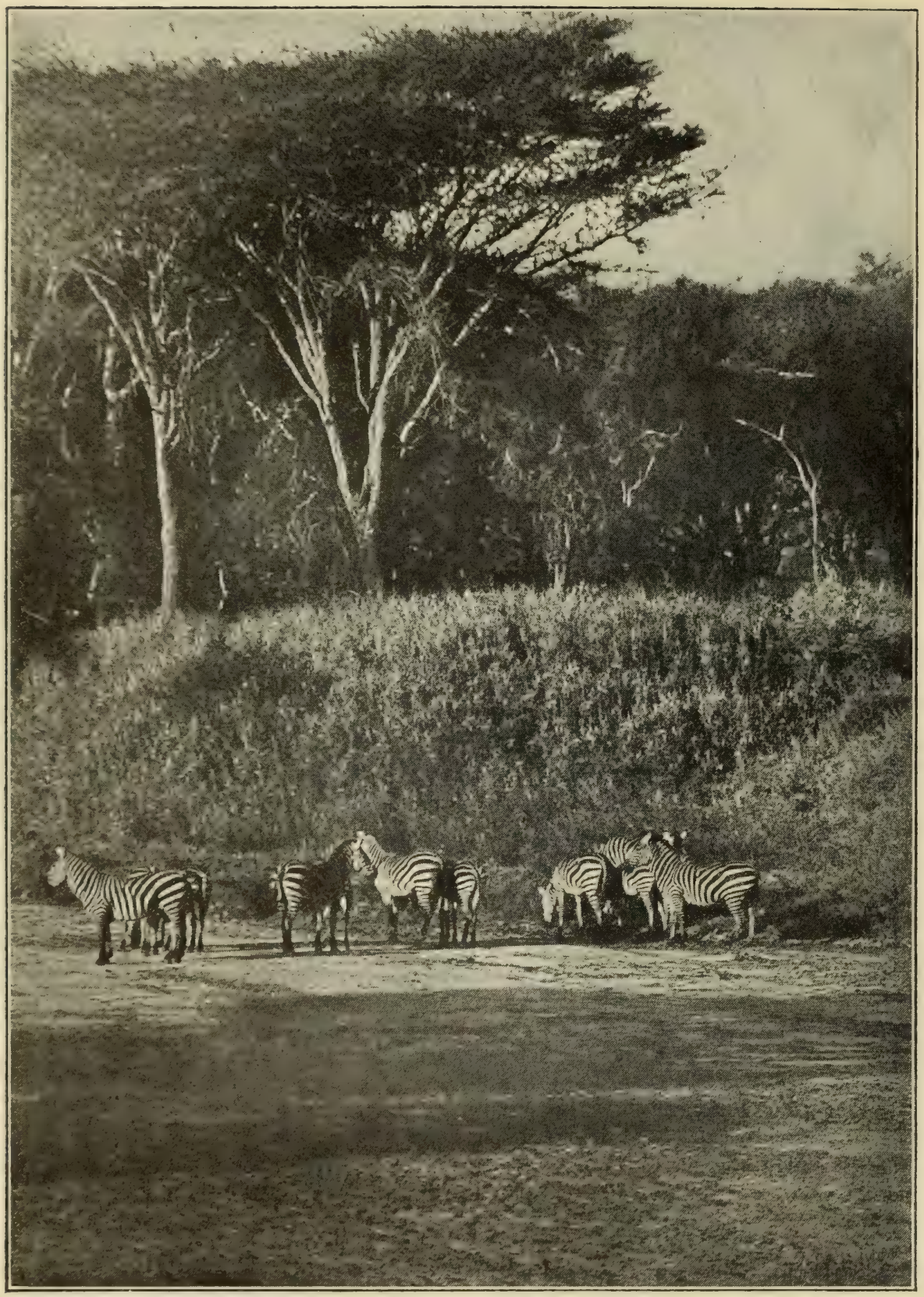
was also a slaughterer of game up to the full-bag limit? I trow not. About 100 per cent of the ardent camera men whom I know are pronounced and active protectionists. Moreover, if a close-up camera acquaintance with wild birds and beasts will not transform a destroyer into a preserver of wild life, nothing ever will —not even the chastening and refining influences of old age.

The photographing of wild game on the hoof, free in its own haunts, received its first great impulse in America from the indefatigable work and the fine success of A. G. Wallihan, of the town of Lay, Colorado, Lay being situated in the once-favorite haunts of the mule-deer and prong-horned antelope.

Now, *cherchez la femme*, say the French. In other words—search for the woman!

Being a man, I hate to admit it; but Mr. Wallihan states most positively that the idea of photographing wild game on the hoof originated with Mrs. Wallihan. One day while crouched in the sage-brush studying a colony of ants at work she looked up to find herself closely surrounded by a herd of mule-deer. That gave her the idea of a blind, a fixed camera, and a Wallihan; and afterward she gallantly aided in the practical development of the idea.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallihan made their first negatives in October, 1890, in the westerly end of the Elkhead Range, northwestern Colorado; and they were of wild mule-deer. To start with, Mr. Wallihan was a professional photographer. He began with heavy tripod cameras, set up beside game trails and patiently tended. At times he used 8 x 10 plates. Up to 1894 he used Carbutt's cut films, but



Herd of zebras, Olgerei River.
From a copyrighted photograph by Major A. R. Dugmore.

changed to Cramer's Crown plates because they were more speedy. For several years he used a Gundlach rectigraphic lens. In 1894 he took up a Zeiss lens Series II; but the telephoto lens that he acquired in 1895 proved too slow for rapid work.

In the annals of wild animal photog-



Lion coming to a zebra feast (flash-light).
From a copyrighted photograph by Major A. R. Dugmore.

raphy Mr. and Mrs. Wallihan earned a permanent place. They camped and cooked, they packed and trailed, and fought wind and weather for ten busy years to produce the pictures that were handsomely published in 1901 by Doubleday, Page & Co., in a volume entitled "Camera Shots at Big Game."

Mr. Wallihan made the first good pictures (so far as I know) ever made of the wild and free mule deer, prong-horned antelope, and elk. He made the first pictures of mountain lions and lynxes at bay in tree-tops. Of each of these five species he secured admirable results, and by zoologists and artists they were highly prized records of the true forms of those animals. They came as water to thirsty men in a desert and the only sad part of it is that the Wallihans never received one-tenth of the returns in cash that their labors fairly earned.

The old admirers of Mr. and Mrs. Wallihan will be glad to know that both are yet living, at Lay, in good health, and with the currents of their lives flowing very much as they did when they photographed the game that since that time has vanished from Lay.

Among the American photographers of wild animals, Major A. Radclyffe Dugmore occupies a conspicuous and enviable place. I install him as an exhibit alongside our American knights of the camera-in-the-wilds, because he has spent in America so many years of keen activity, and also because his career with that field-piece began here.

Major Dugmore's work as a wild animal photographer splendidly culminated on the open plains and in the scrubby forests of British East Africa. In 1909 he fraternized with James L. Clark, the New York taxidermist, and went to British East Africa. Those two dauntless youngsters set out from Nairobi without a guide or manager of any kind, and from first to last they managed their own safari, and guided themselves.

It is good to be young and fit to venture like that, and both those reckless boys made good. They hunted, shot, and photographed as no one of my acquaintance ever had done up to that time. On some occasions Major Dugmore wielded a formidable telephoto camera that as field-artillery was enough to frighten the boldest lion into the tallest timber. In the long-distance fighting the telephoto gloriously made good. There was an elaborate and very responsive flash-light battery, and it also got in its deadly work. Dugmore and Clark returned with a lay-out of negatives that swept New York off



White-tailed buck by flash-light.
From a photograph by George Shiras, 3d.



Young lady moose.
From a photograph by George Shiras, 3d.

its feet with a wave of admiration. The best chances at the biggest game were not ruined by over or under exposures. The finest negatives were not lost overboard. In fact, the rarest chances seemed to produce the best negatives.

The full list of subjects, as samples thereof are set forth in Major Dugmore's book, "With Rifle and Camera in African Wilds," reveals lions, leopards, hyenas, elephants, buffaloes, zebras, kongonis, giraffes, elands, water-bucks, gazelles of sorts, wart-hogs, hippos, and many other large species.

In essaying to select from all this wealth of material only one picture to offer as *the* masterpiece of Major Dugmore, we are torn by conflicting emotions. To ignore the fine lion taken at six feet by flashlight while Clark stood sole sponsor for the life of the operating photographer, would be an outrage on the verities. And yet, while the picture of the lion is 100 per cent perfect, and a real masterpiece if there ever was one, it is a close-up, there is no stage setting of high value, and no studied "composition." At all hazards, however, this picture must be shown.

A good portion of appreciation must be bestowed upon Clark, the intrepid hunter, who at all times backed up and protected Dugmore the artist; and the splendid series of African pictures brought back by those two venturesome spirits deserves to be inscribed to the credit of both.

In 1909, when the Roosevelt Expedition went to Africa on the greatest of all safaris, by the dropping out of the professional photographer, Kermit Roosevelt suddenly was thrust into the position of official photographer to the expedition. I viewed this arrangement with many misgivings—because it was a task for maturity and long experience—but the young man made good. He made good 100 per cent, not only with the big-game rifle, but in wild animal photography as well.

Captain Kermit's masterpiece is his best picture of a whole herd of elephants in a

high but rather open forest. The light was none too good, but fortunately it was good enough. This real achievement was scored from a perch on a low limb of a tree, conveniently placed to drop the intervening brush out of view. Five tuskers appear in the front line, and the elephants are massed together in the composition as neatly and perfectly as if the hand of man had grouped them to get all the flankers into the picture.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt was very proud of this picture, and so were the editors of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE and the "African Game Trail" book. Many men —and some beasts, also—have shot African elephants, but we know of no one else who has scored like that with the camera on Africa's grandest game.

The wild animal photography of Mr. George H. Shiras, 3d, of Washington, has challenged the admiration of millions of Americans. Fortunately it has been given good "publicity." Starting in with flash-light photography as his favorite diversion—partly because of its very great difficulties—Mr. Shiras thoroughly conquered that field before he turned to another. His wonderfully successful and artistic flash-light pictures of white-tailed deer, porcupines, rabbits, raccoons, and bears quickly made him famous. Any man who can catch with his night camera an *albino* porcupine, as Mr. Shiras has done, certainly deserves to wear laurels.

Success with the flash-light camera calls for high-class woodcraft, correct knowledge of "animal behavior," judgment of a high order, and infinite indus-



White mountain-sheep.
From a photograph by George Shiras, 3d.



A bunch of hungry elk.

From a photograph by Stephen N. Leek.



Left side of panorama.

Grand panorama of elk in Jackson Hole.

From a photograph by Stephen N. Leek.



Right side of panorama.

Grand panorama of elk in Jackson Hole.

From a photograph by Stephen N. Leek.

try and patience. If any debonair amateur thinks this is an easy road to success, let him pursue it a short distance. More things can happen to a set camera and a string in thick darkness than are dreamed of in our philosophy. But the discerning ones appreciate the difficulties to be overcome, and applaud success accordingly.

Of the beautiful and bewildering Shiras flash-light pictures, most arbitrarily we present the one that in our opinion has the best right to rank as *the* masterpiece. It is unnecessary to point out its fine and commanding qualities. The composition was by no means accidental. Of course, the artist composed his picture before he set up his camera, and the result is his by deliberate design. This deer picture represents absolute perfection in flash-lighting; but it is a pity that space is not available for the scared albino porcupine who so clearly registers "surprise."

But Mr. Shiras at last sighed for other worlds to conquer than those illumined by flash-lights, and forthwith he became a day worker. Finally, it required five numbers of the *National Geographic Magazine* to contain the collections of pictures that were selected adequately to represent the various phases of his work. We present here one daylight picture that seems to us masterful, and paramount in excellence. The great pictorial wealth of Mr. Shiras's work fairly demands that a volume be devoted to it, to place it in permanent and accessible form.

By force of circumstances and by virtue of sheer necessity Stephen N. Leek, of Jackson Hole, Wyoming, became the great photographer and champion of the American elk. Years ago he settled in the Jackson Valley as a prosperous ranchman, and took root there. His ranch became the central rallying-point of the 20,000 elk (more or less) that for years annually have been driven down out of the Yellowstone Park by the early rigors of winter, and forced to seek winter grass through the less deep snows of the Jackson Hole country, and on the high mountain ridges that girt it in.

To Mr. Leek the call to photograph those elks, both individually and *en masse*, was irresistible, and he girded himself up accordingly. He learned outdoor photography, from the ground up to its topmost branches; and if his camera can prevent the extinction of the Jackson Hole elk herds, that end will be accomplished. He has lectured upon and illustrated the elk and its vital need for human help, all the way from Jackson Hole to St. Paul and New York.

Mr. Leek has made so many stunning elk pictures that it is difficult to choose *the* masterpiece. However, full deliberation finally settled down to the final conviction that a certain picture of massed elk, looking across the level floor of Jackson Valley, with the Gros Ventres Mountains as a background, is the choice. It is not only a perfect composition perfectly executed, but it is stamped with the well-known and well-beloved personality of our own "Steve Leek."

Without at all assuming to be a photographer of living wild animals, Mr. John M. Phillips, sportsman and State Game Commissioner, of Pittsburgh, scored a brilliant hit in 1905, when the writer had the good fortune to be among those present. It was on a Rocky Mountain goat in British Columbia, and the case was notably picturesque.

For twenty years Mr. Phillips has been a keen and successful outdoor photographer. His specialty has been picturesque hunting-grounds, dead game, camps, guides, and "outfits on the trail." His cameras have exploited British Columbia, New Brunswick, Colorado, Wyoming, Arizona, Sonora, and Tampico. His repertoire of big game, living and dead, includes all the big-game species of North America except the Alaskan bears, the sheep and caribou of the North, and the musk-ox. I have stereoscopic views from hundreds of his best negatives of game, camp, and trail, and really it gives me a pang of regret every time I think of the beautiful subjects that are stored away in John's cabinet, perhaps never to be seen by the public, because their owner never lifts a finger to push one of his pictures into public notice. In "Camp-Fires in the Canadian Rockies" and "On Desert and Lava" (the Scribner Press) we have some fine examples of the output.

Mr. Phillips's favorite camera is the Hawkeye Stereo No. 1, and I must say that, so far as I can observe, its only real rival is the big 8 x 10 on a fixed tripod. The instrument is light, transportable anywhere that a man can go with a gun,

and the sharpness with which it digs out and records details is wonderful. Mr. Ernest F. Keller can take a Phillips stereo film 4¼ x 4¼ and enlarge it to 8 x 8 on glossy paper with such magnificent sharpness and richness of tone that the result looks like a contact print from a powerful 8 x 8 plate.



Rocky Mountain goat, close up.
From a copyrighted photograph by John M. Phillips.

Had the camera in the case been large enough to be cumbersome, or one requiring both hands in its operation, Mr. Phillips could not have carried it to the face of that precipice on Avalanche Creek in the Elk River Mountains of British Columbia, and he never would have accomplished that magnificent series of goat pictures that has sent thrills through all American sportsmen and lovers of wild life. At that time he was a bachelor, he had given no hostages to fortune, and he felt perfectly free to risk his neck on as many precipices as he chose. Mr. Phillips, Mack Norboe, and Dog Kaiser, by reckless climbing and skilful manœuvring, cornered a big male white mountain goat on a knife-edge of rock, and kept him there until he was thoroughly photographed. Mr. Phillips held on to the rocky face of the wall with one hand and foot, the camera was poised on the flexed knee of the free leg, and worked with the one free hand.

The goat courageously and sensibly stood his rocks, too wise to get nervous or hysterical and leap off into space—as any deer or wild sheep would have done.



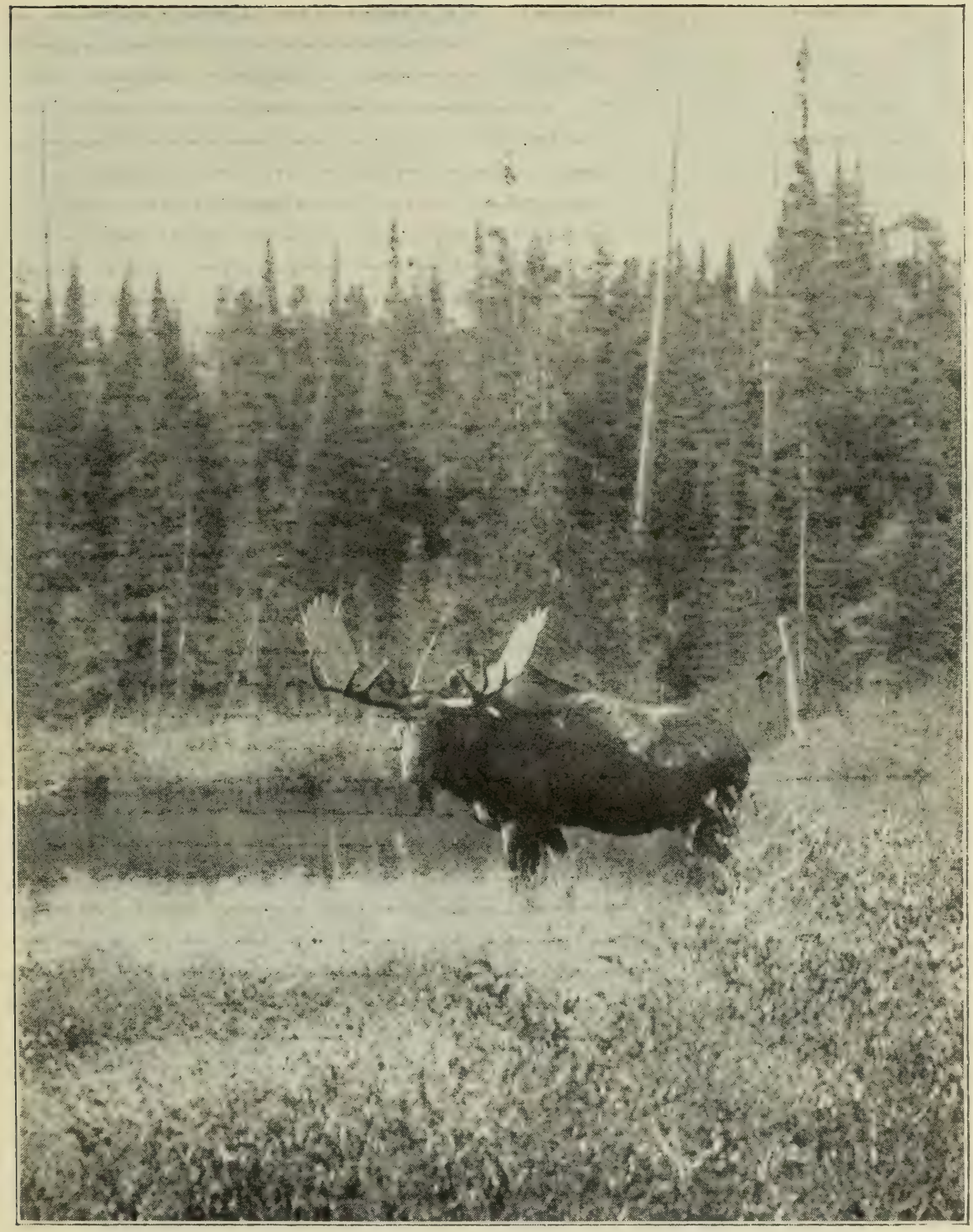
Osborn caribou, western Yukon territory.
From a photograph by F. C. Havemeyer.

Now and then he stamped an angry foot, snorted, and stood pat. Once he decided to charge the photographer and knock him off the wall; and had he carried out that intention no power on earth could have saved Mr. Phillips. The distance was only eight feet, and when the goat threateningly advanced three feet of that, the truculent Billy spoiled the photograph by coming inside the focus!

Of the half-dozen fine camera shots made by Mr. Phillips, three are perfect and one is magnificent. The one shown herewith has all the composition of a fine oil painting, and the goat details are perfect. Taking into consideration the zoological value, general composition, sharpness, rarity of the subject and danger in execution, I feel bound to accord this picture first place among all the masterpieces of wild animal photography that I have seen. Fortunately for the result, this portrait was made on September 15, 1905, when the pelage was at its highest perfection and before it had grown so long and shaggy as to mask the face and form of the animal. It is easy for the excessively long mid-winter pelage of a northern animal to spoil it both for the camera and the painter. The Zoological Society's Alaskan moose, by Rungius, was painted in its September coat for the above reason, and the big-horn sheep painting is of the vintage of October.

Out of a great number of photographs of wild moose—all save a very few showing water-logged and homely females and calves in the summer coat—we choose as a live moose masterpiece the truly fine picture by George D. Pratt, New York State Conservation Commissioner. The moose is a very large and well-fed bull, with grand antlers, and his forest and marsh surroundings are indeed everything that they ought to be for such an animal. This is not a "close-up" portrait. It is what Carl Rungius calls "a picture," and as such it is entitled to a high place.

One of the most beautiful wild animal pictures that I ever have seen from the far North was made by Mr. F. C. Havemeyer, in the White River country of western Yukon Territory. Posing in a landscape composed of a wide, treeless



Bull moose in the open season.
From a photograph by George D. Pratt.

valley with a picturesque mountain background stands a lordly bull caribou of the *Rangifer osborni* species. It is the largest of all the caribou species of North America.

A picture like this represents one chance out of many. Many men work all their lives without its equal. The camera man is the toad beneath the harrow who knows "exactly where each tooth-point goes." A failure may be due to any one of a dozen causes, such as a running animal; natural obstruction; too great distance; bad light; a sun in the wrong place; an ugly background or sordid surroundings. But in this fine picture all the factors were at their best—and for a wonder the camera was ready. Now, which is of the highest value to the world: the mounted head of the bull, or this fine picture of him? Perhaps fifty persons per year can enjoy the former, for a number of years; but we know that

this year about 1,000,000 persons will find pleasure in this picture.

The record-breaking African jungle work of Herbert Lang and James P. Chapin for the American Museum of Natural History produced a bewildering array of rich and rare results. Along with the thousands of zoological specimens collected, *and safely transported to New York*, the photographs made by Mr. Lang are entitled to a prominent place. In the dense tangle of tropical jungles like those of the rain belt of equatorial Africa and the Far East, the photographing of living wild animals becomes a wild impossibility; and this fact brings us up against a new condition, and a new question.

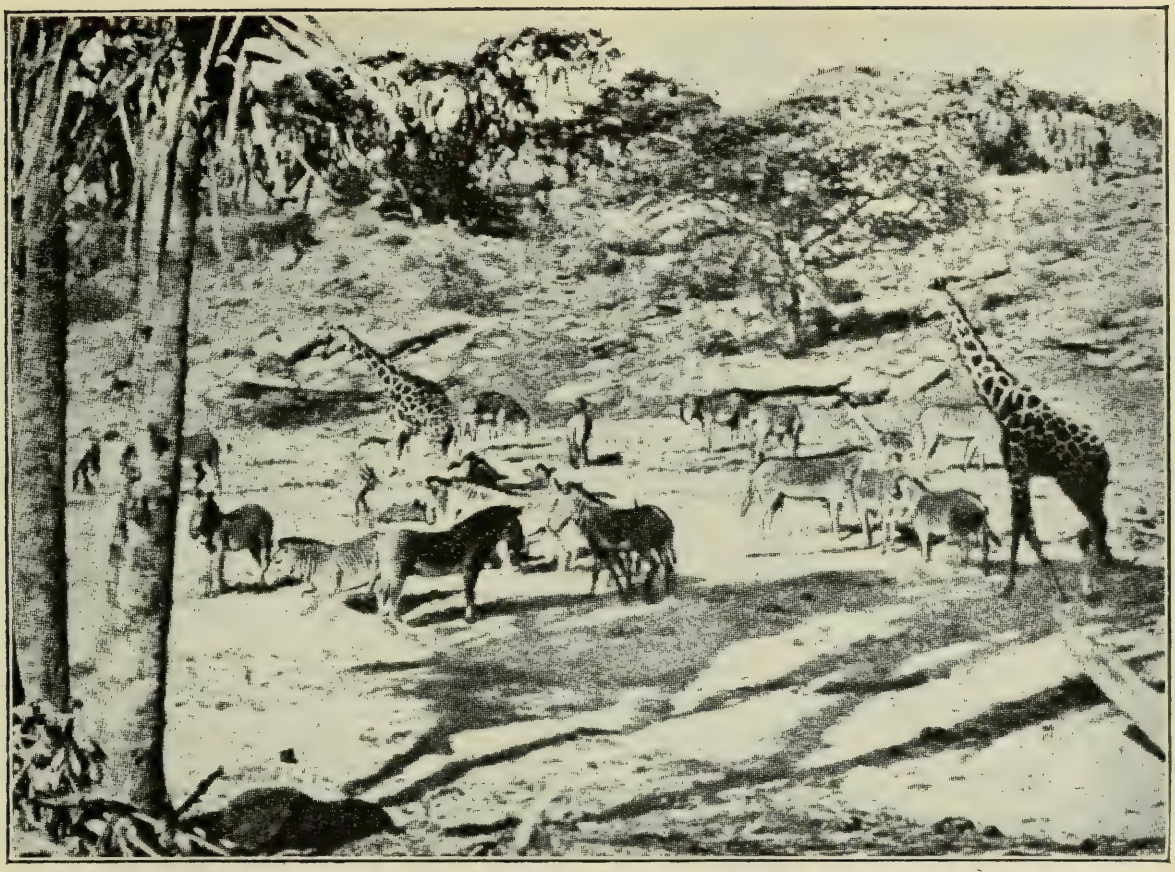
Shall we admit to the company of masterpieces in wild animal photography any pictures of wounded or dead animals? Let us remember that sometimes we have to deal with such animals as the rare and wildly elusive okapi—an animal never yet stalked and shot by a white man.

I put this question seriously to several men whose judgment I value, and invariably the final answer has been: "Decidedly, yes!" Inasmuch as my own view coincides with theirs, Mr. Lang's finest photograph of a living but captive okapi bull, in its own almost inaccessible haunts, is presented herewith, in the belief that it will be welcome.

Any man who can offer to the world an artistically perfect photograph of a wild okapi, a particolored bear (*Eluropus*), a takin, a giant armadillo, a maned wolf, a bongo, a white rhinoceros, or a giant



Okapi bull, Ituri forest, Upper Congo.
From a photograph by Herbert Lang.



Giraffes and zebras.

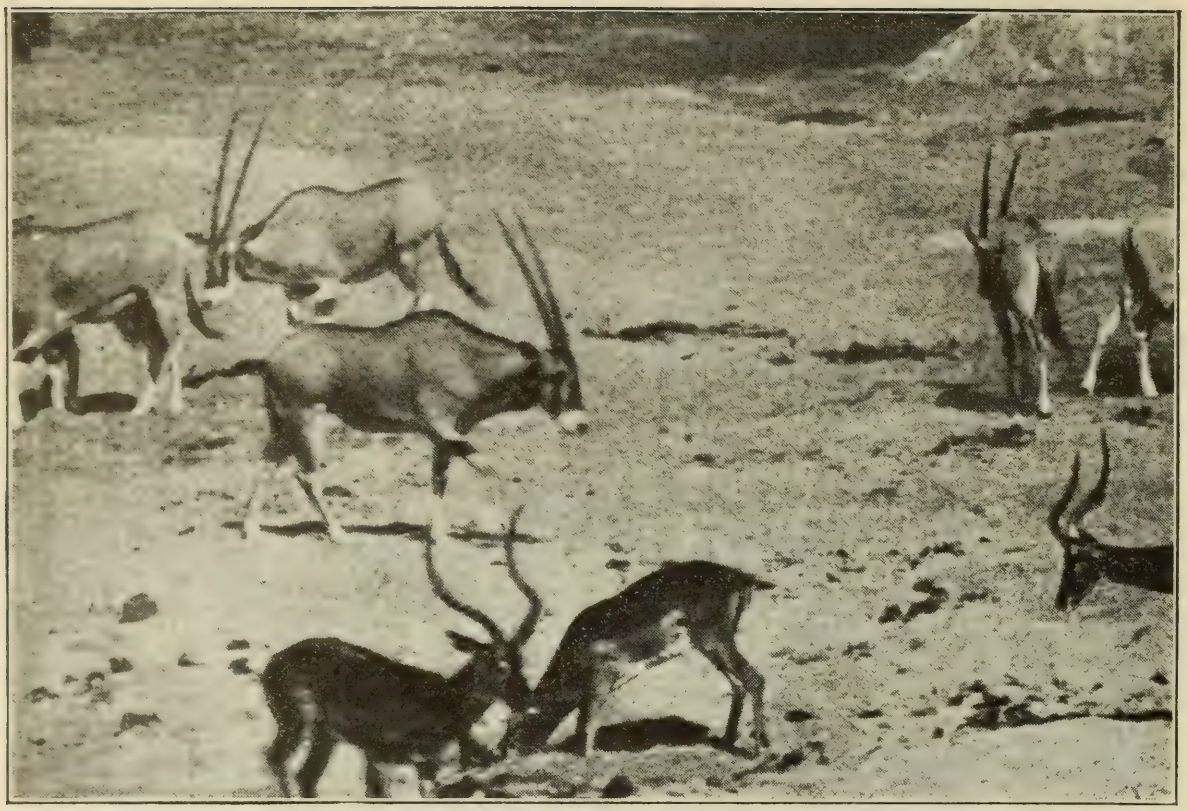
From a photograph by Cherry Kearton and Major James Barnes.

gorilla is entitled to a place for it among the world's masterpieces of wild animal photography. I think this should hold for fine adult specimens of those species, even when they are wounded or dead.

The limitations of space forbid more than a brief reference to the wonderful work of Mr. Lang in the remote and almost impossible okapi country of Central Africa. Those who would read his story and see a series of his finest pictures can obtain it and them, for twenty paltry copper cents, from the New York Zoological Society in its *Bulletin* for May, 1918. I have only to add that, so far as heard from, the wild animal lover to whom Mr. Lang's okapi pictures do not appeal has not yet been born; and if the picture shown herewith is not a genuine masterpiece, then I never saw one.

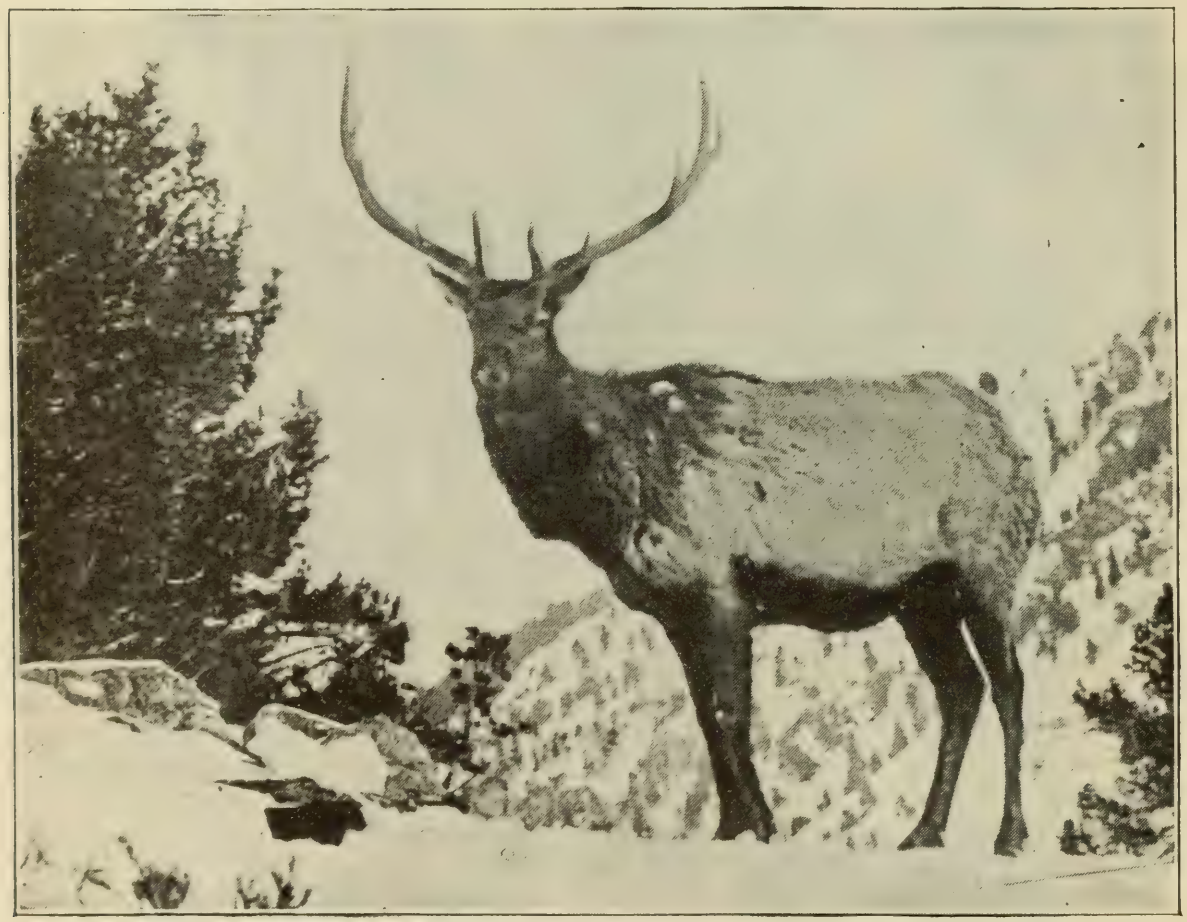
The photographic work in Africa of Mr. Cherry Kearton, Englishman, was ably supported throughout by our own Major James Barnes. The movies that resulted from their joint efforts have been seen and applauded by millions of Americans. While the various water-hole pictures are of course the most spectacular and thrilling, there are a multitude of close-up zoological studies that are of great interest and artistic value. Unfortunately for our purpose, the original films are far away and beyond reach, and the materials now available for a sample picture fall far short of doing justice to Mr. Kearton's genius and work. For all that, however, the annexed water-hole picture, showing giraffes, zebras, antelopes, and baboons, all taken—and well taken—at one shot, is sufficient to show the artistic and zoological value of the water-hole series.

It was the moving water-hole pictures of Mr. Paul Rainey's photographer that first revealed to the world of animal-lovers the terrible state of fear in which the wild beasts of Africa's open country live from moment to moment, and strive to eat, drink, and sleep without being pounced upon by enemies and killed. The humanitarians who think that all wild animals are "happy" and all zoo animals are unhappy should (if their minds are open) look at these moving pictures taken by Kearton and Barnes at the water-hole, and then look—any day or hour—at the



Oryx and impalas at a water-hole.

From a photograph by Cherry Kearton and Major James Barnes.



A wild bull elk, posing.

From a photograph by Norman McClintock.

twenty-four captive bears in the New York Zoological Park.

"The 'free, wild life' is a round of strife,
And of ceaseless hunger and fear.
The life in the wild of the animal child
Is not all skittles and beer."

It is the natural and regular thing for a wild animal photographer to choose for himself the most difficult tasks in sight—for the obvious reason that there is small merit in the accomplishment of the commonplace. Mr. William L. Finley, Ornithologist of the State of Oregon, first attacked the sea lions and sea birds of the rocky and picturesque coast of Oregon, and achieved from wild life and foaming breakers about every form of success that the heart of a photographer could desire. Of all Mr. Finley's many wild-life pictures, those are (to our mind) the crowning achievement. The combination of massed wild life in vigorous motion, heaving billows and leaping and foaming breakers made a series fit to stir the blood of a mummy.

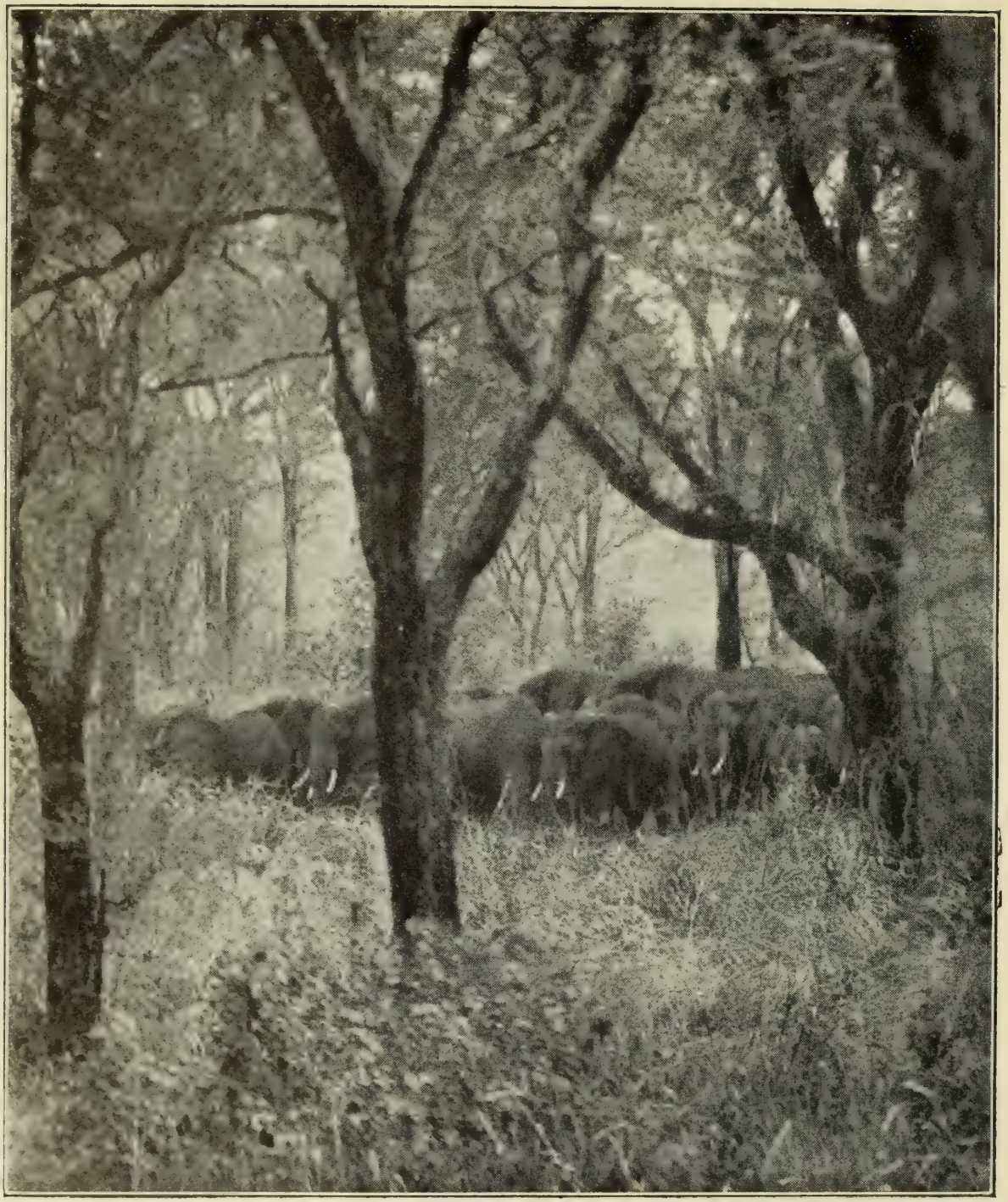
And then, abruptly turning from that well-worked field, Mr. Finley packed his kit and with the bird artist, R. Bruce Horsfall, as a companion, hiked away into the lava and sage-brush desert of Lake County, southeastern Oregon, to catch with his camera the wary and vanishing antelope and the harassed sage-grouse. And right there the moving-picture camera discovered things about the big and spectacular sage-grouse, and caught things, that so far as we can discover had up to that hour remained a sealed book to all the bird men of America. I will not anticipate now, nor in any manner spoil, Mr. Finley's great story of his success; but I do advise every person who is interested in birds to keep his ear to the ground for the rumble of its first appearance in print.



Mountain-sheep ram near Long's Peak.
From a photograph by Enos A. Mills.

Mr. Norman McClintock, of Pittsburgh, is one of the latest of our wild animal photographers who has conspicuously made good with the motion-picture camera.

His real work began in the Rocky Mountains, both within and without the Yellowstone Park. In the great national playground, oldest of national parks, the game falls into two categories—that which is aloof and really wild and that which is half tame, or even four-fifths tame, pestering around tourists' camps, the hotels, and in the military post of Fort Yellowstone. The latter is in the class of preserve-tame wild game, and



A herd of African elephants in an open forest.
From a copyrighted photograph by Captain Kermit Roosevelt.

thereby is outside the scope of this article. For all that, however, Mr. McClintock's pictures of intimate mule-deer, mountain-sheep, bison, and antelope are most interesting, instructive, and at times picturesque. For example, a wild mule-deer being enticed up the steps of an army officer's house, and actually into the family kitchen, makes a movie of fascinating interest.

To my mind Mr. McClintock's masterpiece is the result of a long and diligent effort to get a really wild bull elk herd-leader in his mountain fastness, and while on his travels. It was figured out that on a certain day, and somewhere near a certain hour, the bull would cross a valley, and at a certain spot would climb to the snow-clad summit of the westerly ridge. Taking a gambler's chance, the camera was placed and focussed on the line of least resistance for a travelling elk.

The bull elk came, and saw, and was conquered. He climbed up the ridge into

the field of the lens, and he paused and stood precisely on the spot that the camera expected. For the motion camera the climax was quite ideal, and Mr. McClintock obtained a picture that has all the composition and detail of an ideal Rungius painting.

Mr. Enos A. Mills, of Long's Peak, Colorado, is a denizen of the summits of the American Rockies. His natural habitat is timber-line, and his normal surroundings are six feet of snow in a howling blizzard. His neighbors are the Rocky Mountain sheep, grizzly bear, pika, Clark's crow, and the magpie.

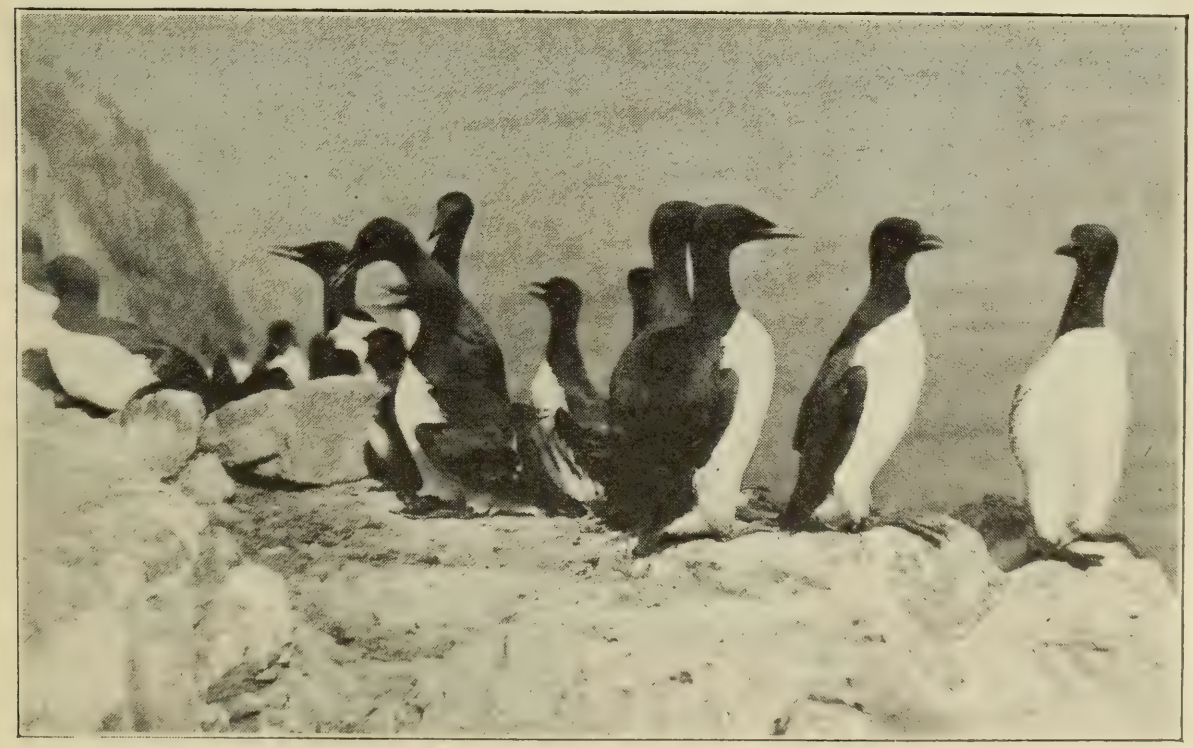
Life on the summits is a busy occupation, as well as hazardous, and Mr. Mills has not gone deep into wild animal photography. But there are exceptions. When he encountered a fine big-horn ram wallowing through two feet of snow, the Mills camera was ready and a masterpiece was the result.

In the old days, before the State of Colorado wisely and forehandedly enacted a law perpetually protecting all her mountain-sheep, it would have been the natural course for some meat-hunter to have "seen him first" and killed that snow-logged ram without mercy. But the world is not wholly bad, even yet.

Considering the brief time that has elapsed since Wallihan began to photograph wild animals in the wilds, great things have been accomplished. The work and the workers cited herein represent only a small fraction of the total output of this new and extremely fascinating pastime.

In this article we only scratch the surface of our subject. Truly, the wild animal world has by no means been wholly conquered by the camera, either still or moving. More and more will the camera replace the gun—with a great uplift to sport with wild life! Killing has become too easy to be sport, and easy sport is too sordid to suit real sportsmen.

Thus far we have only touched the moving-picture field. Great things have been accomplished by some of the moving-picture sportsmen, but their results do not readily lend themselves to display in magazines or books. Their only adequate show-place is on the screen. But in this field also only a good beginning has been made. The next quarter century will witness great achievements with the wheels and reels. But, we now say to the knights of the crank: *Hurry up, or you will be too late to get the finest big game anywhere outside of the game preserves.*



California murres, Three Arch Rocks.
From a photograph by William L. Finley.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

PERSONAL MEMORIES OF THE MAN

By Robert Brewster Stanton

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) FROM PHOTOGRAPH

IT is proper at the start to make clear how I, a comparatively young boy at the time, could know anything personally and intimately of so great a man as Abraham Lincoln.

My father, the Reverend Robert Livingston Stanton, D.D., a Connecticut Yankee, whose New England family dates back to 1635 and 1620, after his graduation from the College of Lane Seminary*—having spent six years under the tutelage of Doctor Lyman Beecher and with Henry Ward Beecher as a classmate, and going through that period of wild anti-slavery agitation there which nearly broke up the seminary and finally led to the splitting of the Presbyterian Church into its North and South branches—took up his first pastoral work, in 1839, in the little church of Pine Ridge, Adams County, Miss., and in 1841 removed to Woodville, Miss.—at which place I was born, in 1846, my mother being also from the North—and he lived in Woodville as pastor there and in New Orleans, and as president of Oakland College, Miss., until 1853.

During all my father's life in the South he was a true abolitionist. He knew the institution of slavery from the inside. He condemned the position of the South, particularly the position of the Southern church on slavery,† but he knew the Southern people and he loved them too. He devoted all his efforts to furthering the aims of the American Colonization Society, of which he was an officer, and in which he earnestly labored up to the time when war finally swept away all possibility of its success.

When the dark days of '61 came my father recognized that perhaps God, in his inscrutable knowledge, knew a better way, and he became a war parson and was one of the foremost in his calling to hold up the hands of the war President, and, unlike some other abolitionists of that day, he stayed by him to the end.

It has always been my belief that the reason why Abraham Lincoln and my father became such warm friends was because he brought to the President a certain inside knowledge of the South and its people, from an earnest and loyal follower, and Mr. Lincoln welcomed such direct information when they discussed together the perplexing problems of those days, as they so often did.

Thus it came about that I, even so young, going with my father, came to know Mr. Lincoln personally, and was able to sit with him for hours at a time, in his private office at the White House, and listen to those talks and discussions and observe him at close range, and study his every word and action at times when there was nothing to disturb, and when only one or two others were in the room.

The first time I saw Mr. Lincoln was in February, 1861, a few days before his inauguration, when, as President-elect, he was stopping at Willard's Hotel in Washington. A crowd was passing through his reception-room in a continual stream, so that I had only a few minutes to observe him, but I lingered as long as I could. At that time his countenance seemed to betray anxiety, or was it weariness from those continued handshakings? I could not determine which it was in the first and few moments of seeing his face. But as some friend would accompany the grasp of his hand with a word of cheer, or

* At that time Lane Seminary, at Cincinnati, Ohio, was a real college, with a theological department attached. Later the college proper was abandoned, and it became a theological seminary pure and simple. My father graduated from the college, but only spent two years there in his theological studies.

† "The Church and the Rebellion," by Robert L. Stanton, D.D., New York, 1864.

a "God bless you," the warm grasp was returned, the hearty "Thank you" accompanied with that sweet, gentle smile of his; and at other times, when some one seemed to strike a tender chord by what was said, his eye became moist by what appeared to be a starting tear.

The first time I heard Mr. Lincoln speak was at his first inauguration. I was then fifteen years of age, but I stood near to him and drank in every word he said. My mind had been prepared by the discussion of possible events since the election of the previous November, and startled by the President-elect coming to Washington in disguise (though against his wish) to save him from threatening enemies, so that I was in a frame of mind full of excitement and expectation as I stood listening to those gentle, yet firm and earnest, utterances in that first inaugural, surrounded as I was, so close to the platform on which he stood, by that band of determined Northern and Western men who, known to but a few and unrecognizable to the crowd, were armed to the teeth to protect him and repel the threatened attack upon his person.

At this late day, I cannot recall a single sentence of that first address, nor shall I attempt to refresh my memory by reading it at this time. What impressed me then, and remains as clear to-day as ever, was the man and his character as they came to me not so much in what he said, but in the manner in which he spoke: gentle, loving, yet earnest, unafraid, determined, ready to take up any burden or any task and carry it through, as God gave him the strength.

Four years later, I stood on the same spot and listened to the President's second inaugural address.

During those four long, weary, suffering years, what burdens had he not borne? Burdens from the tragedies of the war itself, from the bickerings and slanders of those who should have been his stanchest friends, some almost within his own household, and from that deepest of personal sorrows when his beloved little son William died.

From the first time I met him, I saw gathering on his face, month by month, that sad, anxious, far-away expression that has so often been referred to and frequently been so exaggerated. Therefore, at that second inauguration, I think I was well fitted to understand the depth, the earnestness, and the sincerity of those immortal words: "With malice toward none, with charity for all."

But how came I, a boy so young, to understand at all the man of whom I speak, and the questions of those trying days?

The winter before, I had sat in the gallery of the Senate and the gallery of the House and heard those ominous, foreboding speeches, from both sides of the chambers; and later I listened to the orations of the great leaders, Charles Sumner in the Senate and Thaddeus Stevens in the House, as well as many others; besides the vindictive utterances of the "fire-eaters" from the South. I saw delegation after delegation withdraw from the Congress as their several States seceded from the Union, and heard the defiant yet sorrowful and tearful farewells of those Southern men who really loved their country well, but loved their States and their beliefs better.

With this education in national affairs in those stirring times, and my father's instructive talks at home—we were chums during all of his life—together with my reading of the newspapers of the day, I felt that I was somewhat posted on the problems of the hour, and I longed to hear something of those same problems from the lips of the great man who was leading, and was destined to lead, the nation through the darkest and bitterest experiences of its life.

My opportunity came at last. My father took me to see the President when he called to discuss with him some of those problems of the country and the war. My father was his personal friend and I did not wonder at his reception. But is it possible that I ever can forget the way Abraham Lincoln received me—a mere lad? His cordial manner, the warm grasp of that large, kind, gentle hand, the fascinating though almost evasive smile, and the simple word or two of welcome, were so earnest and sincere that I thought he intended me to understand—and so I felt—that he received me not as a boy, but as a man, though very young. That first warm hand-clasp (though later I had many more) from

that good and great man is one of the most cherished memories of my life.

Of course, I did not enter into the conversation. I simply listened in admiration, drinking in every word he said with reverence, for I was not one of those who ever doubted him for a moment. My unbounded, youthful admiration had not lessened, but had expanded, from the first day I heard him speak—March 4, 1861.

At that very first meeting I heard Mr. Lincoln discuss and explain some of his perplexing problems and how he solved them. One in particular. It will be recalled that all through the war of the Rebellion, certain critical friends, as well as enemies, charged that in many of his acts the President went beyond his Constitutional and legal rights and exercised a power almost dictatorial.

On that, to me, memorable evening he discussed with my father this very phase of his administration of national and State affairs, for undoubtedly he had overstepped State rights. He freely acknowledged that some things he had done, and decisions he had made, were possibly beyond his constitutional right to do. Yet he knew the necessity, and with his bold, unafraid determination, and his clear and marvellous insight into the true nature of things, he, in those emergencies, did what he felt to be right, as God gave him the vision to see the right.

How did he explain his actions? In these few simple, and even humorous, words: "I am like the Irishman, I have to do some things 'unbeknownst to myself.' "

He never sought nor desired the opportunity to exercise his power, as is so clearly shown by his long, patient, yet sorrowful consideration before he performed his greatest act. This, also, he at other times discussed with my father. The one object he always kept in view was to save the Union of the States, and not simply to abolish slavery. And he continued unmoved by the howls of all abolitiondom and the arguments of those who thought they knew better than he; patiently waiting for the proper time to do the right thing. And when he found it, and not before, then it was that he used his power and put his name to the Emancipation Proclamation.

I had seen Mr. Lincoln many times before I first met him, but this was the first time that I had had the privilege and honor of sitting close to him and studying him at leisure.

Through the whole of the campaign of 1860, while recognizing his ability, he had been characterized as "Old Abe," the long, lank, gawky rail-splitter. On coming to Washington he had been ridiculed for the manner in which he had entered the city, and spoken of as that rough, uncouth Westerner from the prairies of Illinois who had dared to come among the exclusive, high-born, generally Southern people of the capital. I, as a boy, knew many of the families of those old, exclusive, pre-war Washingtonians, for I had lived there with my grandmother on my mother's side, an English woman who went to Washington about 1800, and I had heard, more particularly from the dames of society, those bitter, cutting remarks about Mr. Lincoln's uncouth mannerisms and uncivilized behavior.

What was my surprise, then, when I saw him and heard him at that first inauguration! There I saw a tall, square-shouldered man with long arms and legs, but, as he came down the east steps of the Capitol and onto the platform from which he spoke, he walked with such a dignified carriage and seeming perfect ease, that there was dispelled forever from my mind the idea that he was in any way uncouth or at a loss to know the proper thing to do or how to do it.

When he began to speak I was again surprised, on account of what I had heard of him. He spoke so naturally, without any attempted oratorical effect, but with such an earnest simplicity and firmness, that he seemed to me to have but one desire as shown in his manner of speaking—to draw that crowd close to him and talk to them as man to man.

His manner was that of perfect self-possession. He seemed to me to fully appreciate his new and unexpected surroundings, to understand perfectly the enormous responsibilities he was undertaking, but at the same time to have perfect confidence in himself that, with

God's help, which he always invoked, he could and would carry them through to a successful conclusion.

As Colonel Henry Watterson has so clearly expressed his own impressions on hearing the same inaugural, "He delivered that inaugural address as if he had been delivering inaugural addresses all his life."

It was, however, when sitting close to him in his office, listening to those animated and earnest discussions, as well as on other occasions, that I learned to know him and understand, as I thought, his almost every movement.

When sitting in his chair in quiet repose, leaning back listening to others; when he was preparing to reply, as he straightened up and even leaned forward; or while pacing the floor listening or speaking, I never saw him once when, as was so often said, he seemed in the least at a loss to know what to do with his hands or how to carry his large feet. His every movement, his every gesture, seemed so natural, so simple, so unconscious, and yet so suited to the matter in hand and the circumstances at the time, that they impressed me as singularly graceful. Graceful may seem to some a rather strong word to use.

It is true that his figure was tall, lean, possibly lank, and in a sense "ungainly." Yet with all this he had that dignity of bearing, that purposeful, self-possessed, and natural pose which, to me, not only demanded admiration but inspired reverence on almost every occasion. In intimate association, the movements of his body and the gestures of his arms and hands were so pleasing that all impressions of ungainliness were swept away. So I say, Mr. Lincoln was singularly graceful.

Is it any wonder then that when some years ago I stood before that statue of some imagined Lincoln which Barnard had brought forth, and patiently studied it, the result was to produce in me a feeling of profound sorrow that such a grotesque caricature should ever have been made of the man whom I knew personally and loved so well?

Mr. Lincoln's hands and feet were large, but not unduly so in proportion to the size of his body. And many large things, even though not symmetrically beautiful in themselves, can be graceful both in repose and in the delicate curves and the sensitiveness of their movements.

Mr. Lincoln's walk, whether while quietly moving about his office, on the street, or on more stately occasions, was most dignified, easy, natural, and pleasing. His head was usually bent a trifle forward but not bowed, except on special occasions. There was, to me at least, no evidence of loose joints, jerky movement, or clumsiness. At one time I saw him under circumstances which, if any could bring out those reputed defects in his carriage, should have done so. It was at a meeting of the Houses of Congress, gathered in the House of Representatives to celebrate some victory of the war. The chamber was packed, and the galleries overflowed with men and women. I sat in a front-row seat. The door opened on the opposite side, and as the Marine Band played "Hail to the Chief," Mr. Lincoln entered. The whole audience rose and cheered. He glanced up at the throng and there appeared on his countenance a bright, beautiful, but gentle smile of thanks, nothing more. In a moment this was gone, and holding himself perfectly erect, with an expression of unconcern and self-possession, he walked across the hall up to the speaker's desk with a simple grandeur and profound dignity that would be difficult for any one to surpass.

At another time I saw what at first surprised me greatly. It was at the great review of General McClellan's Army of the Potomac, that army that had been getting ready so long. Seventy-five thousand men of all arms were gathered on the Virginia plain, and a throng had come out from the capital to see them. In a little carriage my father, mother, and I were among the spectators. We were placed within twenty feet of where the President's carriage stood. The military spectacle was of course inspiring, but what interested me more was observing Mr. Lincoln's part in the grand review.

Only lately I was asked, here in New York, whether it was true that Mr. Lincoln went to that review dressed in an old, yellowish linen suit. It was not. He was dressed in his accustomed black

broadcloth, long frock coat, and usual high silk hat, this time a new one.

I was close enough to him to clearly note his every movement and see the expression of his face. As the commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States rode down that long line, mounted on a magnificent charger, followed by the general and his staff, he sat and rode his horse as if it were the one thing in the world he knew how to do. He sat perfectly erect, not stiffly, but at perfect ease, and in all that throng of trained military men there was not a general who bore himself with more, no, not as much, dignity, and rode with more true military bearing than the President.

This was one time when I saw him, as he rode down the line, when his face seemed never to change. His eyes then were not listless, his whole countenance beamed with one expression—that of pride in the thoroughly organized army that he believed would bring victory.

After the review was over the single road leading from where we were was filled with carriages bound for Washington. My father whipped his horse in line immediately behind the carriage of the President. It has always been a wonder to me that after that military pageant the commander-in-chief of the army was not provided with a cavalry escort to clear the way and protect him from possible accident. His carriage was merely one in a long line of similar carriages hurrying home as best they could. John Hay sat on the back seat with the President. As the procession ahead slowed up or halted, Mr. Hay turned round and raised his hand in warning to us not to run over them.

I have said that Mr. Lincoln's movements were graceful. What is it that compels me to declare that his face, to me at least, was beautiful? Again, beautiful may be a strong word to use, but I do not mean "pretty." No! not anything so common.

I know his cheekbones were too prominent, his cheeks somewhat sunken, his mouth large and at times "ungainly," his chin, especially with the whiskers he wore, appeared too far out from his mouth, his whole face furrowed (but not nearly so deep as generally supposed), and his eyes "half listless." This latter, however, not always so even when inactive, but only on special occasions.

I saw him when he was cheerful, gay, convulsed in hilarious laughter; saw him when he was being twitted by a friend, when he was humorously acknowledging the justice of that twitting; saw him when he was sad and sorrowful, sad from his own sorrows, sad for the sorrows of others, sad and at the same time cheerful for his sick and wounded boys in blue, sad and worried over the suffering of his country. I saw all these moods at various times; and each and every feature of his face exactly as it was, but there was a something that came out from behind them, and spoke not in words, but shone and spoke through them by means of them, and turned them all into real beauty. And in all these moods, first or last, that spirit of beauty which I saw spread over his whole countenance and drew one to him as by the power of magic.

It was when sitting perfectly quiet, listening to some important statement or argument, studying some complex problem, that those features which have been called ungainly showed more plainly. At such times the furrows of his face seemed deeper, the eyes more listless, and the large mouth looked larger and more illy formed, but as he gathered the meaning of what was being said and seemed to be formulating his reply, the eyes began to open and you first saw the twinkle of stars, then the furrows in his cheeks almost disappeared, the mouth seemed to be completely re-formed, a light broke out, spreading all over his face. In important cases of discussion his eyes flashed veritable fire as he spoke, and, as has been said by another, there came from that mouth "flashes of genius and burning words, revelations as it were from the unknown." Then it was that the beauty which I saw was sublime.

If the matter in hand was of a lighter vein, the same awakening came, but the brighter light of his face turned into that charming smile, gentle, evasive, or sparkling and humorous, which always appeared to me so bewitching. So, whenever I happened to be near him and at first saw that sorrowful, depressed, far-away expression we have heard so much

about and which under the burdens he was bearing did darken his face frequently, I had only to wait, sometimes only moments, until the real spirit of the man, his hopefulness, his trustfulness, his cheerfulness, returned and each feature regained its share of that real beauty of soul that shone through them, which held me and every one who knew him so firmly and drew me to him by some very natural yet magical power that swept away every impression and memory of his appearance except that of beauty.

I was once asked to examine a collection of more than one hundred original photographs of Mr. Lincoln and pick out the one I thought the best likeness of the man as I had known him. In many of them I could see a perfect picture of his face as I had seen him (*at times*), but none of these was my Lincoln nor was it the Lincoln as the other men of those days knew him.

The picture I was looking for was one that showed something of the spirit of the man as I have feebly attempted to describe it. At last I found it. It was the same one I had had in my collection—so unfortunately burned—and which I had cherished since 1861.

It is true that this photograph was taken before the burdens of the Civil War had pressed so heavily upon him, but all the earnestness of his character is there, some of the sadness, and much of the brightness and joyfulness of his spirit (although it does seem suppressed), and some little, also, of that light which I have spoken of as coming out through those rugged features. This picture comes nearer than any photograph of which I know in portraying something of that startling magical power which drew all men to him and held them enchanted when in his presence, even though the "beauty," which I saw, of sparkling eye and smile, may be lacking.

Every one remembers the account given of the night in November, 1864, when the returns were coming in from the election, and how it seemed to others, especially to the secretary of war, that Mr. Lincoln gave so little heed to the momentous occasion as he sat reading a humorous story. But that Mr. Lincoln from the very first was most deeply interested in the prospects and outcome of that second election, the following incident, in my father's intercourse with the President, will show.

Calling one day at the White House, in May, 1864, about eleven o'clock, he found the anteroom and passages filled. Men and women, well dressed and not so well, from all parts of the country, with not a few officials in civil stations and some with shoulder-straps and brass buttons, were among the eager multitude. Many had sent in their cards or letters, and others were sending them. This privilege was denied to no one, but it was not "First come, first served." The President received those whom he wished to see, regardless of who might be waiting, however exalted their positions may have been; so my father decided to try a little "strategy."

Each winter throughout the war, he had been living in Kentucky, associated with some of the political and ministerial leaders of that State. He knew that Mr. Lincoln was looking forward to a nomination for re-election, at the coming Baltimore Convention, and only a few days before my father had received in Washington a letter from a distinguished citizen of Kentucky giving his views on the prospects of the approaching political campaign there. The Kentucky State elections occurred in August. The writer of that letter was the Reverend Robert J. Breckinridge, D.D., who afterward became temporary chairman of the Baltimore Convention which nominated Mr. Lincoln for his second term. My father's little strategy was simply sending in his card, with this inscription: "*With a letter from Doctor R. J. Breckinridge on the political situation in Kentucky.*"

In a very few minutes the messenger returned and called aloud for "Doctor Stanton," and he was admitted at once. A delegation from Arkansas was just retiring. When they had gone, the President welcomed him in the most cordial manner. The position of Doctor Breckinridge, a Southern man, upon the war had become well known throughout the country by means of his vigorous articles appearing in the Danville *Quarterly Review* in favor of the Union cause. He

differed from the President touching the policy of his Emancipation Proclamation and had published his dissenting views, but he remained his firm friend notwithstanding this difference, and was heartily in favor of his renomination at Baltimore. All this the President well knew and hence, apparently, his eagerness to see the letter which my father had. As he was more familiar with the handwriting and as the letter was addressed to him, he proposed to read it. "No," said the President, "let me take it; I have never seen a letter from the old Kentucky patriarch, and I wish to see how he writes." He read the letter with great earnestness. It called the President's attention to what the writer in several particulars deemed essential to the political welfare of Kentucky. The President conversed for some time with my father on his views of the same questions, and with great interest on the affairs of what he said he was proud to call his native State, declaring that its course had often embarrassed and sometimes puzzled him, and added: "Tell the old doctor that each of his suggestions shall be remembered and complied with as far as possible; and especially tell him that when he comes to the Convention he must call and see me." They had never met up to that time.

It thus seems that even Mr. Lincoln was politically human, and that he attended to the repair of his political fences while distinguished visitors waited, however impatiently, in the anteroom.

One small incident in the life of Mr. Lincoln has always been a great comfort to me. I was not present at the time it occurred, so I will give it in the words of my father, written soon after and found among his papers:

> On one occasion the President gave me what he was pleased to call an account of his "progress in spelling." The incident reveals the remarkable simplicity of Mr. Lincoln, and the open-heartedness of the man. It shows, moreover, his freedom of intercourse with a private citizen, divested of that stateliness of which some of his predecessors who have held his high office might have found it more difficult to relieve themselves.
>
> Having some business at the War Department, and knowing that my success depended on the President's favor, and not being personally acquainted with the Secretary of War [Edwin M. Stanton and Dr. Stanton were not relatives], I called on the President for his aid. At this interview no visitor was present but myself. After stating my case and finding the President favorably disposed, I asked him if he would speak to the Secretary in my behalf. "Certainly I will," said he. Pausing a moment, he added: "Or, what is better, I will write him a note. Sit down and I will write it now."
>
> He went to his desk and began writing, and in a few moments turned to me, looking up over his spectacles, and without my having the least premonition of what was coming, said:
>
> "Ob-sta-cle: is that the way you spell obstacle?"
>
> I was so disconcerted at this sudden and unexpected question that for the instant I was silent. Noticing my confusion, he laid down his pen and turned his revolving chair so as to face me, when, having recovered myself, I said: "I believe that is right, Mr. President."
>
> He then said: "When I write an official letter, I want to be sure it is correct, and I find I am sometimes puzzled to know how to spell the most common word."
>
> On my stating that this was not an unusual experience with many persons, he said: "I found about twenty years ago, that I had been spelling one word wrong all my life up to that time."
>
> "What word is that, Mr. President?" I inquired. "It is *very*," he said. "I used always to spell it with two r's—v-e-r-r-y. And then there was another word which I found I had been spelling wrong until I came here to the White House."
>
> On my inquiry for the word, he said:
>
> "It is *opportunity*. I had always spelled it op-per-tunity."
>
> In relating each of these instances of his "progress in spelling," as he called it, the President laughed heartily, spoke of the importance of giving attention to orthography, and then finished his letter to the Secretary of War, and handed it to me with a warm expression of hope that my mission might be successful. It was.

The last time I met Mr. Lincoln in his private office at the White House, and spent some time with him, was in June, 1864, though I saw him and met him many times afterward.

We called in company with the Honorable Jesse L. Williams, of Indiana, a few days previous to the time of the meeting of the Baltimore Convention, at which Mr. Lincoln was nominated for a second term. Judge Williams was an old-time personal friend of the President. He had been a member of the Chicago Convention when Mr. Lincoln was first nominated, and was now earnestly working to the end that he might be the nominee at Baltimore. Judge Williams held the office, under Mr. Lincoln's appointment, of government director of the Union Pacific Railway. He was on the most intimate

and familiar terms with the President, and their social intercourse was always of the most free and cordial character.

When he arrived at the White House we were admitted at once into the President's room. When we entered there were two other gentlemen present, one a Mr. Ferry of Illinois, a delegate to the Baltimore Convention. Who the other was I have forgotten, but they soon departed, leaving us alone with Mr. Lincoln.

This particular call by Judge Williams and my father was for the purpose of discussing two special features of the then political and military situation, of deep interest to them at that time: the coming Baltimore Convention, and certain matters connected with the military government of the border States, particularly Kentucky and Missouri, as to the acts and preaching of some ministers of the church in those States.

My father was a clergyman of the Presbyterian Church, and at that time was professor of pastoral theology and church government in the Danville Theological Seminary, Kentucky, and was in the midst of, and directly connected with, much of the troubles and discussions in those border States. Judge Williams was an elder in the same church.

Again I, of course, did not enter into the conversation or discussions of the interview, but I sat within five feet of the President, and again had the opportunity to study at close range his manner, the expression of his face, and every movement of his body while sitting and also while pacing the floor. The whole scene was indelibly stamped on my memory, and I clearly remember not only everything directly connected with the President but also many of the details of the conversation. Besides this, I have other notes of my father's and the exact words quoted here from Mr. Lincoln are taken from those old notes.

On the way up from Willard's Hotel Judge Williams said to my father that he had no doubt of Mr. Lincoln's nomination at Baltimore, either by acclamation or on the first ballot, notwithstanding the alienation of some prominent Republicans in Congress and elsewhere. He said, however, he thought he would have a little amusement and "rally the President" on the subject.

As soon as we were seated he inquired of him as to his prospects before the coming convention. The President replied in his quiet, undisturbed manner that he was not at all anxious about the result; that he wanted the people to be satisfied, but as he "had his hand in," he should like to keep his place until the war was finished; and yet, if the people wished a change in the presidency, he had no complaint to make.

"But," said the judge, with a smile and a peculiar twinkle of his eye, "the Convention may be in doubt about your policy on some important matters as to conducting the war; and if so, what then?"

"What do you mean, judge?" said the President.

"Well, Mr. President, I will be frank with you," said the judge, in a half-serious tone: "I have just been attending a very dignified and earnest convention where your opinions on the conduct of the war have been somewhat canvassed, and I found the body seriously divided in sentiment as to your position on one important question."

"Indeed," said the President, "you surprise me. But out with it. Tell us all about it."

"I will. I have been attending the meeting of the general assembly of the Presbyterian Church, in Newark, New Jersey, which has just adjourned; and while there a very animated discussion took place about your views on a certain matter concerning the conduct of the war, and the body seemed unable to agree as to where you stood."

"That is strange! But how came they to concern themselves on the subject?"

"You know," said the judge, "you wrote a letter to General Curtis, when he was in command at St. Louis, in reply to his inquiry about how he should deal with certain disloyal preachers who were troubling Missouri."

Some time before, it will be remembered, Doctor McPheeters, a Presbyterian clergyman of St. Louis, had been ordered out of Missouri by General Curtis for alleged acts of disloyalty to the United States Government. The general

then wrote to the President for instructions in similar cases. The letter of Mr. Lincoln in reply was the one in which he had used the phrase—which afterward became famous by its frequent quotation—that "the government could not afford to run the churches." The Presbytery of St. Louis had taken some action in regard to Doctor McPheeters and his case had gone up to the general assembly, which met in Newark in May, 1864. The President's letter to General Curtis was read there, on the trial of Doctor McPheeters, and this was the letter to which Judge Williams alluded.

"Yes, I remember that letter," said the President.

"Well," said the judge, "on the trial of Doctor McPheeters by the general assembly, your letter to General Curtis was read. But the curious part of the affair was this: One party read one portion of your letter and claimed that the President was on their side, and the other party read another portion of the same letter and claimed that the President was on their side. So it seems, Mr. President, that it is not so easy to tell where you stand."

At this Mr. Lincoln joined in a hearty laugh, not one of his vivid, comprehensive smiles, but a real outspoken hearty laugh, and then told the following story:

"That reminds me forcibly," he said, "of what occurred many years ago in Illinois. A farmer and his son were out in the woods one day, hunting a sow. At length, after a long and fruitless search, they came to what they call 'a branch' out there, where they found hog tracks and rootings-out for some distance on both sides of the branch. 'Now, John,' said the old man, 'you take up on this side of the branch and I'll go up t'other, for I believe the old critter is on both sides.'"

Of course, the rest of us laughed heartily, but Mr. Lincoln, as I distinctly recall it, only smiled. As his story was drawing to a close, his face lit up and a faint smile began to appear which increased at the end and broadened as the others laughed.

It has been said that Mr. Lincoln was so depressed by the actuality of the war that he never really laughed outright. That is a mistake. I saw him and heard him laugh heartily and loudly more than once during those darkest days. To me he had three distinct smiles. The first was when speaking he seemed to wish to impress you with the interest he had in you. This smile was very faint, but beautiful and bewitching. The second was much more open and broad, and when listening to another speak. The laughter came when that other turned a humorous point, and particularly when that point was turned against the President. Of the third smile I shall speak in a moment.

It was not my pleasure to know Mrs. Lincoln personally, but I saw her many times under varied circumstances. She was a much maligned and misunderstood woman.

For many months, during the war, I acted as a volunteer visiting day nurse in the hospitals in Washington and Georgetown. I assisted the regular nurses, and occasionally helped the surgeons, and did my little bit to cheer the sick and wounded. So that I saw some things that the public could not see. Many times I saw Mrs. Lincoln come to those hospitals, go through the wards distributing flowers, little gifts, kind words, smiles, and sympathy to the suffering heroes. And these little acts were done in a manner that, it would seem to me, they could not have been done except by one whose whole heart was in the cause and in the same way as that of her husband, and whose love and active help were given freely and sincerely to those suffering boys in blue.

It was on similar occasions that I was enabled to note that third smile on Mr. Lincoln's face, of which I have spoken. He also came to the hospitals frequently, sometimes with his wife, but usually alone, when I saw him.

As he alighted from his carriage and entered the building, particularly toward the end of the war, I was impressed by the sadness of his countenance. It seemed as though all the suffering in that hospital had come out to meet him and had entered into his face. As he went along the rows of cots, pausing here and there and leaning over some especially suffering lad to speak a kind word or two, the sadness of his face did not entirely dis-

appear, but over it came a light and such a bright, cheering, though gentle smile that his whole countenance was illumined by something more than human interest, as sympathy and love came out to the boy, from his very soul. Those were some of the times when I felt that no one could see in that charming face anything except beauty.

On the night of April 14, 1865, I was nowhere near Ford's Theatre. We were living then in the old home on North B Street, Capitol Hill. Everything was so quiet there that we did not hear of the tragedy of the night until the next morning. As soon as possible I went down to the neighborhood of the theatre. What surprised me most was the smallness of the crowd gathered there at that time. I had no difficulty in moving about close to the steps of the house opposite, where the remains of the President still lay. I stood very close to those steps until finally there came out that little band of mourners and gently placed the body of the murdered President in the hearse.

What surprised me most, as I think of that day, was the small number of followers that accompanied that sad little procession. There were so few people that followed, I was able to walk close to the carriages and at times I was so near that I could have laid my hand on the wheel of the hearse. I followed all the way to the White House grounds. Nor did the crowd increase to any great proportions, as we neared the end.

At the east gate of the White House, there were soldiers and no one was admitted to the grounds. I had gone a little ahead and stood on the pavement close to the gate. This absence of a great crowd on such an occasion was not due to any want of interest or sympathy, but was rather caused, as it seemed to me, by the terrible shock that had passed over the city, and because every one was so depressed that but few had the desire to rush forward to form or join a crowd. Those on the sidewalks stopped and with bowed and uncovered heads stood still in silence and grief. That there were so few gathered at the gate of the White House grounds, this little incident will show.

I had pushed forward and taken my place on the sidewalk close to the carriageway, and turning to look at the little funeral cortège approaching, I saw an old negro woman, a typical Southern cook, her head wrapped in a red-and-yellow bandanna, and her large blue-and-white kitchen apron still on, come running across the street. She passed in front of the hearse and had no difficulty in taking her place beside me within two feet of where it would pass.

Even at that early hour the negroes of the capital had been stunned, then driven to almost frenzy, by the rumor that now Mr. Lincoln was dead they would all be put back into slavery.

As the little procession passed in, great tears rolled down the cheeks of that old negress, and she gathered her big apron over her face and sobbed aloud. Then there seemed to come to her soul a great light and a great courage. She dropped her apron and said in a firm though broken voice: "They needn't to crow yet. God ain't dead!"

EACH IN HIS GENERATION

By Maxwell Struthers Burt

Author of "John O'May," etc.

Illustration by Harry Townsend

EVERY afternoon at four o'clock, except when the weather was very bad—autumn, winter, and spring—old Mr. Henry McCain drove up to the small, discreet, polished front door, in the small, discreet, fashionable street in which lived fairly old Mrs. Thomas Denby; got out, went up the white marble steps, rang the bell, and was admitted into the narrow but charming hall—dim turquoise-blue velvet panelled into the walls, an etching or two: Whistler, Brangwyn—by a trim parlor-maid. Ten generations, at least, of trim parlor-maids had opened the door for Mr. McCain. They had seen the sparkling victoria change, not too quickly, to a plum-colored limousine; they had seen Mr. McCain become perhaps a trifle thinner, the color in his cheeks become a trifle more confined and fixed, his white hair grow somewhat sparser, but beyond that they had seen very little indeed, although, when they had left Mr. McCain in the drawing-room with the announcement that Mrs. Denby would be down immediately, and were once again seeking the back of the house, no doubt their eyebrows, blonde, brunette, or red, apexed to a questioning angle.

In the manner of youth the parlor-maids had come, worked, fallen in love and departed, but Mr. McCain, in the manner of increasing age, had if anything grown more faithful and exact to the moment. If he were late the fraction of five minutes, one suspected that he regretted it, that it came near to spoiling his entire afternoon. He was not articulate, but occasionally he expressed an idea and the most common was that he "liked his things as he liked them"; his eggs, in other words, boiled just so long, no more—after sixty years of inner debate on the subject he had apparently arrived at the conclusion that boiled eggs were the only kind of eggs permissible—his life punctual and serene. The smallest manifestation of unexpectedness disturbed him. Obviously that was one reason why, after a youth not altogether constant, he had become so utterly constant where Mrs. Denby was concerned. She had a quality of perenniality, charming and assuring, even to each strand of her delicate brown hair. Grayness should have been creeping upon her, but it was not. It was doubtful if Mr. McCain permitted himself, even secretly, to wonder why. Effects, fastidious and constant, were all he demanded from life.

This had been going on for twenty years—this afternoon call; this slow drive afterward in the park; this return by dusk to the shining small house in the shining small street; the good-by, reticently ardent, as if it were not fully Mr. McCain's intention to return again in the evening. Mr. McCain would kiss Mrs. Denby's hand—slim, lovely, with a single gorgeous sapphire upon the third finger. "Good-by, my dear," he would say, "you have given me the most delightful afternoon of my life." For a moment Mrs. Denby's hand would linger on the bowed head; then Mr. McCain would straighten up, smile, square his shoulders in their smart, young-looking coat, and depart to his club or the large, softly-lit house where he dwelt alone. At dinner he would drink two glasses of champagne. Before he drained the last sip of the second pouring he would hold the glass up to the fire, so that the bronze coruscations at the heart of the wine glowed like fireflies in a gold dusk. One imagined him saying to himself: "A perfect woman! A perfect woman—God bless her!" Saying "God bless" any one, mind you, with a distinct warming of the heart, but a thoroughly late-Victorian disbelief in any god to bless. . . . At least, you thought as much.

And, of course, one had not the slight-

est notion whether he—old Mr. Henry McCain—was aware that this twenty years of devotion on his part to Mrs. Denby was the point upon which had come to focus the not inconsiderable contempt and hatred for him of his nephew Adrian.

It was an obvious convergence, this devotion of all the traits which composed, so Adrian imagined, the despicable soul that lay beneath his uncle's unangled exterior: undeviating self-indulgence; secrecy; utter selfishness—he was selfish even to the woman he was supposed to love; that is, if he was capable of loving any one but himself—a bland hypocrisy; an unthinking conformation to the dictates of an unthinking world. The list could be multiplied. But to sum it up, here was epitomized, beautifully, concretely, the main and minor vices of a generation for which Adrian found little pity in his heart; a generation brittle as ice; a generation of secret diplomacy; a generation that in its youth had covered a lack of bathing by a vast amount of perfume. That was it—! That expressed it perfectly! The just summation! Camellias, and double intentions in speech, and unnecessary reticences, and refusals to meet the truth, and a deliberate hiding of uglinesses!

Most of the time Adrian was too busy to think about his uncle at all—he was a very busy man with his writing: journalistic writing; essays, political reviews, propaganda—and because he was busy he was usually well-content, and not uncharitable, except professionally; but once a month it was his duty to dine with his uncle, and then, for the rest of the night, he was disturbed, and awoke the next morning with the dusty feeling in his head of a man who has been slightly drunk. Old wounds were recalled, old scars inflamed; a childhood in which his uncle's figure had represented to him the terrors of sarcasm and repression; a youth in which, as his guardian, his uncle had deprecated all first fine hot-bloodednesses and enthusiasms; a young manhood in which he had been told cynically that the ways of society were good ways, and that the object of life was material advancement; advice which had been followed by the stimulus of an utter refusal to assist financially except where absolutely necessary. There had been willingness, you understand, to provide a gentleman's education, but no willingness to provide beyond that any of a gentleman's perquisites. That much of his early success had been due to this heroic upbringing, Adrian was too honest not to admit, but then—by God, it had been hard! All the color of youth! No time to dream—except sorely! Some warping, some perversion! A gasping, heart-breaking knowledge that you could not possibly keep up with the people with whom, paradoxically enough, you were supposed to spend your leisure hours. Here was the making of a radical. And yet, despite all this, Adrian dined with his uncle once a month.

The mere fact that this was so, that it could be so, enraged him. It seemed a renunciation of all he affirmed; an implicit falsehood. He would have liked very much to have got to his feet, standing firmly on his two long, well-made legs, and have once and for all delivered himself of a final philippic. The philippic would have ended something like this:

"And this, sir, is the last time I sacrifice any of my good hours to you. Not because you are old, and therefore think you are wise, when you are not; not because you are blind and besotted and damned—a trunk of a tree filled with dry rot that presently a clean wind will blow away; not because your opinions, and the opinions of all like you, have long ago been proven the lies and idiocies that they are; not even because you haven't one single real right left to live—I haven't come to tell you these things, although they are true, for you are past hope and there is no use wasting words upon you; I have come to tell you that you bore me inexpressibly. (That would be the most dreadful revenge of all. He could see his uncle's face!) That you have a genius for taking the wrong side of every question, and I can no longer endure it. I dissipate my time. Good-night!"

He wouldn't have said it in quite so stately a way, possibly; the sentences would not have been quite so rounded, but the context would have been the same.

Glorious; but it wasn't said. Instead, once a month, he got into his dinner-jacket, brushed his hair very sleekly,

walked six blocks, said good-evening to his uncle's butler, and went on back to the library, where, in a room rich with costly bindings, and smelling pleasantly of leather, and warmly yellow with the light of two shaded lamps, he would find his uncle reading before a crackling wood fire. What followed was almost a formula, an exquisite presentation of stately manners, an exquisite avoidance of any topic which might cause a real discussion. The dinner was invariably gentle, persuasive, a thoughtful gastronomic achievement. Heaven might become confused about its weather, and about wars, and things like that, but Mr. McCain never became confused about his menus. He had a habit of commending wine. "Try this claret, my dear fellow, I want your opinion. . . . A drop of this Napoleonic brandy won't hurt you a bit." He even sniffed the bouquet before each sip; passed, that is, the glass under his nose and then drank. But Adrian, with a preconceived image of the personality back of this, and the memory of too many offences busy in his mind, saw nothing quaint or amusing. His gorge rose. Damn his uncle's wines, and his mushrooms, and his soft-footed servants, and his house of nuances and evasions, and his white grapes, large and outwardly perfect, and inwardly sentimental as the generation whose especial fruit they were. As for himself, he had a recollection of ten years of poverty after leaving college; a recollection of sweat and indignities; he had also a recollection of some poor people whom he had known.

Afterward, when the dinner was over, Adrian would go home and awake his wife, Cecil, who, with the brutal honesty of an honest woman, also some of the ungenerosity, had early in her married life flatly refused any share in the ceremonies described. Cecil would lie in her small white bed, the white of her boudoir-cap losing itself in the white of the pillow, a little sleepy and a little angrily perplexed at the perpetual jesuitical philosophy of the male. "If you feel that way," she would ask, "why do you go there, then? Why don't you banish your uncle utterly?" She asked this not without malice, her long, violet, Slavic eyes widely open, and her red mouth, a trifle too large, perhaps, a trifle cruel, fascinatingly interrogative over her white teeth. She loved Adrian and had at times, therefore, the right and desire to torture him. She knew perfectly well why he went. He was his uncle's heir, and until such time as money and other anachronisms of the present social system were done away with, there was no use throwing a fortune into the gutter, even if by your own efforts you were making an income just sufficiently large to keep up with the increased cost of living.

Sooner or later Adrian's mind reverted to Mrs. Denby. This was usually after he had been in bed and had been thinking for a while in the darkness. He could not understand Mrs. Denby. She affronted his modern habit of thought.

"The whole thing is so silly and adventitious!"

"What thing?"

Adrian was aware that his wife knew exactly of what he was talking, but he had come to expect the question. "Mrs. Denby and my uncle." He would grow rather gently cross. "It has always reminded me of those present-day sword and-cloak romances fat business men used to write about ten years ago and sell so enormously—there's an atmosphere of unnecessary intrigue. What's it all about? Here's the point! Why, if she felt this way about things, didn't she divorce that gentle drunkard of a husband of hers years ago and marry my uncle outright and honestly? Or why, if she couldn't get a divorce—which she could—didn't she leave her hubsand and go with my uncle? Anything in the open! Make a break—have some courage of her opinions! Smash things; build them up again! Thank God nowadays, at least, we have come to believe in the cleanness of surgery rather than the concealing palliatives of medicine. We're no longer—we modern people—afraid of the world; and the world can never hurt for any length of time any one who will stand up to it and tell it courageously to go to hell. No! It comes back and licks hands.

"I'll tell you why. My uncle and Mrs. Denby are the typical moral cowards of their generation. There's selfishness, too. What a travesty of love! Of course there's scandal, a perpetual scandal; but

it's a hidden, sniggering scandal they don't have to meet face to face; and that's all they ask of life, they, and people like them—never to have to meet anything face to face. So long as they can bury their heads like ostriches! . . . Faugh!" There would be a moment's silence; then Adrian would complete his thought. "In my uncle's case," he would grumble in the darkness, "one phase of the selfishness is obvious. He couldn't even get himself originally, I suppose, to face the inevitable matter-of-fact moments of marriage. It began when he was middle-aged, a bachelor—I suppose he wants the sort of Don Juan, eighteen-eighty, perpetual sort of romance that doesn't exist outside the brains of himself and his like. . . . Camellias!"

Usually he tried to stir up argument with his wife, who in these matters agreed with him utterly; even more than agreed with him, since she was the escaped daughter of rich and stodgy people, and had insisted upon earning her own living by portrait-painting. Theoretically, therefore, she was, of course, an anarchist. But at moments like the present her silent assent and the aura of slight weariness over an ancient subject which emanated from her in the dusk, affronted Adrian as much as positive opposition.

"Why don't you try to understand me?"

"I do, dearest!"—a pathetic attempt at eager agreement.

"Well, then, if you do, why is the tone of your voice like that? You know by now what I think. I'm not talking convention; I believe there are no laws higher than the love of a man for a woman. It should seek expression as a seed seeks sunlight. I'm talking about honesty; bravery; a willingness to accept the consequences of one's acts and come through; about the intention to sacrifice for love just what has to be sacrificed. What's the use of it otherwise? That's one real advance the modern mind has made, anyhow, despite all the rest of the welter and uncertainty."

"Of course, dearest."

He would go on. After a while Cecil would awake guiltily and inject a fresh, almost gay interest into her sleepy voice. She was not so unfettered as not to dread the wounded esteem of the unlistened-to male. She would lean over and kiss Adrian.

"Do go to sleep, darling! What's the sense? Pretty soon your uncle will be dead—wretched old man! Then you'll never have to think of him again." Being a childless woman, her red, a trifle cruel mouth, would twist itself in the darkness into a small, secretive, maternal smile.

But old Mr. Henry McCain didn't die; instead he seemed to be caught up in the condition of static good health which frequently companions entire selfishness and a careful interest in oneself. His butler died, which was very annoying. Mr. McCain seemed to consider it the breaking of a promise made fifteen or so years before. It was endlessly a trouble instructing a new man, and then, of course, there was Adlington's family to be looked after, and taxes had gone up, and Mrs. Adlington was a stout woman who, despite the fact that Adlington, while alive, had frequently interrupted Mr. McCain's breakfast newspaper reading by asserting that she was a person of no character, now insisted upon weeping noisily every time Mr. McCain granted her an interview. Also, and this was equally unexpected, since one rather thought he would go on living forever, like one of the damper sort of fungi, Mr. Denby came home from the club one rainy spring night with a slight cold and died, three days later, with extraordinary gentleness.

"My uncle," said Adrian, "is one by one losing his accessories. After a while it will be his teeth."

Cecil was perplexed. "I don't know exactly what to do," she complained. "I don't know whether to treat Mrs. Denby as a bereaved aunt, a non-existent family skeleton, or a released menace. I dare say now, pretty soon, she and your uncle will be married. Meanwhile, I suppose it is rather silly of me not to call and see if I can help her in any way. After all, we do know her intimately, whether we want to or not, don't we? We meet her about all the time, even if she wasn't motoring over to your uncle's place in the summer when we stop there."

So she went, being fundamentally kindly and fundamentally curious. She

spoke of the expedition as "a descent upon Fair Rosamund's tower."

The small, yellow-panelled drawing-room, where she awaited Mrs. Denby's coming, was lit by a single silver vase-lamp under an orange shade and by a fire of thin logs, for the April evening was damp with a hesitant rain. On the table, near the lamp, was a silver vase with three yellow tulips in it, and Cecil, wandering about, came upon a double photograph frame, back of the vase, that made her gasp. She picked it up and stared at it. Between the alligator edgings, facing each other obliquely, but with the greatest amity, were Mr. Thomas Denby in the fashion of ten years before, very handsome, very well-groomed, with the startled expression which any definite withdrawal from his potational pursuits was likely to produce upon his countenance, and her uncle-in-law, Mr. Henry McCain, also in the fashion of ten years back. She was holding the photographs up to the light, her lips still apart, when she heard a sound behind her, and, putting the frame back guiltily, turned about. Mrs. Denby was advancing toward her. She seemed entirely unaware of Cecil's malfeasance; she was smiling faintly; her hand was cordial, grateful.

"You are very good," she murmured. "Sit here by the fire. We will have some tea directly."

Cecil could not but admit that she was very lovely; particularly lovely in the black of her mourning, with her slim neck, rising up from its string of pearls, to a head small and like a delicate white-and-gold flower. An extraordinarily well-bred woman, a sort of misty Du Maurier woman, of a type that had become almost non-existent, if ever it had existed in its perfection at all. And, curiously enough, a woman whose beauty seemed to have been sharpened by many fine-drawn renunciations. Now she looked at her hands as if expecting Cecil to say something.

"I think such calls as this are always very useless, but then——"

"Exactly—but then! They mean more than anything else in the world, don't they? When one reaches fifty-five one is not always used to kindness. . . . You are very kind. . . ." She raised her eyes.

Cecil experienced a sudden impulsive warmth. "After all, what did she or any one else know about other peoples' lives? Poor souls! What a base thing life often was!"

"I want you to understand that we are always so glad, both Adrian and myself. . . . Any time we can help in any way, you know——"

"Yes, I think you would. You—I have watched you both. You don't mind, do you? I think you're both rather great people—at least, my idea of greatness."

Cecil's eyes shone just a little; then she sat back and drew together her eager, rather childish mouth. This wouldn't do! She had not come here to encourage sentimentalization. With a determined effort she lifted her mind outside the circle of commiseration which threatened to surround it. She deliberately reset the conversation to impersonal limits. She was sure that Mrs. Denby was aware of her intention, adroitly concealed as it was. This made her uncomfortable, ashamed. And yet she was irritated with herself. Why should she particularly care what this woman thought in ways as subtle as this? Obvious kindness was her intention, not mental charity pursued into tortuous by-paths. And, besides, her frank, boyish cynicism, its wariness, revolted, even while she felt herself flattered at the prospect of the confidences that seemed to tremble on Mrs. Denby's lips. It wouldn't do to "let herself in for anything"; to "give herself away." No! She adopted a manner of cool, entirely reflective kindliness. But all along she was not sure that she was thoroughly successful. There was a lingering impression that Mrs. Denby was penetrating the surface to the unwilling interest beneath. Cecil suspected that this woman was trained in discriminations and half-lights to which she and her generation had joyfully made themselves blind. She felt uncomfortably young; a little bit smiled at in the most kindly of hidden ways. Just as she was leaving, the subversive softness came close to her again, like a wave of too much perfume as you open a church-door; as if some one were trying to embrace her against her will.

"You will understand," said Mrs. Denby, "that you have done the very nicest thing in the world. I am horribly

lonely. I have few women friends. Perhaps it is too much to ask—but if you could call again sometime. Yes . . . I would appreciate it so greatly."

She let go of Cecil's hand and walked to the door, and stood with one long arm raised against the curtain, her face turned toward the hall.

"There is no use," she said, "in attempting to hide my husband's life, for every one knows what it was, but then—yes, I think you will understand. I am a childless woman, you see; he was infinitely pathetic."

Cecil felt that she must run away, instantly. "I do—" she said brusquely. "I understand more than other women. Perfectly! Good-by!"

She found herself brushing past the latest trim parlor-maid, and out once more in the keen, sweet, young dampness. She strode briskly down the deserted street. Her fine bronze eyebrows were drawn down to where they met. "Good Lord! Damn!"—Cecil swore very prettily and modernly—"What rotten taste! Not frankness, whatever it might seem outwardly; not frankness, but devious excuses! Some more of Adrian's hated past-generation stuff! And yet—no! The woman was sincere—perfectly! She had meant it—that about her husband. And she *was* lovely—and she was fine, too! It was impossible to deny it. But—a childless woman! About that drunken tailor's model of a husband! And then—Uncle Henry! . . ." Cecil threw back her head; her eyes gleamed in the wet radiance of a corner lamp; she laughed without making a sound, and entirely without amusement.

But it is not true that good health is static, no matter how carefully looked after. And, despite the present revolt against the Greek spirit, Time persists in being bigotedly Greek. The tragedy—provided one lives long enough—is always played out to its logical conclusion. For every hour you have spent, no matter how quietly or beautifully or wisely, Nemesis takes toll in the end. You peter out; the engine dulls; the shining coin wears thin. If it's only that it is all right; you are fortunate if you don't become greasy, too, or blurred, or scarred. And Mr. McCain had not spent all his hours wisely or beautifully, or even quietly, underneath the surface. He suddenly developed what he called "acute indigestion." "Odd!" he complained, "and exceedingly tiresome! I've been able to eat like an ostrich all my life." Adrian smiled covertly at the simile, but his uncle was unaware that it was because in Adrian's mind the simile applied to his uncle's conscience, not his stomach.

It *was* an odd disease, that "acute indigestion." It manifested itself by an abrupt tragic stare in Mr. McCain's eyes, a whiteness of cheek, a clutching at the left side of the breast; it resulted also in his beginning to walk very slowly indeed. One day Adrian met Carron, his uncle's physician, as he was leaving a club after luncheon. Carron stopped him. "Look here, Adrian," he said, "is that new man of your uncle's—that valet, or whatever he is—a good man?"

Adrian smiled. "I didn't hire him," he answered, "and I couldn't discharge him if I wanted—in fact, any suggestion of that kind on my part, would lead to his employment for life. Why?"

"Because," said Carron, "he impresses me as being rather young and flighty, and some day your uncle is going to die suddenly. He may last five years; he may snuff out to-morrow. It's his heart." His lips twisted pityingly. "He prefers to call it by some other name," he added, "and he would never send for me again if he knew I had told you, but you ought to know. He's a game old cock, isn't he?"

"Oh, very!" agreed Adrian. "Yes, game! Very, indeed!"

He walked slowly down the sunlit courtway on which the back door of the club opened, swinging his stick and meditating. Spring was approaching its zenith. In the warm May afternoon pigeons tumbled about near-by church spires which cut brown inlays into the soft blue sky. There was a feeling of open windows; a sense of unseen tulips and hyacinths; of people playing pianos. . . . Too bad, an old man dying that way, his hand furtively seeking his heart, when all this spring was about! Terror in possession of him, too! People like that hated to die; they couldn't see anything ahead. Well, Adrian reflected, the real tragedy

of it hadn't been his fault. He had always been ready at the slightest signal to forget almost everything—yes, almost everything. Even that time when, as a sweating newspaper reporter, he had, one dusk, watched in the park his uncle and Mrs. Denby drive past in the cool seclusion of a shining victoria. Curious! In itself the incident was small, but it had stuck in his memory more than others far more serious, as concrete instances are likely to do. . . . No, he wasn't sorry; not a bit! He was glad, despite the hesitation he experienced in saying to himself the final word. He had done his best, and this would mean his own release and Cecil's. It would mean at last the blessed feeling that he could actually afford a holiday, and a little unthinking laughter, and, at thirty-nine, the dreams for which, at twenty-five, he had never had full time. He walked on down the courtway more briskly.

That Saturday night was the night he dined with his uncle. It had turned very warm; unusually warm for the time of year. When he had dressed and had sought out Cecil to say good-by to her he found her by the big studio window on the top floor of the apartment where they lived. She was sitting in the window-seat, her chin cupped in her hand, looking out over the city, in the dark pool of which lights were beginning to open like yellow water-lilies. Her white arm gleamed in the gathering dusk, and she was dressed in some diaphanous blue stuff that enhanced the bronze of her hair. Adrian took his place silently beside her and leaned out. The air was very soft and hot and embracing, and up here it was very quiet, as if one floated above the lower clouds of perpetual sound.

Cecil spoke at last. "It's lovely, isn't it?" she said. "I should have come to find you, but I couldn't. These first warm nights! You really understand why people live, after all, don't you? It's like a pulse coming back to a hand you love." She was silent a moment. "Kiss me," she said, finally. "I—I'm so glad I love you, and we're young."

He stooped down and put his arms about her. He could feel her tremble. How fragrant she was, and queer, and mysterious, even if he had lived with her now for almost fifteen years! He was infinitely glad at the moment for his entire life. He kissed her again, kissed her eyes, and she went down the stairs with him to the hall-door. She was to stop for him at his uncle's, after a dinner to which she was going.

Adrian lit a cigarette and walked instead of taking the elevator. It was appropriate to his mood that on the second floor some one with a golden Italian voice should be singing "Louise." He paused for a moment. He was reminded of a night long ago in Verona, when there had been an open window and moonlight in the street. Then he looked at his watch. He was late; he would have to hurry. It amused him that at his age he should still fear the silent rebuke with which his uncle punished unpunctuality.

He arrived at his destination as a near-by church clock struck the half-hour. The new butler admitted him and led him back to where his uncle was sitting by an open window; the curtains stirred in the languid breeze, the suave room was a little penetrated by the night, as if some sly, disorderly spirit was investigating uninvited. It was far too hot for the wood fire—that part of the formula had been omitted, but otherwise each detail was the same. "The two hundredth time!" Adrian thought to himself. "The two hundredth time, at least! It will go on forever!" And then the formula was altered again, for his uncle got to his feet, laying aside the evening paper with his usual precise care. "My dear fellow," he began, "so good of you! On the minute, too! I—" and then he stumbled and put out his hand. "My glasses!" he said.

Adrian caught him and held him upright. He swayed a little. "I— Lately I have had to use them sometimes, even when not reading," he murmured. "Thank you! Thank you!"

Adrian went back to the chair where his uncle had been sitting. He found the glasses—gold pince-nez—but they were broken neatly in the middle, lying on the floor, as if they had dropped from some one's hand. He looked at them for a moment, puzzled, before he gave them back to his uncle.

"Here they are, sir," he said. "But—



Drawn by Harry Townsend.

"I have sacrificed a great deal for that . . . a great deal."—Page 52.

it's very curious. They're broken in such an odd way."

His uncle peered down at them. He hesitated and cleared his throat. "Yes," he began; then he stood up straight, with an unexpected twist of his shoulders. "I was turning them between my fingers," he said, "just before you came in. I had no idea—no, no idea! Shall we go in? I think dinner has been announced."

There was the sherry in the little, deeply cut glasses, and the clear soup, with a dash of lemon in it, and the fish, and afterward the roast chicken, with vegetables discreetly limited and designed not to detract from the main dish; and there was a pint of champagne for Adrian and a mild white wine for his uncle. The latter twisted his mouth in a dry smile. "One finds it difficult to get old," he said. "I have always been very fond of champagne. More æsthetically I think than the actual taste. It seems to sum up so well the evening mood—dinner and laughter and forgetting the day. But now—" he flicked contemptuously the stem of his glass—"I am only allowed this uninspired stuff." He stopped suddenly and his face twisted into the slight grimace which Adrian in the past few weeks had been permitted occasionally to see. His hand began to wander vaguely over the white expanse of his shirt.

Adrian pushed back his chair. "Let me—!" he began, but his uncle waved a deprecating hand. "Sit down!" he managed to say. "Please!" Adrian sank back again. The color returned to his uncle's cheeks and the staring question left his eyes. He took a sip of wine.

"I cannot tell you," he observed with elaborate indifference, "how humiliating this thing is becoming to me. I have always had a theory that invalids and people when they begin to get old and infirm, should be put away some place where they can undergo the unpleasant struggle alone. It's purely selfish—there's something about the sanctity of the individual. Dogs have it right—you know the way they creep off? But I suppose I won't. Pride fails when the body weakens, doesn't it, no matter what the will may be?" He lifted his wine-glass. "I am afraid I am giving you a very dull evening, my dear fellow," he apologized. "Forgive me! We will talk of more pleasant things. I drink wine with you! How is Cecil? Doing well with her painting?"

Adrian attempted to relax his own inner grimness. He responded to his uncle's toast. But he wished this old man, so very near the mysterious crisis of his affairs, would begin to forego to some extent the habit of a lifetime, become a little more human. This ridiculous "façade"! The dinner progressed.

Through an open window the night, full of soft, distant sound, made itself felt once more. The candles, under their red shades, flickered at intervals. The noiseless butler came and went. How old his uncle was getting to look, Adrian reflected. There was a grayness about his cheeks; fine, wire-like lines about his mouth. And he was falling into that sure sign of age, a vacant absent-mindedness. Half the time he was not listening to what he, Adrian, was saying; instead, his eyes sought constantly the shadows over the carved sideboard across the table from him. What did he see there? What question was he asking? Adrian wondered. Only once was his uncle very much interested, and that was when Adrian had spoken of the war and the psychology left in its train. Adrian himself had not long before been released from a weary round of training-camps, where, in Texas dust, or the unpleasant resinous summer of the South, he had gone through a repetition that in the end had threatened to render him an imbecile. He was not illusioned. As separate personalities, men had lost much of their glamour for him; there had been too much sweat, too much crowding, too much invasion of dignity, of everything for which the world claimed it had been struggling and praying. But alongside of this revolt on his part had grown up an immense pity and belief in humanity as a mass—struggling, worm-like, aspiring, idiotic, heroic. The thought of it made him uncomfortable and at the same time elate.

His uncle shook a dissenting head. On this subject he permitted himself mild discussion, but his voice was still that of an old, wearied man, annoyed and bewildered. "Oh, no!" he said. "That's the very feature of it that seems to me most dreadful; the vermicular aspect; the massed uprising; the massed death.

About professional armies there was something decent—about professional killing. It was cold-blooded and keen, anyway. But this modern war, and this modern craze for self-revelation! Naked! Why, these books—the young men kept their fingers on the pulses of their reactions. It isn't clean; it makes the individual cheap. War is a dreadful thing; it should be as hidden as murder." He sat back, smiled. "We seem to have a persistent tendency to become serious tonight," he remarked.

Serious! Adrian saw a vision of the drill-grounds, and smiled sardonically; then he raised his head in surprise, for the new butler had broken all the rules of the household and was summoning his uncle to the telephone in the midst of dessert. He awaited the expected rebuke, but it did not come. Instead, his uncle paused in the middle of a sentence, stared, and looked up. "Ah, yes!" he said, and arose from his chair. "Forgive me, Adrian, I will be back shortly." He walked with a new, just noticeable, infirmness toward the door. Once there he seemed to think an apology necessary, for he turned and spoke with absent-minded courtesy.

"You may not have heard," he said, "but Mrs. Denby is seriously ill. Her nurse gives me constant bulletins over the telephone."

Adrian started to his feet, then sat down again. "But—" he stuttered—"but—is it as bad as all that?"

"I am afraid," said his uncle gently, "it could not be worse." The curtain fell behind him.

Adrian picked up his fork and began to stir gently the melting ice on the plate before him, but his eyes were fixed on the wall opposite, where, across the shining table, from a mellow gold frame, a portrait of his grandfather smiled with a benignity, utterly belying his traditional character, into the shadows above the candles. But Adrian was not thinking of his grandfather just then, he was thinking of his uncle—and Mrs. Denby. What in the world—! Dangerously ill, and yet here had been his uncle able to go through with—not entirely calmly, to be sure; Adrian remembered the lack of attention, the broken eye-glasses; and yet, still able to go through with, not obviously shaken, this monthly farce; this dinner that in reality mocked all the real meaning of blood-relationship. Good Lord! To Adrian's modern mind, impatient and courageous, the situation was preposterous, grotesque. He himself would have broken through to the woman he loved, were she seriously ill, if all the city was cordoned to keep him back. What could it mean? Entire selfishness on his uncle's part? Surely not that! That was too inhuman! Adrian was willing to grant his uncle exceptional expertness in the art of self-protection, but there was a limit even to self-protection. There must be some other reason. Discretion? More likely, and yet how absurd! Had Mr. Denby been alive, a meticulous, a fantastic delicacy might have intervened, but Mr. Denby was dead. Who was there to wound, or who left for the telling of tales? A doctor and the servants. This was not altogether reasonable, despite what he knew of his uncle. Here was some oddity of psychology he could not follow. He heard the curtains stir as his uncle reentered. He looked up, attentive and curious, but his uncle's face was the mask to which he was accustomed.

"How is Mrs. Denby?" he asked.

Mr. McCain hesitated for the fraction of a second. "I am afraid, very ill," he said. "Very ill, indeed! It is pneumonia. I—the doctor thinks it is only a question of a little time, but—well, I shall continue to hope for the best." There was a metallic harshness to his concluding words. "Shall we go into the library?" he continued. "I think the coffee will be pleasanter there."

They talked again of the war; of revolution; of the dark forces at large in the world.

Through that hour or two Adrian had a nakedness of perception unusual even to his sensitive mind. It seemed to him three spirits were abroad in the quiet, softly-lit, book-lined room; three intentions that crept up to him like the waves of the sea, receded, crept back again; or were they currents of air? or hesitant, unheard feet that advanced and withdrew? In at the open windows poured at times the warm, enveloping scent of the spring; pervading, easily overlooked, lawless, per-

sistent, inevitable. Adrian found himself thinking it was like the presence of a woman. And then, overlapping this, would come the careful, dry, sardonic tones of his uncle's voice, as if insisting that the world was an ordinary world, and that nothing, not even love or death, could lay disrespectful fingers upon or hurry for a moment the trained haughtiness of the will. Yet even this compelling arrogance was at times overtaken, submerged, by a third presence, stronger even than the other two; a presence that entered upon the heels of the night; the ceaseless murmur of the streets; the purring of rubber tires upon asphalt; a girl's laugh, high, careless, reckless. Life went on. Never for a moment did it stop.

"I am not sorry that I am getting old," said Mr. McCain. "I think nowadays is an excellent time to die. Perhaps for the very young, the strong—but for me, things are too busy, too hurried. I have always liked my life like potpourri. I like to keep it in a china jar and occasionally take off the lid. Otherwise one's sense of perfume becomes satiated. Take your young girls; they remain faithful to a love that is not worth being faithful to—all noise, and flushed laughter, and open doors." Quite unexpectedly he began to talk in a way he had never talked before. He held his cigar in his hand until the ash turned cold; his fingers trembled just a little.

"You have been very good to me," he said. Adrian raised startled eyes. "Very good. I am quite aware that you dislike me"—he hesitated and the ghost of a smile hovered about his lips—"and I have always disliked you. Please!" He raised a silencing hand. "You don't mind my saying so? No. Very well, then, there is something I want to tell you. Afterward I will never mention it again. I dare say our mutual dislike is due to the inevitable misunderstanding that exists between the generations. But it is not important. The point is that we have always been well-bred toward each other. Yes, that is the point. You have always been a gentleman, very considerate, very courteous. I cannot help but admire you. And I think you will find I have done the best I could. I am not a rich man, as such things go nowadays, but I will hand you on the money that will be yours quite unimpaired, possibly added to. I feel very strongly on that subject. I am old-fashioned enough to consider the family the most important thing in life. After all, we are the only two McCains left." He hesitated again, and twisted for a moment his bloodless hands in his lap, then he raised his eyes and spoke with a curious hurried embarrassment. "I have sacrificed a great deal for that," he said. "Yes, a great deal."

The soft-footed butler stood at his elbow, like an actor in comedy suddenly cast for the rôle of a portentous messenger.

"Miss Niles is calling you again, sir," he said.

"Oh, yes!—ah—Adrian, I am very sorry, my dear fellow. I will finish the conversation when I come back."

This time the telephone was within earshot; in the hall outside. Adrian heard his uncle's slow steps end in the creaking of a chair as he sat down; then the picking up of the receiver. The message was a long one, for his uncle did not speak for fully a minute; finally his voice drifted in through the curtained doorway.

"You think . . . only a few minutes?"

". . . Ah, yes! Conscious? Yes. Well, will you tell her, Miss Niles?—yes, please listen very carefully—tell her this. That I am not there because I dared not come. Yes; on her account. She will understand. My heart—it's my heart. She will understand. I did not dare. For her sake, not mine. Tell her that. She will understand. Please be very careful in repeating the message, Miss Niles. Tell her I dared not come because of my heart. . . . Yes; thank you. That's it. . . . What? Yes, I will wait, Miss Niles."

Adrian, sitting in the library, suddenly got to his feet and crossed to the empty fireplace and stood with his back to it, enlightenment and a puzzled frown struggling for possession of his face. His uncle's heart! Ah, he understood, then! It was discretion, after all, but not the kind he thought—a much more forgiveable discretion. And, yet, what possible difference could it make should his uncle die suddenly in Mrs. Denby's house? Fall dead across her bed, or die kneeling beside it? Poor, twisted old fool, afraid

even at the end that death might catch him out; afraid of a final undignified gesture.

A motor blew its horn for the street crossing. Another girl laughed; a young, thin, excited girl, to judge by her laughter. The curtains stirred and again there was that underlying scent of tulips and hyacinths; and then, from the hall outside, came the muffled thud of a receiver falling to the floor. Adrian waited. The receiver was not picked up. He strode to the door. Crumpled up over the telephone was old Mr. McCain.

Cecil came later. She was very quick and helpful, and jealously solicitous on Adrian's account, but in the taxicab going home she said the one thing Adrian had hoped she wouldn't say, and yet was sure she would. She belonged to a sex which, if it is honest at all, is never reticently so. She believed that between the man she loved and herself there were no possible mental withdrawals. "It is very tragic," she said, "but much better—you know it is better. He belonged to the cumberers of the earth. Yes, so much better; and this way, too!"

In the darkness her hand sought his. Adrian took it, but in his heart was the same choked feeling, the same knowledge that something was gone that could not be found again, that, as a little boy, he had had when they sold, at his father's death, the country place where he had spent his summers. Often he had lain awake at night, restless with the memory of heliotrope, and phlox, and mignonette, and afternoons quiet except for the sound of bees.

A PRAYER

By C. L. Saxby

Being that hast brought me hither,
God of justice all divine,
Make me strong, and make me sturdy,
God of mine.

Keep the path that's straight and narrow
Lighted, so that I may see.
When I grope in blindness, Father,
Steady me.

Other pathways are much smoother.
I am weak, as Thou dost know,
And they sorely tempt me, Father,
As I go.

Oft I've stumbled near to falling
On these stones that round me lie,
But I want to reach that hilltop
Ere I die.

Grant me patience to support me
As a staff yon summit toward.
Grant me judgment that shall guide me
As a sword.

Give me, too, a will unflinching
As a comrade, tried and true,
That shall hold me up and bring me
Home to you.



THE HOPE OF CHINA

THE MODERN SCHOOLBOY OVERCOMES TRADITION

By C. LeRoy Baldridge

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS MADE IN CHINA BY MR. BALDRIDGE

TWENTY years ago beside the swift yellow waters of the Yangtze was started a foreign school. The site chosen, a pleasant hilltop, like every desirable spot in China was covered with the grave mounds of long centuries. And, indeed, it was at no small trouble and risk that the "foreign devils" first cleared this ground, reburying the countless bones and making financial settlement with squabbling descendants. For not only those had to be appeased who in true Chinese fashion, living only that they might pay homage to their dead ancestors, the sooner to become ancestors themselves, felt horror at disturbing this repose on the hillsides, but those who, scenting strings of "cash," suddenly discovered family ties among neglected skulls and with righteous fervor claimed their own. The ground finally prepared, buildings were built and a staff of teachers collected. Everything was in readiness. Everything except one rather important factor—the pupils. Now, this school was a new venture, being not only a foreign school, an institution regarded more with animosity than favor, but also —unheard-of impudence!—a school for girls. The weeks lengthened into months and no girl students appeared. It became evident that the carefully prepared banquet was to have no guests. Why educate a girl, parents exclaimed, when she's good only to be married into another family? The situation required resourceful methods, and those adopted surely are unique in the annals of education. The American head teacher procured his beginning class of five by going out to the nearest slave market and buying them, five slave girls. . . . This was twenty years ago.

To-day I landed at this village five hundred miles up the Yangtze from Shanghai. A barge clung to the side of the river steamer just long enough to al-

low me, and a bunch of squawking geese tied by their legs on a straw rope, and my bags, and a dozen coolies to be slid down a wet gang-plank upon the heads of the of a landing, and my boy lost with the bags in the midst of fourteen rickshaw coolies bargaining for the honor of pulling me three miles for nine coppers.



A student at St. John's University, Shanghai.

Now instead of merely memorizing the Analects of Confucius, he studies them with relation to the ethical theories of other countries.

oarsmen—dumped as a steam-shovel lets slide a load of gravel. Then the barge slipped down with the current and the eight rowers struggled against it standing on the prow, their eight blue-brown backs glistening in the sun with the same strong curve as their long oars dipped in rhythm to a hi-yaa! chant. Then the scramble

Since the days of the first slave school-girls, to all outward appearances the village has not changed. A street just wide enough for two rickshaws to pass, scraping hubs, paved (in the year 950) with irregular flat stones stuck in a black mud, and swarming with humanity through which the lucky coolie jostles a path cry-

ing upon the world to "make way for the foreign official!" "Official," because he's counting on a generous "comshaw" above the nine coppers. On every side filth. Through gray slime on the street stones paddle grimy bare feet. Coolies jog along carrying buckets of vile fertilizer stuff over which crawls a layer of swarming maggots. A housewife tosses swill into the sickening canal under her kitchen, a moment later to draw a tub of water from the same canal to make tea. Everywhere children. They pop from every crack, the littlest ones in those flapping bifurcated trousers, just a sagging bag on each leg, the efficiency of which is all too obvious. Amongst them a splash of color, a heavily embroidered jacket of blue and flaming red with a head-dress of bobbing pompons. And all dressed like girls, for the devils, you know, will not stoop to molest such worthless creatures; or, perhaps, with a hoop of silver around the neck, a dog collar; for neither do devils bother their heads about dogs. And truly the dogs *are* of



Throughout China less than three per cent of the four hundred million can read or write.—Page 64.

little account. As I bump along (the rickshaws here have iron tires) a score of these creatures take up the trail. Mangy curs covered with sores, their sharp ribs pushing through worthless hides, starved. and the hysterical voices of a street quarrel.

Suddenly I enter a walled compound. In the instant the gate closes behind me all the filth and discord through which I



Tai Chï Tong, a "letter man" of St. John's High School, Wuhu.
His adopted name is Washington.

For *wonks* are in unusual luck if they find any scraps left over from a meal in China. They add their yelps to the discordant chorus: screeching of ungreased wheelbarrows, raucous hawkers chanting the glories of steaming rice or potatoes ("they taste like new-ripe pears, Heavenborn"), have just passed are swept aside in the discovery of a new world. The path, streaked with warm sunlight filtering through a bamboo hedge, leads to the cheery fresh green of an ample lawn. Through a lace of tree-tops the fine long sweep of Chinese roofs blends into a sky-



Dressed in the silks of his mandarin ancestors, Pong Rae attends the same classes as the poor student whose way is paid by church funds.

line of temple buildings on the hill. Gazing on this tranquillity, I wonder how it can possibly exist side by side with the squalor I have just seen.

It is the modern school. Boys of all ages in their long, flowing frocks are passing to classes. Their faces, in striking contrast to those of the slovenly youngsters outside the walls, are alert, eyes lively. "We notice their expressions change with the months here," the head master says, "but the transformation is even more marked in the girls' compound."

On a large open field an Association football match is in progress. "We haven't been able to start American football yet," explains my guide, "because unlike our boys at home the Chinese have never been taught the use of their hands in games. Basket-ball they find very hard, and they are afraid of baseball—'iron ball' they call it." When one remembers that among cultured Chinese trained through centuries in the tradition of idle leisure a game like football is revolutionary, he sees how far these youngsters in Western athletic uniforms have raced beyond the long-nailed scholar of the past generation!

The value sport has in developing "team-work" is recognized. Among these people living under a government—rather, lack of government—of officials the most corrupt in the world, that qual-

ity of co-operation is absolutely necessary to lift the Chinese nation out of chaos. Students are realizing this. After their strike of last summer, protesting against is keeping alive the boycott against Japanese goods. And they have been so successful that Chinese throughout the country will not buy even a box of matches



Kwei Cheng Foo, captain of the football team.
A type of the new student.

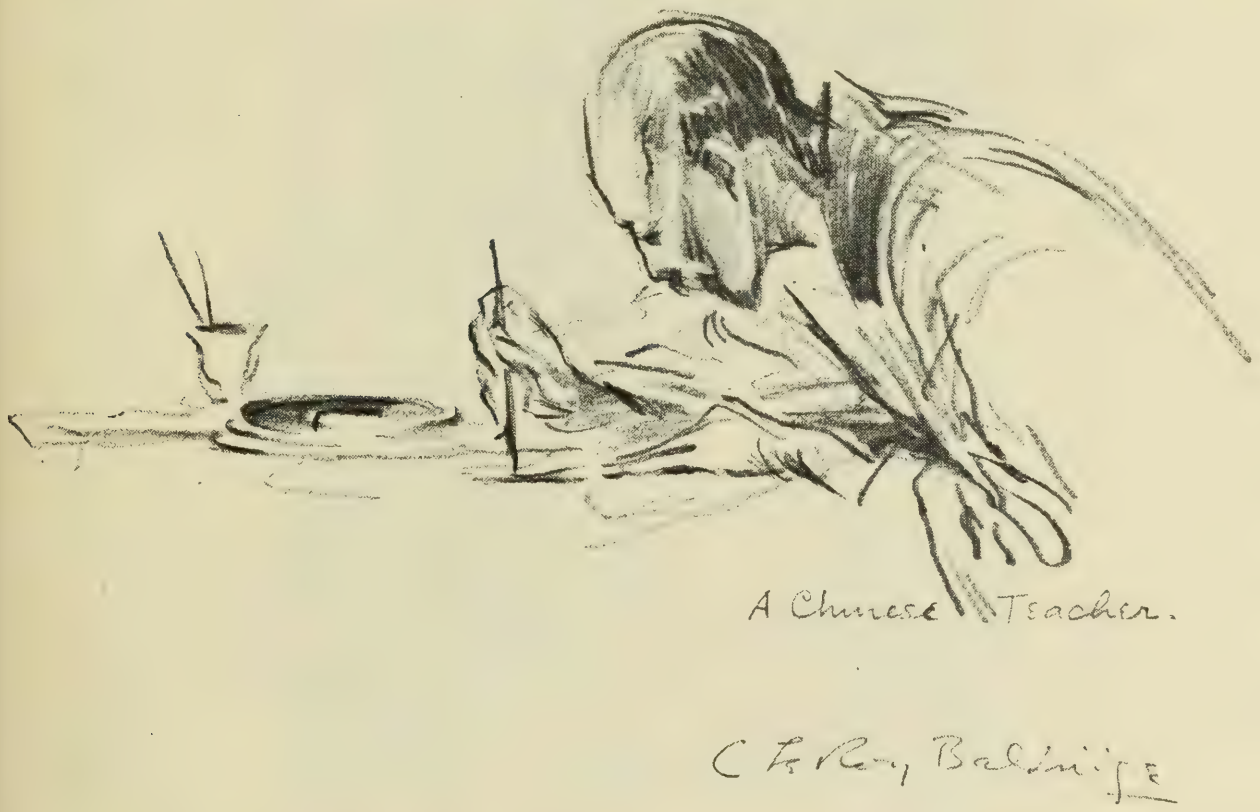
the Shantung affair—a protest so effective that two cabinet ministers resigned—there was perfected a general organization of student committees between all the schools, with central delegates at Peking. At present their main activity without the label "Made in China," while millions of taels of Japanese stuffs have been turned over by merchants to students' bonfires. China is learning to use the team-work of the football field in its struggle against political injustice.





In a dozen schools I visited, every one had all the pupils it could take care of, and the little Chinese girl, instead of beginning to work in the rice-fields with bound feet, is attending a Christian kindergarten in Tai-an-fu.

And how surprising also is the contrast to traditional Chinese education in the relation of teacher and student. The old-style master held himself in a class apart from the rest of the world, aloof from his charge, treating him as a hopeless inferior. Here on this modern campus the American instructors, young fellows not long out of college themselves, play on the school teams in this foreign game, buffeting and being buffeted by their own pupils.



A Chinese teacher formerly an expounder of the Six Classics, now an instructor in political economy.

No people, of course, take to new ideas with such reluctance as the Chinese. Often the struggle against superstitious ignorance seems to the teacher quite hopeless, and always these new thoughts and methods from the West have to be introduced with utmost care. Recently the American school at Anking, which has a course for hospital nurses, wished to begin the study of anatomy. But in China, due to ancient customs of ancestral reverence, dissection of the human body has never been known. So the skeletons for use in this work had to be procured from America. Even then the public was suspicious, and it was necessary to have a committee of village fathers at the school when the freight-boxes came, to inspect the unpacking and certify publicly that these were indeed the bones of foreigners.

In another instance a Chinese patient had his leg amputated. Several months later a party of the man's relatives appeared suddenly at the hospital. They announced that the ex-patient had died, and they demanded the missing leg. Should one's spirit be compelled to go wandering about the Seven Willow Springs for eternity with a wooden leg? they cried! This leg must be buried with the body. The doctors were at a loss. They could remember only that after the operation the leg in question had been interred somewhere behind the hospital. Upon that information the family immediately appeared with shovels and began excavating. But, though they probed the best of an acre, no leg was found. Finally, however, the missing member was discovered carefully packed in a box under the bed of the hospital's one-legged janitor. At the time of the operation this

janitor, bargaining with a servant, had bought the leg for forty coppers as a happy forethought in anticipation of his own demise. Such are the notions which the school-teachers of China are trying to rationalize.

their husbands until the wedding-day! The field-day brought forth another dramatic incident. In the middle of the affair it rained. Now few things so disturb the Chinese as rain; he seems to have a terror of getting wet. I have seen



Wu Shwen Yong, a student at the high school at Gnanking.

The Chinese parent no longer says, "Why educate a girl, when she's good only to be married into another family?"—Page 54.

Most eloquent, then, as a demonstration of the new era, was the incident last year at Hangchow. A field-day was inaugurated by the governor of the province, in which all the governmental schools were represented. Boys of every age went through gymnastic drill together; and at the same time, overturning all precedent, an equal number of girls in middy blouse and bloomers performed similar exercises. This in the land where even yet most brides do not meet

almost naked rickshaw coolies carrying umbrellas. And the foreigners of Peking still talk of the battle before the city walls during the Ten Day Monarchy which was discontinued when a shower began. It was not surprising, then, that in Hangchow, at the first drops, the grand stand arose in a panic. Then the modern governor showed how the mandarin of ancient court tradition is passing into the legends of the past. Proudly fashionable in imported frock coat and silk hat, he

calmly left his box, uncovered his head, and walked back and forth before the spectators in the rain. No one would leave after that, of course, for fear of "losing face," and the field meet continued.

The traditional school with its group of dirty youngsters squatting about the feet of a leathery-faced dozing old gentleman, memorizing The Classics—just learning sounds without an idea as to the meaning of the words, each boy memorizing at the top of his voice and in different pitch and cadence, memorizing interminably from the time he learns to hold a writing brush until, an old man, inside a sealed examination booth he takes his final test near the West Wall of the Tartar City—this system is being conquered. The influence of the seven thousand mission schools with their live subjects and their science is stronger each year. Moreover, their modern curriculum has been the



The type of college girl who, during the strike when schools were forced to close, continued to meet and organized classes among the neighborhood children.



A high-school girl at Gnanking.

Schoolgirls whose mothers hobble about on bound feet now study biology and physics.

model accepted by the newly formed governmental schools, accepted the more quickly since the schools of the Republic do not like to see any more students under foreign instruction than necessary. The foreign schools are popular. In a dozen I visited, every one had all the pupils it could take care of and is appealing constantly for more instructors.

Youth is breaking from the past, away from the theory of the unworldliness of learning and the consequent isolation of the scholar. During the strike, while all the schools were forced to close, the college girls of Nanking on their own initiative continued to meet and organized classes among the neighborhood children. They also went out among the poor of the city investigating conditions of which they had been ignorant and the foreign reports of which they had disbelieved. Rare indeed in this land of miserable poverty has there ever been any effort at social-welfare work. But these neighborhood classes have been continued and are now included in the programme of the general organization of students. In street-corner meetings at the Wednesday cloth-fair schoolboys spread large maps before crowds of gaping countrymen to show them China's place in the world. Schoolgirls now study biology and physics and bend over test-tubes among the bottles and apparatus of chemical laboratories. The mothers of these students hobble about on bound feet; many of them cannot read, and they bore their children under such conditions that two out of every five always died before they were one year old.

Teachers agree that the Chinese boy is a good scholar, easily disciplined and anxious to learn; proverbially those who study in America take honors. Meeting the West in the classroom and on the athletic field, gradually he is becoming an influence in his own land. Throughout China less than three per cent of the four hundred million can read or write. To work this leaven through such a mass is the task of generations. People still spend the best of their lives worshipping the past; girls—daughters and wives—are still frequently sold as household slaves; and foreign schools are still by many regarded as questionable areas where demons of foreign extraction lurk to pounce upon the native unawares. But the minority is becoming a power. The pioneer work is being done, and among the universal squalor and ignorance an organized army of nine million young Chinese appears as a real hope for the coming public spirit of China.



In the primary school.

PATHS FROM DIAMOND PATCH

By Sarah Atherton
Author of "A Necessary Dependent"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. RUMSEY MICKS

"ANDREAS KATUSHA goin' away from East End? What about poor Sophie?" questioned Mrs. Kopitza of her neighbor.

"He's goin' to leave her, I guess," replied Mrs. Dougherty. "Meself, I wanted to foind out, so I wint over. Sophie was ironin'. Whin I said he was leavin', she laughed and laughed. 'He is too good for Diamond Patch and the likes of us,' she said. Then her mother screams: 'For the love of Hiven, Sophie, y'are burnin' the sheet!' "

The two neighbors turned away from their chicken-yards and walked the length of the fence, each to her own back steps. There was in their progress the complacence of a pair of hens, upon whose sheltered and definite horizon the shadow that a hen's or even a rooster's place could be elsewhere than the coop had not yet fallen.

East End is the stepping-stone from the valley to the mountains. The smooth green of its upland pasturage is broken by mine-caves, crossed by white steam-pipes, and piled high with pyramids of culm. The road here takes a tenuous course where the gaping, "cave in" holes leave a way. This was the old turnpike over which General Sullivan marched his colonial troops to the rescue of the white settlers who were being massacred by the Indians in the Wyoming Valley. Then the valley was green as far as one could see, forest and river-flat, broken only by narrow clearings and smoke from settler's hearth or Indian fire. Now collieries, iron stacks, brick factory chimneys, spires, and skyscrapers rise against the purple of the opposite mountain. White steam and anthracite smoke in a thousand different columns rise in never-ceasing clouds at this altar of industry.

At East End, Diamond Patch is a scattered group of miners' houses. Their back yards have enclosed part of the open moor. The owners have put up fences of various-sized branches and sticks along unsurveyed lines according to the needs of the family, garden, or goat.

At evening, with a heavy November mist thickening across the landscape, a man stood leaning over one of these fences. He was staring through the small-paned window, whence the light carved a yellow shaft in the darkness. Once or twice, as though the picture within hurt him, he turned his eyes toward the valley.

Below, beyond the sand-pits, and over the gleaming web of tracks, the colliery with no visible foundations in the earth loomed out of billowing clouds of smoke and steam. Its graded roof-lines glistened silvery-slate color in the wet. The breaker, the churches, the foundry, and the school all loomed dark and unlit in the night. The lights that spangled the valley were blurred by the mist, like the stars of the Milky Way. They lit highways where tired men and women went home, or shone a welcome at their approach. It was that perilous moment between the day and night when all the judgments and scale of values lived by during working hours are out of focus.

Inside, Andreas saw a girl with swift, deft hands undressing two children before the stove. The glow from the coals gleamed on the round arms of the baby and upon the bare knees of the boy as he pulled down his stockings. With Rembrandt-like relief, it brought out the contour of the girl's face and the curve of her body as she leaned forward.

He caught his hand between his teeth and bit into his own flesh. The pain of it brought him up standing. He squared his shoulders and stiffened. Like an Adam locked out of Eden, with Eve locked still within, he turned and started down the hill. After several steps he

stumbled into a brisk newcomer. He recognized Patrick Cain, Sophie's other lover. The latter's walk and voice both denoted unusual prosperity. With buoyant patronage he accosted Andreas with "You needn't have gone in, she is goin' out with me."

Andreas covered his bitten hand and replied: "I wasn't goin' in, thanks."

"Is that so?" replied the other; "she said something about expectin' you."

His heart thumped, but his retort held a studied carelessness which for the moment quite silenced his questioner.

Patrick rallied, however, and continued: "Goin' to school again? You'll go crazy in your head and be in 'Retreat' the time the rest of us are all settled down." He said the last words with a tender, excited emphasis.

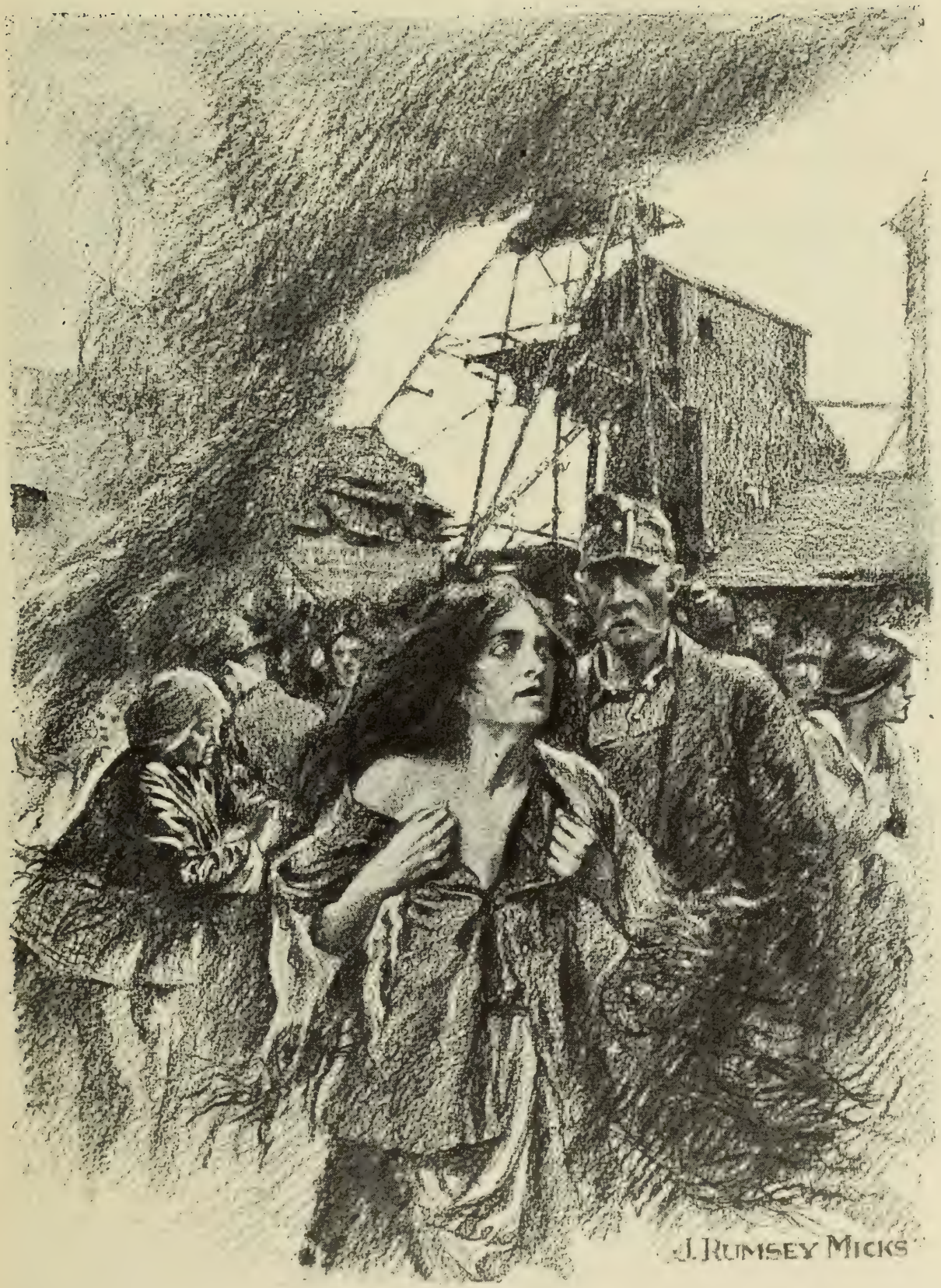
Andreas pressed the books under his arm and strode off down the slippery road, and was soon lost behind the pyramids of culm. There, the road had been diverted to avoid the new mine-caves. As he passed he could not forget that the last subsidence had been less than twenty feet from the red clapboard house whose roof sheltered Sophie Fashung. No one had been killed, but one house had slid over like a lopsided old shoe, its front windows in blank terror gazing down into that unscheduled abyss of discolored gravel. As he reached the culvert, the colliery again loomed into sight. He thought of it as a monster holding sway over the lives and deaths of men and women, as its height dominated the squat roofs of their dwellings.

It was too grotesque even for a children's book—with a little gabled hen-coop where its head and brains should be, a long snout, like a flying buttress direct into its food-pile, sucking in food and still more food which went grinding and crunching through its great body, breathing out black dust at every pore, its claws sunk deep in the earth. If in its slumber it twitched one of them, rock might be loosened which would fall and entomb men where they worked. When they would be carried out, blackened and broken, the monster's tiny eyes would look down and not understand save that its food-supply had ceased for a time. Andreas looked at it once more and hated it.

The two most significant events of his boyhood had been connected with that colliery. The first was on the day of the great "East End Disaster." As a boy of eleven he had gone from one hospital to another. He had held his mother's hand so tight that it hurt her, because she had to be kept attending to what there was to be done. Mrs. McAndrew had reported to them that some one had said that Peter Katusha was burned but not dead. "They saw his hand move, mother," he had repeated for the thousandth time that day as row after row of hospital beds were scanned in vain. At last they had begun that second journey of the morgues. At Marley's they had stood with the others who were waiting. Against the brilliant new flour advertisement painted on the side-wall, he realized that they, seekers for the dead, with a background of brilliant red and white portraying the best ingredient for the staff of life, looked queer. Their yellow dog had followed them. So little did he understand what had happened, however, that he leaped into the middle of the street and pitched upon another dog. In an excess of rage, which was a relief, Andreas had beaten the dogs apart with his bare hands. At last their turn came. They found his father inside. From that moment he felt himself the man of the house, which is a heavy thought for one in his eleventh year.

The other event happened the following winter. His mother's neighbor in an excess of anxiety had called him. Her child had run away. The policeman had just sent word of a baby picked up on River Street. Would Andreas go down at once and bring her back?

He dropped his hoe and fled down the hill. He hurried under the tracks, over the bridge, up the hill, and down the other side. At last he found himself on the elm-shadowed avenue where the big houses stand by the river. With shirt open, and panting from his speed, he rang the bell and asked for the child. On a couch he found that runaway Mary. She opened her mouth, but stopped halfway in her crying as she saw whose arms were about her. He had familiar brown eyes and black hair. The young lady with the yellow hair said that nothing



From a drawing by J. Rumsey Micks.

The first was on the day of the great "East End Disaster."—Page 66.

had made the child stop crying before she went to sleep. Each member of the family had increased her terror. As well as being unfamiliar, they were all blondes!

She had made Andreas sit down for a piece of cake and glass of milk. Did they think he was a child? he wondered.

He felt as though he had stumbled into the kingdom of heaven. The house was unbelievable—low lights like colored jewels, carpets so soft every one could run around at the same time and there would be no noise, paintings of madonnas in golden frames, silken banners on the wide stairway. Everywhere there was peace, quiet, and space.

As he ate, the young lady had asked where he lived. She had added: "Right by the Clear Spring Colliery? That is our mine." That cruel, snorting thing, hers? It was indeed a strange anomaly. The coal was sold, and bought palaces like this? And dresses made of shimmering cobwebs, and soft white hands and low voices, and grown women who still looked young and rested as though they were no older than nineteen! His cake was finished. As casually as he could he had asked: "What does your father do?"

"My father," the girl replied, "is a doctor."

From that time on his life had been a conflict. On account of his mother and sister, he went to work at fourteen. Because he intended to be a doctor, on top of his work he went steadily to night-school. Their favorite playground was the "Siding" where the empty coal-cars were perpetually shunted about. This resulted in his having much practice in first-aid work among his friends. Moreover, the doctor at the free clinic let him come once a week and do odd jobs for him. He would let him look through the microscope, and would even loan him books to read. When people in East End asked for an explanation of his peculiarities, he always said: "I'm going to be a doctor, because, believe me, I am going to know where my next meal is coming from." Indeed, he gave this answer long after he knew that being a doctor was not the only or even a sure way of attaining that River Street world. But by that time he had gotten, through the microscope, a glimpse into a world far more worthy a man's mettle.

It was this vision which accounted once more for Andreas's passing under the culvert, alone in the wet night. His mother had died two months previous. His little sister had been married. These events would have left his future simplified were it not that Sophie Fashung had taken uncombatable possession of more of him than his duty to his family had ever consumed. If he cared about her, as he knew that he did, he would not doom her to the hard, wearing life he could alone offer. Moreover, his marriage now would be the end of his life ambition. Once more he pondered his situation. There was nothing to do but go on alone.

His feet by this time had brought him to the half-circle of light before the Chamber of Commerce. There his "night-school" was a university course. With book open he began to take notes. The professor was lecturing on the relation of demand to price. No other resident of Diamond Patch, could they have understood the words, would have found the vital problem of making both ends meet so flat and unprofitable. The air was close, the drone of the speaker intolerable. He had a headache and leaned his eyes in his hands. When he shut his eyes, he saw her as she had been always in the back of his mind. To-night it was with the glow from the stove on her face as she leaned over to pick up the pile of clothes the children had left.

At ten o'clock he was again walking up the road to Diamond Patch. Passing his own door, he determined to go up into the woods as far as the deserted toll-house. There, in summer, lovers were wont to sit, watching through the trees the lights of the valley as they came out one by one. But there were no lovers abroad to-night.

He was past the last mine-hole now. Here the road broke into the woods, into the atmosphere of another region. The wooded mountains in unbroken undulation rose along the clear stream, which was black and discolored as it ran through East End.

At the toll-house he rested his foot on the lowest step and turned back toward the valley. "Andreas," sounded a well-

known voice. For a moment he thought it a trick of his imagination, but he discerned a cloaked figure standing against the porch rail.

"Sophie!" His voice rang out with suppressed anger. "What are you doing here?"

"I am quite alone," she said, with resentment in her tone. "I'm . . . I'm out for a walk, that's all."

Coming down the steps, she put her hand upon his sleeve. Though utterly an American, in moments of emotion she lapsed back into the tongue of her mother. In Polish, speaking rapidly in a low voice, she went on: "I thought you were coming to-night. I would not go out with Pat. I sat in, all evening. You were going away to-morrow without even a good-by!"

Quite without knowing what he did, with movement inevitable as the tides, he drew her into his arms. Static and outside of time, they stood in the benign darkness.

"Andreas . . . Andreas . . ." he heard from an infinite distance. "You care . . .? When people care . . . they don't go on alone . . . they . . ."

He loosened his hold and flung her away. "I can't! I can't! Sophie, don't you see?"

"I see"—she interrupted him—"that you care more about getting on in the world than anything else. You want to leave all of us, and Diamond Patch."

"It's no disgrace to be born here," he said, "but it's a person's own fault if they die in Diamond Patch."

"Do the people on River Street," she questioned, "have anything better than love, and a home, and children?"

"It's not being poor, living so thick you step on one another, and always afraid of being poorer. It is drudging so steadily, that you go home and eat, and sleep like an animal, and after a while you are like an animal, and don't think any more. I hate the dirt, but it's not that. I want to discover things—but even if I knew I'd find nothing I'd still have to go on. It's worse than being hungry. To stop would be like putting out all the light." Andreas was speaking with such vehemence that neither of them realized how mixed were his similes.

"If we married now, I'd just doom you to drudgery, and my work, I couldn't do. . . . I can't ask you to wait. I'm too much a man for that. . . . It will be years . . . years," he repeated in a bitter voice which tore him like barbed wire.

"Did you ask me to wait?" said Sophie, trembling with she knew not what, but there was nothing conciliating in her voice.

"You know I want you," he muttered.

Against the darkness he saw her grow erect. With a bell-like resonance in her voice, without hesitating for a single word, she answered: "It's something I can't help, bigger than I am. I'd rather be sick than have you sick. When they took you to the hospital, I knew that. I'd rather have you happy than be happy. It's you I can't help praying for whenever I take my beads. Don't you know, Andreas, if we love one another, it's better for me to wait all my life than marry another man? . . . It's the only thing there is to do," she added with a perilous break in her undertone.

Spring had come at East End, the sixth spring since Andreas Katusha had been away. The colliery in the brilliant sunlight, though not a lovable deity, was at least majestic like the stone kings who still hold sway on the sandy plains of Egypt. The opaque smoke and steam of dazzling whiteness, silhouetted against the dull black of the colliery, their ever-folding edges dipped in light, was an intimation of that celestial beauty which bows men's hearts beneath their knees. It was a victorious morning.

The sun from the wind-swept sky glistened upon the fresh green of the huckleberry-bushes. The breeze billowed out the wash-lines, filling the clothes, only to jerk them back and empty them again. At the three houses at the end of the slope, a new flood of water leaking over the stones, down the hill, was a signal to the world, but more especially to her two immediate neighbors, that Mrs. Dougherty was only ten minutes late in getting the laundry all out. The stream of suds reflected the colors of the rainbow.

It was a fitting morning for their wash-day chat, not too cold and with a holiday



From a drawing by J. Rumsey Micks.

"Sophie! What are you doing here?"—Page 69.

feeling in the air. The three women collected at the oblique angle of their fences.

"We are not satisfied," began Mrs. Dougherty, "when our folks die at home in their beds. It seems nothing suits us."

"Who do you mean?" questioned Mrs. Peeler. "What was it killed Petrus Fashung?"

"A fall of rock," answered Mrs. Dougherty.

"What will poor pig do?" questioned Mrs. Kopitza, but continued without the least intention of stopping. Her conversation all took place to a slower rhythm, so that in ordinary competition for a hearing she was invariably defeated.

"Two years, now," she continued, "every night Petrus carry pail of garbage mile und half, for pig. Perhaps first he think he make it fat, but he don' kill pig when he get fat. He squeal 'Hello, Pete,' when he come home to his house where no peoples lives. Always his coat all tore, und inside comin' out. Where his lil' cousin Sophie all time? way off—big city take care other sick peoples? Ol' Uncle Pete nod so much fun?"

"Sophie was away two years already," put in Mrs. Dougherty defensively, "when Pete's wife died. But what do you know about Sophie?" she exclaimed, shaking her finger with excitement. How stupid she had been to lead off with Pete's death, when something so much more interesting had been within her power!

"I know aboud Sophie," replied Mrs. Kopitza, and Mrs. Dougherty subsided as though the whimsical wind had collapsed her quite as it had the garments flapping at her back.

"Mrs. Peeler," went on Mrs. Kopitza, "at Baby Welfare Station in Brookside thay have big time yesterday. All mothers bring children und get white cards, if much big or too liddle. Und Sophie is queen at thad place. Doctor, mayor's brother, with shiney head make big speech. He say he hope nod much childern die this summer, und ours he hope wond die, und mosd wimmen dond know what he say und they nod und smile. They have bunch nize flowers on stove but no fire. Then childern sing 'My Country—'tis of Thee,' und ice-cream, then we go home." After a thoughtful pause she added: "Sophie talk on telephone like 'Merigan lady, und she all sweet und fresh like she don' work."

"Poor Sophie did not marry," put in Mrs. Peeler. Mrs. Dougherty and Mrs. Kopitza exchanged meaningful glances. It was common knowledge at East End that Jack Peeler had wanted Sophie for two years, though he had never gotten so much as an encouraging look. "I think," continued Mrs. Peeler, "that Andreas Katusha turned her head, then went away and forgot her. . . ." Leaning close to the other two she said in a lower voice: "My Jo saw her runnin' up the short cut to the toll-gate the night before he went away, and she was cryin' for fair."

"If Andreas left her," answered Mrs. Dougherty—self-appointed counsel for the defense—"a poor way she chose to catch another fella'—goin' every night to the library and bringin' home piles of books. Jacob Sadusky anyway was her fella'. Him shootin' Patrick Cain, they said was somethin' about the union, but I think it was over Sophie all the time."

"You can't be sorry for Sophie because she not married," added Mrs. Kopitza, "she so much queen of herself all time. She got thirdy dollars a week off nursing sick peoples in New York. She only ged twendy-five at Brookside. Good pay for wimmen, but nod so good as thirdy."

Here the mine whistles began to blow, one after another throughout the valley, a six-voiced vibrant recessional of insistent disharmonics, a wild and pagan pæan to the great god worshipped there. The women in their houses observe the rite by turning toward their noon meal. Men on top of the ground, by the hundred, turn to their dinner-pails, and hundreds in the flickering gloom of their cap light, underground.

"Mother! Mother!" screamed Patrick Dougherty as he ran up the road, his schoolbooks over his back. "Guess whose banns are up at St. Savior's, posted this morning! Sophie Fashung and Andreas Katusha's. He has come back. Annie seen him at City Hospital Clinic. He is hunting bugs, and if he catches them they will cure miner's asthma. She says he is a grand doctor, with red necktie and smell of fine tobacco."

"They won't live at East End. You

can depend upon that," said Mrs. Peeler, always prepared for the most dastardly in human nature.

"They will be tryin' to live on River Street, I suppose."

"No, no, they won't," continued Patrick. "Annie says Jo told her that Katusha has bought Fashung's old house by the mine-cave. They are beginning to paint it white to-day."

At twilight that night Mrs. Dougherty when passing from her chicken-coop to her back steps saw a couple wending their way up the sinuous turnpike toward the deserted toll-gate—a girl in a blue-serge suit, with her hand upon the arm of a very gray-haired young man. They did not look like natives of the place, but Mrs. Dougherty knocked excitedly upon her dividing wall and called: "Mrs. Kopitza! Mrs. Kopitza, you there?"

"Ye-e-es!"

"Look quick, up the road, two pretty grand East Enders."

Mrs. Kopitza went to her back door and replied, half to herself:

"Ye-es, bud thingk how moch nize things they miss all this time they are away from East End."

HOLIDAYS IN THE OLD SOUTH

BEING CHRONICLES OF CHICORA WOOD

By Elizabeth W. Allston Pringle

[FIRST PAPER]

AS I sit in the broad piazza, watching the closing of the day, I gaze into the vistas of moss-draped giant oaks. All is mystery: the mystery of Nature; the mystery of the ages; Nature, so powerful, so destructive, so creative, so inexorable. Here stand these oaks, still strong, still beautiful, which from their quiet, steadfast heights have seen generations pass, while they abide. Through those filmy vistas the great god of the day is sending forth his rosy shafts: just as he did when our first parents were sadly leaving that unsatisfactory, languorous Garden of Eden, to enter the blessed kingdom of toil, to them, seen from afar, so fearsome. Brighter to me than these last sun-rays, more vivid than the cloud color, is the pageant of the Past, which sweeps before me now: scenes as splendid as the crimson sky—incidents as tender as the pink and fleecy cloudlets—years as dark and tragic as the great bank of clouds, at the horizon's edge, but redeemed from utter black despair by gleams of a courage and sacrifice equal, in splendor and beauty, to its sun-illumined summits. It is so that I think of it. In my closing life is stored up this beauty and pathos of the years. Brilliant and vivid in my memory still are these last flashing, glorious pictures of a beauteous and bygone age. Shall I let them pass into nothingness, without an effort to save them? Shall I let this life I remember so well, these beings I adored, die without a word; these pictures I have treasured, so full of beauty and color, shall I let them fade, even as the sky colors, into gray oblivion?

I cannot bring before you, perhaps as clearly as I wish, the charm and glamour of the past, but I can at least give an idea of "the days that are no more."

John Allston of St. John's, Berkeley, was born in England in 1666, and came to this country between 1685 and 1694. He was descended from John Allston of Saxham Hall, of Newton, Suffolk, which place was the seat of the Allstons for several hundred years. An Allston was the Saxon Lord of Stanford in Norfolk, before the Conquest, and was dispossessed by the Normans. The old Saxon names of Rath Alstan, Alstan, Alstane, were all but variants of the name which

John of St. John's spelled Allston; their motto being "Immotus."

John Allston of St. John's, Berkeley, had a number of children, as people of that date usually had, but we are concerned only with his eldest son John, who was the grandfather of Benjamin Allston, my father's father, and his younger son William, who was the grandfather of Charlotte Ann Allston, my father's mother. So that my parents were distant cousins.

Ben Allston died while his second son Robert was quite young, and his widowed mother determined to send him to West Point. He entered in 1817, graduating in 1821—this being the first class which made the regular four years' course under Colonel Sylvanus Thayer. He received an appointment in the Third Artillery, and was immediately ordered on the Coast Survey, under Lieutenant-Colonel Kearney, of the Topographical Engineers. He assisted in surveying the harbors of Plymouth and Provincetown, Mass., and the entrance of Mobile Bay.

His mother's difficulties in managing her property of landed estates and negroes, in the rice-planting regions, were great, and added to this was the effort of a man, who had bought the plantation adjoining hers on the south, to seize four of her best rice-fields, attempting to prove that they belonged to his tract, on which they bordered. This annoyance had kept her in constant fiery correspondence, and at last my father felt it his duty to resign from the army and come home and settle the matter, once for all. He employed the lawyer of greatest repute at the moment, James L. Petigru. The case was brought into court and my grandmother's title to the land established without question.

Then my father devoted himself to the management and development of these valuable rice-lands—draining and clearing the dense growth of cypress, in the swamps not yet cleared, and planting the fields already drained, and under bank, with devotion, and much aided by the skill in engineering which his course at West Point had given him. He surveyed his lands in person, reclaiming a wild territory, and found his military education eminently useful in laying out the course of canals, embankments, etc.

During the lawsuit, my father was entertained by James L. Petigru, and in this way met his sister, Adèle Petigru, fell in love with her, and she eventually became his wife; but not until he had had the great sorrow of losing his mother, for whom he had an intense affection, with a sense of protection. She was beautiful, and very small, so that the servants always spoke of her as "Little Miss," in distinction to Aunt Blythe, who was "Big Miss," though grandmother was the elder sister.

I am always afraid of bursting out into praise of my father, for I adored him, and thought him the wisest and best man in the world, and still do think he was a most unusual mixture of firmness and gentleness, with rare executive ability. But I have always found, in reading biographies and sketches, that the unstinted and reiterated praises of the adoring writers rouse one's opposition, and I write this with the hope of bringing to his grandchildren the knowledge and appreciation of my father's character. I will try to draw his portrait with a few firm strokes, and leave the respect and admiration to be aroused by it. Now that slavery is a thing of the past, the younger generation in our Southland really know nothing about the actual working of it, and they should know to understand and see the past in its true light. Slavery was in many ways a terrible misfortune, but we know that in the ancient world it was universal, and no doubt the great Ruler of the world, "that great First Cause, least understood," allowed it to exist for some reason of His own.

The colony of North and South Carolina, then one, entreated the Mother Country to send no more slaves. "We want cattle, horses, sheep, swine, we don't want Africans." But the Africans continued to come. The Northeastern States were the first to get rid of the objectionable human property when conscientious scruples arose as to the owning of slaves —in some instances by freeing them, but in many more instances by selling them to the Southern States. There is no doubt that in the colder climate slave labor was not profitable. When the Civil War came, the Southern planters were reduced from wealth to poverty by the

seizure of their property which they held under the then existing laws of the country. It is a long and tangled story—and I do not pretend to judge of its rights and wrongs. I have no doubt that the Great Father's time for allowing slavery was at an end. I myself am truly thankful that slavery is a thing of the past, and that I did not have to take up the burden of the ownership of the 100 people my father left me in his will (all mentioned by name), with a pretty rice-plantation called Exchange—two miles north of Chicora Wood. I much prefer to have had to make my own living, as I have had to do, except for the short six years of my married life, than to have had to assume the care and responsibility of those hundred negroes, soul and body. I have had a happy life, in spite of great sorrow and continued work and strain, but I am quite sure that with my sensitive temperament, and fierce Huguenot conscience, I never could have had a happy life under the burden of that ownership.

It would have been a comfort, however, if we could have gathered up something from my father's large property, but we did not. Just before the war, my mother's brother, Captain Tom Petigru, of the navy, died, leaving a childless widow. She lived in Charleston, in her beautiful home with large yard and garden, at the corner of Bull and Montague Streets, and was a rich woman, as riches were counted in those days—owning a large farm in Abbeville County, where the Giberts and Petigrus had originally settled, and also a rice-plantation—"Pipe Down," on Sandy Island on the Waccamaw, not far from my father's estates, also 100 negroes. As soon as Uncle Tom died, Aunt Ann wrote to my father, asking him, as a great favor, to buy her plantation and negroes, as she felt quite unequal to the management and care of them. Papa replied immediately that it was impossible for him to comply with her request, that he had his hands full managing his own property, and that he specially felt he had already more negroes than he desired. Aunt Ann continued her entreaties. Then the negroes from Pipe Down began to send deputations over to beg my father to buy them. Philip Washington, a very tall, very black man, a splendid specimen of the negro race, after two generations of slavery, was their spokesman. My uncle had been devoted to Philip, and considered him far above the average negro in every way, and in his will had given him his freedom, along with two or three others; he plead the cause of his friends with much eloquence, saying they had fixed on him as the one owner they desired. Then my uncle, James L. Petigru, entered the lists, and appealed to my father's chivalry for his old and feeble sister-in-law, and to the intense feeling of the negroes, who had selected him for their future owner, and were perfectly miserable at his refusal—that if it were a question of money, he need not hesitate, as "Sister Ann" did not desire any cash payment, she greatly preferred a bond and mortgage, and the interest paid yearly, as that would be the best investment she could have. At last my father yielded, and made a small cash payment, giving his bond and a mortgage for the rest. The deed was done—the Pipe Down people were overjoyed, and the debt assumed. This debt it was which rendered my father's estate insolvent at the end of the war, for he died in 1864. The slaves having been freed, the property was gone, but the debt remained in mortgages on his landed estates, which had all to be sold. The plantation:

Chicora Wood, 890 acres,
Ditchford, 350 acres,
Exchange, 600 acres,
Guendalos, 600 acres,
Nightingale Hall, 400 acres,
Waterford, 250 acres,

besides Pipe Down itself. Also the two farms in North Carolina, and our beautiful house in Charleston. Besides this, there were 6,000 acres of cypress timber, at Britton's Neck; 5,000 acres of cypress and pine land, near Carver's Bay; 300 acres, at Canaan Seashore; house and 20 acres, on Pawley's Island. Of all this principality, not one of the heirs got anything!

My mother's dower was all that could be claimed. In South Carolina the right of dower is one-third of the landed property, for life, or one-sixth, in fee simple.

My mother preferred the last, and the Board of Appraisers found that the plantation Chicora Wood, where she had always lived, would represent a sixth value of the real estate, and that was awarded her as dower; but not an animal nor farm implement, no boats nor vehicles—just the land, with its dismantled dwelling-house. I tell this here, to explain how we came to face poverty at the end of the war.

While we were at boarding-school, we had not gone into the country for the short Christmas holidays; but now we went a week before Christmas with all the household and did not return till about the 10th of January. Oh, the joy of the Christmas on the plantation! We had to have presents for so many—fruit and candy and dolls and nuts and handkerchiefs and stockings and head handkerchiefs. Rejoicing and festivities everywhere! All busy preparing and selecting Christmas presents, and decorating the house with holly. Christmas Eve, making egg-nog, and going round with little children helping them hang up stockings and, later, going round with grown-ups and filling stockings. Christmas morning very early, "Merry Christmas!" echoing all over the house; all the house servants stealing in softly to "ketch yu," that is, say the magic words "Merry Christmas!" before you did. Then joyful sounds, "I ketch yu!" and you must produce your gift, whereupon they bring from the ample bosom or pocket, as the case may be, eggs tied in a handkerchief —two, three, six, perhaps a dozen, according to the worldly position of the donor. Such jolly, gay, laughing visitors, a stream coming all the time. As fast as one party left another came, always making great plans to walk softly so as to catch you, so that dressing was a prolonged and difficult matter, for you must respond and open the door when "Merry Christmas, I ketch yu!" sounded. Breakfast was apt to be late, because cook and all the servants had to creep up softly to each door and "ketch" each member and receive their presents, and open them and exhibit them and compare them and see the children's presents and do an immense deal of unnecessary talking and joking. So that it was hard for them to settle down and come to prayers, which papa had always in the library, and then bring in the breakfast and resume the attitude of respectful and well-trained servants.

Such delicious breakfast—sausage and hogshead cheese and hominy and buckwheat cakes and honey and waffles and marmalade, which mama made from the oranges which grew all round the piazza. And before we got up from table, the dancing began in the piazza, a fiddle playing the gayest jigs, with two heavy sticks knocking to mark the time and a triangle and bones rattling in the most exciting syncopated time; and all the young negroes on the plantation, and many from the other plantations belonging to papa, dancing, dancing, dancing. Oh, it was gay! They never stopped from the time they began in the morning except while we were at meals until ten o'clock at night. The dancers would change, one set go home and get their dinner while another took the floor. Fiddler, stick-knocker, all would change; but the dance went on with the new set just as gayly as with the first. And this went on more or less for three days, for not a stroke of work was done during that holiday except feeding the cattle, pigs, and sheep and horses—just three days of pure enjoyment and fun. Christmas night papa always set off beautiful fireworks with Nelson's help. This was a grand entertainment for all, white and black. There was much feasting at Christmas, for a beef and several hogs were always killed and extra rations of sugar, coffee, molasses, and flour were given out, and great quantities of sweet potatoes. Altogether, it was a joyful time.

There were three days at New Year too, and then the clothes were given out. Maum Mary began early in the morning after New Year's Day to bring out and pile in log-cabin fashion in the piazza rolls of red flannel, rolls of white homespun (unbleached muslin), and of thick homespun and of calico for the women. Then, for the men, rolls of jeans, dark-colored, and rolls of white for shirts, and then rolls of the most beautiful white stuff like the material of which blankets are made. This was called plains, and with the jeans

was imported from England, as being stronger and warmer than any to be got in this country. There were buttons and threads and needles in each roll of stuff, suitable for that thickness of material. All these little pens made of rolls filled up the very big piazza, and it took nearly all day for the long lists to be read out and each individual to come up and get their stuffs. Each woman had a red-flannel roll, two white-homespun rolls, two colored homespun and two calico. The men had one red flannel, two white homespun, two jeans, and one white plains. Then came the blankets. Every year some one got new blankets, very strong, warm wool blankets. One year the men got them, the next the women, the next the children; so every household got some new ones every year.

The children's clothing was given out the next day. This took longer. Each child came up to Maum Mary where she sat surrounded by whole bales of stuff and stood in front of her. She took the end of the homespun, held it on top of the child's head, and brought the material down to the floor and then up again to the head. This would make one full garment for the child and was the way to assure there being enough with no waste. The red flannel was done in the same way and the colored homespun for every-day frocks and the calico for Sunday frocks. It was an interesting thing to watch, a name read out by mama or papa or my sister from the book, and up the step would come the little girl, and drop a courtesy to each of us and then to Maum Mary as she stood before her to be measured. Maum Mary was sometimes inclined to be very impatient and cross, but she dared not give way to the inclination openly, with us all watching her. She would just jerk the timid ones around a little, but if papa was there he would say quite sternly: "Gently, Mary, gently." The little girl, as she went out loaded with her things and the things of her little brothers and sisters, would drop another courtesy of thanks. The boys were taught to "Tech dey furud," as Maum Mary called it; being really just what the military salute is now, but they were generally very awkward about it.

The hardest thing of all was the shoes. Every man, woman, and child on the place, about a month before, was called on to give their measure—a nice light strip of wood about an inch wide the length of their foot. They were supposed to put the weight of the foot down on the piece of wood and some one marked it and cut it off the right length; then took it himself, so that there would be no mistake, to Mr. Belflower, who wrote the full name on each one. These measures Mr. Belflower brought to papa, all clearly and distinctly marked in pencil; and they were sent to the factor in Charleston, who took them to a reliable shoe dealer, and each measure was put into a pair of shoes to fit it. These were all boxed up and sent up to the different plantations in time for the distribution the third day after New Year. Darkies have a very great dislike to big feet; so many of them were tempted to send too short a measure, and then what a disappointment and what suppressed groans and lamentations when the new shoes were tried on!

"Somebody change my meshur." And often I was called on to examine the stick and read out the name on it. No mistake there. But these were only a few and were always much ridiculed by the others who had wisely given the full length of the foot.

"Ki, Breder, yu got small fut, yu kno'. Yu haf' tu suffer. Me, I got big fut an' I kin run een my new shu'."

There was much visiting among the neighbors during this season. Every one had friends from the city to spend the holidays in the country. The plantations were large, so the neighbors were not near; but they all had an abundance of horses and vehicles, and the roads were excellent. An absolutely flat country, the dirt roads were kept in the best condition. There were Mr. and Mrs. Poinsett at the White House, eight miles south of Chicora at the point of land between the Pee Dee and the Black River. Mr. Poinsett was a distinguished man, a great botanist. It was he who brought from Mexico the beautiful Flor del Buen Noche to the Department of Agriculture; and it was named Poinsettia in his honor. He was Secretary of War under Van Buren and was largely instrumental in the establish-

ment of the Naval Academy at Annapolis. He married Mrs. John Julius Pringle, née Izard, a widow, and made a most beautiful garden at her plantation, the White House—so named originally because it was a little white house in the midst of a field. Mr. and Mrs. Poinsett spent their summers at Newport and most of the winters in Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Izard Pringle (née Lynch) and their daughter Mary, afterward Countess Yvan des Francs, who was my sister's dearest friend, being just her age—lived at Greenfield, eight miles southwest of us on the Black River, in winter, and went to Newport in summer. Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Izard (née Pinckney) and their large family at Weymouth, six miles south of us on the Pee Dee, who spent their winters there and travelled abroad during the summers. Doctor Sparkman and his family at Dirliton, five miles away. Doctor Stark Heriot four miles, at Birdfield. Mr. and Mrs. Nat Barnwell (née Fraser) at Enfield, three miles. These were all south of us.

To the north were Mr. and Mrs. Francis Weston (née Tucker) and their large family. The eldest daughter has been a most remarkable woman. I speak of her as Miss Penelope in "The Woman Rice Planter." Mrs. Weston was the daughter of my father's eldest sister, who married Mr. John Tucker, had two daughters and died; when Mr. Tucker remarried twice and had a large number of children. Six sons whom he educated in the most thorough manner as physicians, sending them to Paris for a final course; as he said, the owner of a plantation with large numbers of slaves could best be fitted for the position by a good medical education. So there were three Doctor Tuckers owning plantations north of us on the Pee Dee River, and two Doctor Tuckers owning plantations on the Waccamaw River. They did not practise their profession beyond their plantations, however, but were mighty hunters and good citizens.

Just north of the Westons' historic plantation, Hasty Point, lived at Bel Rive, Mr. and Mrs. J. Harleston Read (née Lance). This was entailed property, a part of the very large John Mann Taylor estate. The Reads, like the Westons, spent their summers in Charleston, where they owned beautiful houses. Mrs. Weston, once speaking to my mother of the terrible move to and from the city each spring and fall, said: "We have to take fifty individuals with us in the move; I mean children and all."

My mother: "Why, Elizabeth, how is that possible?"

She answered: "We cannot possibly separate husband and wife for six months; so Harry, the coachman, has to have his wife and children, and the same with the cook, and the butler, and the laundress, until we are actually moving an army every time we move."

This shows some of the bondage of the old system not generally thought of.

We returned to Charleston, January the fifteenth, in the midst of the gay season. Of course I went back to school and had little to do with the gayety, except to see Della dress for the balls and hear her account of them the next morning.

I had always suffered much from what I know now was dyspepsia, but it had no name then. I just felt badly at eleven every day if I ate any breakfast. In our family it was considered the proper thing to eat breakfast, and I had always had a fair appetite and ate my plate of hominy and butter and an egg or a piece of sausage and then a waffle and syrup or honey. That was our regular breakfast; but I began to find, if I ate my plate of hominy, I was perfectly miserable by eleven; and so I ate less and less until I found out the delightful fact that, if I ate nothing, I did not have the misery at eleven. But, when my mother found I was eating no breakfast, she was shocked and distressed and said I could not possibly go to school and study on a perfectly empty stomach. I must eat my hominy; a mother now would say my cereal. I said: "Just let me eat a waffle and no hominy." But the hominy was considered the most nourishing, easily digested thing, with a soft-boiled egg. As I was always very hungry in the morning, I yielded readily and went on suffering more and more—burning cheeks and flaming eyes and so cross every one was afraid to speak to me from eleven till two. Then it passed off, and I was exhausted and ate a hearty dinner. This went on until I could go no longer.

I was too miserable and had to tell mama and stay in bed. She sent for the family doctor, a little dried-up, white-haired old gentleman, Doctor Porcher. He questioned me and punched me all over with his long forefinger, and then said to me:

"What would you do if you had a horse that was worn out from overwork?"

Very much tried by this question so alien to my condition, I said languidly: "Let him rest, I suppose."

"Exactly," said the little doctor. "Exactly, and that is what we must do to your stomach and digestive organs, which are worn out by undue and over work."

Then he asked mama to have two bedroom pitchers of warm water brought, and he made me drink glass after glass of that tepid water which he handed me himself, until my system was emptied of every particle of undigested food. Then he said to mama that for three days I must have absolutely nothing but a cup half full of milk filled up with hot water in the morning, nothing more. He patted my hand and said,

"Then you will be quite well and have no more trouble," and left.

I stayed in bed that day and was so exhausted that I slept and rested and never thought of food; but the next morning when they brought me my cup of milk and water, I was desperately hungry and very restless. So I sent for mama and told her that if she kept me in bed, I could not possibly endure the three days' fast, for I thought of nothing but how hungry I was; but, if she let me get up and go to school and study my lessons, I would not mind it so much. Mama hesitated a little, but knew me so well that she was sensible and gave me permission to get up and dress and go to school; which I did, getting there just in time. I said my lessons and enjoyed myself greatly, the freedom from gnawing distress in my chest making me very gay; and, at the end of the three days, I returned to my natural diet and was in perfect health and for years free from any kind of indigestion. I just narrate this as an instance of the heroic methods of the past. We were brought up to make light of and endure all pain silently just as long as we could stand it, and then submit to any treatment prescribed by the doctor, however drastic. For years I had suffered daily pain and discomfort, but not severe enough to attract attention to me, as I did not complain, was only miserable and cross and correspondingly gay as soon as the misery was gone. And now I was well!

In the spring I went to my first child's party. It was given by the Cleland Hugers in their house in Legare St. for their beautiful son, two years older than myself. Alas, he was one of the first to fall in battle during our war. He and Oliver Middleton were both so beautiful and both fell gallantly fighting when mere boys. But there was no shadow in that bright scene to tell us what was coming. Mama had a pretty white-muslin frock made for me, and my sweet sister took great pleasure in dressing me for the party—a very full, very short skirt barely covering my knees, a long expanse of white stocking, and black slippers. When I stood before the big cheval glass, Della fixing some blue ribbons on my tightly scraped back, tightly plaited hair, I began to cry and exclaimed:

"Della, I am too ugly to live! I can't go to the party!"

My dear sister expostulated and assured me I looked sweet and said how pretty my frock was, etc., etc., but it only added fuel to fire; and I cried the more. At last she lost patience and said, "Well, if you go on crying, you will be a sight with red swollen eyes and nose," and I stopped at once and let her bathe them and try to remove some of the damage, and I went down.

It was an awful ordeal, for Charley was invited too, and "May," the Irish nurse, was sent to take us; and, when she got to the door, she asked to see Mrs. Huger and commended us specially to her care. Charley had never been to a party before, but I had been to one. He looked beautiful in his Scotch-plaid kilt mama had brought from abroad; but he was very frightened and, just as soon as Mrs. Huger released his hand, he found a safe place behind a door where he could see and not be seen, nor be in danger of receiving any attention. Mrs. Huger took me into the dancing-room, and immediately a small boy I knew, who had long golden curls, asked me to go to supper

with him. I gladly accepted, for I had had visions of no partner for supper, which was the greatest catastrophe which could happen. So I was quite pleased to accept my very youthful beau; but in a few minutes more the biggest boy in the room came and asked me for supper! And I had to say I was engaged! It was dreadful. I hated my golden-curled devoted with a fierce hatred. And it was worse when supper came, for I suddenly remembered my responsibility about Charley, who had to be provided with supper; and my little partner seemed reluctant to help me look for him. The rooms were crowded and it was dreadful to roam around alone looking for Charley and, when at last I found him behind the door, he was crying; but, after I took his hand and led him to the supper-room with its beautiful cakes with a cupid on a wire on top of each and the dishes of ice-cream and cakes and silver dishes of candy and kisses, he soon recovered. And I found that my little beau had busied himself, while I was gone, getting three saucers of ice-cream and three slices of cake, so he rose in my estimation; and the party ended most happily. And I found, though I was ugly, boys liked to talk to me and to dance with me, which after all was the main thing.

These years were very happy ones. Mama enjoyed the return to the social life of the city very much after her long experience of country life; and, of course, it was a joy to have her lovely daughter to introduce into society. My sister was absolutely docile and did just what mama wanted her to do. She never had a wish about her own clothes, and no wonder, for mama had perfect taste and got everything for her that was beautiful.

About this time I remember two little experiences of my own. My dear sister had always been willing to share her high-post mahogany bed and beautiful room with me; but papa thought I should have my own room, as I was old enough. So the room next to hers was fitted up for me and was just as pretty as could be, with its own tall four-poster and pretty chintz curtains and with the bathroom attached. But still I slept in Della's room, though I dressed and kept my clothes in my own room. But one day when papa returned from Columbia, he asked me if I slept well in my own beautiful bed now; and the truth had to come out that I never had slept there, at which he looked grave and said: "It is my wish that you sleep in your own room." So that night I did so, and the following night also, and began to think I should end by liking it. It was spring and all the windows were open, and the third night I was awakened by shrieks from the alleyway which ran along beside our garden wall! Screams and cries for help and sounds of blows falling! It was just as distinct as if it had been in the next room. I fled to Della's room and never again attempted to sleep in my own room. The next morning we heard it was a drunken man beating his wife; some Irish families occupied a house together there. But it was the end of papa's efforts to make me a self-respecting individual. I stayed with my sister until she was married and then I took my younger sister, whom I adored, in with me. She was five years younger, but a very different nature, as brave as a lion. Nothing scared her nor made her nervous.

The next was, I know, some years later, for I was big enough to have boy friends as well as girl friends; and one afternoon mama told me I could have the open carriage to take some of my friends for a drive. I was very much delighted and invited Minnie Hayne and Willie Wilkinson, and Minnie invited another boy. We were having a very nice time, and Minnie was in such a gale of spirits that she began to sing and the boys joined in, and I began to feel a little nervous for fear we might meet some of my family, when the carriage stopped and Daddy Aleck, the coachman, who always sat as straight as if he had been trained at West Point, turned stiffly round and said:

"Miss Betsy, if unna (you-all) kyant behave unna self, I'll tek yu straight home! Dis ain't no conduk fu de Gubner karridge!"

My feelings are better imagined than described. However, it was most successful. The rest of the drive was perfectly proper; and after a while when we got up the road one of the boys brought out a box of sugar-plums, which we ate most noiselessly and discreetly, and we had a delightful drive and mama never heard of

our undue hilarity. These seem very trivial things to record, but young girls are interested in trivial things; and the surge of events toward the great Civil War, which was approaching, was not felt by me at all. I realized more and more the beauty and comfort of my home and surroundings.

I must describe our servants. Nelson was the butler and house-servant. (He was a mulatto, the son of a Mr. Thompson who had been overseer at Chicora before Mr. Belflower. He was a Northern man, very smart and capable; but, after this, papa sent him away. Nelson adopted his father's surname, Thompson.) He was the best, most faithful, intelligent man possible, and we were all devoted to him. Then came William Baron, who was very black and very heavily built, but an excellent servant, with very courteous manners. He took the greatest delight in arranging all the flowers in the house, which I also loved to do; and there was always a race between William and myself as to who should do it. I remember specially one yellow flat bowl on a stand with Greek figures in black chasing round it, a perfectly lovely thing for flowers; and it nearly broke my heart when I found William had changed the flowers in it and arranged them to his mind.

After the war William Baron became well known in Charleston as a caterer, cook, and provider of elegant entertainments. He took charge of the suppers for the St. Cecilia, which were always very handsome and elaborate and quite a feature. Indeed, William was quite a personage, with grand manners and perfectly honest. He had but one fault: to look upon the wine when it was red; and he habitually took more than was good for him and lived too high, so that his health gave out before he was at all an old man. He always showed enthusiastic pleasure when he met any of the family, but specially my eldest brother, to whom he had belonged. Mas' Ben continued to fill his ideas as to what constituted a gentleman. Whenever my brother came to the city and he knew it, he would send round a dish of delicious chicken salad or a shrimp pie, for which he was famous, or a Charlotte Russe, or some dish that he knew Mas' Ben specially liked. It was always a pleasure to meet William, his very black round face shone with delight and every one of his very white teeth showed, as he assured you that "it did his heart good to look upon you and you were looking so fine and so well."

Then there was Stephen Gallant, who was papa's special servant and valet, but when there was much company he helped with the waiting, which he understood well. Joe Washington was the cook. He had been trained two years by a man who kept a very fine restaurant—Sam Lee. Phœbe and Nannie were the maids, and Nellie, Nelson's wife, the laundress, assisted by a young girl. Daddy Moses, William's father, was brought down from the country to take charge of the yard and be gardener under a white man who was employed. Harris, a boy in the house, attended the bell and ran errands. They were all good servants and I was fond of all but Stephen, whom I could not bear. He put on great airs because he went with papa to Columbia always and felt himself superior to the others, who jokingly called him the "little guv'ner" because he imitated papa's walk and manner generally in an absurd way, as he was quite small and very black.

My sister became engaged the year before the war. She had a beautiful engagement ring, a diamond. She also wore always a magnificent ruby which had been left her by Uncle Tom, captain in the navy. One day she was sewing before dinner and had taken off her rings and slipped them into her work-box, and when we went in to dinner she left it in the hall. When we came out from dinner and she opened her work-box to get the rings, they were gone! It is a very remarkable thing that the servants were not suspected at all. There was a door in the hall opening on to the driveway, and it was always taken for granted that a thief had slipped in, opened the box, and taken out the only valuables in it and escaped. The police were notified to look out for a sneak-thief, and they reported great activity on their part, ending in nothing. The rings were never heard of again. I know now that poor Stephen took those rings. He was not waiting on table that day, and knew well the value of the jewels and my sister's habit of slipping them off into her box

while she was sewing. He knew about the approaching war and he knew they would always command a good sum of money, for the great value of the pigeon-blood ruby had often been discussed. And Stephen was the only one who ran off to the U. S. Fleet before the end of the conflict. Soon after my father's death, he took his whole family but one boy, Brutus, put them in a small boat, and rowed through the waves from the inlet next to Pawley's Island and joined the fleet. Of course it must have all been arranged before, for they were on the lookout for the boat and picked them up safely. Of course this was a great risk, and it seems strange, after braving the waves of the ocean in a small boat, Stephen should have been drowned some years after the war in the Waccamaw River. He had overloaded his boat with rough rice and it sank and he was drowned. His son Brutus, who was with him, escaped by swimming to shore. My sister was much blamed for her carelessness.

When the family went into the country this year, early in December, my Aunt Ann (Uncle Tom's widow, the buying of whose negroes at her urgent request ruined my father) asked mama to leave me with her, so that I could continue at school until the holidays and so not lose my place in my classes. So I stayed and went to school from her house. The holidays began December 20. I was to take the steamer *Nina*, which was the only way to reach Georgetown then, except to travel the sixty miles in our own carriage, as my mother always did; but, of course, mama and the family having gone that way, I had to take the boat. It so happened that the day for the sailing of the *Nina* was a day of wild excitement, as it was the 20th of December, 1860. The Ordinance of Secession was passed that morning in Charleston and the whole town was in an uproar—parades, shouting, firecrackers, bells ringing, cannon on the forts booming, flags waving, and excited people thronging the streets. I was to go on board the *Nina* at nine o'clock and sleep there, as she sailed at an unearthly hour in the morning. My aunt's coachman was to drive me down, but he came to her and said:

"Miss, I cudn't possible keep dem horse frum run, wid all dis racket. Dem is jest de trimble en prance een de stable now, en I dasn't dare tek dem on de street."

We all knew they were very spirited, overfed horses, and that the man was right. It would be a great risk to attempt to drive them. So it was decided I would have to walk. My two cousins had come to see me off and walked with me—J. Johnston Pettigrew, my great hero and ideal of a man, and Charley Porcher, who was only a little older than myself and my great friend. Fortunately my trunk had been sent down in the morning. It had rained, and when we got down to the wharf it was wet and muddy, and I had no overshoes. Without a word of warning, Cousin Johnston picked me up in his arms and carried me all the way to the boat. I was overcome by the struggle within me, mortification that I should be treated like a child when I was fifteen and thought myself grown up, and delight and gratification that Cousin Johnston cared enough for me to do it, and joy that I was in the arms of my adored hero! I never saw Cousin Johnston again. He entered the army at once and, after distinguishing himself in every action and being promoted to be general, he was killed at Gettysburg; a terrible loss to our army and my first sorrow.

South Carolina having seceded from the Union, military preparations began at once. My brother Ben, who had been educated at West Point and served in the army until three years before, raised and equipped a company of cavalry at his own expense. It was called "Marion's Men of Winyah." The whole country was in wild excitement, drilling and preparing for war. Every one volunteered, old, young, and middle-aged. It was hard to keep the boys at school. In the spring every man we knew in Charleston was in one company or another. The Charleston Light Dragoons and the Washington Light Infantry were the favorites, but there were many other companies of great popularity.

One State after another followed South Carolina's example, and a convention called at Mobile, Alabama, elected Jefferson Davis President of the Southern Confederacy.

[The second paper, "When Sherman's Army Passed," will be published in the August number.]

THE SUBSTITUTE

By Roy Irving Murray

He asked him if he saw aught. And he said: I see men, as trees, walking.
—New Testament.

THE place was a fog of khaki, banded with blue of tobacco smoke; a recreation hut in one of the American camps in France. Across the far end, dim in the uncertain light, a shifting group hung about the counter of the canteen. Others, elbow to elbow at the bare tables, sat writing by the light of guttering candles. At times, when a candle flared, faces would start out sharply down the crowded rows. Private Breck Williams, looking up from his letter, thought of portraits he had seen—Rembrandt—it was like that. Along the low walls there were posters, French-railway posters, marvellously well done many of them. There was one of Nice—gay flowers in a crash of color against the blue of the Mediterranean—a girl standing there, her hands full of roses.

The boy stretched a cramped arm; waited for the ink to dry on a closely written page. He reached out absently; snuffed the candle in front of him with a thumb and finger. He had set it there in its little pool of melting wax when he began his letter. He picked up the last sheet of the letter and held it for a moment over the tall flame. Across the table a man flashed an impatient look at him, then smiled and bent again to his illustrated paper.

"Last will and testament?" he brought out sarcastically.

The boy laughed. It might be that—they were going in the morning. That was why everybody was writing; why it was so still. Ordinarily there would have been the usual noisy games, to the accompaniment of such music as could be wrenched from the little piano—one of those French toys, with bronze handles at the ends, and absurdly incongruous candelabra on either side of the music-rack; that, or else ragtime, spitting angrily from one of the cracked records stacked in random piles on the shelf at the side.

Six months ago they had been new, those same black disks; everything had been new—the June sweetness of the French countryside, the whole green length of valley with its little tiled villages bunched under trees along the river—everything. The novelty had worn thin; it was good to know that to-morrow would bring the change for which they had so long waited; the Great Change, perhaps, for some of them. The boy looked again at the faces across the table. In two days—in three——?

The ink was slow in drying. He picked up the last sheet of paper again, started to read it through.

"We leave here in the morning. At last. It's an experiment, in a way—they're going to try some of us out on a quiet sector. To get us over the dodging stage, I suppose. Bullets, you know, and shells. Of course it's nothing; they all go over your head. I'll write you what it sounds like—we shan't be allowed to *see* anything, naturally. No such luck! Afterward, I suppose, we'll be sent back here to wallow in the mud some more."

Then, with characteristic abruptness: "That chap visited our camp again the other day—the one I told you about. He spoke here in the hut. It was great—like last time. No guff."

The boy's look narrowed as a picture started up from the even lines; a man standing on a heap of box-covers, rather a tall man, with serious eyes, behind which something flashed as the quiet voice lifted into unexpected resonances.

"It may help you," he had said, "to think of it sometimes like this—that each of you has come here from America to take the place of another man. It *is* that, isn't it? One of you for each one of them? To carry the thing on—that's

what matters. As though you'd snatched up the torch another man had dropped, and pushed ahead with it."

There was a moment's silence. Then: "Many of them are lying close about you, those men who saved France here along the Marne three years ago. It must mean a good deal to you to have had your training in such exalted company. Holy ground—it's that, surely, if any place ever was."

He smiled, hesitated, as with something of shyness. "Go some time to one of these graves here in the fields." He swung an arm toward the low windows. "It will make the thing more definite to you. Tell yourself there that you will be that man's substitute. Tell him. Tell—well, tell—God. That gets it clear with all three of you. And perhaps—I like to believe—I do believe," the voice rang with conviction, "that he will know—*your* man, and yours, and yours," his eyes caught at one face after another in the crowd, held it for a second, then swept on—"he will know that, because of you, his work—the thing for which he gave—everything—is still going forward; that you have come here, gladly and willingly, to stand where he stood—in his place—to fight here as he fought; that you have come here to be, in a sense, him. And then——"

"What's her name, Buddy?"

It was the man across the table again.

The boy looked up. "Name?" Then: "Oh, you mean——?" He pointed to the loose sheets of paper.

"Naturally. A girl, isn't it?" The other leaned forward to light a cigarette at the candle. "Think of censoring all this 'just - before - the - battle - mother' slush!" He waved a hand comprehensively. "Next spring, yes. Maybe. But not now. We'll be back here in two weeks. It'll be different kind of mud and more noise up there; that's all."

The boy drew a fresh sheet from the pile at his elbow.

"Her name," he brought out gravely, "wouldn't interest you, Sim. She's nearly seventy."

There was no reply. The boy's head dropped easily into his spread hand.

"I'm glad," he wrote on, "that you like it back there in the country. The house wanted airing, I should think, after ten years! Do make yourself comfortable. We'll stay there for a while, if you like, when I get back to America. Shall we? I've written Gregg about the garden. If you need money, don't hesitate to draw—that's one thing we *have* got, Ellen."

There were two lines more, then his name and a little row of neat rings and crosses. They had all ended so, his letters to her—those first childish scraps which she still treasured; later ones from school and college, and now, these last, with strange marks scrawled always in the corner of the final page—the censor's initials, he had explained. She resented that, rather, but he had told her that it must be so.

The hut was emptying. The boy looked at his watch; there was still time. He came out into a night of dim starlight, caught a breath of the keen freshness. Then he turned down the company street and made for the highroad. Afterward there was a fence to cross, and then the open field dipping below the hill. It was as though he walked alone in a world of silence. To-morrow night would be different—the flare of star-shells, perhaps, and the near roar of the guns, which they heard, sometimes, even here. It was good to be going, to be even so small a part of it. One wanted that, badly. There had been days when it had seemed impossible to wait; those first days on the transport, the stuffiness of crowded cabins; afterward the endless, empty weeks. Waiting. It couldn't seem so footless once he had seen the genuine thing. And then, in the spring, when they really got into it! He could take his place then—the other man's place, as that speaker-chap had said.

He wondered if any of the rest had been as literal about it, had actually gone out and done what he was doing now, what he had done yesterday, and the day before? It wasn't a thing one could talk of, naturally. Imagine Higgins talking about it—or Sim Beekman! Sim had a shoe-shining stand over on Third Avenue, at home. Still, you couldn't tell, of course——

All at once it was there—the fenced enclosure in the empty field. They were

pretty much alike, these places; the boy had chosen this one because it stood alone. It was too dark to make out the markings on the little wooden cross; he had copied them in his note-book when he first came, two days ago. "S. X. 47–20." His man. One out of that gay, splendid crowd who fell there along the Marne three years ago. Where were they now, those others? Where was this one? "S. X. 47–20." Perhaps it was true, what the man had said—suppose he *did* know, this French lad, with his numbered and lettered cross? It might be that way. Suppose he knew, and was glad?

Death must be like that; a very simple matter, really, when you came to find out about it. One's life couldn't just break off, like a road that leads to nowhere; that sort of thing didn't make sense. It would be wonderful, in a way, when it came; much less complicated, probably, than anybody supposed. And then, to go out, over—whatever it was—at one's very top-notch best, like this chap here—it ought to be pretty glorious! It couldn't have been all wiped out, the memory of those last, splendid seconds; they must remember—they must! And if they did—the connection made itself in the boy's mind—why, then, this chap here—*his* man— "He'll know"—he was thinking aloud now, whispering the words slowly to himself—"he'll know about me. I want it that way. I want that."

If one could only be sure. It seemed reasonable, and yet——?

Suddenly it came clear, a flashing moment when the dim world of field and starlight faded, and they were alone, these two, in a place of undreamed reality. It was as though they stood together, face to face. The boy's hand went out, gripped the railing of the small enclosure.

"I'm here"—again he spoke aloud, this time consciously, as to one who heard and understood—"I'm here—to take your job."

"No, let me find it myself." The butler stepped back to his place against the wall. "It's there, isn't it, Ellen?" The long fingers edged across the table as the eyes lifted inquiringly to the woman sitting opposite.

It was the same face, fresh-colored, with an added firmness of outline to the square, lifting chin; a man's face, building round the clean grace of boyhood.

"Here's bread." The moving fingers brushed the fragments aside carefully. "There should be water also. Prison fare, at least." The clear eyes under their straight brows smiled negation to something of bitterness in the words.

The woman winced; it was involuntary.

"Yes," she said, "just to the right. There!" as his hand closed round the goblet.

Blind! There were times when it seemed more than she could bear. That first day, when she saw them leading him down the gang-plank—there had been just time to meet the steamer in New York; the days since then, as she watched him groping, wide-eyed, in the endless dark. Sometimes she thought it would be easier if only his eyes were closed—more believable.

After all, he had been hers from the start; when she had carried him in her arms from the shadowed room where death had entered with his opening life. There was never any question of it afterward, not even in the minds of the boy's guardians, who, when Jim Williams followed his young wife before the year was out, called the old servant more and more into their grave counsels. True, there came the inevitable space of terrors—those breaking years when the boy seemed to drift out of her yearning sympathy, when doors closed between them, doors at which she listened breathlessly, but which she forbore to enter. And he had come out clean, had caught at her waiting hands with a new grip of understanding, grateful, instinctively, for her instinctive reticence.

It was to have been like that until the end: his arm to steady her through the declining years, his love the background of her simple existence, and, at the last, his face the last thing to remember through the gathering twilight.

And then, on a day, he had come to her in his uniform, and had said words that sealed her vicarious motherhood, kindling a blazing pride that cast no shadow of a fear.

When he left, with his regiment, she closed the apartment and went back, as

he had wished, to the old house in the country where they had lived until he was fourteen; a place whose crowded memories of his earlier years glowed into life as she moved through the familiar rooms, setting all in order against his sure return. Each week there had been his letters, gay with details of the new life—the French villages, the drills, the endless, endless mud.

And then, months afterward, he had come back, clung to her there before them all on the crowded dock, touched her face, her hair, awkwardly, and kissed her. Afterward, in the motor, he had put his arms about her, quieting her sobs.

There was one thing, in the weeks that followed, which kept her sane—the thought that he was hers now more than ever. It came to her sometimes that this new, fierce joy of possession must be wrong, that it was wicked to think so of his appealing helplessness. She looked up at him now, across the table, his shining, fair head against the high back of his chair, his eyes vacant, for the moment, with the utter vacancy of the blind.

Afterward, on the way up to her room, she turned at the landing of the stairs; he was standing in the open doorway, his slim, straight figure, in white flannels, cut against the outside blackness of the night. Then, as she looked, he turned, his outstretched fingers brushing the wall, and went into the room at the side. She knew that he would sit there in the darkness alone, that she must not go to him. It would be long after midnight when she heard his step on the stairs. Once, as he passed her shut door, she had caught words—the fragment of a sentence: "another day—another day." It was what she feared—the thing eating into his mind.

Nights were the worst, when he felt it coming in waves of sick depression, and clinched his empty hands against a fear that crept nearer, nearer, out of the echoing dark. At first he had faced it squarely out, fought it knowingly, with all the bright weapons in his armory of youth. To keep sane, normal, until he could gain space to twist life into the necessary lines of readjustment—not to go under. It would all come straight finally, for him as it had for other men. Would it? And, if it did, what could be left in the blank spaces of the years? Over and over he wrenched his mind from that thought, each time with more of the effort of a spent runner who sobs toward a hopeless goal.

Then it would pass, as pain melts before a powerful anodyne, or, lately, as though some one had come to him and laid in his hands the gift of peace. Perhaps it was only a symptom of the thing he dreaded, the opening of a gate to the hallucinations of his sick mind. But it was very real; he had learned to wait for it. That might be the danger; he had almost ceased to care; like a drug-taker who no longer shudders at the mechanism by which he wins his brief release from torment. Twice, in the last week, it had been so vivid that he had called out, as though to a person actually in the room. Some time there would be an answer; he would know then that the fight was lost.

He shut the door into the hallway, then he found a chair across the room and sat down. The place was very still; puffs of fragrance from the garden on the terrace below stirred the curtains at the open windows; a shaft of moonlight broke shimmering across the floor, creeping toward the gray blur that was the boy's relaxed figure. Vague sounds moved against the background of silence—murmurs from the garden, the drip of water somewhere down there, footsteps, where the village street began, beyond the garden.

> "Footsteps that pass me in the street
> And turn not in:
> Faces remembered through the years—
> Seen not again——"

The words of the old song crossed his mind with a soothing rhythm.

> "Faces remembered through the years—
> Seen not again——"

Sim Beekman used to sing it, nights; he even taught it to one of the French youngsters who were always hanging about the barracks.

"André"—the name came to him as though it had been spoken. "He used to wear that old fatigue cap of his father's. And he couldn't pronounce 'remembered.'"

It was curious how vividly it all came back, once he allowed himself to think about it.

"It got cold toward November—the camp was there, in the valley. And the rain! You wrote her about the mud. Sim would be drying his boots at the little stove, singing the song, with the French boy standing by. You must keep thinking about that—and that last night in the hut—he asked you what her name was—old Ellen, you know. And then you went out into the field—the man said to do that— Don't lose it," the voice begged. "We've tried so hard to get it across to you. It was the rhythm of the song that caught you. And you went out into the field——"

He must not answer—must not. It was all imagination; no one had spoken. He was straining forward in the chair, his face, touched now by the moonlight, twisting in an agony of effort.

"You were not really there, that night"—the words came in spite of him —"and yet——"

"Yes, it was real. As real as this. Only—that was easier. Now, you're fighting us."

"It's my head, isn't it—my mind—going? Some of them were like that. I used to hear them, in the hospital. That new gas—you couldn't tell it coming. And shell-shock. Men went crazy—or else—or else——"

"Blind?"

"Yes. That's the word — blind. *I* don't see, you know," he went on simply. "Likely I've been talking nonsense. I didn't hear you come in, at first—I fall asleep here sometimes."

He was sitting back in the chair now, the strained look gone from his face. It came to him vaguely that perhaps he ought to call Ellen. He could make some excuse in case—in case it was all imagination. It couldn't be real, of course.

He shifted his head into a more comfortable position, a hand shading his eyes unconsciously against the streaming moonlight; and with the gesture, as though because of it, something of tension lessened in the quiet room.

Then suddenly fear leaped to its realization in the boy's white face, as though a door were wrenched abruptly open on a place which held some naked horror. It had happened. Life was to be that—*that!* Voices across the dark—whisperings to give the lie even to such dim realities as he might have set up at the ends of his groping finger-tips. Shut in the dark with the circling terror of his own diseased imaginings. Always he had known that it would come finally—even in those first blank moments of attempted readjustment, when he told himself meaninglessly that life was over; afterward, in the field-hospital, with the world a place of echoing voices—the nurses, the doctor, dangling before his certainty their lying hopes that the thing might pass. Always—as inevitable as the ceaseless surge of water filling his ears as he sat in his deck-chair on the ship coming home.

It had all been so reasonless, right from the start—rushing off like that instead of going sensibly to the officers' training-camp with the others. Not that it was a matter of saving his skin—but it would have put him in a position to be at least useful. Specialization was what counted in all of life—taking a job according to your abilities, not pushing headlong into the mob where nobody could possibly count as an individual. Sacrificing everything—it amounted to that—and for nothing, less than nothing. They had not even made a charge, had not even seen the enemy. It was absurd, grotesque. He laughed grimly at that thought, and, with the laugh, his quick ear caught a sound somewhere at the end of the room.

"Still there?" he brought out ironically.

"Yes," the word came back, "still here." And then: "You're all wrong, you know, all wrong. I've got to show you—make you see."

"*See?*" The word stung with sarcasm. "See!" Then bitterly: "You're God, I suppose. 'Make me see!' You used to do it with clay—wasn't it? Well, I'm waiting."

He lay back in the chair, the moonlight full across the smiling insolence of his face.

"*Now* I've hurt your feelings."

There was no reply. Slowly, as the silence held, the boy's face changed, softened, as though an invisible hand had

wiped years out of it. The smile faded, came again, with a difference.

"I'm sorry," he ventured winningly, "I'm sorry. I—I didn't mean that." He brushed a hand quickly across his upstanding hair, then brought it back to the chair-arm. "You see," he faltered, "it bowls me over sometimes, and then I get —well, I get—savage."

"I know——"

"*You* know," he cut in. "How can you?" Then suddenly: "Oh, I see—you're really me, I suppose, after all. Sort of—what's the word?—sort of—projected. Yes, that's it. I'm really just talking to myself all the time, aren't I?" he went on, almost gayly. "You're in my mind, and you keep answering me. You *are* me." He smiled, like a satisfied child. "It's quite all right, so long as I know. I'll get used to it likely. Anyhow, I shan't have to pretend with you."

"No, you can't—pretend—with me."

"You see," the boy went on, in a moment, "it breaks a man's spirit." Unconsciously he was feeling after some sort of commiseration. "It's the having nothing ahead—much—to go on toward. I'm twenty-four nearly and I'm dead. Done for. It's that."

He was talking eagerly now, rapidly, as though against time.

"I thought—I suppose everybody had the same idea—but I thought I'd get a chance really to do something. But that didn't happen. I wanted to make one more, at least; stop a shot, perhaps, from getting to some other chap. That sort of thing. They'd stuck it out so long—the French and the English and—and the others. It was our turn. And I had some vague notion about filling in. Of course we're English, more or less, we Americans. It's partly the language, I suppose, but it's really more. Oh, a lot more than just that. And France—we've owed France just about all we could possibly heap together."

A new note had crept into the words, something of exaltation, a touch, almost, of ecstasy.

"Why, when we came off the transport, the little French children knelt down in the mud as the flag went by. It catches you, somehow, that sort of thing—if you're human. And at our village, where we were billeted, down there on the Marne—they made you feel like a prince, those people. That was before we got the barracks up," he went on reminiscently. "It always made me think of Bethlehem somehow; the little winding streets and the stone houses—and the stars. Hills all round, too. Dead still at night; you'd hear the water swishing through the reeds, and then the old church clock. And reveille before daylight—as though you could pick the sound of the bugles right out of the air with your hand. The boche planes used to come across on moonlight nights. It didn't seem real at first. Fellows got so they slept right through it. And then we went—we went—up to the front——"

The hurrying words faltered, stopped.

"Not yet."

The boy started, he had forgotten the other.

"You haven't told it all. That night," the quiet voice went on, "before you left —the thing you did then, the big thing, last of all. You've left that out. We started with that, you know, when I first"— he hesitated an instant for the word—"when I first—came."

"But I've never told anybody about that."

"No. That's the reason."

"The reason?"

"Yes. You've never even told yourself what it really meant. That's why I —came. That, and one thing besides. But They wanted you to get that straight first."

"'They'? Who?"

"Why, *They*—We—no, I can't get it. I can't explain. I don't know why. It's no consequence. But They want that, and They sent me. I couldn't come sooner; I tried, but I couldn't. But I think you knew."

The boy reached out a hand, then let it fall.

"Yes," he said wonderingly, "I knew."

"You see," the other took it up eagerly, "you've thought none of it mattered—that your part didn't count. That's been the whole mistake. It's your wrong standards of value. All of you are like that, more or less, back—here. I'd almost forgotten how wrong it was, until your—your trouble. We learn the other things

so quickly, you know, where we are, and then the old notions get all blurred. I suppose I'm not making it clear; I've even forgotten the words. But it's the Will that matters always. Your being ready, you see, was everything. That night, you remember—wanting to do it—that's exactly the sort of thing that counts tremendously. The rest is all accident—They don't reckon that part at all, because—well, because it isn't real."

The disjointed phrases were beginning to make sense in the boy's groping mind. "The rest is accident," he repeated the words aloud. All "accident." The death, the torn, broken bodies, the hideous suffering—all accident. It was the simple wanting to help that mattered, the wanting to give one's self—to do the right thing. You couldn't fail, whatever happened to you, if you had that.

A new light shot up along the boy's spiritual horizon, a sort of white, transfiguring radiance; something that would change life, if it held. It didn't matter so much, then—all those chaps who had gone out bravely, splendidly. It was—accident! The thing behind it, the blazing self-forgetfulness which carried them to and through that last accident of all—*that* lasted; that, the whole big sum of it, was, itself, the Victory.

"They sing as they add it up," the other voice went on, "They come across to us—singing. Hand in hand, like children. Singing. Happy. It's beyond words. You don't know—but it's saving the world; it's saving the whole world. You're part of it. You thought it didn't matter, but—you carried on. Your accident happened to be different from Theirs, that's all. It was your wanting to take another man's place—doing it—that counted. And They want you to go back, now that you know. They want you to try to tell the others. Tell the fathers and mothers—always the mothers. They're always thinking of the mothers as They come across singing, but—They sing! There's no sorrow; it's all clear joy—all. You'll tell it, won't you? You're to go back for that. Perhaps, afterward, you'll have your other—accident. I don't know. But now They want you to go back. I came to say it."

"Go back? Yes, but——"

"Look!"

At first he did not realize. The long room lay silent again in the moonlit dusk, the curtain stirred at the window. A figure stood near the open door—he could see it quite clearly, a slender, straight figure in the uniform of a French soldier. Then, as he looked, the other bent forward, smiling; the moonlight caught the device on the collar of his worn tunic: "S. X. 47–20."

His man!

Somehow the boy got to his feet, stumbled in his confused new gift of sight to the door where the other had been standing, swayed toward the staircase across the hall.

"Ellen," he called chokingly, "Ellen! Ellen!"

A door opened somewhere in the darkness above. Then, in another moment she was there, holding him in her arms.

NIGHT SONG

By Hamilton Fish Armstrong

In that calm distant place where only dreams can love you,
In chambers lit by moons I cannot see,
Where peacock-hued brocades festoon themselves above you
And hunters climb their hills of tapestry,—
I wonder if in the winds you hear at all my sighing,
Or catch my tears re-echoing through the rain,
Or hear my moon call to your moon the song undying,
Or in the ivy know my tap against the pane.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF HENRY JAMES

By E. S. Nadal

I DID not know James as a very young man. I did not make his acquaintance until some time in the seventies. The first time I saw him was at one of those afternoon parties given at the London Legation on the Fourth of July. A notice of the party would be published in the papers and any one was welcome who had a black coat, or, for that matter, a gray one. No cards were required in those days, which are now considered a necessity to keep out crooks. Mrs. Pierrepont, a graceful, pretty, and elegant-looking woman, stood at the door receiving. A rather dark and decidedly handsome young man of medium height, with a full beard, stood in the doorway and bowed rather stiffly, as if he were not to be confused with the rank and file of his compatriots. I was at once struck by his appearance, and I could see that the lady was also impressed and was wondering who he was. Later I saw him talking with Eugene Schuyler. I asked Schuyler who he was, and he told me it was James and introduced me to him. James talked about London with enthusiasm, and was charmed by the "accidental" in London, as he called it, by which no doubt he meant that something which had happened a long time ago and had ceased to be useful, was not abolished but was suffered to remain, corrected, or supplemented by something else—which was also an accident, such a fact, for instance, I suppose, as that the county-seat of Middlesex was not London but Brentford, an ancient act of Parliament permitting courts to be held in London for "the convenience of barristers." James told me he had taken rooms in Bolton Street and hoped I would come and see him there. I answered that the first rooms that I had had in London were in Bolton Street—No. 6. He said: "Mine are No. 3, the half of your old number; you can remember it by that." I happened at that time to have permission to take people over Holland House, and I went there a day or two afterward with James and the late John L. Cadwalader, who had recently been at the State Department, where he was assistant secretary under Mr. Fish. A few days afterward I took breakfast with James in his Bolton Street lodgings and he had also Cadwalader. After that I would often go there to see him. There was a slender, tall, dark, rather pretty girl who usually came to the door when I called. She was not a servant, but a relation of the landlady. James, with his quick sympathy and the keen interest he had lately acquired in English habits, said: "She's an English character. She is what they call in England a 'person.' She isn't a lady and she isn't a woman; she's a person." He told me this about her: that her risibilities were very easily affected. When he made a remark in the least jocose she would at once be overcome with laughter and would beg him to desist, saying: "Oh, please don't, Mr. James, it's quite too funny." During that summer we dined together a great deal at the Café Royal in the Quadrant, Regent Street, which had been only recently opened. This was in the summer of 1877. Later we often dined at a club in Piccadilly to which I belonged. The season was over and there was nothing to do in the evening, and after dinner we would walk in the park or about the London streets. As we walked along, James talked incessantly and with the originality and somewhat of the authority of those who read aloud to you their thoughts out of their own minds. His talk was very alert and eager. I recall at the moment one or two incidents of those walks. A little street-walker begged of us. As he gave her something, he said with feeling: "They

imitate so well the tones of wretchedness." Again I remember his using the expression "This town, which I adore."

When I knew him best and saw most of him we had both just come to live in England. I expected to make diplomacy a profession. I was therefore chiefly anxious to please my masters in Washington, but I also wished incidentally to get on with the English. James had quite decided to live in London and so naturally wanted to know English society. He frankly said so. Thus, when I happened to speak with some disapprobation of the pursuit by Americans of social success in London in spite of the rudeness encountered from some of the London social leaders, he said: "I don't agree with you. I think a position in society is a legitimate object of ambition." In the things he wrote about that time I could see indications that his personal relations with English society were very much in his mind. In "An International Episode" an American woman says that an English woman had said to her, "In one's own class," meaning the middle class and meaning also that the American woman belonged to that class. The American woman says that she didn't see what right the English woman had to talk to her in that manner. This was a transcript of an incident he related to me one night when we were walking about the London streets. Some lady of the English middle class, whom he had lately visited in the country, had said to him, "That is true of the aristocracy, but in one's own class it is different," meaning, said James, "her class and mine." He did not wish to be confounded with the mass of English people and to be adjudged a place in English society in accordance with English standards. In order that this should not happen he preferred, although he expected to make England his home, to remain a foreigner. In his charming sketch "Lady Barbarina," he has a rich young doctor, an American, who proposes to and marries a young woman of the English upper class. In his proposal the doctor addresses the lady in a very spirited speech, in which there is, for James, quite a surprising degree of the sentiment of a lover. He tells her: "I love you from head to foot." To this declaration she returns a non-committal answer. She looks at him narrowly and says: "You're a foreigner." In this he was making the young lady say what he himself thought and wished to be true. I don't think he wanted to be in smart English society, because he really preferred the company of smart people. It was rather that he did not like to feel that he was shut out from that or any other kind of company. He would tell me that he wanted "to be taken seriously" by the English; that was a phrase he often made use of. He told me once that he particularly detested "that excluded feeling." I dare say also that he wanted to be enough in smart company to know what it was like. He wished to be an international novelist, and desired to know that as well as other parts of English life. Then he knew that it is perhaps truer of England than of any other country that "a box ticket takes you through the house." Other people, whose company I dare say he really preferred, artists, and people of letters, etc., would think all the more of him if he were about in the world of fashion.

The accounts of English life which, in his character of an international novelist, he wrote at that time were as a rule fairly correct, though he would now and then make a slip. In the story mentioned above, "An International Episode," he has a flirtation between an Englishman, Lord Lambeth, and a New York girl. He told me, at the time this story appeared, that certain London ladies, who were friends of his and were interested in his literary fortunes, thought he had got this young man too rough and slangy. He said, however, that he was not of that opinion. I thought the ladies were right, in one instance certainly. Lord Lambeth, in talking with the girl, speaks of bad food as "filth." I have known many smart young Englishmen, and I have never heard one of them describe food in that way, and I am sure that a young English gentleman would not so describe it in conversation with a young lady.

At that time he was rather keen upon the subject of English clubs. He liked them and wanted to become a member of one or two of them. He had his name put up for the Reform. He had no dif-

ficulty in obtaining an election, but of course one can never be quite sure of getting into a club. I remember his saying to me: "If I should fail in this, I shall then go to work and write some things and try to get an election to the Athenæum." He meant an election under the rule of that club which permits the choice annually of a certain number of men who have become distinguished in politics, literature, science, or the fine arts. He said that he had already certain friends in that club who were taking care of him. Some months after this he came in one day to see me and told me he had been elected to the Athenæum. What he said was characteristic. He had just returned from a visit to this country. He said he was in Cambridge, Mass., and started to walk in the direction of Boston, hoping to meet the postman on the way. There was a terrible blizzard and snowstorm in progress, which made England in the distance look all the more alluring. He met the postman, who put into his hands a letter from the Athenæum informing him of his election to the club. During this visit he wrote over to a friend in London that he should never be happy again till he found himself in a hansom, that vehicle not yet having been naturalized in this country.

He was a keen and eager observer. I introduced him once at a club to an English acquaintance. James said of him: "What strange hands he has." I knew the man very well and had noticed his hands, but had not given them much thought. James said: "You mean to say you never observed his hands. He has very handsome hands, but such a strange way of using them." Once we dined at a club and were sitting by the fire in the smoking-room after dinner. There were two Englishmen, whom neither of us knew, standing by the fire. One of them was a stupid-looking man who talked a great deal, and James, who had been watching the man closely, turning to me, said eagerly: "He's a fool."

He was at that time very keen and eager in observing differences between us and the English. The English scold us for this propensity, but what is more natural than that a man going from his own country to another should be interested in differences in character and manners between the peoples of the two countries? I recall this. He had been staying at a hotel in the country and had been in the habit of dining there in company with an Englishman. There was a man waiting at the table whose manners James thought unpleasantly servile. The Englishman, however, called attention to the man's excellent manners. "He thought the man had good manners," said James, "and I thought him a cringing old rascal." He thought Americans had big ears; he thought, however, that big, ugly features were more likely to be found in English than in American faces. But he thought the English very handsome. That is no doubt true; they are a handsome people. He thought that our people are not good-looking. I doubt, however, if his way of making a comparison was quite fair. In England the different kinds of people are sorted and separated; here they are mixed up together. It is not fair to compare the selected people of England with our mass. The half-starved inhabitants of Whitechapel are not handsome, nor are the operatives in English manufacturing towns. On the other hand, there is plenty of good looks among those of our people who have had the advantages of good food and lodgings and of our modern outdoor life. Of course James knew this, for he often introduced such people into his novels. A great deal of James's writing, when he first went to England, was upon these differences. But this is a subject which is soon exhausted, if the observer continues to live in the foreign country. A friend of mine, who was long our Secretary of Legation in Madrid, and who was by way of being literary, told me that when he was asked to write about Spain he found that he had nothing to say. The reason was that he saw nothing. He had got as used to the streets of Madrid as people in New York are to Broadway. This is especially true of external characteristics, of differences in looks. In my own case, when I am in a new country and have to write something about it, I am in haste to set down what I see for fear the new scene may soon lose its strangeness. Thus the man from Europe, who came to this country to write a book about it and who

landed in the morning, walked up and down Broadway, and took passage home by a steamer in the afternoon, was not so wide of the mark as it might seem.

It was about the time I first knew him that he definitely made up his mind to choose Europe, and especially England, as a place to live in instead of America. It is true perhaps that his preference had always been for Europe. He told me once that he remembered a particular moment when he decided that his preference was for Europe as his part of the world. He was a boy of about fourteen at the time, and the scene was somewhere on the Continent, and he was sitting out-of-doors, looking upon such a prospect as he liked, the landscape perhaps adorned with a castle or a cathedral. It was a kind of choice of Hercules for the young globe-trotter. At that moment, however, he merely decided what his preference was. I think he did not definitely decide to live in Europe until he was a man past thirty. Just before the time of my first acquaintance with him he had, in the sixties and early seventies, spent a long time here. He told me that he had then given the country a "good trial." If he was to live in Europe, I can understand why he should fix upon England. He might have made his home in Italy or in France, the language of which latter country he knew almost perfectly, although he spoke it with an accent, and I think in the end it would have been better if he had done that. But I dare say he felt that there was something thin and superficial in an American's life on the Continent. He wanted a place where his roots would be deeper than they could be in France or Italy, in which countries his acquaintances would be chiefly American. English manners and habits attracted him strongly. He liked the repose of the English character, so entirely self-contented. Then there is a certain hospitality toward foreigners in English society and also a certain resistance, and the combination attracted James. In France I believe there is very little hospitality toward the foreigner. The French are inhospitable perhaps because they are so keenly social, because they value social enjoyment so highly. A foreigner is a wet blanket, a "killjoy." But the English are not social and do not have a very keen enjoyment of society. A foreigner is not a killjoy, because there is not much social joy to kill. English society is easy to get into in a way, and yet it also offers some resistance to foreigners, for it does not like foreigners. James, I have no doubt, found a good deal of fun in the effort to overcome this resistance.

During the time James lived in this country, and for some years afterward, he wrote a good deal for *The Nation*. I did a little work at one time on that paper, and got to know the men connected with it. It was during the Grant and Greeley campaign of 1872, when I wrote some political editorials for it. James, I think, did a great deal of work for it. The tone of the paper was critical, superior, and somewhat toploftical. The other young men were of much the same disposition. Among them was Dennett, the literary critic, a tall, big fellow, strikingly handsome, with long brown hair parted in the middle, after the conventional manner of poets. He had been the class poet of 1862 at Harvard, when my old friend Charlie Grinnell was class orator, and was, I have been told, a poet of distinction, which I can well believe. He had a full brown beard and looked at you through glasses with clear, beautiful eyes, hazel in color. He was superior in a shy way. There was the managing editor, the grave, earnest, and judicious Garrison, the son of the Abolitionist, with a conscience such as you might expect a man of his paternity to have, his severity and asceticism, however, reserved almost exclusively for himself and not employed upon other people. Arthur Sedgwick, whom we have not long ago lost, was another, a handsome, *distingué* young fellow—*distingué*, indeed, he always remained. There was a fineness of perception and of instinct in him you would not expect to see associated with his somewhat heavy traits; of course he had great fineness of feeling. He was a man for whom all who knew him well had a warm affection, and whom now those of us who have survived him keenly regret and feel the absence of. Sedgwick was also superior, as were the two Adamses, who had some sort of connection with the paper. Why should they not feel so?

They were clever and young, thirty or thereabouts, and had the best intentions toward humanity. They were an honest lot, with every right to think well of themselves. I dare say they did feel their oats. The time is short in men's lives when they may feel in that lofty and confident manner. Who would grudge them their day of youthful hope and courage? They were nearly all Harvard men and were more or less connected with Cambridge. The war had been fought and the North had come out on top and Boston on top of that, and Cambridge, perhaps, in some respects on top of Boston. Doctor Holmes had lately promulgated his theory of a Brahmin caste, which flattery, of course, had been duly swallowed. These young men were of that type, although I think Dennett was a Canadian. The paper had remarkable success. Its opportunity lay in the need of an opposition to the tyranny of the party which had won the war. Everybody had been talking and thinking, or talking rather than thinking, one way. There was room for a paper which should express the sentiment of

> "the honest few
> Who give the fiend himself his due."

It treated literary matters in the same independent way in which it treated politics. I don't think it would now be possible for any paper to put up such a bluff and get away with it as that little paper did. We have grown less impressible, and more critical and suspicious, and we should want to see the cards. Sedgwick, who went to Washington in the winter of 1876 to watch the Hayes-Tilden affair, told me that he sat at dinner next to a young lady of whom I shall only say that she was the original of *Virginia Dare* in "Democracy," a kind-hearted girl with a clever wit. She, not knowing that Sedgwick was from Cambridge or that he was connected with *The Nation*, told him that she had just been on a visit to Cambridge, and remarked: "It's a queer place; they don't have any opinions there till Thursday morning, when a paper comes out called *The Nation*, which tells them what they are to think and say for the next week." James had a natural sympathy with the tone of the paper. The critical things he wrote were a little superfine and would contain a good many such words as "note," "appeal," "convincing"; very convenient terms, no doubt, but which a writer who prefers freshness, modesty, and simplicity might think to savor somewhat too much of the shop and would, if possible, rather avoid. They were always elegant and pleasant, as may be said of all his things written at that time, but it seemed to me that they were somewhat deficient in point. Why they should have been so, I am sure I don't know, for he was full of intelligence and, in criticising fiction, he had a technical knowledge and experience, which must have had a special value. About 1877 I remember his telling me that he had been writing fiction a long time and had acquired some skill in it. Literary criticism, however, was scarcely his *forte*. I don't think he was what you would call a reading kind of man. His books were people. Once, when he was at my rooms in Down Street, he found Shakespeare, Milton, and some other good poetry on my table, and said with a laugh: "What classical taste you've got!" I explained that my eyes at that time were not strong, and that I chose to read poetry as the most condensed form of literature, and of course read the best.

Although I did not know him at the time he was living in America, I would hear a good deal about him, chiefly from ladies. What they invariably said of him was that he was distinguished and possessed of an inscrutability which piqued their interest and curiosity, that he was very good-looking and attractive, etc. Distinguished he was in a marked degree, both as a young man and an old one. It was one of his most striking qualities.

James, I think, found his best friends among women. They liked him for various reasons. He had fame, and they liked him for that. Then there are women who particularly value the friendship of a clever and distinguished man because it is pleasing to their vanity. Some friendships of his with women I knew, I think, had this foundation. Women liked him also for his good looks and charming manners and his innate refinement. They liked him especially for his

sympathetic and delicate discernment of their own nice qualities. He seemed to look at women rather as women look at them. Women look at women as persons; men look at them as women. The quality of sex in women, which is their first and chief attraction to most men, was not their chief attraction to James. Often I did not care for his judgment of women. That is no doubt as it should be; it is a common saying in my line of business, which is horses, that it is a fortunate circumstance that all men do not prefer the same horse or the same woman. I remember his walking with me twice the length of Piccadilly, from Piccadilly Circus to Hyde Park corner and back, one afternoon descanting upon the perfections of a certain American woman he had just met, the wife of an old school friend of his. A day or two afterward I met this lady somewhere at luncheon. On being introduced to her, I thought: "Yes, you're very pretty, but you can't dance." I was put next her at the table and presently took an opportunity of asking if she liked dancing, and she said she cared nothing at all about it. I think he liked a pronounced and perhaps somewhat conscious refinement in women. There was an English woman, a spinster, who was and who always remained one of his most intimate and devoted friends, and whom I knew. She was rather pretty, and you needed only glance at her to see that she was especially what you call "nice." This lady had the somewhat extreme refinement I am speaking of. I recall as characteristic one remark of hers: she once asked me if I did not think it was vulgar to take offense.

Of all the men I ever knew he was the man whom I could least imagine with a wife. When he would be recommending matrimony to me and I would say, "Why don't you?" he would reply with quiet conviction: "I'm not a marrying man."

He may have been sorry for this later. Most men who grow old without children regret they have forfeited that kind of immortality which comes of mixing your blood with that of posterity. An American lady, the mother of children, met him in London in company with several persons who like himself were childless; she told me that he said to her: "You are the only one of us who has accomplished what is, after all, the most important and the most desirable thing in life."

In 1891 I went to London after an absence of some years, and left a card on him. A day or two afterward I found his card at my lodgings, with a letter beginning "Welcome back to old England," and asking me to lunch with him. I found him in a handsome apartment in Kensington. He had a butler of a most respectable appearance, and he had a dachshund bitch with a beautiful countenance. He sat with the dachshund in his lap much of the time. We were speaking on the subject of sex in women and were comparing European with American women in this regard. I had a notion that American women had less of this quality than European women, that in many American women it was negative, and in European women positive, and that many American girls looked like effeminate boys. There is a certain amount of truth in this, but perhaps not a great deal. James said, stroking the head of the dachshund: "She's got sex, if you like, and she's quite intelligent enough to be shocked by this conversation." He told me that his books had no sale. He said that he had written an article for the *Atlantic* on Lowell, remarking that it was too early to write anything critical about him. He said that Lowell had stayed with him during a recent visit to London and that he seemed very unhappy. I told him that I had just arranged with an English magazine for an article on Lowell, and he said, with his customary good sense: "Don't write for English magazines; write for American ones." He pointed to two large volumes on a table by his brother, the philosopher, with a fraternal pride which was pleasant to see. Of English society he seemed to be rather tired, saying that he had done it and was content for the future to let it alone. He remarked that he should never again enter an English country house accompanied by a portmanteau. He complained bitterly of the dreadful cold of the previous winter in London, but did not seem to be more attracted to his own country on that account. He expressed his abhorrence of the American women tourists, with Baedekers in their hands,

he had seen during a recent visit to Dublin, saying: "Of course in any other country such people don't travel." I was not of his opinion, because I know how much nicer such people often are, and for that matter look, on closer acquaintance. He told me that he was in the habit of dining alone in his apartment. I asked: "Don't you find that dull?" He said: "No, I don't mind it." I couldn't help thinking that a mistake, for even when you dine alone at a club there is a certain amount of companionship in seeing men you know about the room. He didn't seem as happy as he used to be, and I could have wished him back in his old lodgings at No. 3 Bolton Street, "the half of my old number," without the very respectable butler, and looked after by the tall, slender, dark, rather pretty "person" with the sensitive risibilities.

James at this time had just brought out a play, which had been damned. Grant Duff had told me that he had understood that the play was liked by the people in the top galleries. I repeated this to James, who said he believed it was true. He spoke of playwriting as an infinitely difficult art, in which, however, he still had hopes of success. To anybody as fond of London as James was, it ought to have been delightful to be "damned." I don't know what the theatre was. Let us hope it was one of the good old London houses, the Haymarket, for instance, so that he should have missed nothing of the full flavor of the classic experience, and have been like Charles Lamb, who, when his play was hooted off the stage, joined the hooters, or Fielding seated behind the scenes on a first night, waiting for the verdict of the audience, a quid of chewing-tobacco stuck in his mouth, and saying to a friend who had come in from the front and told him the play was bad and ought to be withdrawn, "Let 'em find it out, damn 'em," which they presently did. These great men couldn't do it, but the artificial and conceited Bulwer could. I didn't believe James could do it. He was not dramatic, certainly not theatrical. His talent was critical and narrative. In this attempt he was moving in a direction away from rather than toward his true gift, that introvertive monologue in which he delighted, such as I used to hear from him in our nocturnal walks about the London streets.

But then monologue would not have given him a nice apartment and a combination valet and butler. The nice flat and the butler in a swallow-tail coat were perhaps the result of living in England. It used to be said that keeping a gig constituted respectability in England. But I should think now that, for an unmarried man at any rate, it is having a valet. In a country-house party every one has a valet who can afford it. Not to have one gives away the fact that you can't afford it. It is no very great expense. One could be got for $500.00 a year, and he would keep himself. Formerly it was the custom, and I dare say still is, for men who did not ordinarily keep a man to hire one to take with them to country houses. He was called a "fellow." People here don't care how a bachelor lives. There is indeed not much interest in the financial situation of any but the very rich. There is a good deal of interest in their money and a good deal of respect for it. James, in his recent visits to this country, was much struck by the increased respect for great wealth as compared with the feeling about it when he was a young man. But whether a man pays $5.00 a week for a bedroom or has a house at a rental of $5,000.00 a year, nobody cares and I doubt if very many people know. That is the case in New York, at any rate. So if James had lived here he would not have felt it necessary to be so respectable. Still he was fond of having things nice about him. During his last visit here he said to me: "You don't care how you live; I do care how I live."

During one of our dinners at the Café Royal, I once said to him: "You never make a fool of yourself, do you?" He said: "Never by any chance." He piqued himself especially upon his tact and discretion and upon never losing his head. He had indeed all of these qualities. He thought a great deal of a correct and respectable deportment. On one occasion after we had dined at the club, I took him to see some people in Kensington. I got out of the hansom first and, going up the steps, got hold in the dark of

the servant's bell. At the door of a London house there are usually two bells, a visitor's and a servant's bell. James was shocked. "What," he said; "you haven't rung the servant's bell?" It made no difference, as I knew the people intimately. Indeed you can't make evening visits to people in London whom you don't know intimately. His tone toward me was often that of a Dutch uncle. He seemed to have me more on his mind than I thought there was any occasion for. He would say: "You ought to have a new silk hat," or "You ought to get a new dress coat once a year." If, on the contrary, he approved of me, he would express himself to that effect. For instance, once when I had on yellow gloves, he said: "You ought always to wear yellow gloves."

James was much interested in nice dress. At one time we had the same tailor, whose shop in Clifford Street you could see looking northward from the Burlington Arcade, the windows bulging out with flowers and inviting you of a summer afternoon to inspect the counters within, covered with pretty fabrics. The tailor was an agreeable and intelligent man, with whom James used to like to drop in and have a chat, as I did. A good many Americans went to him, among them Henry Adams and a man who knew a good deal more about the subject than any of us, Burdett Coutts. I took a number there myself.

One night I was dining alone with the Lowells, when a servant came in and said that James was at the door. He came in and sat down at the table. Presently we left and went away together. I happened to be wearing a crush-hat. It was out of the season; I suppose I was going to the theatre. He said: "What have you got an opera-hat for?" I said, perhaps with some temper: "Can't I wear a crush-hat if I want to?" He said indulgently and maternally: "Why, yes, of course." Lowell had been talking at dinner about the clever conversation at the Saturday Club in Boston. He said he found nothing like it in London. I believe he thought it better than the talk at Johnson's Club or Will's Coffee-House or even at the Mermaid Tavern. James said: "I call that provincial." "Provincial" and "parochial" he thought were words very descriptive of this country.

At one time he wanted very much to go into the diplomatic service. When Lowell was appointed Minister to Spain, I think he suggested it to Lowell, who no doubt would have been glad to have James with him. But the State Department took the view that, as Lowell himself had not had any diplomatic experience or any official or business experience of any kind, he had better have the assistance of some man of proved official capacity, and Dwight Reed, a clerk in the State Department, was appointed, who turned out an extremely good diplomatic officer and of whom Lowell had a high opinion.

I think James had the notion of a diplomatic career in his head for a long time. Meeting him one day in the street we talked about diplomatic appointments. He spoke of my connection with the Service, of which by that time I was pretty tired. I said: "You wouldn't think anything of it." He replied: "My dear fellow, that's all you know about it; I'm dying of envy." I don't doubt he would have been a very good man for such employment, though you never can be quite sure till you see a man tried. He had tact and good judgment and a great deal of common sense. I think nevertheless it would have been a mistake for James to go into diplomacy. I doubt if it is a good career for any writing man. A writing man's business is to express himself. A diplomat's business is to hold his tongue. Diplomats get very timid. They seem to get into a condition of chronic funk. I don't wonder that they do, when you consider what is expected of them. Bismarck said that it was an indiscretion for a diplomat to keep a diary. Think of that, and be thankful you were born in a free country. Certainly the effect of a diplomatic career is to make speech difficult. That would not have been good for James, who I think had by nature some difficulty in expressing himself. At least in his young days he used to say that when he was at the top of a page he never was quite sure that he should ever be able to get to the bottom of it.

I was speaking with James about

Howells, of whom he was a warm friend. He said that Howells did not like Europe and was not at home there, in which I think he must have been mistaken, and he added: "It's too much for him." Isn't living out of one's own country too much for anybody? Who but an American thinks that living in a country other than his own and getting on with the people of it is part of the whole duty of man? Certainly it is too much for any writer of books to live in a country that is not his own. An author is in pursuit of a very great prize. He wishes his country, and to some extent the rest of the world, to know his mind—an impudent ambition, at the best, it always struck me, on the part of a creature five or six feet high and with a limit of life of seventy or eighty years. There are scarcely more than a half a dozen men in a country at any one time who can accomplish this. The others may almost be said to draw blanks. It would be quite impossible to do it without the support of people's sympathy, and that sympathy a writer can scarcely have in any country but his own. It is quite true that James did reach a position among the first writers of his day in a country which was not his own, but he did it at the expense of acquiring an incomprehensible and, it seems to me, altogether unfortunate method of speech, which was, I believe, in good part the result of an incomplete sympathy.

The same remark, "It's too much for him," was once made to me about James by Mr. Howells. Some years ago Mr. Howells showed me an advertisement, which he had cut out of a newspaper, of a New York apartment-house called the "Henry James," and which he was about sending James. I was charmed, by the way, to find lately in Greensboro, N. C., which was O. Henry's home town and birthplace, a new hotel going up, which was to be the fine hotel of the place, to be called the "O. Henry." Howells said that James was not happy over there, adding: "It's too much for him." He suggested that James's friends here should be doing something to cheer him up. That no doubt was very well for Mr. Howells, with his tact and kindness and his old friendship with James, but I doubted if it would be well for other people to attempt it. I should certainly have been shy of it. James was a man so used to being on the top wave of success and so fond of being there that anything in the nature of commiseration would have been especially unpleasant to him. He was very sharp, and would have been quick to see what was meant by such expressions.

He liked to have a look of success, and I think liked particularly to have that look when he came here. James was always particularly well treated during his brief visits home. I have heard him say in London, after one of his visits to this country, that of course he never could be so great a man anywhere else as he was in his own country. Perhaps a consideration that reconciled him, if he needed to be reconciled, to living abroad was that he would be a greater man during his brief visits home than he could be if he remained here. Of course, if he had come here and stayed and have consented to be one of us hundred million molecules, we should in time have got used to him and have ceased to make much of him. He would probably have lived in New York, which was his birthplace, a fact of which he was proud. He didn't like to be taken for a Boston or Cambridge man. When this was suggested to him, he would say: "I was born in this good city of New York." So he would probably have attached himself to this town. He liked living in the country and would probably have had a little place on the Hudson and have been a commuter, and we should have met him on summer afternoons about the Grand Central Station on his way to the train, with a basket of fruit and a copy of a New York evening paper. That is a situation which would not long have been consistent with any swagger.

But James did not see fit to live in this country. I think it probable that toward the close of his life he regretted that he had made that decision. At any rate, on his last visit here he came intending to remain in this country. But I suppose he found he had deferred his return too long, and that the relations which he had formed with English people and with English life were too strong to be set aside. At the last he became a citizen of Great Britain.

MISS VILDA

By Elsie Singmaster

ILLUSTRATIONS BY D. C. HUTCHISON

IN the twilight, falling late, since it was June, a young girl stood at the door of a farmhouse and looked across two small dim fields to the corner of a bit of thick woods where she could see the steep gable of an old cottage. Upon the road directly in front of her was the constant sound of passing, and the confusion made her hesitate to carry out her intention to sit for an hour with her friend Miss Vilda. Her mother's little farm and Miss Vilda's house and the fields and the broad white avenue lay upon the battle-field of Gettysburg, where in a few days the surviving troops were to meet for the Fiftieth Anniversary.

Back of the house the fields had been transformed into a tented city where sixty thousand veterans were to be sheltered and from which issued at this moment continuous sounds of preparation, directions for the unloading of freight-cars rolled in on temporary sidings, challenges from the guard as a belated Gettysburgian sought to follow his familiar path across the fields, and constant shouts and laughter. Down the road passed a company of cavalry sitting their horses in easy attitudes and singing. When they had passed Mary opened the gate and followed them.

She found Miss Vilda sitting on a little bench before her door, where she always sat on pleasant evenings. She was almost seventy years old, and she had lived alone for forty years. There had seemed lately to be a change in both body and mind. Simple tasks in which she had taken pleasure were done poorly or left undone, and sometimes when her young friend came in the evenings she looked at her as though she were trying to identify her.

"Well, Miss Vilda!" cried Mary, panting. "Here I am! I didn't know whether I'd get here. There's not a minute that there's not an automobile or a team or people going by. I must go back soon."

Miss Vilda turned and looked at her. The moon was spreading a rosy illumination in the east and Miss Vilda's face showed white in the dim light. She often talked about the battle to Mary, about the thunder of the guns and the great storm which followed, and the wounded lying under the angry sky. It was because she had talked to Mary since she was a little girl that Mary was proud of having been born on the battle-field, and thought of her country differently from the way that her schoolmates thought of it. She recognized in Miss Vilda attainments and characteristics which her own people did not possess. It was Miss Vilda who had made her ambitious to teach school. Now when she met Miss Vilda's strange eyes, a thrill passed over her.

"This reminds you of the battle, doesn't it?"

"A little. But there was no laughing, and if the soldiers spoke it was in whispers. You could hear clanking sounds, chains and iron wheels striking one another. The second and third nights there were other sounds."

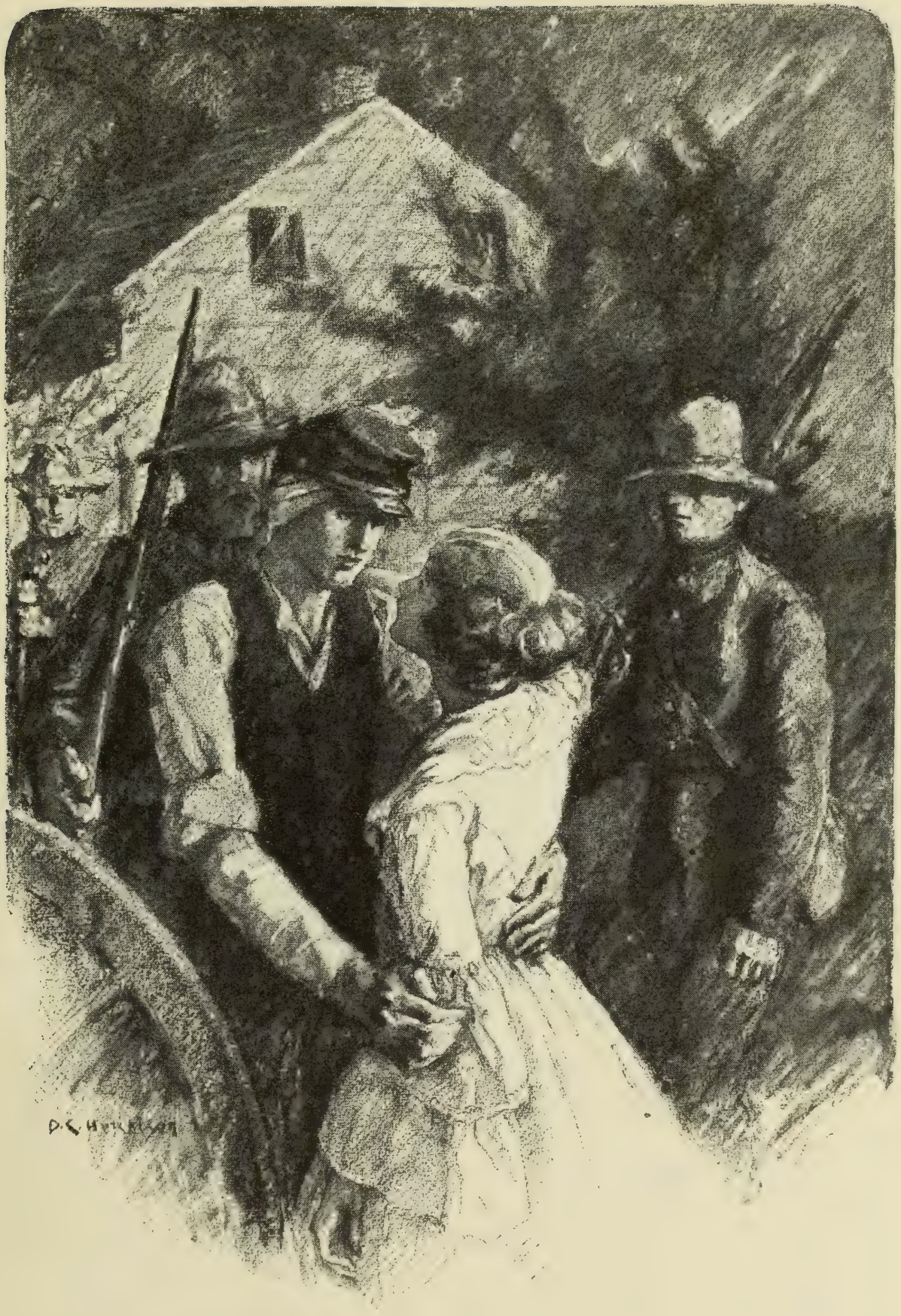
Then Miss Vilda paused. She often caught herself suddenly and stopped as though there were things which could not be told. It was like her not to tell everything, and it made her seem different from other people. Mary in imitation tried to be reserved. Now she hoped that Miss Vilda would go on. It seemed a night for the opening of hearts.

"Why, Miss Vilda," she said, "some one might come to the anniversary that you know!"

Miss Vilda made an amazing reply. She turned sharply and looked at Mary as though she had said a very foolish thing.

"Why, he can't, Mary; he's dead!"

A little shiver passed over Mary's



From a drawing by D. C. Hutchison.

"They found him and took him away a prisoner, through the thunder and the rain."—Page 100.

shoulders and down her spine. She sat still, clutching the bench with both hands and looking out over the valley upon row after row of dim tents. She knew romance only from a few stories, but she suspected a romance here. Her whole being prayed that Miss Vilda would go on. Strangely, Miss Vilda did.

"I was caught here alone; my mother had gone away for the day and she couldn't get back. She was frantic, but that didn't help. The first day an occasional shot fell near by, and there was a little fighting in the yard. At dark I began to realize that there were wounded men all round the house. I sat at the upper window and looked out, and I saw that something moved from the woods there across the grass toward the door. It was queer, but it relieved me to see a living thing. I thought it was one of our men trying to find shelter, and I went down. When I opened the door, he crept in, all blood-stained. I was afraid to light the lamp, but I could see in the moonlight that he was a lovely blue-eyed boy. He was faint from loss of blood and I brought him up-stairs and had him lie down. I expected that my mother would certainly get home now that the firing was over, and as I started to the kitchen to get food I heard a sound and called out, 'Oh, mother!' Then I found that it was not mother, but a Confederate officer and his staff. They stayed till the battle was over, and there were thousands of troops all about."

"But what did you do?" cried Mary. It seemed to her that she could see the enemy in their gray clothes.

"I explained that I was alone and they said they would see that I was safe."

"But what did you do with the poor boy?"

"I took care of him in my room, and when I went out I locked the door. The second night he was restless and I lay beside him all night trying to keep him quiet. I could get food and water easily, because they thought it was for me, but it was different when he began to be restless."

"Weren't you afraid?" asked Mary, trembling.

Miss Vilda seemed to be trying to remember.

"No," said she at last; "I think I was not afraid."

"Did he die there?"

"No. He would have lived, but they found him and took him away a prisoner, through the thunder and the rain. He was asleep with his head on my arm and they came and took him away. They lifted him roughly and you could see blood once more on his bandages."

"Oh, Miss Vilda, I'm so sorry for you!"

Miss Vilda peered at her suddenly. She seemed to return from a quickly forgotten dream.

"Sorry for me, child? Why?"

Mary rose and looked up the road. It was for the moment clear.

"I ought to go home, but I'll come tomorrow evening surely."

"I'm always glad to see you," said Miss Vilda, rising also. She spoke with the tone of a human being to whom company was welcome, but her own company equally pleasant. She had always that sort of proud self-sufficiency.

The Fiftieth Anniversary was the occasion for much loud and entirely natural and forgivable boasting. The tradition had grown through fifty years a little wearisome. In that time the veterans had pretty well exhausted three generations of auditors—even grandchildren. Their audiences were limited at last to themselves, and all knew each other's stories. But now they were urged once more to talk, they were to have once more people literally hanging on their words, to be provided with a stage, the old battle-ground, and an audience which was not merely the nation but the world.

It was natural that there should be among the sixty thousand some whose discourse described glorious achievements which were wholly imaginary; no human being could have spitted quite so many of the enemy on one bayonet, no wounded creature could have floated two miles on a stream, which incidentally did not exist, and there have been dragged out alive to enjoy a romantic acquaintance with a farmer's daughter. But it made, after all, little difference about small details when of the magnitude of the whole achievement there could be no question.

There was, however, a sort of vainglory whose exhibition was promptly made impossible. Simpson F. Mills, for years boss of a whole city, and desiring to become boss of a State, wrote early to the commission that he would be on hand, that he would be glad to have some part in this the greatest event in the history of the nation; he would like, for instance, to provide a whole day's entertainment, or a magnificent exhibition of fireworks, as a personal gift to the veterans of the two armies. He received in reply a polite note.

"Dear Sir:

"The Fiftieth Anniversary Commission begs to thank you for your offer and to say that it will be filed.

"John Phillips, *Secretary.*"

Simpson F. Mills held this communication for a long time in his hands. His offered benefactions were not often thus received. It wasn't possible that any one remembered after fifty years that he was a little late at Gettysburg, and that a proffered dinner at a farmhouse was the cause of his tardiness!

Senator Holland expected to come back, but to his amazement he found no prominent place provided for him. He had been given at the beginning of the war a position in the quartermaster's department, where he had acquired somehow, after five years of service at thirty dollars per month, the foundation of the fortune which was to give him eventually a million-dollar income. He decided at the last moment that Gettysburg would be intolerably hot on the 1st, 2d, and 3d of July and sixty thousand veterans dull companions.

John Hilles, equally famous but for different reasons, and equally rich though by different means, did come back. He had served through the war in the capacity of a private soldier—there was nothing whatever against his record. Wise in his generation, he had, when the war was over, put the war behind him. It had interrupted his plans for the future, and he set to work to make up the time which he had lost. He hated the enemy, he abhorred sentimentality, he avoided reminiscence. He had had such scientific training as the time afforded, and during all the years of war he had dwelt mentally apart from its miseries, occupied with the inventions of which he had dreamed. When he set to work again, he trembled for fear that he had lost too much time. But he had an iron will, he recovered his old deftness of hand, he drove from him all recollections, he conquered despair.

When he received his invitation to the anniversary he summoned his secretary. He remembered having once given orders that his accrued dues should be paid to the local army post with interest, and that some gift should be given in his name. It had taken the form, he recollected, of a large library of war books. He decided that if he could get comfortable accommodations for himself and four nieces and nephews he would go back. His secretary made a trip to Gettysburg, and engaged all the accommodations in a comfortable private house.

He was astonished to find how, as he approached the little town, recollection brightened. It was his fancy to go south and come up through the valley through which the troops had marched. He saw again the red roads and the ripe wheat, here still standing, here in shocks. He pointed out to the young people suddenly a familiar hill.

"I remember that hill perfectly. See how curiously it rises from the flat landscape. We marched up here in the early morning as fast as troops could march, everybody hearing guns and knowing that only a few of our troops were ahead of us. It was a hot, breathless morning, the last morning that half of us were to see."

The young people, who adored him, listened earnestly.

"And then?"

"We went into action over yonder and there I was wounded. At night I crept into a house and hid until I was taken South to prison."

"Were the people kind to you?"

Hilles did not answer directly. He had been three times in hospital and many persons had been kind to him. But the details of the kindness shown him here came back to him suddenly and made him flush. He had behaved, he believed, foolishly; he had lost his iron

grip upon himself; believing that all his hopes were to perish, he had let himself go. There was a girl who had helped him. He answered his niece quickly: "Yes, they were kind." Then he relapsed into one of the silences which the young people did not break. He remembered the nights, so short between darkness and dawn, so long with pain and misery. He heard his own feeble cry: "Oh, don't leave me, don't take your hand away—if you leave me I shall die!" He remembered that when they had come to take him away he had clung to her, and she had walked with him to the wagon and had kissed him. He could not quite account for her presence, alone and young, and if he remembered correctly, lovely, in that grim spot.

When they were comfortably settled in the house in Gettysburg and had had their dinner, he sent the young people away in the car. He said that he would rather be alone—he wished to reflect. They offered one by one to stay with him, but he declined company.

When they were out of sight, he walked through the town to the west. He saw a familar cupola and stood still. How strange to have stepped back suddenly fifty years! The house must have been a little to the left. He turned and walked out the avenue. Dusk was falling, and he passed Miss Vilda's house without seeing it and came on slightly higher ground to a little farmhouse, left, like the other farmhouses, and Miss Vilda's house and the little fields and the stretches of woodland, as a perpetual memorial. He saw a slender young figure standing at a gate and went to make inquiry.

When he had said "good evening," he did not know just how to proceed.

"I suppose you know a good deal about the battle," he said.

Pretty Mary looked up at him in the dusk. She was always expecting adventure, and she had often imagined herself being questioned by some great man and guiding him about.

"Yes, a good deal. I ought to. I was born on the battle-field—right in this house."

"You were!" Hilles looked at her sharply. A daughter, perhaps? No, a granddaughter. Ah, time had passed!

"Yes, right here. My grandfather lived here and Miss Vilda lived down there. It was right in the battle. Some stray shots fell about here from the first day's fight, and this was the Confederate line on the second day, and on the third the Confederate cannon stood all along here. Miss Vilda has told me all about it."

"Who is Miss Vilda?" he asked. Was that the name?

"She is an old lady who lives down there in that corner of the woods. During the battle she was here alone, and she had many adventures. She"—Mary paused. Her heart was filled with Miss Vilda's story. She would have liked to tell this tall kindly old man about it, but it would not be right.

"Is it a little house with a steep roof?"

"Yes," said Mary.

Hilles thanked her and went down the avenue, and she stood looking after him.

"Shall I show you?" she called.

"No, thank you. I know where it is."

Hearing a voice from the house, Mary answered, "Yes, mother," and ran back. Something disturbed her—no, not exactly disturbed, but interested her, but she had now no time to think. She helped her mother, then in a half-hour she came back and stood by the gate.

Hilles went down the avenue, walking slowly. He looked upon the far-stretching city of tents and the shining lights, and heard bands playing an old song: "Tenting To-night." He believed he had made a mistake when he had so entirely put away all thought of the past. He meant to call upon this Miss Vilda, not yet curious about her, but thinking only of himself, of his weakness, and his dependence upon her. She had doubtless succored many poor wretches like himself and had forgotten him.

He spoke to Miss Vilda, sitting on her little bench, and she invited him to sit down. She wore a very pale old gray dress which looked white in the faint light, and she sat with her hands clasped loosely in her lap. He was certain that he remembered her. The distant comfort of her consoling touch recurred to him and he trembled suddenly. It was from there that he had come creeping, creeping, oh, with what agony! on a



From a drawing by D. C. Hutchison.

"You were here at the time of the battle, weren't you?"—Page 104.

night like this and she had given him her own bed. She was alone and there were only men about—he had never thought of that.

"You were here at the time of the battle, weren't you?"

"Yes," she said, kindly and invitingly, as she spoke to strangers. "I remember many things about it."

"Do you remember taking care of a wounded boy?"

"Why, yes," said Miss Vilda, as though it were the most natural inquiry in the world. She began to repeat the story which she had never told in fifty years until last night. In her brain a tight spring had uncoiled to be wound no more. "I was caught here alone; my mother had gone to look after a sick relative and couldn't get back. Before dark I could see that there were wounded men about. Most of them lay perfectly still. But presently a boy came creeping from the woods toward the house to try to find help. I brought him in and took him up-stairs so that he could lie down on my bed, and I dressed his wounds. He was all blood-stained and crying. Presently I thought I heard my mother come in, but it was a Confederate officer and his staff, and in a few hours we were in the midst of the Confederate line. You know what that would mean. I didn't know what to do, but I asked whether I might keep the door of my room locked, and they said yes. They were very considerate of me. I kept the poor boy there and I got food for him, but before they retreated they found him, and they took him away. When he moved the blood began to run through his bandages. But I hoped for a long time. I knew he would come back if he could; he promised that he would. He thought I had saved his life."

Miss Vilda leaned forward. To find a confidant suddenly after fifty years—ah, what relief! This was a different auditor from little Mary.

"You have lived a long time," she said. "You can understand how a thing like that could break your heart."

The bands had ceased to play, the officer of a company of cavalry riding by gave a sharp order, the sweet smell of day-lilies filled the air. It seemed to Hilles that he had smelled day-lilies as he had crept into the shelter of these soft arms.

"I was that boy!" he said, mindful only of himself.

With almost the suddenness of a gentle flash of lightning the rising moon surmounted the low-lying eastern mist, and he saw the little house with its worn doorway, its crumbling porch, and even a little way into an untidy room. He could see, most clearly, Miss Vilda. Remorse, keener far than he deserved, smote him. He had gone to prison, he had been long ill, and many persons had been kind to him.

"Is there anything in the world I can do for you?"

"For me?" said Miss Vilda, astonished, his revelation of himself unheard.

"Anything to make you comfortable, more comfortable than this?"

"I am comfortable," Miss Vilda assured him. "And you are a stranger."

"Why, no, I am that boy whom you took care of, who was grateful once."

Miss Vilda looked at him in amazement. Her eyes searched his face. Then suddenly she smiled as if in relief, and the corner of her mouth lifted in a little gentle mockery. She had been for a moment terrified.

"What nonsense!" she said with a long breath. "You are an old man, and he was the loveliest boy I ever saw!"

Little Mary, having finished her work, ran down the road. She was panting when she sat down on the step at Miss Vilda's feet. The night was bewitching; it had bewitched Mary into fashioning a strange romance.

"Oh, Miss Vilda," she cried. "Was there a tall, wonderful stranger here?"

"No," said Miss Vilda.

"Are you sure?"

"There was an old man here," said Miss Vilda.

"What did he want?" asked Mary eagerly.

"Nothing that I can remember," said Miss Vilda. She sat smiling and looking out at the dark wall of trees.

TO RENT FOR THE SUMMER

By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. F. PETERS

And summer's lease hath all too short a date.—*Shakespeare.*



WE were speaking of my plans for the summer. "I can imagine," said my friend, "nothing more disagreeable than living in somebody else's house."

I could. More exactly, I did not need to imagine. I knew. From much experience, from the memory of many experiences, I knew of more disagreeable things. All his life my friend had owned a beautiful country place. I, though permanently sheltered in the winter, year by year had had to decide how to make the most of the good gift of warm weather. Of my various experiments one had succeeded—the rented house. I had lived (so I found when I counted back) in twenty-two houses owned by other people in fourteen different places, and almost always had lived very agreeably. This means, of course, in twenty-two different houses furnished with other people's belongings, for not its walls and roof but its contents make a house really somebody else's or virtually mine.

There are souls that are homekeeping, sedentary, by nature, and there are naturally vagrant souls, in love with change, with variety, and contented, it would seem, to lodge in hotels. With the vagrant I am not now concerned; nor with the sedentary at the times when even they may be tempted to wander; nor, again, with the many good reasons they may give, when in their normal mood, for wanting to own a country house. But there are other reasons, less obvious, why it is well, and one or two why it may even be best, to borrow such a house—for a price and therefore without a deeper sense of obligation than may comfortably be borne.

To borrow often, and with a flexible taste in localities, is to gather most agreeably some of the fruits of travel. In fact, it *is* to travel, slowly as the snail but, like the snail, always at home. And there are advantages in the very slowness. Any nomad with a motor-car can easily see more than I have seen—more of New England, for instance. He can see that Cape Cod is not like the coast of Maine, the Berkshires like southern Connecticut, Vermont like Rhode Island, and also that in the same region one place may differ from its neighbor, may even flatly contradict it. But he cannot weigh and appraise and cannot retain all that he sees. Details escape him, so do the variations worked by changing days and passing months, and most of his memories will be vague and evanescent. A summer's experience of a place reveals the thousand minor charms, the thousand peculiarities, variations, that he misses, and it graves the pictures deeply. So the snail-like traveller can claim one neighborhood after another for his own and enrich, as the flitter cannot, what Leigh Hunt called that "stock of the admirable" which may make of memory a more and more satisfying companion. And, so doing, he lengthens his life, for the more numerous are the clear pictures in his mental gallery the longer seems the course of time in which he accumulated them.

As with the places, so it is with their inhabitants. How can the whirring nomad understand the differences between the people of one New England region and another—of this seaport, this hilltown, this summer colony, and that? We must stay awhile to feel the atmosphere of the spot, the temper and the qualities and the desires of its people, be they native to the soil or brought by the year's warm tempting. Only the snail can savor these diversities in the soul as well as in the body of localities. Moreover, being always in

his private habitation, he escapes the speeder's daily chores—the plannings and unplannings, the tiresome waitings and anxious hurryings, the obligations, the uncertainties, the painful punctualities, that life in hotels and automobiles and Pullman cars imposes. While he goes slowly about the world, he *lives*. He lives as he chooses, with such people, such



hours, such occupations and idlenesses as from day to day he may prefer.

These last advantages the owner of a country house may enjoy, of course, in fuller measure or, at least, in a more entirely satisfactory environment. But he foregoes the fruits of travel. Neither landscapes nor communities can be savored by hearsay. How much less my friend, anchored for all his summers in his own house, can know about New England and other New Englanders than I have learned at the eight stations I have held in his delightful province! If one always goes for the summer to Gloucester or to Newport, can he guess how New Bedford, how New London, differs in mood and in ways of life as well as in aspect? If one has always lived on Cape Cod, does he really feel its unlikeness to any other part of New England or of the earth's surface, or know why we may love and delight in its people yet wonder at times how we can stand them?

I remember an American who had gone straight from college to Europe and stayed there many years. He was discovering his own country when I chanced upon him—or, rather, when he chanced upon me—in a village near Cape Cod which "summer folks" were beginning to frequent, some of them living in a primitive little hotel, more of them in fishermen's cottages untouched outside and but slightly altered within. He had been amazed, he told me, by the contrast between Newport and Narragansett Pier just across the bay—the contrast in appearance, in habits, manners, social temper and aims. Of course, he said, the two places differed visibly in their "general human make-up," but in both he had found many people of the same kind and some who in their winter habitats belonged, he understood, to the same or very similar "social circles." And now in this out-of-the-way village he found more of them, leading their summer lives in a third and wholly different fashion. He was puzzled. In Europe, he explained, people liked fixed ways of life and those of the same sort and station liked the same ways even when they were not in their own homes. Knowing certain French and Swiss and German watering-places he could foretell what others would be like, but in America such prophecies were impossible. There did not seem to be any "type."

There is no such type. There is none despite the fact that the summer colony as we have developed it in all its varieties is a characteristically American thing. That is what is typical of this country—the lack of fixed types. Though we may sometimes be justified in using the term, very seldom does it have its full Old World significance. If my repatriated acquaintance had a chance to inspect American country houses as well as the summer colonies where many of them stand, surely he was puzzled again. In England there are types. There are

types of great houses and of smaller ones, and types of gardens small and large, and all of them blend into a typical composite picture when we say "English country house." But even when I think only of my own twenty-two American houses I can form no such mental picture. I can think of few that would fit, so to say, on the same photographic plate. To be sure, for other reasons as well as the fluctuating size of my family, I have not always wanted houses of the same size or with the same kind of surroundings. But this merely accentuates what I have said about types. As a summer tenant I have not been true to any type. From year to year I have lived, and have wanted to live, in very different ways. A corrugated iron bungalow I have never had, nor, on the other hand, a large estate, a farm, or what the advertisements call a palatial villa. But between these extremes the field that I have camped upon is wide. A household of three and a household of sixteen, a bathless little "native" cottage and a house too big for the sixteen—these I have known and, much more often, a midway state. And I have learned that each kind of house, each way of living as permitted by the house, has its own attractiveness. This is another benefit that flows from borrowing: we enlarge our view of what comfortable and pleasant living may mean. And to grow adaptable in this important direction is to take a long step toward that general adaptability, flexibility, which does so much to make life itself a pleasant abiding-place.

Of course my twenty-two houses, and the scores of others that I have had to examine carefully while choosing these, have taught me much not only about American communities but also about Americans as individuals. Not to a woman's dearest friends is her house in all its recesses and appurtenances, or her housekeeping standards and habits and certain of her tastes and characteristics, so fully revealed as they may be to her tenants. All houses that seek tenants are not equally loquacious. Of course, one that has been built and furnished merely to be rented tells but little. And although a certain house that had done its owners all-the-year-round service was perhaps the pleasantest that I ever had, as a rule this kind does not suit a tenant as well as the kind prepared to meet an owner's summer needs. It is likely to be too full of its owner's belongings, to tell of its owner's self too loudly and insistently. And in our much-demanding climate only a house exceptionally well placed and planned can meet equally well the demands of winter and of summer living.



Fortunate is the tenant who finds in the

autumn the house that she wants for the following summer. During the "renting season," late winter and early spring, she may meet with adventures and deceptions. I have followed hill-country roads



where the snow was still heaped by the wayside, the road itself seemed viscous as far down as China, and we doubted whether we should get through, turn back, or stick where we were till the mud might dry. I have examined houses so dismantled and be-sheeted that I could not judge of what they contained, or so closely and immovably shuttered that I could hardly be sure they contained anything at all. And I have tried to decide whether a terrace or a piazza would be cool enough in July while I was almost swept off my feet by the icy blasts of March.

Once, long ago, I ventured to take a house that had been too safely darkened for real inspection. It stood in the best part of one of our summer colonies of best repute. The agent vouched for its good condition and so, to the ears of my imagination, did a distinguished English diplomat who had occupied it for the antecedent two seasons. When I moved in, it taught me that the great, even the English great, may be less exacting, more long-suffering, than the Yankee humble, for nothing could have tempted me to take it twice. I found it more inconveniently planned than I had thought a house possibly could be. Also, there were fireplaces as promised but most of them blocked up, supplementary stoves but rusted into holes, beds but seemingly scooped out to cobble-stone foundations, and certain mantelpieces that we were chary of touching lest they fall away from the walls, while the principal room was so darkened by trees and shrubs that it could not be used without artificial light. This was my worst experience, and I tell of it for the sake of the moral that I then laid to my own heart: Really *see* a house before you take it. Do not trust to a partial inspection or to verbal testimonies. You do not know how other people may be content to live, and only you yourself can know what you must have to be content or what you are willing to do without for the sake of getting something else.

Another year in another place there was a house that I did not take. An acquaintance who lived near by in a very good house of her own said that I might safely rent it without looking it over. Ever since, I have wondered why she had a grudge against me. There was a great gaping hole in the piazza floor, there was very little furniture, there were no curtains at all, one of the beds was soaked with rain that had dripped through the roof, the kitchen range and sink were choked with rust, and a sprinkling of the dead bodies of last year's flies lay on all the floors. This house I did not take even though the local agent said that the owner would "do it up a little," explaining, however, that he would not need to touch the dining-room, as, if we had what we liked on the table, we should not mind about "looks."

It is not only the agent, local or urban, who wonders why tenants are so fussy. Once a member of a well-to-do family who

showed me through her sister's house thought it odd that I did not jump at the chance to get it, although the staircase, where the boards of every step showed through a great round hole in the carpet, was a fair sample of its condition, and its closets and drawers were crammed with clothing little of which, said my guide, need be removed. As I meant to stay only three months, she said, two or three pegs in each closet and one drawer in each bureau would give me ample space. Thus gradually I have learned that we are ignorant not only of how the "other half" must live but of how our own half may sometimes choose to live.

But in contrast to these few pictures of one extreme, I could paint many of the other if things that are right were as easy to describe as things that are wrong. And I do not forget that there are tenants who might truthfully be portrayed in colors as dark as any house could deserve. Many are the clean, comfortable, and pleasant houses I have had whose owners, I could not doubt, had led within their walls pleasant, orderly, and profitable lives. And some of these owners I look back upon, whether I ever saw them in the flesh or not, as kindly and helpful friends—friends who wanted to do more for me than I thought of asking and bothered me not at all, not even with the permissible, customary annoyance of an inventory. This is why I did not say that by paying rent the tenant discharges his obligations but only that he makes them bearable. Money cannot adequately thank a good landlord who lends us a good house. We are bound in mere honesty to be such amiable as well as careful tenants that in the autumn he will write, "Please come again." If we lack diplomas of this kind we ought not to complain much about owners or agents.

It was not the owners' fault that once I had to rehang every mirror in the house before I could see the top of my head; it was merely because they were both, the man and his wife, so very small of stature. But it *was* the owners' fault that in another house we were obliged to shut up one of the rooms, for it was they who had studded the walls, high and low, with hooks that supported one hundred and forty-five polychrome pottery plates.

A billiard-room in this same big house I thought at first would also be useless, but



it proved to be the best room I have ever had, at home or elsewhere, to do my work in. There were bay windows for my writing-tables and a delightful secluded little *loggia* to which even the typewriter could easily migrate and there do its duty while rejoicing in the prospect—

a wide stretch of lawn, a reach of golden rocks, and such an opaline sea as, I think, only Narragansett Bay can show. And on the billiard-table, larger and higher than any other kind of table ever is, I could spread open and leave open, ready for an easy turning of their pages, all the big books—thick heavy folios and quartos even harder to deal with than their contents—which day by day I had to consult. Never before or since have I worked in such comfort. And so I may note that one element in the art of adaptability is the power to teach the house we occupy to adapt itself to our needs. She does not know how to be a tenant, and probably does not know how to live in her own home, who walks in, sits down, folds her hands, and without thinking of possibilities accepts actualities, consenting to get from the rooms and their furnishings precisely the same response that her predecessors did.

Another house I had was ugly outside and in, but large, airy, and comfortable. With its plain spacious bedrooms even the eye did not need to quarrel. But down-stairs it was of an arrogant richness curiously combined with a thrifty cheapness. Mercifully, there was not a picture of any kind on any wall. And fortunately the furnishings of the big drawing-room were scanty in number, for in quality, barring the coarse Nottingham lace curtains, they were the richest I have ever dwelt with. There were ebony cabinets trimmed with ormolu, there were gilded chairs, there was a huge round table inlaid with sculptured plaques of bronze, which must have been worth a department-store buyer's ransom; there were a few sumptuous pieces of bric-à-brac (no other term would serve), and a thick luxurious carpet, the most wonderful of all carpets, patterned with large roses forming oval framings for landscape views. Why, why, we wondered, had such things been bought for a country house built simply to be rented? But soon we remembered that, some years before, the owner had replaced by a business building his gaudy big house in New York, and near my country house had built one for himself. The interior of this I never saw, but I heard about it. Evidently it had been furnished with the contents of the New York house, and evidently the one to be rented had received the overflow and had been built around the wonderful carpet, for this was no mere assemblage of sewn-together strips but was woven with a centre and a border so that it could not be altered in size or shape.

How could I consent to live in such a house? Because its surroundings were charming, because it was comfortable, and because I could find no other in that particular place yet had to be there that particular summer. Moreover, when the bric-à-brac was buried in the ebony cabinets and the general effect was mitigated by some of those personal belongings which the adaptable tenant learns to keep in stock for such emergencies, I could soon ignore the blatant uglinesses; for another factor in adaptability is the art of not seeing what we do not like to look at. An insulted eye can rise above almost any insult—if it is not to be permanent. I could have borne the hundred and forty-five suspended plates of the other house had it been needful, and I did bear in this one the cabinets, the table, and even the carpet—because I had only borrowed them. Had I owned them and been forbidden to destroy them I should have seen nothing else all day, and at night pain and mortification would have held me awake on the excellent pillows of the room overhead.

If it is a drawback in borrowing that we must hunt for a house, it is a great advantage that we do not have the permanent care of it. And as the years go by we may very likely find reason to be glad that we need not go back to a house even though we may have liked it much, and can get rid of it by merely turning our backs on it. As tenants we are not forced to endure those changes which may so easily befall a place we love—a change in the kind or the number of the people who frequent it, working a radical change, very often, in the character of the place itself. This may mean decay—a shrunken population, shut-up houses, a decline in social resources; or it may mean deplorable results of prosperity, of "improvement." The village near Cape Cod of which I spoke is now, I am told, a large summer settlement, deserted by the

kind of people who used to make it delightful, invaded by the lavish rich, transformed into a colony of villas. "What do you mean by villas?" I asked my informant. "Architectured houses and iron railings," she replied, killing forever my hope of looking once more upon the gray cottages, the lilac bushes, the old stone walls, the cedars and blueberries and wild roses, the sea-lavender and beach-grass along the sands of the quiet bay. Iron railings! What if I had were only two tiny rooms in the kitchen wing. We should certainly not have found it what I have called it, a comfortable house, if the "masters" had needed the third story for their own use.

We resembled our forefathers, I think, in knowing more about literature than about art. Barring good prints of divers kinds I have found in my houses very few good works of art. The best of the paintings have been family portraits; I have had a number of borrowed ancestors



owned the cottage there that once I had been tempted to buy? Very likely I could have made money by selling it, but not for this chance does one care to own a country house.

From all my houses remembered together, the older and the newer, I have learned that we do not often build as solidly now, with such sound-proof walls and floors, as our fathers and grandfathers did, but that we usually make better provision for our servants, at their work and in their beds, than our mothers and grandmothers did. Not always: in the House of the Carpet although there were (in agents' language) five large "masters' bedrooms" in the second story and four in the third, for servants there whom I did not wish to disavow and one little borrowed descendant painted by John Sargent. With books it is different. They are not to be expected, indeed, in houses built for renting, and not invariably to be found in those built for their owners' summer use. In one of the latter, for example, I found a set of the World's Best Literature—nothing else; and nothing at all in the big house with the billiard-room and the dinner-plate decorations—not a book of any kind nor so much as a shelf to put one on. In another house I found a great many shelves empty of their former contents, but they were hidden by curtains and I loved them. For the only time in my life I had shelf-room enough. Who could

guess whether behind the curtains were ranges of books or of typewriter "supplies," of slippers or of jam-pots?

Usually I have had good books, and sometimes in goodly numbers. This, in fact, I count as one of the specific advantages of the borrowed house—its power to supply us, without effort on our part, with a library that seems our own yet has the value and the charm of the unaccustomed. Interesting books that I had never heard praised, books that I had long wanted to read but had never "got around to," half-forgotten favorites, complete sets of authors whose minor writings I had never had a chance to explore—all these have rejoiced me. And in houses, like two in the older part of Newport and one up in the Berkshires, that had long been lived in and had inherited from still earlier ones, I have come across more unusual treasures: rows upon rows of Early Victorian novels, for instance, serried ranks of *Punch* going back to its beginnings, and, throwing still another kind of light upon English history, the



long series of great volumes of State Trials. Twice I had shelf after shelf of French and Italian classics in adorable little old volumes of gilded morocco. Once, with many other time-honored things, I found an early edition of that famous jest-book, Samuel Johnson's Dictionary, and once a manuscript diary kept in England more than a century before by the son of a famous American envoy.

How many warm days and lovely outlooks seem doubly beautiful in the retrospect because of these companions unwittingly acquired! The pleasantest illness I ever had I spent in a charming small and simple country house, and for the most part on the wide piazza that projected enchantingly into space, overhanging a steep hillside and between the tops of its nearest trees revealing a vast panorama of the New Hampshire mountains. There, denied for weeks the company of human beings, I read about them all day long with no fear of exhausting my shelves though so far from any source of supply—reread Jane Austen from end to end, then finished the ten volumes of Emerson's "Journals," then—but this matters only to myself. I merely want to show that good books are to be found in American country houses even of a small and simple kind.

What we are by no means sure of finding is a house, particularly a large and ambitious house, as well arranged as it might be for the ways of life that our climate makes desirable. Why, we are often tempted to ask, does not an architect engaged in domestic work employ as an aid a woman who has lived in many houses? It may be answered that his clients should know what they want and insist upon having it. Truly. But too often they do not know or do not sufficiently insist; they are inexperienced and unimaginative, or they are cowed by the architect's dictum as to what they ought to want. It must always be a difficult question—the relative right of architect and of client to "self-determination"; but it is less difficult with regard to domestic than to other kinds of building. Certainly just here and now, the client is apt to be unduly ignorant or timid and the architect, especially if he has made a name for himself, unduly autocratic and also un-

duly inspired by what he has learned in the schools and what he finds in his books rather than by current local and individual needs and desires.

In the Middle West, I am told, new types (if I may venture the term) of large country houses are being built, local and contemporaneous in idea and development yet very good to look upon. These I do not know although I like to believe in them. But in our Eastern regions how many Colonial mansions, English manor houses, French *châteaux*, have recently been built specifically and only for summer use, yet, in imitation of their prototypes, planned and furnished as though for winter ways of living. If they make any provision for living out of doors, it is not the wide, protected, properly furnished piazza which has been our best American contribution to domestic architecture but an unprotected, wind-swept, sun-smitten terrace. The owners must spend weeks of hot days indoors excepting when they take their walks or motor rides or golfing exercise abroad. Within four walls, heavily curtained as a rule, they must work or idle, talk with their friends, read and play bridge, eat their breakfasts and drink their tea. Or else, as I have noticed, they try to supply an outdoor shelter by putting up great troublesome awnings which fail to serve the purpose of piazza roofs, which flap and groan and leak and perpetually ask to be raised or lowered, and sometimes look like restive Zeppelins tethered to the terrace.

But, I have heard it said by those Europe-bedazzled Americans whose number, thank fortune, the war has perceptibly reduced, the pleasantest thing of all is to sit on the lawn under a tree. Certainly, at times. But it is always a trouble-giving pleasure and the times are many that do not permit of it. For nearly a month last summer the delightful seats under a big horse-chestnut tree on my lawn were useless because of frequent rains and the intermediate dampness. But meanwhile I lived comfortably on my piazzas. One of the good reasons why the English may be called insular is their failure to grasp the advantages of the piazza, less necessary in their climate than in ours as a shelter from the sun, more necessary as a protection from light rains and dampness, for whether they know anything of America or not, they must know about Indian verandas and veranda life.

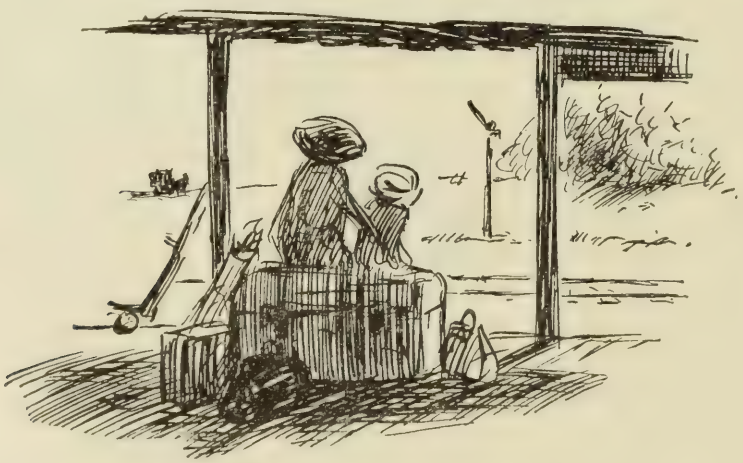


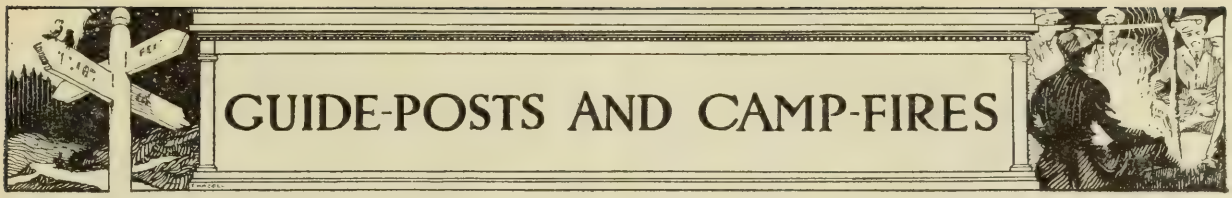
To my mind, unless a tenant is of such a sort that all she wants to do at home is to sleep, in choosing a house she cannot too carefully consider its outdoor living spaces. Nor in building a house can the architect think too carefully where and how to place them. It is not as difficult as he sometimes says to build adequate piazzas without darkening the living-

rooms, for they need not be as all-encircling as our forefathers often thought. And if it may be difficult to use them well with some chosen style or manner of building, perhaps this is a good argument against the choice of that manner.

"Piazzas" I have written throughout, and I insist upon the name as I insist upon the thing. It is not very clear from what suggestions our forefathers, in post-Colonial days, developed the thing, and it is not clear at all how they came to adopt for it an Italian name, changing the significance as well as the sound. In the South they have always said "gallery," and here at the North "porch" now appears to be displacing "piazza." But these are rightly the names of other things, and while there can, of course, be no objection to the orthodox English "veranda," it seems a pity to abandon a distinctively American name for a distinctively American kind of veranda.

As I have said, our summer colonies, distinctively American although they are, vary so much that none can be called typical. But even this word can safely be used of those villages of our Eastern and Middle States which, whether or no they attract the summer visitor, are not dominated by his "architectured" houses. They get their character, of course, less from their houses than from their general layout, their wide grassy spaces, and especially their overarching trees. We have produced nothing more original, more entirely our own, than a typical New England village, and nothing in which we may take more pride and delight. Even the most Europeanized of our architects can hardly wish to change our traditional methods in this direction. I never pass through one of these villages without thinking with pleasure that, as I am not tied to a country house of my own, some day I may perhaps rent one on this beautiful street—a street in name, in aspect an umbrageous highroad to Arcady. And I hope that if I cannot arrive in time to see the great trees bud, I may linger until they turn into tents and canopies of scarlet and crimson, orange and gold. Then indeed we have something that is typically American, with a splendid kind of beauty that no European land can ever know.





BY HENRY VAN DYKE

FISHING IN STRANGE WATERS

[THE SEVENTH OF TWELVE PAPERS]

FOR half a year, now, I have been writing a paper a month, without so much as mentioning a subject near to my heart,—*the ancient, apostolic, consolatory art of angling*. It must be admitted the season has not been in harmony with that subject. It has been a villainous rude winter, violent, pitiless, persistent as a Prussian; ice on top of snow and snow on top of ice, and howling ravenous winds, so that even those hardened anglers who let down their lines through holes in frozen ponds, have been debarred from their gelid sport and driven to find comfort by the fireside.

Yet fancy does not freeze in zero weather. Memories and dreams run out across the cold to leafy forests and flowing rivers and sparkling lakes. If there has been thus far no word of angling in these essays, you may set it down, reader, to a self-denying ordinance, and reward me this month with leave to tell a few stories of fishing. Not fish-stories, mark you; for I have no great catches, no finny monsters to describe; only a few small experiences which may serve to illustrate the spirit of the game. For such recital the signal has been given. Last week, on a sharp icicled morning, the first hoarse robin bravely sounded his *tup-tup-tup* outside my window. When these pages come to you the greenwood-tree will be full of song and the kingfisher flashing blue along the stream.

In many strange waters have I fished, the Nile and the Jordan, the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Danube, but in none that seemed to me so strange as the little rivers where I cast an occasional fly while the world war was going on.

There was no fishing in Holland to speak of. Canals, slow-moving rivers, shallow lakes, with their store of pike and perch and eels, offer no attraction to a sporting angler. To catch such fish is more a business than a sport. There was one pretty trout-stream in South Limburg; but it was so beset with factories and mills and persecuted by bait-fishermen and netters that it did not tempt me.

In these sad circumstances of deprivation, it seemed "*almost* Providential" to find that the American Minister to the Netherlands was also accredited to the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. A strict sense of official duty called him thither every year, and a willingness to enjoy small gifts of pleasure paid him wages by the way.

Nature has been kind to that little inland country, and history has handled it roughly enough to make it picturesque with human interest. It holds more castles ruined and unrestored than any other land of equal size. Its small triangle of territory,—about a thousand square miles, dovetailed in between Germany, France and Belgium,—lies on top of the Ardennes, a thousand feet or more above sea-level. It is furrowed by deep valleys, clothed with rich woods of beech and pine, diversified with gray and red cliffs, embroidered with wild flowers and many bright unnavigable rivers. Its royal family contains the six loveliest young princesses in the world; and its 250,000 people are as friendly, hospitable and independent as the traveller's heart could wish. All this and more you may find set forth admirably in the big book on *Luxembourg* by Mr. George Renwick, the British war-correspondent. For useful information I refer you to him, and turn to my fishing.

My first excursion was made in June,

1914,—the Potsdam Plotters' month. Of what I saw then to convince me that Germany had chosen war, the story is told in another book and need not be repeated. The second trip was in April, 1915, after Germany's long crime had been begun. It was necessary for the American Minister to go down to take charge of certain British interests in Luxembourg,—a few poor people who had been stranded there and who sorely needed money and help. (What a damned inhuman thing war is, no one knows who has not been in the midst of it!) Mr. Derulle, the faithful American Consular Agent in the city of Luxembourg, did the work, but the minister had to convey the funds and supervise the accounts.

The journey was interesting. The German Minister at The Hague was most polite and obliging in the matter of providing a *visé* for the passports, and giving the needful papers with big seals to pass the guards in what was euphemistically called "German-occupied territory." It grated on my nerves, but it was the only way.

"Which route would you prefer to have me follow," I asked, "through Germany, or through Belgium?"

"But, my dear colleague," replied the amiable Baron von Kühlman, "that is entirely for you to choose."

"With your advice," I answered, "since I am asking a favor."

"Well, then," he smiled, "probably you would like to go by way of Maestricht and Aix-la-Chapelle,—in your own automobile,—we will detail an escort to make the journey easier and quicker."

At the border-barrier,—a double fence of electrically charged barbed wire, with a sentried opening ten feet wide,—the escort appeared. He was a courteous and intelligent captain of cavalry in the German reserve, university graduate, cloth manufacturer, father of a family, pleasant companion, named von M——. His conversation was good. Three of his remarks were memorable because they lifted a corner of the veil from the German state of mind.

We were rolling along the splendid highway south from Aix, through a country bare of men not in uniform. "This is a terrible war," exclaimed the captain, "not our fault, but terrible for us, all the same! Do you think a quiet middle-aged man like me enjoys being called away from his business, his home, his children, to join the colors? We shall be ruined. Of course we shall win; but what? Our money spent, our industries crippled, the best of our youth killed or maimed,—it is a bad outlook, but we are forced to accept it."

In the quaint timbered villages on the plateau of the *Hohes Venn* many soldiers were on furlough, strolling with the village girls in frankly amatory attitudes. "Pleasant for these boys to come home for a few days and see their old sweethearts again," I remarked. The captain smiled: "Yes,—well,—but,—you see, these boys don't belong to these villages, *meistens;* and the girls are not *old* sweethearts, you see. But the army does not discourage it. Men will be needed. They will all be good Germans."

Just before we cross the border beyond St. Vith the captain says: "My general at Aix has telegraphed the German commandant in Luxembourg to detail an officer to act as escort and body-guard to your Excellency in that country." Polite, but astounding!

"Many thanks," I answered, "most thoughtful of the general. But it will not be necessary. In Luxembourg I shall be under protection of her Royal Highness the Grand Duchess, sovereign of an independent state, in which the Germans have *volunteered* to guard the railways. After paying my respects to her and to the Prime Minister, I shall call on the German commandant to assure him that no escort is desired. Will that be correct according to your theory?"

The captain blinked, looked down at his boots, then grinned approvingly. "Absolutely correct," he said, "that is just our theory. But, *Gott im Himmel*, you Americans go straight to the point!"

All the diplomatic affairs of the next ten days went smoothly; and there were three celestial days on various streams, the details of which are vague in memory, but the bright spots shine out.

One day was passed with my friend the notary Charles Klein, of the old town of *Wiltz*, a reputable lawyer and a renowned, impassioned fisher. He led us, with

many halts for refreshment at wayside inns, to the little river *Sure*, which runs through a deep, flowery vale from west to east, clear across the Grand Duchy. Our stretch of water was between the high-arched *Pont de Misère* and the abandoned slate-quarry of *Bigonville*. The stream was pure and lively, with many rapids but no falls. It was about the size of the Neversink below Claryville, but more open. The woods crept down the steep, enfolding hills, now on this side, now on that, but never on both. One bank was always open for long casting, which is a delight. The brown trout, (*salmo fario*), were plentiful and plump, running from a quarter of a pound to a pound weight. Larger ones there must have been, but we did not see them. They accepted our tiny American flies,—Beaverkill, Cahill, Queen of the Water, Royal Coachman, and so on,—at par value, without discount for exchange. It was easy, but not *too* easy, to fill our creels.

My son and comrade Tertius agreed with me that the European brown trout, though distinctly less comely than the American brook-trout, or the "rainbow" of the Pacific Coast, (not to speak of the gorgeous *salmo Roosevelti* of Volcano Creek), is a fine fellow, a "dead game sport." The birds that fluttered and skipped and sang around us were something of a puzzle to Tertius, who is an expert on this subject in his own country. Some of them,—blackbirds, wrens, tomtits, linnets, swallows, and so on,—were easy to identify. The crow and the kingfisher are pretty much the same everywhere. But there were also many strangers.

"It is funny," said he, "I can't tell their names, but I understand their language perfectly."

Philip Gilbert Hamerton in *The Sylvan Year* says that there is a tradition among the peasants of the *Val Ste Veronique* that every bird repeats a phrase of its own in French words, and that some wise old persons have the gift of understanding them. This gift must be kept secret till a man comes to die; then he may communicate it to one of his family. But the trouble is that when a man is on his death-bed, he is usually thinking about other things than bird-lore. So the gift fades out, say the peasants, and may soon be lost, like other wonderful things.

The second day of this series that I remember clearly was spent on a smaller stream, north of the *Sure*, with Mr. Le G., the son of the British Consul, and other pleasant companions. The name of the stream is forgotten, but the clear water and the pleasant banks of it are "in my mind's eye, Horatio." It was a meadow-brook very like one that I know not far from Norfolk, Connecticut, whither I have often gone to fish with my good friend the village storekeeper, S. Cone. Now there is in all the world no water more pleasant to fish than a meadow-brook, provided the trout are there. The casting is easy, the wading is light, the fish are fat, the flowers of the field are plenteous, and the birds are abundant and songful. We filled our baskets, dined at the wayside inn, a jolly company, and motored back by moonlight to the city of Luxembourg.

Concerning the 1916 journey to my outlying post there are a few notes in my diary. I travelled in May by rail through Cologne and Gerolstein and Trier. There was no visible escort; but probably there was one unseen; for at every place where I had to change trains, somebody was waiting for me, and a compartment was reserved. Everything was orderly and polite, even in the stations where hundreds of thousands of green-gray soldiers were rushing on their way to the great battle at *Verdun*. (Perhaps it was because I spoke German that people were so courteous. Yet for that very reason no one could have mistaken me for a native.) But the war-bread in the dining-cars was fierce: butter and sugar were not at all: and the meat, such as it was, had already done duty in the soup.

At Gerolstein, (name made dear by Offenbach's *Grande Duchesse*,) many civilians got into the train with guns, green hats, and netted game-bags with fringes.

"What go they to shoot," I asked a neighbor, "is it not the closed time?"

"But not for crows," he replied.

"Crows!" I cried, with a sickening thought of the near battle-fields.

"Yes, *mein Herr*, crows are good to eat, healthy food. In all the meat-shops are they to buy."

In the capital of Luxembourg, perched on its high rock, the German garrison was still in evidence, tramping in stolid troops through the streets while the citizens turned their backs. Not even a small boy would run after the soldiers: think what that means! No longer did the field-gray ones sing when they marched, as they used to do in 1915. They plodded silent, evidently depressed. The war which they had begun so gayly was sinking into their souls. The first shadows of the Great Fatigue were falling upon them; but lightly as yet.

Once I thought I heard a military band playing "God Save the King." I ran to the balcony, but turned back again, remembering that the same tune is set to "*Heil Dir im Siegerkranz.*"

The Grand Duchess was already away at her summer castle of Colmar-Berg. So after "posing" the needful cards and writing my name in the book at the old palace, and finishing three days of official business (and luncheons) with Prime Minister Thorn and other dignitaries, I was free to turn to the streams.

The first excursion was with Mr. Emile Meyrisch, a genial, broad-shouldered ironmaster, the head of great forges at Esch, Diffeedange, and Petange in the south country, and an angler of the most confirmed sect. In politics he was a liberal, in business perhaps rather an autocrat, and in practice a friend to his employees, looking carefully after their food-supply and running an open-air school on a hilltop for their children, to keep them well and strong.

He took me to the valley of the *Clerf*, the loveliest little river in Luxembourg. By ruined castles and picturesque villages, among high-shouldered hills and smooth green meadows and hanging woods it runs with dancing ripples, long curves, and eddying pools where the trout lurk close to the bank. Its course is not from west to east, like the *Sure*, (no, I will *not* call it by that common German name the *Sauer.*) The *Clerf* runs from north to south. I suppose that was why the southwind, on that quiet sunny morning, carried into the placid valley a strange continuous rumbling like very distant thunder. But the clear stream paid no heed to it, flowing with soft, untroubled whispers of contentment on its winding way. And the birds were not dismayed nor hindered in their musical love-making. And the flowers bloomed in bright peacefulness, neither dimmed nor shaken by that faint vibration of the upper air. Undoubtedly it was the noise of the guns in the offensive Crown Prince's Great Offensive at *Verdun*, a hundred kilometres away. Strange that a sound could travel so far! Dreadful to think what it meant! It crossed the beauty of the day. But what could one do? Only fish on, and wait, and work quietly for a better day when America should come into the war and *help to end it right.*

A very fat and red-faced Major, whom I had met before at *Clervaux*, rode by in a bridle-path through the meadow. He stopped to salute and exchange greetings.

"How goes it?" I asked.

"*Verdammt schlecht*," he replied. "This is a dull country. The people simply *won't* like us. I wish I was at home."

"I too!" I answered. "*Glückliche Reise!*"

We lunched in the roadside inn of *Wilwerwiltz;* a modest tavern, but a rich feast. The old river-guardian was there, a grizzled veteran who angled only with the fly, though his patrons were mostly bait-fishers. He had scorned to fish in the morning. But when he saw my basketful taken with the fly, his spirit was stirred within him, and he girded up his loins and went forth to the combat. That afternoon he beat my whole day's catch by three trout. He grinned as he laid his fish out in a long row on the bench in front of the inn.

I spent the night with Notary Klein at *Wiltz.* Ever hospitable, he made a little dinner for me at the *Hôtel du Commerce,*—a little dinner of many courses and rare vintages,—and like the bridegroom at Cana of Galilee he served the best wine last. When we reached this point the Notary presented a request. He said that three officers of the German garrison, who felt very lonely, had asked if they might come over to our table after dinner and drink coffee with us. Had I any objection? Certainly not, if he had none. So they came, and we talked pleasantly for a couple of hours about various subjects. One of the offi-

cers was a professor of literature in a small German university. Both of the others were well-educated men. Finally we drifted toward the war.

'Why did America sell munitions only to the Allies? It was very unfair.'

'But the market was open to all. Doubtless anybody who had the money could buy.'

'Yes, perhaps; but then it was plain that if Germany bought them she could not get them home. It was most unfair, not truly neutral.'

'But could America be expected as a neutral to act so as to make up to Germany for her lack of effective sea-power?'

'No-o-o, perhaps not. But it was extremely unfair. No doubt those British-Americans who were so powerful in the United States were to blame for it.'

'On the contrary; Americans of German descent were most prominent in making munitions for the Allies. Take the name Schwab, for example, president of the Bethlehem Steel Company, a good American. Did the *Herren Offizieren* think his name was of British origin?'

Slight confusion and hearty laughter followed this question. Then the professor spoke up very gravely:

"There is one thing I should like to ask you, Excellency. You have travelled a good deal in this country. Have you heard the Luxembourgers make any objection to the conduct of the German army here?"

"None, *Herr Oberst*," I answered with equal gravity, "not the slightest! It is not the *conduct* of your soldiers to which Luxembourg objects, it is their *presence*."

"Well," he said smiling rather sadly, "God knows I am tired of it too. I want to go home to my books. But is there no chance that America will come finally to the help of Germany, her old friend?"

"Certainly," I replied, "there seems to be a very good chance. If the present submarine warfare continues, it is practically sure that America will assist Germany in the only possible way,—by creating a situation in which *the war must come to an end*. That would be the best conceivable help for Germany."

With this observation, (rather in the enigmatic style of the Delphic oracle,) and with an appropriate "good night," the conversation closed, and I went home with the Notary. But the next day was not spent in fishing as we had planned. An invitation had come by telegraph during the night, bidding the minister to lunch with the royal family at Colmar-Berg. The only available taxicab in Wiltz must be commandeered, and hot time made over the long road in order to reach the castle at the appointed hour. "Punctuality," says the proverb, "is the courtesy due to kings"; and the saying has an extra, super-diplomatic force when the sovereign happens to be a very beautiful young lady.

Of the luncheon I will not write, since it was not official, though there were about thirty guests. Adhering to the old-fashioned rule, I hold that hospitality lays a certain restraint upon publicity. Yet there are some memories which may be recalled without offense. The American minister's chair was at the right of the Grand Duchess, on whose delicate, sensitive face the strain of the last two years, and the sufferings of the poor among her people, had written thin lines of care and grief. She had never coveted a crown,—nor did she wear one except a circlet of pearls in her dark hair,—and I am sure she was glad when the close of the war permitted her to hand over the reins of rulership to her sister Charlotte, with Luxembourg independent, sovereign, and free to follow her natural sympathies with France. At the minister's right was the little Duchess Antoinette. It was probably her first appearance at such a feast, for she was still a mere child, with her long hair loose on her shoulders. Her announced engagement to that hardened ruffian, the ex-Crown Prince of Bavaria, in 1918, was a shock to every one of decent feelings. Now that the German surrender under the form of armistice has put this horrid engagement, with other grisly things, into "innocuous desuetude," it is pleasant to recall and reflect upon her present deliverance from that royal incubus.

After all, royalties are flesh and blood. But there is a difference between the clean and the unclean, which no crown can disguise.

The day following the luncheon I had an early dinner with M. Pescatore, one

of the ablest members of the Luxembourg Parliament, at his country house, and went out at sunset with *Madame*, to hunt the deer in a wonderful beech-forest along the valley of the *Mamer*. She was a Belgian countess. Her hunting-dress made her look like Rosalind in the Forest of Arden, and she carried an effective little rifle. I took no gun, having passed the age when the killing of deer seems a pleasure. Hour after hour in the lingering twilight we roamed that enchanted woodland, among the smooth boles of the pillared beeches, under their high-arched roof of green, and treading lightly over the russet carpet of last year's fallen leaves. My spirited companion told me pitiful tales of things that she had seen, and knew by sure report from her relatives and friends in Belgium,—tales of the fierce and lewd realities of the German *Schrecklichkeit*,—things to make an honest man's blood hot within him.

Through the glimmering dusk, from thicket to thicket, the dim shapes of does and fawns flitted past us unharmed. Then a fine buck stood clearly outlined at the end of an open glade. The slender, eager huntress threw the rifle to her shoulder. A sharp crack echoed through the glade, and the buck leaped away untouched. The huntress turned a half-disappointed face to me. "A bad shot," she said, "but I *could* shoot better than that. In Belgium, *par exemple*, with a Prussian boar for mark!"

My last day in Luxembourg was spent with Meyrisch on the upper waters of the *Sure*. Lovelier than ever seemed that merry, tranquil stream on that day of alternate showers and sunshine. The river-guardian who kept me company was a strapping young *Luxembourgeois* who had served as a volunteer in the French army and come home with a broken leg and an unbroken spirit. In the forenoon the record says that I took forty-two trout, in the afternoon thirteen. Late that night Meyrisch made a feast at the *Hôtel Brasseur* in Luxembourg. The landlord and his wife were of the company. Their oldest boy was with the Belgian army near *Ypres*. The final toast we drank was this: God protect the boy and the Cause he fights for!

Other fishing-days in war-time I recall. Two weeks in Norway in July, 1916, when I made acquaintance with the big salmon of the river Evanger, and proved the superiority of fly-fishing to the debased sport of "harling." Two days on the Itchen, near Winchester, just after I got out of hospital in April, 1917, when my good friend G. E. M. Skues, president of the Fly-fishers' Club in London, showed me how to cast the dry fly so that two of those sophisticated Itchen trout were lured and landed. But I leave these things unchronicled, (having already run beyond the space assigned), and turn front-face and unabashed to meet and withstand the strictures of my severe and sour-complexioned reader, who has been following these lines with scornful impatience.

"Why," I hear him mutter, "does this foolish old writer talk about silly things like fishing while the world war was going on, and especially now that the great social problems of the New Era must be solved at once? He is a trifler, a hedonist, a man devoid of serious purpose and strenuous effort."

Well, friend, keep your bad opinion of me if it does you any good. Certainly it does me no harm. I hold by the advice of the Divine Master who told His disciples to go a-fishing, and said to them when they were weary, "come ye yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile." I remember the unconquerable French *poilus* whom I saw in their dugouts playing cards, and in the citadel of *Verdun* enjoying merry vaudeville shows. I recall the soldiers whom I saw deliberately fishing on the banks of the *Marne* and the *Meuse* while the guns roared round us. I remember Theodore Roosevelt, (no slacker), who whenever the chance came rejoiced to go a-hunting, and to tell about it afterward. I believe that the most serious men are not the most solemn. I believe that a normal human being needs relaxation and pleasure to keep him from strained nerves and a temper of fanatical insanity. I believe that the New Social State, whatever it may be, will not endure, nor be worth preserving, unless it has room within it for simple play, and pure fun, and uncommercial joy, and free, happy, wholesome recreation.

Take that as a GUIDE-POST, if you will; and then let me make my personal confession of a fisherman's faith.

I choose the recreation of angling for four reasons. First, because I like it: second, because it does no harm to anybody: third, because it brings me in touch with Nature, and with all sorts and conditions of men: fourth, because it helps me to keep fit for work and duty. Selah!



THERE is a curious thing about liberty in England and America which distinguishes it from men's understanding of liberty in the rest of the world. It is, and for long has been, among the people of those countries, an end in itself.

The Spiritual Factor

In continental Europe the attainment of liberty has been the work of political enthusiasts whose programme involved opposition to the established *régime*. Liberty was a by-product, a transient necessity for the effecting of their purpose. Luther opposed the Pope and upheld the independence of the state, because the Pope in his time was less tractable than the prince. So also the Monarchomachi: they cared nothing for liberty as such. What they wanted was the right to practise their own religion in their own way, and the weapon with which they opposed the Pope was civil autocracy.

In England and in America—with the astonishing exception of Massachusetts in the seventeenth century—men have from earliest times felt a call to defend liberty, not from ulterior political motives, but because they were convinced that the only medium in which human nature can reach the noblest is the atmosphere of freedom.

The evil of poverty is not hunger and cold, but the lack of opportunity of nobility of life.

The spiritual conception of liberty is the only foundation on which it can permanently endure; for if it be used merely as a means to an end, then on the attainment of the end liberty vanishes. A horrible example of this is the Colony of Massachusetts in the grip of the seventeenth century hierarchy. Increase and Cotton Mather wanted freedom from control by the King so that they might, unhampered, burn wretched women, whip Quakers, and impose religious conformity. The education of character by liberty was something they knew nothing of and cared less.

The first eighty years of the nineteenth century was an era of freedom and self-help. The conviction that the less government the better was almost universal, and under the doctrine the nation waxed great and self-respecting. The duty of government, said Mill, was to secure as much liberty to each as was compatible with the liberty of all.

The twentieth century ushered in a change in sentiment. The abuses of the old system had become intolerable. The protectionists had succeeded in forcing the government to aid them in exploiting the consumers, and men everywhere were loath to undertake enterprises without a guarantee of government assistance. Special privileges in the forms of tariffs, subsidies, tax exemptions, exemptions from prosecution under the laws of the land, compensation acts, and many other laws were demanded and obtained by capitalists and laborers for their own benefit or the supposed benefit of classes of voters feared by the politicians.

As government aid has increased self-help has dwindled, aptly illustrating the old proverb that you cannot have more of the one without less of the other.

The war forced the issue of whether we should trade in our remaining liberty for further state control and assistance, or whether we should try to stop where we are. Curiously enough, Capital, the first to seize the government for its own ends, now cries to be unshackled; Labor, long neglected, yearns to sell its freedom for material advantage. Neither party is interested in liberty as a force in character moulding or as an end in itself.

But I am.

I understand all about the inevitable benefits of collectivist legislation. I realize my industrial slavery will vanish with the advent of syndicalism, and that socialism will put dollars in my pocket. But what are these things going to do to the inside of my head?

Some Thoughts on Blue Skies and Brotherhood

I HAVE a friend who is always pairing peace and brotherhood, prosperity and democracy; when next I meet him I shall tell him about my experience in the broker's rooms. I always force myself to concrete examples taken from every-day life when arguing with this neighbor of mine; thus I throw into contrast his great generalizations. At bottom I think my friend is sound enough; I believe he is like the man mentioned in Ecclesiasticus, "that slippeth in his speech but not from his heart." Heaven knows he does slip in his speech, and that with a facility which stirs my wonder perhaps oftener than my indignation. For he is one of those men who feel it an obligation to take on, not only a current fashion, but all current fashions in politics and world views, and I marvel how he can entertain so many contradictory convictions without suffering any inner conflict; all the fighting goes on outside him and is furnished by those who, like myself, find saying so unhappily different from being so. He calls himself a "liberal," of course, and I am a genuine liberal, and that, as you know, is a situation far worse than when Greek meets Persian. For instance, he talks loudly about his pacifism. Now, as a matter of fact, I am a great deal more of a pacifist than he. I admire the eighteenth century and I spend my leisure hours with my small library and my small group of witty, pleasant friends, and I have not yet forgiven the Providence that could not work out its plans except by letting the Germans make a war which spoiled my evenings and forced my indulged mind to grapple with harsh, knotty problems concerning my country and the politics of the world. I was enjoying my peace so thoroughly that I am sure, had the decision been put up to me individually, I should have voted any price to maintain it.

My friend, however, feels no resentment about the war. On the contrary, I think he is distinctly grateful for it; it has given more force to his so-called arguments. He is always bidding me observe how war destroys democracy; how victory is to be bought only by putting ourselves under a despotism, giving up freedom of speech and freedom of business, and turning our sons over to be trained in militarism. War is destruction and hate and tyranny; it is only in peace and prosperity that democracy can work out its problems, and men serve and love their fellow men, and the world grow in grace toward the democratic ideal; therefore must we put an end to war forever—is it not, as I have said, astonishing? It is into the tangle of these assumptions that I am going to move my experience at the broker's office. This is what I have to tell my friend:

On my way to the office each morning I stop in at the broker's rooms, which are on the ground floor of the building wherein I spend the golden hours of the day at ungolden tasks. I do not have a large interest at the broker's house, and I know my manner betrays it to the other and more important patrons of the place; I seldom get up enough courage to sell anything, and what I have to sell, though it seems considerable to me, amounts to a trifling sum, as sums in brokers' offices go. So on days when the market is good I am extraordinarily embarrassed and slip out quickly. For on these days the men who are watching the board are cold and distant, and that not only to me but to each other. They are making money; everything is going well; Prosperity is stroking them with her warm fingers. Is it not odd that there is at that time no such word as "fellow man" among these happy fellows? There is no sympathy, no sharing of joy with joy, no congratulations; every one is for himself and himself fully.

I never have to look at the board to know how the market does; the moment I step into the room, the first man, with his air, apprises me. For, if he look up as I enter, if, though I do not know him, he speak a kind word of greeting, if the knot of men beyond him turn and open to receive me as a brother, a familiar, an equal, then I know it is a day of declining figures. When we are winning, we are our separate selves; when we are losing, we are all one, a timorous rabbit like myself on equal terms with the most renowned of plunging investors.

Now, of course, I could have drawn this generalization—that men appreciate their

equalities and mutual interests in adversity and forget them in prosperity—from the war; the fine co-operation of the fighting days was a keen contrast to the disintegration that was the Paris conference. But my friend is always talking about "the lessons of the war," and what the war taught him is so frequently just the opposite of what it taught me, that often I wonder if he and I are talking about the same war. So I shall leave the past five years out of the conversation, and direct my friend's attention to farther history, where interpretation is less disputable. I think he will allow me that if the Bourbons had been good managers and had maintained peace and prosperity, there would never have been any one to listen to Jean Jacques and his talk of fraternity and equality—indeed, there would probably have been no Jean Jacques at all. How well those hard-eyed Germans understand the psychology of democracy! We like to say the Germans are stupid; belittle not thine enemy lest thou let down thyself! I remember a passage in which one of the most real of real politicians, the Prussian Doctor Gaigalat, discusses the possibility that Lithuania, where radicalism has always been strong, might some day be fired with a desire to set itself up as a republic. No, he said, Lithuania will never do that so long as Germany keeps her prosperous; democratic governments are built up only out of adversity.

I think I am able to tell you in advance that my friend will say if this is true, then it follows that you can preserve governments democratic only by continuing them under adversity—that is the sort of mind he has, and he will whip back to the beginning and say, just because it is not true, *therefore*, it is true that we must have peace and prosperity in order to work out the problems of democracy—dear me, the older I get, the more gingerly I am with "because" and "therefore," and the more frequently do I content myself with "and"!

Why do men like my friend make such difficult—and, let me suggest, ignoble—work of optimism? Hope and faith are not only easy but easy on lofty levels. I firmly believe we shall "work out the problems of democracy," but I do not feel any need to make the process contingent on peace and prosperity. Peace and prosperity may help or may hinder; at best they are only concomitants, however, not causes. It is nothing outside us but something which is in us, a certain high predilection for a particular way of living, that will impel us through the years to "work out democracy" without waiting on an opportunity of material conditions. Truth furnishes such excellent reasons, all ready-made and irrefutable, yet men like my friend spend their energies fabricating fallible ones!

In Behalf of the Womanly Woman

AMONG phrases that infuriate, none is perhaps more potent than "the Womanly Woman." She went out with mid-Victorianism, together with unhygienically long skirts that swept the dust, and the tendency to faint at opportune moments. To the woman of to-day she is the object of impatient scorn—a helpless, selfish, useless ornament of an insipid and autocratic society. There is nothing attractive about her. To the man of to-day, however, she still preserves a certain charm. He knows that his sister is really a finer woman than the Lady Clares of Tennyson or Thackeray's Amelia; yet the average man would rather like Amelia if he knew her. Some men go even farther and frankly admit that for them the womanly woman is still an ideal. And if women of to-day were not so eagerly bent upon fulfilling that destiny of theirs which has been so long denied them, they might consider less impatiently the apparently perverted taste of so many men. It is not all selfishness and a sense of superiority that makes a man sometimes use the old-fashioned phrase, nor is the man himself necessarily old-fashioned; yet in the hatred of the womanly woman there is, one is forced to admit, the lingering result of many centuries of the arrogant superiority of one sex and the intellectual irresponsibility of the other. No wonder the phrase needs defense.

To-day there are, of course, many women that are neither fine nor clever, but, although I see many women, I see very few of these. They are not, whatever their virtues or their faults, womanly women. Of those whom I do see, almost all fall rather naturally into two groups, in each of which there is a distinct weakness—the fine women that lack grace, and the clever women that lack restraint. If grace is not a necessity in this serious old world, it is, at least, a joy. And among the big-hearted, honest, capable, distinguished women one knows, how many

possess real grace? There is a reserve, a sense of haste before the business of life, a devotion to duty that kills much of the graciousness of social contact. It is as if these fine women had worked too hard to obtain their heritage and have not yet grown accustomed to it.

One meets clever women and many that affect cleverness. The latter are interesting until one finds them out, and even then they are tolerable because one *has* found them out. The former are often a delight and always a challenge. But among the clever women so many are really a little childish. Usually they vary the monotony of life by playing with the milder pleasures of men, and in the shape of their coats and the selection of their cigarettes they find a satisfaction of a sort that usually accompanies a new toy. However, they are not very gentle, and they are often arrogant and so sure of themselves as to be almost boastful. They like to attract attention, and if they do not swagger, at least they prance a little. It all comes as the accompaniment of fulness of life, a sense of freedom, a belief that they are playing a real part in the world. But here in America the restraint that comes of power is lacking.

Of course it is all because of the newness of woman's independence, the sudden sense of usefulness that the war proved; it is born, too, of unrest and the instability of this age. It is as easy to see its causes as to discover the faults themselves. Yet the fact remains that there are those that still hark back to the womanly woman. And the nation that knew her best and understood her too, was not, of course, the nineteenth century in England, but the fifteenth in Italy.

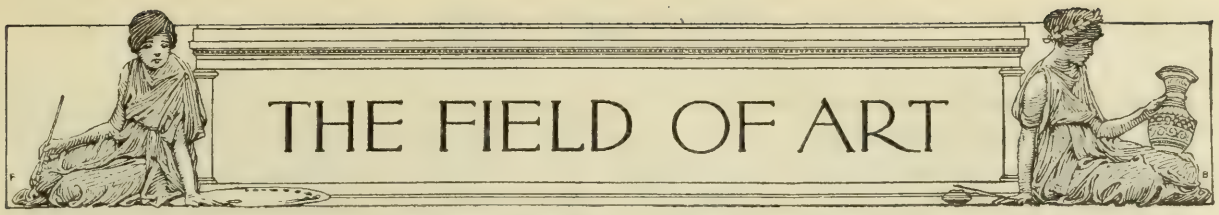
In that most enchanting of old books, "The Courtier" of Castiglione, she is described for us—not only as an ideal but as an embodiment. Each of the interlocutors had his ideal lady. Among them we know best Queen Isabella of Spain, of whom it seemed as if all her people—"lords, commons, men and women, poor and rich"—must agree that there had not been in their time on earth a brighter example of that which they most admired. She was a ruler, too—very much the head of the state—a fact which Christopher Columbus did not overlook. It was Giuliano de Medici who took issue with the previous speaker when he says that the same rules which are set for the courtier serve also for the lady. "I am of another mind," he says, "for while some qualities are common to both and as necessary to man as to woman, there are, nevertheless, some others that befit woman more than man, and some are befitting man to which she ought to be wholly a stranger.

"I wish the lady to have knowledge of letters, music, painting, and to know how to dance and make merry; accompanying the other precepts that have been taught the courtier with discreet modesty and with the giving of a good impression of herself." Giuliano says a great deal more about his ideal lady and what he would have her be and do, and very seriously he ends by giving it as his opinion that "beauty is more necessary to her than to the courtier, for in truth that woman lacks much that lacks beauty."

This plea for beauty touches the spring of truth. Isn't there danger that in making themselves intellectual equals and honest comrades, women may forget the spiritual comradeship that must be theirs unless human nature, the eternal, is to undergo a change? "Do you know," writes Castiglione, "that the origin of all the graceful exercises that give pleasure to the world is to be ascribed to none other than to women? Who learns to dance and caper gallantly for aught else than to please women? Who studies the sweetness of music for other cause than this? . . . Think how very many noble poems we should be deprived of, both in the Greek tongue and the Latin (a most unexpected argument for the obsolescent study of the classics), if women had been lightly esteemed by the poets."

There has been no time, not excepting the present, when women have had a greater influence in the political, intellectual, and social life of the time than in the society of the court of Urbino in the fifteenth century. The life that Castiglione describes gave real equality to men and women. Moreover, "The Courtier" was the book that in England, a few years later, Sir Philip Sidney carried in his pocket and shared with his sister, the incomparable Countess of Pembroke. In the England of Elizabeth there were women leaders as truly as in the England of to-day, and if Lady Astor thrills us by her wit and charm and wisdom, so did Lady Mary Sidney charm the poets and dramatists and courtiers of her day.

I am sure there is much to be said for the womanly woman.



WAYS AND THOUGHTS OF MODERN PAINTERS OF JAPAN

By Kojiro Tomita

STATESMEN the world over are absorbed in visions of universal peace; meanwhile, the artists of Japan are dreaming of an international art. To a skeptical onlooker, one seems about as remote a possibility as the other.

During a recent visit to my homeland, when I renewed relations with artist friends, I was interested to observe the ways and thoughts of painters of today in the Island Empire. More or less of the nature of gossip, these random notes may perchance furnish food for thought to brother-artists here.

Many wise men have said: "Art is universal." True. In art East and West have met, notwithstanding Kipling's oft-quoted lines! A few painters in Japan have brought about this union on silk by applying oil-colors, the product of the Occident, to ink paintings done in the manner of the Orient. Ridiculous as this may seem, it well illustrates an attempt to interweave two very divergent arts, and at the same time one recognizes in it the Japanese tendency to accept the new without sacrificing the old. More serious advocates of internationalism in art have studied the two styles of painting, devoting a few years to the brush of the old world and a few years to the palette of the new world; thus seeking to find a way, technically at least, to effect the assimilation of European realism by Asiatic idealism. But important discussions of this must be left to those art-critics and editors of art-periodicals whose number has increased rapidly of late in Japan. "Criticism is easy; art is difficult."

Has the reader by chance seen any of the attempts in oil by Japanese painters at home —the ambitious ones, I mean, who speak of Fra Angelico, Leonardo da Vinci, El Greco, Turner, Millet, Manet, Monet, Degas, Cézanne, Homer, Sargent, and Zuloaga familiarly and in one breath, as if these masters were working in adjoining studios? Most of them, however, follow in the shadow of the Post-Impressionists, though some are converts even to the Cubists and the Futurists. Strictly speaking, with the exception of a few artists who have studied seriously in Europe and America, the acquaintance of the average Japanese artist with these painters of the West has so far at best been formed through printed reproductions of masterpieces, supplemented now and then by a small amount of reading-matter. Incidentally, I may say that not a few of the writers who discuss the merits of the great masters abovementioned, have never seen even one of their originals. These "critics"—may we not class them with those Western scholars who disseminate opinions on works by Wu Tao-tzŭ, Ma Yüan, Sesshū, Kōrin, and all the other famous artists of the East, which they have formed by studying worthless forgeries? Is it, then, to be wondered at that pictures in oil by these Japanese followers lack in depth and resemble printers' colors on cold paper? Their would-be Chavannes's are boneless, as their would-be Rodins are frameless! Such superficiality in a period of imitation is doubtless inevitable; yet one cannot forgive the adventurer who tries to introduce a nude—an angel or an Eve—into his picture in traditional Japanese style. What a reflection on an art according to whose ideals the human body is a subject unfit for pictorial expression! At this point my reader will perhaps think of the works of the Ukiyo-é designers—both color-prints and originals —in which semi-nude female figures frequently appear; but surely he will permit the writer to remind him of the undignified motives which called them into being.

The influence of the Western method of painting upon Japanese artists today is appalling, in spite of whole-hearted efforts

among certain artists to preserve, or rejuvenate, the time-honored native style. It is not uncommon to come upon a work executed with Japanese water-colors, which are limited in range of hue, depicting an object in the naturalistic manner, with a touch of chiaroscuro or of perspective. Indeed the Impressionists who drew much inspiration from Japanese artists like Kōrin and Hokusai, in the nineteenth century, are now in their turn inspiring a great many Japanese artists of the traditional schools—the decadent East versus the advanced West (?)! Furthermore, the ancient masters of Persia, India, China, and Italy are



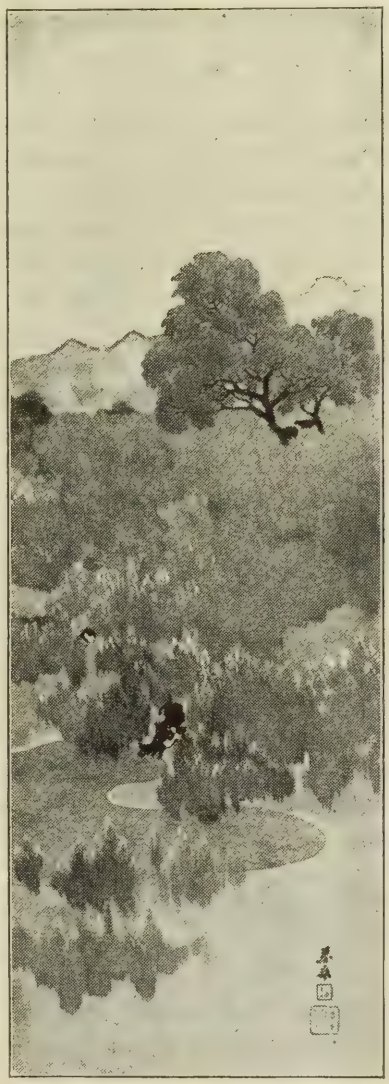
The Hour of Rest. By Bankwa Nonagase.

supplying the Japanese with graphic themes. Consequently, a deplorable practice exists among second-rate Japanese artists of today which should be bared to the light, that it may be checked in its course. An illustration from a book or a reproduction of, say, an Indian miniature or an Italian altarpiece having come into his possession, the artist will conceal it jealously, and meantime will appropriate the idea, the composition, and the color-scheme, etc., without even an apology for his "new" creation! Even though the "oceans surround our island," one sees in his mind's eye the approach of the day when such impositions will receive their just punishment. That they exist at all is due to the unfamiliarity of the average Japanese with reproductions of works of art in foreign countries. The following incident will perhaps serve to explain what I mean. It concerns a wood-cut reproduction of a famous Chinese scroll-painting in a European museum, often attributed to Ku K'ai-chih, which disappeared from the library of a Japanese multimillionaire. The loss was reported to an official at the Bureau of Police, the association of the wealthy man's name with the case being sufficient to set the whole detective force agog. Upon the discovery of a copy of the reproduction in the office of a large importing house, a representative of the firm was compelled to appear at the Police Bureau to prove that this particular roll had been imported by his house directly from London. As proof he called the attention of the police to an entry in an up-to-date card file. It is rumored that the police demanded to see the old-style ledger, for to them the card system was still unheard of. Proof of its being other than the missing copy having at length been established, the police awoke to the fact that such a furor over one of many comparatively cheap reproductions—not a unique work of art as had been hastily assumed on account of its association with the name of a millionaire collector—was absurd. The copy that was lost is still at large, I am informed.

Thus to outwit others in conceiving a picture, in the treatment of it by appropriation rather than by the creation of their own brains, is the aim of some enterprising artists of today. The reason is perhaps clear when one reflects upon the multitude of followers in Japan of a profession so immaterialistic, who dwell as it were on a sort of superior plane. The struggle for wealth is there, nevertheless!

Never before in the history of Japanese art have such liberal prices been paid as now for paintings in Japan. The profiteers, the chief product of the World War, are taking pride in seeing their names attached to the power of money. The sum of ten thousand yen was sent by an owner of electric works as a fee to a very celebrated artist in Kyoto for a small painting of Fuji in a few brush strokes—a *kakemono* for the dowry of his daughter! An artist of repute paints pictures whose number of

birds, for instance, vary according to the fee deposited: the larger the amount, the more brush-strokes. Such an artist retains a secretary-bookkeeper to supervise two bank-accounts—the one consisting of funds deposited at the time of application for a painting, to be transferred upon the completion of an order to the second account. If one wishes to have a painting executed by such an artist, he must be on good terms with the secretary-bookkeeper, whose "side income" is by no means small. There is a painter whose son acts in this capacity and who has become a collector of acknowledged standing; while the daughter-in-law of another devotes her time to receiving customers' orders for pictures.



Pasture in Summer. By Shunkyō Yamamoto.

A well-to-do picture-mounter in Japan is a dealer in pictures as well. If you were a young and promising Japanese artist you could not very well ignore the power of the picture-mounter. To all appearances a humble artisan, in reality a shrewd man of business, the mounter will call on you and, addressing you with the honorific term "Sensei," or "Master," will ask you to "give" him one or two of your productions, always remembering to place before the "Master" the scent of the almighty dollar. If you are already an accomplished artist, the paper-mounter will primarily have to fill the pocket of your secretary. A number of products will be thus "bestowed" by several artists, and when they are mounted, the mounter will hold an exhibition sale in a room of a large department store, or of an art club in a rich city, where the paintings may be exhibited without danger of loss on his investment. The artists have in this way a sort of free advertisement. Should you, not being an established painter, treat a mounter as you would like to, you will feel a cold breeze blowing upon you which comes from nowhere in particular. For an unknown artist this is, of course, an unfavorable light in which to appear before a wise public. The one sure means for an obscure artist to become famous overnight is to produce a work of sufficient merit to be passed by the critical jury of the Government Exhibition as worthy to be exhibited in the annual art exhibition held in Tokyo and Kyoto. One of my friends who has long struggled with poverty, last year sent two paintings to the jury with the hope that one at least would be accepted, not so much for the honor as for the gain of daily bread. Another friend testifies that as soon as his name was listed in the newspaper among those whose paintings were to be hung in the "Salon," several strangers, including a reporter, called on him and asked him to paint anything he might choose for a monetary return. "Most people criticise a picture through the ear and music through the eye." The Government Art Exhibition being comparable to the gate of the mint, admission at any means is desired by everybody. However, in fairness to the real masters and serious students, I must say that they are actuated solely by ambition and the spirit of competition.

A painter in Kyoto whose paintings had, year after year, been mercilessly rejected by the jury, journeyed to Tokyo and inspected the building in which the jury examined the pictures. Noting the peculiar lighting conditions there, he returned to his home-city, hired a room lighted similarly to the exhibition room, and there executed a picture which adorned the succeeding Government Exhibition. Such a passable picture was said to be in the *Bun-ten* style;

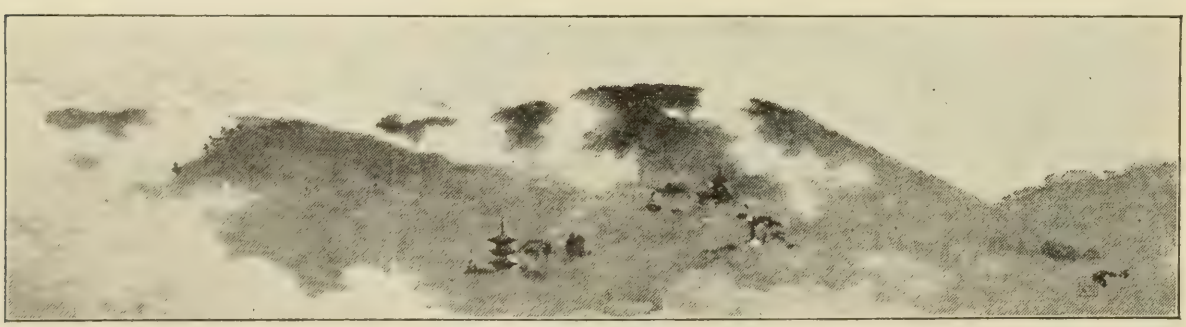
that is, "the style of the Exhibition of the Department of Education." In 1906 the first national exhibition of art was held under the direction of the Minister of Education, and in spite of several revolts among the leaders, it continued to hold an exhibition year after year for thirteen consecutive years, under the popular name "*Bun-ten.*" But, like many things, it survived too long, and it bred the "*Bun-ten*" type. So late last year the Japanese Government instituted the Teikoku Bijitsuin (the Imperial Academy of Art) for the purpose of putting new life into the national effort to promote the art of the country. The membership, with the exception of the president and the secretary, is limited to fifteen leading professional men—painters and sculptors. These men, appointed by the Emperor, are to hold council, mould the artistic efforts of the country, and supervise the National Exhibition. Appointment to membership is such a distinct honor that a recent appointee celebrated the occasion by spending well-nigh a fortune.

The popular painters in Japan are nowadays often better off than many business men. They may be called the war grandchildren; for the fortunes amassed by the profiteers are largely responsible for the prosperity in the art-world. Iron-mongers, ship-builders, and stockholders—all must disburse their newly acquired wealth. A painting, whether old or new, brings a large sum; so much so that a friend remarked to me: "Just think! Even my brother (he is a *saké* brewer), who was always opposed to my following the painting profession, without telling me is collecting paintings." When I asked him if the brother enjoyed looking at the pictures, he said: "No. He is merely investing in them like everybody else."

Prosperous painters, young and old—there are many of them, too—are living wildly extravagant lives in pretentious studio-buildings and mansions. But the law of existence creates the unfortunate as well as the fortunate, and there are, accordingly, many who can barely keep the wolf from the door; but even these people have ways and means to dispose of their productions. For example, a few admirers (or maybe non-admirers) will form a club for the sake of promoting the financial status of poor artists. The supporters will issue account-books to those who wish to acquire pictures on the easy-payment plan. The picture, however, is not delivered until entirely paid for.

Another way for the second-rate artist to sell his pictures is to tour the country and seek the patronage of the unenlightened country folk. The usual method is to first prepare an album of reproductions of his work in half-tone or colortype. An agent will then visit the prospective district to announce the coming of the painter whose merit is evidenced by the printed album. Later the master himself will grace the town or village with his presence, always stopping at the best inn, and will graciously paint upon request, for no mean remuneration. Some painters migrate temporarily to the Hokkaidō when they find it impossible to make ends meet in the city. Obviously the colonists there have new homes to be adorned with works of art.

For the time being then at least the "forms" of Japanese art "have become formless in order to create new forms"; and it is to be hoped that the day is not very far distant when the artists who may now resent my somewhat caustic remarks will laugh at their one-time worldly ways and thoughts.



Kyoto Hills After the Rain. By Baisen Hirai.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

IT used to be the way of the American people, whenever a presidential election was approaching, to discuss with great earnestness how it would affect the "business situation." When the first of this year's great national conventions assembled on the 8th of June, the momentum of business activity seemed to be slackening, prices of goods had fallen, the Reserve Bank rate had just gone to 7 per cent, and the stock-market had broken heavily. Nevertheless, it was probably only through force of habit that the occasional remark was made that this was, after all, a "presidential year." The tradition that presidential elections mean bad times in business is an old one, and it does not wholly disappear; but it had its principal vogue in days when revolutionary changes in currency standards or protective tariffs were fought over in the campaign, with consequent hesitation in plans of business men. Both questions are receiving mention this year, but not in the old way.

In a Presidential Election

It is true that not even the professional politicians had any confident idea in June as to what political issues will really be the topics of the stump speakers next September and October. That is not altogether a new experience; there have been campaigns when political questions, vigorously emphasized by the platforms, could get no listeners at all, and the voters insisted on hearing discussion of questions which the convention leaders had done their best to suppress. No one has felt absolutely sure that the same thing might not conceivably happen in 1920, thereby making an unexpectedly interesting campaign. But the impression seemed to pervade the general public's mind that, while the larger political problems of this year were among the most tremendous in history, candidates and parties were chiefly busy trying to evade them and to win the election by talking of something else, and, so far as any one could see, the people at large seemed to be willing to have them do so.

THIS is not the only respect in which the political situation has been both peculiar in itself and puzzling to the business community. The main result of the "primary campaign" had been to create a sense of weariness. This was partly because none of the active candidates excited from his own personality or record other than a mild and perfunctory interest, but mostly because the primary voting and its long-drawn-out preliminaries produced on the average intellect a sense of utter futility. Sometimes it did not seem as if either the politicians or the people were taking the electoral question seriously. The popular view of the party alignment was itself curious. In 1917 political oracles expressed the opinion, sometimes very reluctantly, that the party which had been in power during a successful war was sure to remain firmly seated for a long time to come; yet before the presidential year had fairly begun, the one fact on which every one seemed to agree was that the party whose administration had shared in the victory and negotiated the peace was sure to be defeated.

The "Primary Campaigns"

One had to look for psychological as well as practical reasons for so singular a change of attitude. The prophets of 1917 were undoubtedly thinking of the party under whose auspices the Civil War was brought to a victorious end; but the parallel was not at all exact. The opposition party of 1864 had declared the war a failure, and had thereby entangled itself with the defeated enemy; of course it had to take the consequences after 1865. It

is not, perhaps, so generally remembered that almost exactly the same thing happened with the opposition party in our war of 1812, and with even more lasting consequences in the history of parties.

But the opposition party of 1917 did not make that mistake, and it was therefore able to get the political benefit, after the war was over, of the inevitable reaction from the war enthusiasm when the people were beginning to complain of the high taxes and the high prices, which they had endured patriotically during the war itself. Oppressive taxes and rising cost of living are always, sooner or later, consciously or unconsciously, laid at the door of the ruling powers. If our own history does not happen to have illustrated the revulsion of political feeling from such causes after return of peace, the history of other countries does. Not to go any farther back, the defeat of Clemenceau, the downfall of the Italian war ministry, and the troubles of Lloyd George in England are proof enough.

Possibilities of Politics this Year

THE fact that the business community and the financial markets gave no attention to presidential politics during the early part of the present year does not prove that they will not do so when the real campaign is under way. Similarly mild indifference was displayed in the first six months of two such electoral years as 1884 and 1896; in one of which the business community was at first quite content with the nominations, even when they had been made, but became lashed into fury over the moral qualities of the candidates before midsummer, and in the other of which the complacent expectation of commonplace candidacies of a one-sided contest was violently disturbed by a split at one party's national convention and the capture of the other by the radicals.

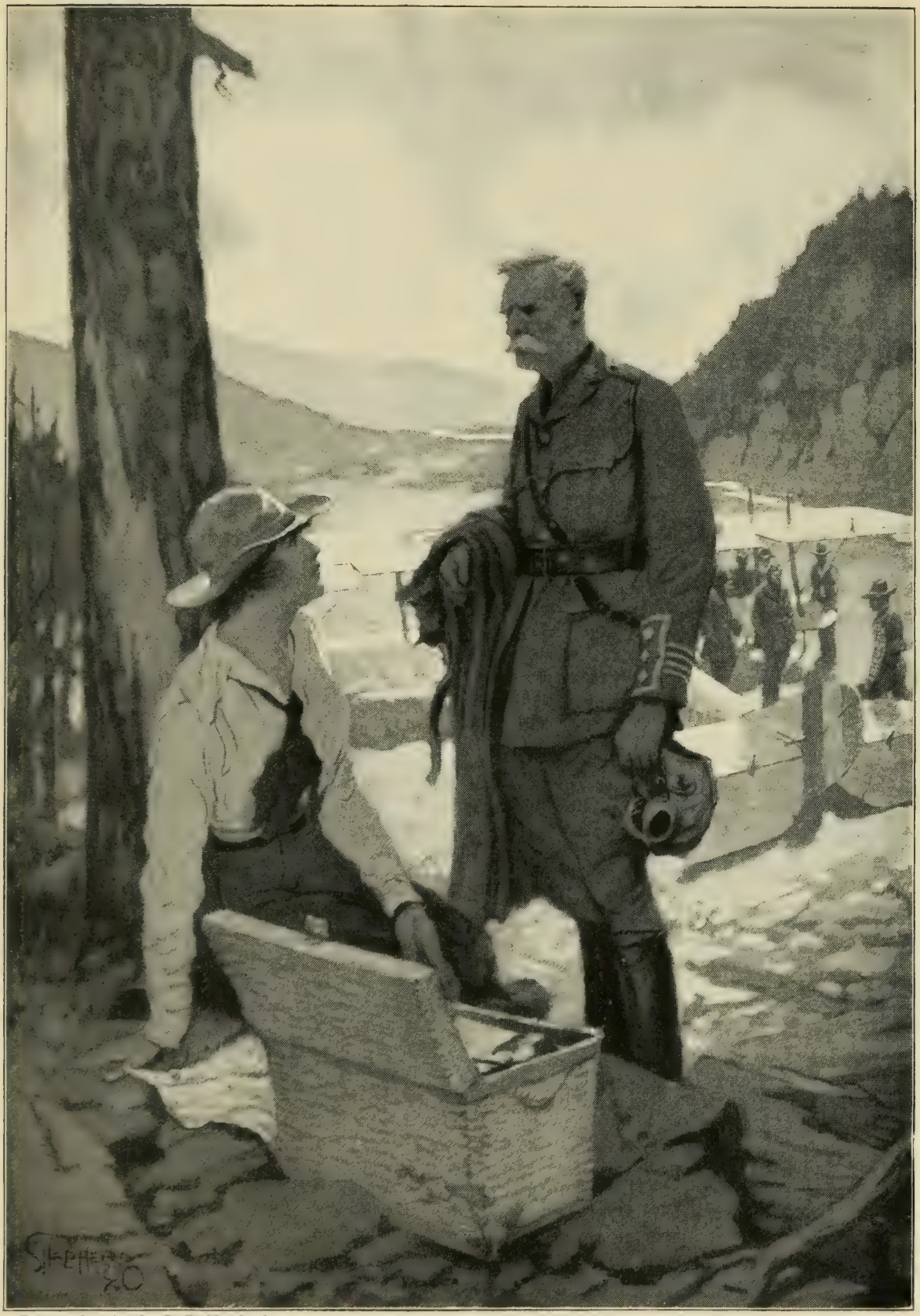
Yet it is fair to ask just how far the presidential contest created the bad business conditions even of those years, and how far the business reaction (which had causes of its own) created the excitement over the presidential campaign. It has often been shown to be untrue that "presidential years" and years of trade reaction are always, and necessarily, coincident. Of our recent presidential years, 1916 was a season of immense war-time prosperity, and 1912, until the outbreak of war in the Balkans chilled the autumn markets because of what it foreshadowed, was a season of genuine business recovery. The presidential campaign of 1900 took place while a famous "business boom" was in the beginning; so did the campaign of 1880.

Whether the political developments of 1920 are destined to influence financial developments, or the financial are to influence the political, or neither is to affect the other, it is a reasonable certainty that the period of the electoral campaign will be one of highly interesting events in the business world. Between now and the end of the year some problems of finance and industry will have to be worked out, through the action of the markets, which are as perplexing to the political economist as to the producer or merchant, and as perplexing to the average citizen as to the political economist. Even before the end of May the whole American community had reached the positive conclusion that the long rise in prices of necessaries had been stopped and that a general decline had begun. The fall of prices was introduced by the public announcements of 20 and 25 per cent reductions at the Eastern department stores, and these announcements did not ascribe their cut prices to such familiar causes as "cleaning out old stock" or "disposing of special purchases at a bargain." The newspaper advertisements of the sellers emphasized the fact that all prices had gone too high and that it was time to give fair play to the public.

What Stopped the Rise in Prices?

NOT all observers of those somewhat condescending assurances accepted them in the spirit of the advertising columns. There was a good deal of comment on the fact that the consumer himself had rebelled and was refusing to buy at the constantly rising prices. It was further intimated that many merchants had been caught with large stocks of goods on their hands which, under such circumstances, they were unable to sell as they had expected. The banks, there was now reason to believe,

(Continued on page 55, *following*)



From a drawing by J. C. Shepherd.

"I BEG YOUR PARDON . . . I TOOK IT FOR GRANTED . . . THAT IT WAS AN UNCOMMONLY WELL-MANNERED BOY."—Page 131.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXVIII AUGUST, 1920 NO. 2

BROKEN WINGS

BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY J. C. SHEPHERD

IT was not yet two o'clock. The August afternoon sparkled over the lake, and the mountains crowded down in unshadowed greenness to long lazy waves. A mile away, where the Little River twisted in from Lac Noir, haze blurred the edges of sentinel tall spruces in the opening and dimmed the billowing hills beyond, speaking of the heart of summer even in these Canadian fastnesses. It was as if a fresh young girl should wear a veil, laughing through it for its needlessness. Close to the camp-gallery water lapped against pebbles; a trout rose listlessly and left a vague circle, widening, vanishing; somewhere back of the stretch of log walls a *suisse*, a small striped chipmunk, clucked and clucked and clucked; if one had not known that chipmunk one would have taken the contemplative, continuous sound for a partridge. A kingfisher darted, scolding, across the glitter of lake before the camp and dived with an infinitely sudden splash into brown and silver ripples.

The woman on the wide gallery glanced up from her book and gazed out where black-green boughs of spruce were laced against gray-green hills across the lake. Through both translucent gold and emerald birch-leaves shot dancing light. Her eyes lingered on the tracery as eyes which do not merely look, but see.

"'A tapestried tent
To shade us meant
From the bright, everlasting firmament.'"

She spoke the lines aloud and laid aside the book, and went and stood by the rough wooden columns at the edge of the gallery. "The peace of God which passes understanding." Peace surely wrapped her, yet her face, alert and vivid as it was, was not all peace; under their brightness the bright eyes were harassed. But there was healing in the silence, alive with myriad small under-sounds of a teeming world, a world where human beings must forever stand at the door, and buy any glimpse inside with the self-forgetfulness of nature herself. There was healing in the vast sky and in the hills which stood about it, hills just as lovely year after year when no eyes were there but eyes of wild creatures to look at them. The healing slipped past the senses and into the soul. The gray eyes laughed as two shadowy, dark arrows sped through the bushes by the lake and fled, careless of her, rustling into deeper greenness. Mink. Shy, wild things like that about meant the real forest. Out from a rocky, small island a silver knife ripped the brown lake for thirty feet, and a loon wailed a long disconsolate, grotesque cry and dived, a mile away. Not by accident is a loon a synonym of mental unbalance. It was all securely remote, removed from wear and tear of civilization. One felt peace "dropping slow"; a telephone ring, an automobile horn was impossible; a hundred miles of mountains and lakes stood between this August afternoon of the forest and any thinkable manifestation of modern life. The woman sighed contentment.

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And she was aware, across the sound of her own sigh, of a steady, almost inaudible vibration, continuous, pervading. The camp-stove—she stepped through the low door and listened. That familiar, indispensable person, the stove, was holding an uneven, unending conversation as always, of soft whisperings and cracklings, with whom it might concern. This queer other sound, balanced, growing, was not the stove. It floated across the low talking of the fire as a canoe floats across water—unmistakably separate. Another thought flashed—a whirlwind. Such things happened in the woods. The camp, Brian, the guides, they might all be wiped out in a moment. And the sound purred nearer. She fled to the tent outside where Brian had been asleep.

"Brian! Something's wrong, Brian!" she called as she ran.

He grinned up at her, sitting on his low bed, lacing *bottes sauvages*. "It's an aeroplane. I couldn't think what the dickens. And then I knew. It can't be anything else."

The two were out at the end of the camp now where an open space on the mountain commanded a short reach of sky. "An aeroplane—here! It's impossible," argued the woman.

With that, behind the top branches of spruce spires, there crossed the heavens, unhurried against blue depths, such a wonder-striking shape as has come to be familiar to-day. Over at the guides' camp the men were calling in excitement; the woman and man shaded their eyes and stared up, hardly less excited. The almost incredible vision marched on with a beat now filling the air, above wild mountains and untracked forests.

"Must be flying from Quebec to Lake St. John; it's going due north," commented the man as they followed with their eyes.

"Wouldn't it be dangerous if anything happened over these woods? If they came down in a lake or in the tops of the trees?" She knew little of the ways of aircraft; to see things and report them in color on canvas was her affair.

The man, watching intently, announced after a minute: "They can't come down. Not hereabouts. It would be the finish—what?"

She caught his arm. And he needed no word more, for it was plain that something was going wrong up there above and beyond high Mount Storm at the end of the lake. The straight flight of the great bird was swaying. They never knew if it was seconds or minutes during which they watched the aeroplane come down. It came, reluctantly, not fast, an oblong black speck, the outline of the fuselage just discernible, gliding down in a long steep line, and the edge of Mount Storm hid it, close to earth, a mile away.

"Is it—oh, Brian, *what* is it? An accident?" she gasped. "Are they all killed?" She had a way of appealing to the man, otherwise her slave and henchman, as an ultimate authority on any subject whatever. Aeroplanes are not, *ipso facto*, the specialty of distinguished doctors. The man shook his head.

"Lord knows. It must be an accident. I hope they lit in the big marsh; it's their only chance. The tree-tops would smash them. But there's no water for five miles—till Lac Creux. Thank heaven for that. I must get there—somebody's hurt likely. My kit." He turned to the camp.

The woman suggested something. "Fire a rifle," she said. "Three or four shots. They'll know then that we're coming. We'll all go, the men and I. Maxime is a mechanic and Gros-Louis a carpenter. They might help."

"And Abraham's a barber," the man added. "Who knows but the pilot might need a hair-cut? The rifle's a good thought, though. Fire it, you, while I call the guides."

In five minutes more a relief-party, carrying what any one could think of, started down the gully, the *coulée*, between Mount Storm and the lower hills opposite. Two shots had answered the rifle.

"They're not all killed," commented the doctor.

"And they want us to come," interpreted the woman further.

"Likely," he agreed. "They must be in trouble. An aeroplane doesn't sit down on a forest just for fun."

In three-quarters of an hour of rough going, through unbroken wilderness, through soft wood where the small spruces —*bois forts*—stood so thick that one must

pick and choose places to crowd between, through swamps where one must jump from mossy stump to slimy rock and then sometimes go into the black mud, through sunshiny open birch hillsides, through a bit of windfall where logs must be walked high in air at this point and crawled under low in brambles at that—through many sorts of going the rescue-party hurried down the *coulée* toward the marsh. Close to it they fired again, and an answering shot, near, told that they had come straight. Out from the edge of the woods at last a great beaver meadow, luckily fairly hard in the dry August weather, opened and spread two miles down the wide valley, dotted with small trees, larches, and stunted balsam, carpeted with thick grass, parching brown and gold.

"There's the aeroplane."

The woman saw it even before the guides. Four hundred yards away, from behind a clump of larches and alders, stuck up a white rectangular something which never grew in the woods, and as they looked a man emerged and waved to them.

Apparently a hair-cut was not in the day's programme for the N–V–7, on a trip from Quebec to Lake St. John, carrying, besides the pilot, a mechanic and one passenger, a tall grizzled man in British uniform, walking with a limp. But Abraham, though not professionally needed, was as hard at work in five minutes as Gros-Louis the carpenter and Maxime the mechanic helping mend "the ship." So was the doctor, whose black bag was not needed either, as no one by good luck was hurt. There had been engine trouble, it appeared. Also, in landing, a wing had struck on one of the marsh trees and was damaged.

"We can get her together perfectly and peg along," announced the pilot cheerfully. "It's a great help to have you people. My word! It makes the difference of roosting overnight in the puddle. We couldn't have tinkered her before dark, alone. Colonel, you keep away, please. You're not fit for extras, and, if you don't mind my saying so, you're not good at this job," ordered the boy pilot, smiling at his passenger.

The colonel shook his head. "Maybe I'll also serve by only standing and waiting. I'll get out of your way." He turned and walked toward where the woman had waited on the edge of the woods. The gray figure, in trousers and high boots and a felt, nondescript hat, bent over a tea-basket; she lifted out a thermos bottle and a tin box which suggested food. "My lad, you don't mean to say you've got tea for us," the colonel threw at her.

The woman lifted a face of laughter and pushed back a loose lock of grayish-brown hair.

The startled colonel stared, then his hand shot to his overseas cap. "I beg your pardon. I hadn't an idea. I took it for granted"—he laughed here—"that it was an uncommonly well-mannered boy. I wondered why you weren't all over the machine and in everybody's way."

"There seemed plenty to work. I recollected about those also serving who only stand and wait," the woman explained, and the colonel's eyes opened wider.

"We must have the same make of brain. That's odd. I fitted that quotation to myself not three minutes ago," said the colonel. "May I sit down and talk to you?" He slipped off his big army overcoat. "We'll make a davenport of this," he stated and spread it on a huge, moss-covered trunk which must have lain waiting for them there, growing mossier every year, for fifty years. "It's not tea-time yet?"

"Oh, no, indeed. Not for an hour. Not till everybody else has earned it by mending the aeroplane, and you by talking to me." There was a direct friendliness about her which made her, the colonel thought, like the boy he had taken her for. "Do you think they can mend it?" she inquired in a feminine general manner of speaking. "Engine trouble" meant to her something as indefinite as "contingent remainder" or "hypothenuse." She was glad the others understood; she had no desire to understand personally as long as they stood in the breach. "Do you think they'll mend it? Because you needn't worry if they can't. We can put you all up at the camp and send out guides for whatever you need."

The soldier smiled. "That's hospitable," he said. "It's heaven's own provi-

dence to find you here, in this endless wilderness. We were astonished when we heard the shots. And so glad. Never dreamed of people within scores of miles. It certainly was surprising to have you rise up out of the earth, tea-basket and all."

"I don't believe you were half as surprised as we were when we heard you purring away down the sky. I'd just been quoting to myself about peace, perfect peace and such things, and reflecting how far we were from modern inventions. At first I thought you were a stove, and then I thought you were a whirlwind."

"Perfect peace," repeated the colonel. "Did you have that? And we broke it. Wicked. For there's very little of it going. I don't know that I could lay my finger on a single scrap, unless you have some left back in your camp," he considered.

The woman looked at him; this seemed an uncommonly interesting manner of person. "It's satisfactory to have some one find shortcomings in the scheme of things," she spoke. "I'm worn out living with my optimistic children; they're jubilant and altruistic unendingly. They lecture me. The modern young person is either cynical and fast, I find, or else very crudely holy. My boy and girl aren't fast. Yet—they're extremely up to date; mighty dancers; social workers; earnest, knowing it all; dabbling at everything—wanting to take everybody by the scruff of the neck and amuse them and do them good. If they could get at the ear of the Almighty, how they'd put Him in His place about some of His arrangements!"

The man laughed. "I know," he said. "It's the foam on the wave of this generation. Thirty years from now their children will be laughing good-naturedly at them. Yet it's a generous and forward fad," he added. "It's bound to help on the world a bit."

"I know," the woman threw back. "I believe that's partly why it makes me so cross. I realize I'm partly in the wrong. They're so aggressively right; and it's all so raw; and they're so self-satisfied. And I'm—I'm tired."

The keen, deep-set blue eyes of the man, eyes which had a look as of one who had smiled a long time out of pain, searched the woman's face. "It's that," he said. "When we're tired, the roughshod certainty of youth seems cruel. I'm not saying there aren't exceptions," he qualified. "There are sorts and sorts. There was a boy—there *is* a boy," he corrected himself, "as selfless and happy-hearted as—as Cardinal Mercier. He knew no differences in age. Everybody was people and people were mostly good and delightful. But—but—" The woman looked up wondering as the voice broke. It went on, triumphant. "There was never a lad quite like that." With an effort the tone found its way back to commonplace. "Generally speaking, there's little shading to youth," he agreed. "All sharp light and shadow. I don't believe in the theory that youth is all brightness. Children are happy if you will, but beyond childhood the young suffer a good bit from self-consciousness and vanity."

"Youth!" the woman exploded softly. "I hate youth!" She brought it out with swift passion. "Selfish, ignorant, arrogant, short-visioned, complacent—that's youth. Personality means nothing to them if twenty years separate them from it. They simply don't see you as humanity—only as background. They're the race; anything over forty is necessary padding. That's the theory. Of course they're civil, the well-brought-up ones. But I *hate* their condescending civility. I hate the sophisticated twenty-year olders—sometimes thirty-year olders—who bound from their chairs when I come into the room. I could bat them over the head, the stupid owls, when they spring aside with deference at a doorway. I hate deference. I think such good manners are very bad manners." Suddenly her look broke into amusement. "I do like my own children. We're enormously friends. They're crazy about me, too. You'll think I'm an inhuman monster—oh, don't!" she begged, and the mobile face was alight with shifting expression. She was full of charm and spontaneousness.

But the man regarded her gravely. "I don't think you're a monster; I think you're a soul in torture," he answered, and the woman, astonished, all at once was aware that the bronzed and lean features were dim through a haze. She

put up her fist, laughing a little as people laugh in moments of strain, rubbing away tears.

"I'm afraid my nerves are pretty close to the top," she apologized. "It's idiotic. But you hit straight so unexpectedly. You see," she explained, "when a hammer is whacked down into delicate machinery it takes a while to get the machinery solid." The low voice was unsteady. "They think it ought to adjust at once and grow comfortably around the hammer. That's what the young think." She laughed again and the sound was desolate. "I'm bitter," she went on. "I never was bitter till lately. You see," she explained, and it came to her in a rushing thought that she was baring her soul to a stranger—and she went on. "You see, it happened. My—my best beloved hit me with a hammer—stabbed me in the back. Oh, not Brian." She nodded toward the group of men around the aeroplane. "Not him. I don't catalogue him, or call him best or least or anything. He's—Brian. But—another. A close one. And the world is hard to get together now to be livable. That's why I'm bitter. That's why I hate things—youth and—and a thing more concrete."

The sad eyes of the man burned into hers and there was understanding and healing in them. She was not sorry she had done an incredible foolishness and told her heart's secret to a stranger. He shook his head. "You mustn't," he said. "For all sorts of reasons. Hate kills. It kills the person who does the hating. And bitterness eats off the bloom of life. You can't be happy when you're bitter and hate anybody. It's the law."

"The law!" she threw at him scornfully. "A law over thought—emotion?"

"There is," the man answered with quick decision. "And we can't transgress it without the punishment. That's the selfish side. The other side's obvious. We're here to do the Lord's work on earth. It's to be done by love, not hate. You know that."

The woman linked brown fingers around her trousered knees and frowned. "Likely I know with my head," she agreed. "But the main part of me doesn't know. It doesn't get across, that reasonable, calm sort of knowledge. It doesn't make a dent in me—what's really me. The other thing, the bruised, bitter hatred and resentment—that gets across in tidal waves. It sweeps me away. You see," she explained, "I have Latin blood and I suppose it's the curse of that thing they call temperament."

The man smiled. "You don't need to tell me," he said.

She went on. "For my job temperament's necessary, maybe. For any creative work. I'm a painter." She threw out hands despairingly. "And my wings are broken! My work is all different. I believe I resent that more than the trouble which has fastened itself on my daily life. My colors used to—come out of heaven. There'd be clear lights and clean, lovely shadows that I'd never planned. They'd jump off my brushes. They'd astonish me. I laughed out loud sometimes for the joy. As if some winged life had flown into the heaps of paint on the palette. Sometimes a whole morning's work would be so—doing itself through my hands. That work would be—oh, nearly satisfying. Of course an artist is never really satisfied. I called it my wings. Brian would ask: 'How were the wings to-day?'" She stopped and regarded the man with direct gaze. "Do you know it is a real thing I am talking about? Not a figure of speech?"

The man nodded. "I know," he said. "I have a job of that family. I'm a writing person. Words are like colors; they come at times on wings. To me they seem even a more subtle and flexible medium, the most wonderful medium in the world. But then—it's my job."

"Your job?" The woman's gaze wandered to his uniform.

"Yes. Of course I went into the service. I had to pull wires to get in, for I was too old—a good bit beyond the limit. The boy and I went in together. He was very pleased to have me."

"You have a boy?"

The man in uniform hesitated, and then the lined face suddenly lighted with an astonishing brightness. "Yes," he said, "I have a boy."

The woman, wondering at his look, harked back to what he had said. "You are a writer? And words came with wings—like colors? I didn't know. But

of course I'd have known if I'd thought. It's all one. It's all the blessed service of recording life—the earth and the fulness thereof. What a work! Even to the least in that kingdom of heaven it's glory. Nothing like it, is there? And most of the world doesn't suspect that we of the creative clan, we're the apostles. It makes me laugh when I see millionaire business men and lawyers and doctors and such carrying themselves importantly, as if their job was running the world! Plain funny, isn't it? For after the centuries all that lasts is the work of artists of one sort or another. The Acropolis, Homer, the Bible, the Sistine Madonna—artists and architects and writers."

"Well," the man reflected, "I won't subscribe to that wholesale without thinking it over. There's been a bit of good work done these five thousand years, and some of it was political, scientific, military, and otherwise. And the results have helped the race forward."

"Oh, maybe," she conceded. "But we have the wings. I'll grant a feather or so to inventors, yet mostly, typically, it's the artist folk who get the breath of the spirit, the thrilling beat of pinions coming from away off. The wings—and mine are broken!" The rapid, eager soft voice choked into something like a sob on the last words.

The man faced her, his back against a silver birch whose emerald leaves, spotted already with clear gold, played in shifting, soundless light and shadow about them. The long lines of his figure were as serene as the lines of his worn face. He had said that there was little peace in the world, but he carried with him the peace of a mind at leisure from itself. He looked, she thought, gazing at him, as if he sat armored in happy thoughts, where mortal hurt could not touch him. A pang of envy caught her. And with that he spoke.

"My wings are broken, too."

She stared. "You!"

He went on quietly. "I can still write. I do. But—since—the words don't crowd into my pencil and push to get out. And there's no authority in sentences one builds; one can't trust to them; they're brick and mortar, not visions made speech. As you say, the wings are gone."

Slowly she spoke. "The whole world's old and sad."

And the man laughed out. "Not in the least." He asserted it with quick energy. "We're not the whole world. And no more are we old and sad; we won't be."

"But I'm getting *old*," the woman urged, and laughed, and pushed back again the troublesome thick lock which fell across her cheek, adding quaintly to the boyish look of her. The man laughed too.

His eyes rested a second on the animated face, the athletic, slim figure. "Not many girls of twenty could have come through the bush as you did. And you're as fresh as paint from it."

"I haven't begun to totter much yet," she agreed. "In fact, I'm huskier than ten years back. But you know," and her voice was aroused yet earnest, "I really *must* begin to get old soon. Youth! With its sobbing and singing and despair and dancing! Lost youth! I hate to be old—I *hate* it!"

"You said you hated youth."

"That's when somebody else has it. Those arrogant, self-satisfied——"

The man held up a finger. "No," he commanded. "It's envy and malice and all unrighteousness you're playing with. You'll get nowhere, and it will tear you to pieces. Moreover, don't grudge the moths their minute." He went on. "It will be over, theirs too, in a flash, and they'll wake in astonishment to find another generation is young and they're not. Ungrateful and cold-blooded—but weren't we?"

She reflected. "Why, yes. I think I was. I accepted things as my due. Yet the pendulum really has swung into a queer zone with this batch," she insisted. "They're heartless, even when they're philanthropic; there's no gentleness; their eyes are cold; their vision is narrow; they see nothing beyond their own reach. They have no—" she laughed. "I'm back to it again—no wings."

The deep glowing eyes considered her. She went on. "I'm bitter—bitter," she spoke slowly. "It's dust and ashes, because of one thing. I don't trust people—since. Especially this hard, clever, cynical, fast, worthy young lot. I've lost my faith. And age is within hailing distance

and I don't like the ways of age. They're not fitting for me. I'm suddenly afraid of life. All at once it's a chilly, dusty, crowded street, full of unfriendly faces."

She was shaken with the intensity of her speaking, and the man leaned across and placed quiet, long fingers over her trembling ones. "It's the hatred that's poisoning your life. You can't do it. It will kill you—or worse. What's more, you're not playing the game. You're whining."

She tossed up her head and stared at him. The deep voice with a curious, untranslatable, individual note, as of a personal affection, almost as of a caress, went on.

"It's fact. The ball has hit you and bruised you, and instead of playing up, smiling, you've stepped aside to grouch and pity yourself. Do you think you're the only one with broken wings? Dear woman, the world's full of them. Plenty carrying on without a whimper. I know a boy of twenty-one blinded at Vimy. He's already picked up the threads and got a career. I know a *grande dame* of eighty-five who lost her splendid old husband months back. She carries herself like a general at the head of his army; as full of gay courage and daily interest, yes and of ginger and keenness, as any girl. Till two years ago she was light-footed as well as light-hearted; then the eighty-year-old muscles went wrong; she's lame. To see her limp into a room with the crown of her widow's cap on her white hair, with her head high and her smile gentle and proud—it's a benediction. He had been the light of her eyes for sixty-five years. But she's mended the wings—at eighty-five. She's going on in a steady flight till she comes some day straight to heaven and him. That's playing the game. There are plenty more. Most of us, after forty or so, have crashed and smashed. There's nothing new in pain. The point is the reaction. One may turn pain into a gift and wear it so that lights gleam out of the knives that cut. Or one may be a coward and a slacker." Again she tossed up a hand as if to ward a physical blow, but his voice flowed on. "You have to choose. It's up to you. You may love life and see good days only if you cut out bitterness. Love's the necessary solvent—the antidote for poisons. Self-forgetfulness. The world is at the feet of the man who doesn't want it. Emerson says that. Love your enemies; ask nothing of life; have no personal axes to grind; there's great leisure then—peace."

The unhurried tones halted suddenly. "I'm preaching. I beg your pardon. You and I have gone through so much the same deep waters that I've a feeling I might help you. I've fought this battle of bitterness—out. My—my best beloved—is gone. From this little affair we call life. For a while I saw red and cursed heaven."

There was silence for a long minute under the trees by the edge of the marsh. They were hammering at the wing of the aeroplane busily, the boy pilot and his man, and the famous doctor and Abraham the barber with Maxime and Gros-Louis the carpenter and mechanic. One heard their voices as they talked cheerily, and once and again the deep-toned laughter of the young pilot. Into the fragrant afternoon forest quiet, into such every-day, pleasant human sounds, the man's calm words dropped with grotesque contrast. "I saw red and cursed heaven." An hour bird, the hidden hermit thrush, sang his sudden, leisurely, heavenly sweet four notes from a tree somewhere near. It was like the touch of a hand laid, impersonal, healing, on a sore heart.

"I whined," whispered the woman.

The man laughed out as light-heartedly as a child. "You're an honest person," he said. "You face things. You did whine. That's why I told about myself. I whined too, for a bit. And I've come through, and drowned out bitterness, and I'm fit for service. So may you be. It's the object and the measure of living, isn't it? Service? I got hold of that idea and it steadied me. You catch hold of it, too. Some go through life with a leg off, carrying a crutch; some are blind; some have to live tied to human devils; the real sports buck up and don't whine. You and I can do that same. We can even chain age, the enemy, to our chariot-wheels; we can decorate our lives with our handicaps; we can love, if people are worth loving or not. Just"—he laughed—"be like the three Japanese monkeys.

You know them? See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil."

She nodded. "Yes. One with a hand over his eyes, one over his ears, one over his mouth."

"Isn't it tea-time?" the soldier demanded. "They're coming up this way."

The figure in gray stepped across to the tea-basket. She opened the lid and then turned to him eyes which glistened. "The good Lord drops his messenger out of the sky, and the messenger sits on a stump and saves a soul and then clamors for tea. And there's no time for the salvage to tell —how life is suddenly different, and courage is possible and how—she'll play the game. There's no time to try to thank the messenger. And no words."

"Real people do so well without words," the man said, and then: "There's really no time also, for here they are, streaming up the landscape, mad for food. Let's get things going."

Half an hour later, as the whole party filed back where the aeroplane, as good as new, waited for its crew, it happened that Brian was ahead with the soldier, and the woman and the laughing boy pilot closed the procession. All bubbling with gayety as he was, the lad's face sobered at a word.

"Wonderful? Gee!" He spoke in awed tones. "I should say he *was* a wonderful person! You know what he went through? Hideously wounded twice the very day Dick, his son, was shot down in his ship behind the Boche lines. And he heard about it. Dick was hurt and taken prisoner. They were less cruel to airmen, yet—well, he died of starvation and neglect. When the colonel heard, in the hospital, he tried to kill himself. Plumb crazy. He got better when he knew Dick was dead. But what he stood was fairly close to hell. Dick was an extraordinary chap—sort of mixed saint and daredevil; he and his father were thicker than brothers. The colonel still suffers with his wounds, but he has pulled together, and you couldn't believe the things that man does outside his own big job. This work for the government is his play; he likes flying because he sees things as Dick saw them. But every minute between he's helping some lame duck."

The woman nodded, smiling up at the tall lad, speechless. With that they were close to the machine, and the soldier stared at it and turned to the pilot.

"I hope you've got her so we won't spill again into this wilderness, Tommy," he said. "We're not guaranteed ministering angels all along the trip."

"Don't you worry, sir," laughed the boy. "Nothing flies as well as a broken wing, once it's honestly mended."

The look of the soldier shot to the woman. "You see?" he threw at her. "Tommy's said it in two words."

She whispered something not very articulate. But it answered. And in a few minutes more he had held her hand in his for a long second, radiating down friendliness. Then the worn, sad, brilliant face turned away, and the three were in the cockpit of the aeroplane, and the fantastic, lovely machine was gliding down the meadow, rising free of the ground, of the tree-tops, of the hills, soaring now, a great strange bird, across cotton-wool clouds of the pale, hot sky. Her hand on her husband's shoulder, she watched as the beat of the engine grew small and the "ship" came to be a dark speck on the sky.

"Jove!" spoke Brian suddenly, "I never thought to ask the names of those fellows. Do you know?"

She shook her head. "Let's go home. It doesn't matter. There was healing in their wings. Glad tidings. Blessed upon the mountains are their feet. All that sort of thing. I can't explain now, dear, but they came straight from heaven in more senses than one. And I'm happy and I can lift the world. Let's go home, Brian."

A week later guides brought to the camp mail from the distant, forgotten world. The woman cried out a sudden exclamation as she turned the pages of a newspaper days old. "Brian!" she cried out. "Listen to this." And she read a paragraph from a great New York daily.

"'A curious incident happened in the Canadian forest north of Quebec on the 19th of this month. There are a number of sporting clubs along the line of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, and those parts are now patrolled by aeroplane to discover and report forest-fires. The engine of a plane developed trouble on the date mentioned and came down, fortunately avoiding a lake and dense woods, on a large beaver meadow, injur-

ing one wing against a tree in landing. The pilot, Captain Thomas Fortescue, had little hope of repairing the damage before next day, with only one man and a passenger to help, but a party of six campers suddenly appeared, including a mechanic and a carpenter, and the machine was in order inside two hours. The party had seen the aeroplane pass and fall, and, being good woodsmen, had rushed to the rescue with all necessities, including afternoon tea! The passenger in the aeroplane was——'"

The woman looked up with awed eyes as she read, and halted a moment before she pronounced a name which is known wherever English literature is read. "Brian! No wonder he made things over for me. How could we have missed knowing who he was, Brian?"

"Oh, come, you ask too much—we couldn't have guessed that," Brian responded, masculine and matter-of-fact. "Great Scott! We're no professional magicians, Letty."

But the woman, with a hand on the infinitely dear thick head, was staring beyond him, through the low camp door, down the ruffled silver of the lake to the *coulée* which ran past Mount Storm. She saw, not Brian or the lake, she saw burning eyes of pain and courage smiling into hers. She heard a voice which had spoken salvation.

"Brian, darling," she said, "there's nobody so stupendously stupid as you—nobody. But this you must try to understand: Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, Brian—'for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.'"

THE MIRACLE OF ST. NICHOLAS

By Meriel Buchanan

Author of "The City of Trouble" (Petrograd)

Illustrations by Wilson C. Dexter

THE trees on the opposite shore made a soft line of shadow against the sky of palest, palest gold. Not a ripple stirred the still surface of the river, not a breath of wind rustled in the grass along the banks. Drifting in a pearly, soft haze a little boat moved like a silent spirit across the water. From the village, hidden amidst the trees, came a distant murmur of voices, now and then a snatch of song that broke off as if the singer had suddenly been reminded that his time for singing would perhaps be short.

But the boy and the girl who sat alone by the river were silent, the girl's head lying on the boy's shoulder, his cheek resting on her soft, dark hair. Barely a week ago they had been married in the old wooden church whose star-painted dome showed above the ghostly trees, they had looked forward to years of peace and happiness—and now to-morrow the boy, with the rest of the men of the village, was leaving to fight the Germans.

So they sat by the river and looked across into the sunset and found no words to say to each other, their hearts too full of troubled fears and pain that could find no expression in speech. There was nothing to do, the decree had gone forth, and dumbly they submitted to it. Kolia must go and be a soldier, and Praskovia, the child-wife, must wait till he came back, and pray for him every day, and once a week burn a candle for him before the icon of St. Nicholas, his patron saint. That was all there was to tell, so what was the use of talking as they sat by the river clinging to each other as if somehow they thought that by sitting very close they could fill the loneliness that would be theirs to-morrow with the dear memory of the touch of hands and lips? And Time, relentless and inexorable, counted the minutes one by one, and drew the soft

gray veil of the summer night over the world's poor tortured face.

Summer passed and the trees along the banks of the river turned to flaming gold and crimson till the water seemed on fire with their reflected glory under the soft blue haze of the autumn sky. And presently the leaves began to fall and the bare branches whispered and rustled as if spirits moved among them and shook them to sudden sighs and laughter. And gray under the grayness of the sky the broad river lay sullen and dark, while little black tugs churned up and down dragging heavy barges laden with wood and grain and corn. And at first there were many letters from Kolia at the front, letters written in pencil on dirty scraps of papers, letters full of hope and enthusiasm. The armies were advancing into East Prussia, the Germans were flying before them; certainly the war would soon be over and he would return to Praskovia and never leave her again. Then the letters ceased and for a long, long time there was silence, while Praskovia's eyes grew big and hollow in her small white face, and every day a candle of yellow wax burned and flickered before the gaudily painted icon of St. Nicholas. Then suddenly one day there came a letter again, several letters, and Praskovia knelt and cried for happiness in the shadowed, dingy church with its smell of incense and wax and humanity and dampness. Some of the hopeful buoyancy had gone from Kolia's letters now, he no longer spoke of the war being over, but Praskovia, her heart too full of the miracle that was coming to her, did not see or understand. The gray, grim winter passed; between rifts of clouds blue glimpses of sky shone out and turned the murky water to the magic colors of aquamarine and turquoise. A soft, wild wind stirred the skeleton branches of the trees, warm rain and pale sunshine flushed them to the dim rose color of bursting buds, patches of snow still lingered in the shadows, the village roads were ankle-deep in mud. And then, when the first pale green lay like the touch of magic fingers over the woods, the miracle happened and Praskovia's son was born. The bells of the little wooden church seemed to her as if they would burst their hearts with joy the day he was christened, the day when for the first time the sun really shone and the broad river and all the little puddles reflected the deep, deep blue of the sky, and the apple-blossom in the doctor's garden came out with a sudden rush.

Proud, happy letters came from Kolia at the front, letters in which he spoke only of his own joy and made no mention of the war. And then suddenly, once more there was silence, and just at first Praskovia, watching that most wonderful thing in the world, her son, did not worry. Something had happened to delay the letters, the regiment had perhaps been transferred to some more distant point in that huge line of front. It would be like the last time, and one day a letter would come again. But the days passed and lengthened and grew short and no letter came. And Praskovia held little Kolia very tightly in her arms as she gazed across the river, and kneeling before the icon of St. Nicholas the candles danced and glimmered like little golden points of fire before her tear-wet eyes. And still there was no letter, and the young green leaves withered and turned to gold, and the blue dusk slowly gathered up the hours of the ever-shortening days.

Then a little growing thrill of fear ran through the village. Terror, paralyzing and overwhelming, knocked at the low wooden doors. Women looked at each other with blanched faces. Old men muttered and shook their heads, and young boys spoke in loud, overconfident voices. For the unbelievable was happening—the Russian army was being driven back, the Germans were advancing. The news came at first as a whisper that nobody gave credence to till the first straggling groups of refugees from the villages farther south tottered along the road, with tales of fire and blood and devastation. Step by step, fighting stubbornly, magnificently, short of supplies, short of ammunition, the armies of the Little Father were retreating and the gray German hordes crept forward driving the terrified people before them.

Her eyes wide and terrified, Praskovia listened. Surely such things were not possible. The Germans had come to other villages perhaps, but they would not



Drawn by Wilson C. Dexter.

As if somehow. . . . they could fill the loneliness that would be theirs to-morrow.—Page 137.

come here—no, quite surely, St. Nicholas would protect them.

Then one day the women working in the fields heard far away on the gray horizon the thunder of the guns. The whole village came out, standing gazing across the flat green plain, listening to the sound that seemed to shake the earth they stood on. All night long it continued, and in the morning they gathered together once more, listening, watching with strained faces and sleepless eyes. Was it coming nearer? Two or three voices said it was and were contradicted by others who accused them of panic.

Then a woman, pointing down the long gray road, screamed hysterically, "What is that?" and the little crowd felt a cold air chill their spines as they saw the dark figures of horsemen and the pointing pennons of lances against the sky. "The Germans!" The words flew from mouth to mouth, seeming to paralyze action and thought. Could it be the Germans? A boy who had gone a little farther ahead and stood hand shading his eyes gave a laugh that was not quite natural. "No, not the Germans, some of our own men." His face a little pale above his faded green shirt, he strutted with an air of confident assurance before a group of frightened girls who clung silently together.

Rapidly the horsemen drew nearer, and the bleak wind that came with them whistled along the road and set the long grasses shivering as at the approach of something sinister and terrible. Roughly they drove their tired, shaggy horses into the group of brightly clad women. "The Germans are coming," they cried. "Our army is in full retreat. You must leave this village at once. We are burning everything as we go, so that the swine shall find nothing but ruins when they come."

The words with all their portent of ruin and disaster were received in stricken silence, then somewhere a woman began to cry silently, apathetically, resignedly, and an old man railed at Fate in a thin, high-pitched, shaking voice.

And thereafter a hurried, panic-stricken gathering together of household goods, horses or cows harnessed to the low wooden carts, children clasping cats or chickens in their arms bundled in, useless things that could not possibly be wanted loaded up with care while the very necessaries of life were left behind. Babies crying, women scolding, old men hobbling wistfully about and getting in everybody's way, and always on the gray horizon the thunder of guns and the shrieking wind that seemed to bring with it all kinds of nightmare terrors.

The short gray autumn day sank into darkness; before them there was only the uneven, stony road, behind them a red glare in the sky at which they dared not look! And day by day along that road of terror and despair the crowd grew denser; plodding along with no hope in the future, suffering, enduring, dying. Deserted, overturned carts, scattered household property, dead or dying horses, a lost dog or cat with barely enough strength to crawl, an old woman sitting by the roadside mumbling inarticulate words, a hurriedly made grave, or perhaps no grave at all but just a dead body lying with sightless eyes turned up to the gray monotony of sky. These things increased also as day by day hunger and exhaustion and disease stalked among that pitiful throng. Was it real or only a dream, so hideous as to seem impossible? With shoes long since worn through to shreds Praskovia limped along, her numbed arms carrying little Kolia—a burden that grew every day a little lighter. Big Kolia's mother had died of fever and exhaustion very soon, and at last they told Praskovia that little Kolia was dead too, that she need not carry him any farther. But she could not believe them. "He is only asleep," she whispered in her hoarse, strained voice and held him closer to her breast. "Do not wake him."

They managed finally to get the poor little body away from her, and somebody got her a place in one of the carts, where she lay babbling in fevered delirium till they reached the railway and were all packed into dark, evil-smelling cattle-trucks. But she, whose prayer was that she should die, retained against her will her hold on life, came back from her fevered unconsciousness to the knowledge of a bare, bleak shed filled with that ever-present crowd of men, women, and chil-

dren. The end of the journey was reached and Praskovia's eyes brightened when they told her that they were in Petrograd, for dimly she held to a far-off hope that here in the capital she would perhaps get news of big Kolia, or if not any definite news, at least some breath or glimmer that would tell her what his fate had been.

Very vague, very dim, very unreal were those hopes, built more on fairy-tales than on actual possibilities, visions of an All-seeing Little Father who would send her word where Kolia was. Dreams of some big gray-haired general who would despatch a mounted rider to bring him back from that terrible, far-distant line of battle. Dreams and visions all broken into rainbow fragments against the inflexible wall of facts, the callous iron circle of official listlessness and negligence. And yet Praskovia's childlike faith in humankind was not to be quite utterly shattered. One of the many officials she went to see happened to be a colonel of infantry gifted with imagination. True, he could give her no answer to her so oft-repeated question! Her husband had been with the army in Galicia? She had not heard from him for seven months! The colonel shook his head. He would make what inquiries he could, but he knew that the general of that division had been killed in the retreat, and among so many million men . . . He raised his shoulders, and then, glancing at the white face and haunted eyes, he asked one or two questions, gathered the whole pitiful story and remained silent a moment, frowning at the pile of papers on his desk. At last, after what seemed to Praskovia an endless pause, he scribbled a few words on a card and handed it to her. "That is where I live," he told her. "I have heard my wife say she was in need of a girl to help in the house. Come there to-morrow morning."

So Praskovia found shelter and a home. Placid, gentle-faced Madame Ivanoff took her to her motherly heart, the work was light, and the hollows of Praskovia's cheeks filled out, and her step lost its dragging listlessness. But nothing would ease the ache of loneliness in her heart, nothing could replace the tiny clutching fingers at her breast, or the love she had read in big Kolia's eyes—Kolia who perhaps lay out yonder on that unknown line of battle, done to death by a German shell.

But Kolia was not dead! Fighting grimly, hopelessly, without arms or ammunition, he had been wounded and taken prisoner by the Germans. For an endless time he had lain between life and death in a filthy prison-camp, alternately raving in delirium or apathetic in a state of coma, till at last he won through and emerged a ghost with yellow, wasted cheeks and hollow eyes.

Days, weeks, and months dragged themselves away in an unending sameness, during which he lost hope and courage and the count of time. There were French and British in the same camp who got letters and parcels to lighten the deadly monotony. But for Kolia nothing came, and the world outside the barbed wire seemed utterly empty, while the world inside was just an endless passing of weary, hopeless hours. He wrote many letters and was told that perhaps they would be sent, but whether they were or whether they ever reached their destination he did not know, and certainly no answer ever came.

How long he was in that prison-camp Kolia never quite knew, but after a little more than a year his chance came and, spurred by a sudden desperation, he took it, and he and a big red-bearded Cossack got away. For two days and a half they lay hidden in a hole in the ground, listening with pounding hearts to the search that swept to and fro above them, with only one dry biscuit between them. Then at last, with parched tongues and cracked lips, they crept out at night and started on their tramp toward the vague direction of the French lines. That first drink at a little muddy pool, would Kolia ever forget it? That first dawn in the forest with the sleepy twitter of waking birds calling to each other from tree to tree, who could explain the rapture of it?

Living like hunted animals, eating grass and roots, they plodded on, escaping by purest chance the troops of soldiers who pervaded everything. And then, when that longed-for frontier line lay only ten miles away, the Cossack's strength gave out. For days he had stumbled on,

racked by a burning fever to which he had refused to give in. Only to reach the frontier! he whispered hoarsely. Then they would send him back to Russia quickly—oh, yes, very quickly—and once there he could die in peace. But he must get back to Russia—he must not die in the enemy's land. For the last day Kolia almost carried him, listening always to those broken, mumbling words, with a heart too full of dull, apathetic pain to find any answer or comfort. And then quite suddenly and quietly the hoarse voice broke off into silence, the tall figure worn to a pitiful ghost of rag and bone crumpled up, and Kolia, looking down into the white face that was so suddenly at peace, knelt beside him to whisper a broken, disjointed prayer, and then, with shaking, trembling limbs, crept on.

And Kolia got through—by what miracle of luck it is hard to say—walking straight with blind, unseeing eyes into a patrol of French soldiers, who took him at first for a wandering ghost. And finally, after much delay, he was shipped to England among some other poor scarecrows like himself, and there they were fed and clothed and cared for and at last sent off on their homeward journey across Sweden and Norway, strange, unknown countries they had never heard of. A long, weary, endless journey, till at last on a bleak November day they crossed the frontier up at that desolate northern point of Finland with its huge snow-covered plains and its broad, frozen river with the straggling wooden villages on either side.

Russia—his own mother country—Praskovia and the son he had never seen! Kolia drew a big, deep breath, the blue eyes that had gone so far back into his head alight with an incredulous happiness. Surely they would allow him to go back to his village just for a very little while. And then he would fight once more for the Little Father. He would be glad to fight again, his hatred of the Germans increased tenfold since the long torture of the prison-camp.

But when he came to Petrograd with its golden domes and spires and red and yellow palaces, he was told that his village had been for over a year in German hands, and nobody could tell him any news of his wife and child. Most likely they had escaped, but where they were who could tell? There had been so many refugees and Russia was so big.

The light went out of Kolia's sky, utter hopelessness descended on his spirit, and with it a dull, sullen anger, a smouldering resentment that slowly grew and grew.

For weeks they kept him waiting with hundreds of his other comrades, till somebody had time to think which front they should be sent to. Several times Kolia went to the wooden barracks near the Warsaw station where many of the refugees still lived, but nobody could tell him anything of Praskovia. There had been so many hundred refugees and so many had died on the way, and many had gone to other towns and many had been here and left. Praskovia Ivanoff and a baby—God help us, but how was one to remember a name? From the village of Krassnitz? There were no other refugees from that village here. There had been some but they had gone. Where to? God knows! They had found other work perhaps or they had died. Praskovia Ivanoff—somebody dimly remembered the name, but she had had no child with her, that was certain, and she had gone away long ago.

At last, when the drifting ice on the river had frozen into a solid mass, Kolia was sent to the front, and, that smouldering resentment still hot within him, he went, dull, apathetic, utterly indifferent.

The winter dragged itself away till the revolution swept everything before it. But even that could not stir Kolia from his listlessness. What was the good of liberty to him now? They told him that the Emperor had abdicated, and he frowned in perplexed wonder. Why, that would mean there would be no Little Father—and what was the meaning of the word republic?

And then a dirty-looking man with greasy black hair and narrow, shifting eyes came and spoke to the regiment, standing on a wooden bench and pouring forth a torrent of suave speech. And at first Kolia did not understand or even listen very much, but little by little the smooth words began to sink in and woke that dull, sullen anger of his to life. Why should they go on fighting now? The Germans were ready and willing to make



Drawn by Wilson C. Dexter.

It would be like the last time, and one day a letter would come again.—Page 138.

peace. It was only England and France who for their own vainglorious ends wished to prolong the horror of the war. Russia was no longer bound to them. It was the Emperor's government who had made the Alliance, and the Emperor's government did not exist. Russia was free now, and to every one of her citizens would be given bread in plenty and land and peace. Germany would withdraw her armies and give back the conquered territory—give back the conquered territory! That sentence broke through the fog in Kolia's brain. That meant his village also—the woods and the green fields and the river—and perhaps—perhaps, after all, Praskovia was still there—and his old mother.

The man with the oily black hair and the narrow eyes left them; but another one came, apparently from nowhere, a huge, burly-looking fellow this, with a bristling black beard and fierce, bloodshot eyes. In a hoarse, raucous voice he spoke to the soldiers, and his words were all fire and sedition. They had been tortured and downtrodden long enough, but the day of liberation was at hand, the day when the aggressors would pay in blood, and again more blood. The war had been waged by the capitalists for their own ends. The soldiers who had fought and suffered were to get nothing from it; let the soldiers, therefore, end it and take for themselves their reward. A day of glory was to dawn for Russia; first among all the nations, she would teach the world the meaning of democracy.

This man in time also left them, but others took his place, and always there were the same glowing promises, the same picture of peace and plenty painted on a screen of fire. And the soldiers listened and believed and followed the gleaming will-o'-the-wisp that was to lead them into the swamp of anarchy and destruction—and Kolia, sullen, embittered, indifferent, followed after them.

The blue river hurried on swiftly, silently, to the sea; above the Winter Palace a torn rag of crimson fluttered against the pale, pure sky. Now and then a hot, dry wind blew a cloud of evil-smelling dust along the deserted quays. Hardly a sound broke the utter silence. There were no boats on the river, there were no carriages in the streets, the windows of the palace stared out with blind eyes upon a world of desolation, here and there a torn blind flapped forlornly, a broken pane of glass showed a chasm of darkness.

Slowly Kolia walked down the quay, his shoulders bent, his feet dragging wearily in their torn boots on the hot, dirty pavement. At rare intervals people passed him, men or women who looked at him furtively, anxiously, and went on their way, haunted eyes always watching the shadows of the great doorways. At one corner the dead body of a horse lay on the pavement, and Kolia turned away because he could not bear to see the human scavengers who surrounded it.

Where was he going? He did not know or care, his brain was just a confused, chaotic emptiness in which only one thought burned like a flame of red-hot pain. They had killed the Emperor, they had murdered him cruelly with his wife and children. Kolia had deadened pity and compassion long ago; drunk with wine and the bitterness of his own wrongs, he had killed and seen kill, and only hardened himself to a fiercer anger. But now suddenly his eyes were opened, and the light that faced them was a glare of intolerable anguish that blinded him with vain regret and shame.

On he stumbled, past the red, battered Winter Palace, past the great, silent building of the Admiralty, past the statue of Peter the Great, till suddenly his steps were brought up short at the end of the quay, and there was only before him a little white church standing amongst green trees; and Kolia, obeying some dumb instinct that craved for shelter and relief from the hot glare of the desolate, dirty streets, went in.

The door yielded to his touch, silence and darkness met him, the golden-painted icons gleamed dimly out of the shadows, on the walls the engraved names of the sailors who had died during the Japanese War were hidden under a coating of dust; no glimmer of light burned anywhere in the deserted emptiness of this church built to the memory of men who had given their lives for the empire that had crumbled away.

Before the golden icon of St. Nicholas Kolia paused and silently knelt down. Was not St. Nicholas his patron saint, even as he was the patron saint of the murdered Emperor? In the gilt stand in front of the silent image there were the burned-out rests of one or two candles, and vaguely Kolia wondered who had put them there and wished he had a candle, too. For a long time he knelt there and could find no prayer in the aching void of his mind. What was there he could pray for in a world that was so dark and tortured? And then unconsciously almost he began to pray for the impossible to happen, and, knowing well that it was impossible, found yet a certain comfort in it. "Holy St. Nicholas," he whispered, "have mercy on me—forgive me—have mercy upon me and bring Praskovia back to me—" And so over and over again till the mere fact that he was praying began to ease his tortured mind.

The door of the church had opened very softly, somebody came in and crept forward, but Kolia did not move; only, listening to the faint sounds, he thought that whoever it was must be very tired, for they moved so slowly. Somebody paused behind him, there was a little fumbling, rustling sound, then a match scraped, a faint light wavered like a golden shadow in the grayness, a trembling hand placed a little yellow candle before the image of St. Nicholas.

Kolia watched it and wondered. He had thought that in this dead city of despair nobody prayed any more. Who was it who had still enough courage and hope left? But the woman who knelt beside him in the shadows had a heavy gray shawl covering her bent head, and the thick folds hid her face from his tired, curious eyes.

So for a few silent minutes the man and the woman knelt beside each other in the deserted church, while the solitary candle wavered and flickered this way and that, a poor, lonely little prayer in the emptiness of eternity.

Down and down it burned, the cheap inferior wax dripping on the floor, and at last with a feeble splutter and hiss went out, leaving behind it a wreath of blue, acrid-smelling smoke.

With a sigh that was utterly weary the woman rose and, without knowing why he did it, Kolia rose, too, and followed her. Her hand on the heavy door, she felt him close behind her and turned, fear lending her a desperate courage. "What is it you want?" she whispered, and remained suddenly silent, staring up at him with wide, dark eyes. "It—" she began, and then her voice broke. "Kolia—it can't be you—is it you?"

He was on his knees before her now, his trembling arms flung round her, his tear-wet, ravaged face pressed into the folds of her skirt, and, incapable of speech, she laid her hands on his rough, tumbled hair.

Words, explanations, questions, answers—all these were to come later: the story of his imprisonment and escape, of her having to leave the village, of the refuge she had found, her life with her employers on their estate, the murder of the kind old colonel by pillaging soldiers, her flight with his widow to humble lodgings in the city.

For all these there would be time later. For the present they only knew that they had found each other, that the miracle they had prayed for had come to pass. And perhaps in the shadow St. Nicholas smiled with an infinity of compassion and understanding.

THE GANG IN EMBRYO

By Franklin Chase Hoyt

Presiding Justice of the Children's Court of the City of New York; Author of "Citizens in the Making"

THE "Honest Club" was Twinsie's own original idea. The credit for its organization, as well as the responsibility for its rather shocking subsequent development, I regret to add, belonged exclusively to him, for the other members of his gang always followed like sheep when Twinsie led the way.

As a matter of fact, I believe that his Christian name was James or John, or something equally respectable, but he himself had discarded it at an early age. Having been favored by fate with a twin brother, he firmly decided as soon as he was able to articulate, that he himself should be known in the future as "Twinsie," and that his brother, who lacked his aggressive personality, should respond to the less intimate but possibly the more staid and dignified appellation of "Twin." Twinsie was a born leader of men—or, considering his age, which was twelve, perhaps I should say, of boys. Very likely the fact that he had a twin brother, like a familiar spirit to echo his orders and to follow him in all of his projects and adventures with blind devotion, gave him a position and prestige among his friends which was rather out of the ordinary.

Twinsie must have been in a particularly beatific frame of mind when he resolved to organize the "Honest Club." Possibly some good angel had been whispering in his ear, or perhaps his teacher had inspired him to the doing of noble deeds. Another inference (though I hate to suggest it) was that he was feeling the reaction resulting from the administration of some punishment for past misdeeds. But, whatever the reason, he unquestionably was fired on this momentous occasion with the desire to stamp out delinquency in general, and to employ his forces in the cause of righteousness. So he called his followers around him and unfolded his plan for the formation of what he was pleased to call the "Honest Club."

Taking the chair, as it were, he outlined the high purposes of this fellowship, and briefly sketched an attractive programme for the activities of its members. They were to avoid temptations of the baser sort, and eschew all evil, especially the sin of dishonesty. They were to be obedient to their parents, sympathetic with their teachers, and helpful in assisting and running errands for their neighbors. By closely following this high-minded policy Twinsie asserted that they would reap substantial rewards. Not only would they gain that satisfaction which always flows from the consciousness of virtuous living, but it was to be hoped that their parents, their teachers, and their neighbors might feel impelled to bestow some small remuneration, preferably in the form of cash, in return for their good deeds and acts of devotion. These proceeds, Twinsie explained, should be turned into the club treasury impartially by all concerned, and pooled into one fund for their common benefit. Then, when the receipts had grown to respectable proportions, the club could provide an outing, a feast, or some other form of entertainment acceptable to its members, under the direction of some competent adviser, preferably their teacher. The unregenerate among their small friends, unbidden to this spread, would be consumed with envy and jealousy, and would soon be clamoring for admission to the "Honest Club." In fact, its potentiality for good would be unlimited, and life would be very pleasant indeed for all within the charmed circles. No more punishments, no more scoldings, no more bad marks! Instead, their parents, teachers, and neighbors would point them out with pride, and hold them up as examples to the youth of the community. "See those boys?" they would say, "they are fine fellows. That's because they're members of the 'Honest Club.'"

Twinsie's suggestion met with enthu-

siastic response. His convincing statements and assurances stifled any possible opposition, and the club sprang into existence then and there. His cronies pronounced the idea a grand one, for how could it possibly be anything else, since Twinsie himself had proposed it?

For a while all went well. The school and the neighborhood were a little startled by the sudden transformation in the habits of Twinsie and his friends, but they were none the less pleased. Much of Twinsie's predictions proved true. There were no more punishments, no more scoldings, no more bad marks. Life for its members was at least more calm and conventional if less exciting.

But as the weeks passed by a situation began to develop which threatened disaster to the whole project. While every one appreciated the efforts of the members of the "Honest Club" to walk in the straight and narrow path, this recognition of their virtues failed to produce the expected cash. No matter how helpful they proved themselves to be at home, no matter how diligently they worked at school, and no matter how many errands they ran, or chores they performed for others, the longed-for pennies and nickels failed to materialize. No funds poured into the club treasury, and consequently there was no prospect at all for the feast or excursion so graphically pictured by Twinsie, and which was to have made all non-members of the club gnash their teeth in envy. Alas! the material rewards of virtue sometimes are slow—so very slow in coming!

Twinsie sensed this situation before any actual revolt occurred among his followers. But there were warnings a-plenty and murmurings enough among his friends to show the need of immediate action. Now there is one thing which leaders like Twinsie cannot submit to, and that is loss of authority. They may fight a losing battle, they may lead their henchmen into danger and possible defeat, but they can never survive desertion.

Accordingly, he resolved to meet the situation at once and to destroy the seeds of revolt before his leadership could be threatened. Calling his little gang around him, he explained that while the experience of the "Honest Club" had not fulfilled all of his expectations, the fault lay not with the original idea itself, which was an excellent one, but with those whom they had hoped to please. They, the members, had done their part, but their parents, teachers, and neighbors had wofully fallen down in showing the proper and expected appreciation for their virtues. Now he had a new plan to propose. If no one cared for an honest club, why continue it? There were plenty of other ways to enrich the club treasury, and more exciting ones at that. Virtue was all very well, in its way, but vice had its alluring side as well. In short, he for one was tired of the "Honest Club" and all that it implied. He suggested, therefore, that its name be changed into the "Crooking Club," and that its members as a body should plunge boldly into a life of infamy and crime.

Twinsie had unwittingly pulled off a very successful *coup d'état*, and it won because of its audacity. Up to that time none of his friends had been "crooks," even if they had been a little mischievous and unruly. To become a band of marauders and criminals was more than they had expected or bargained for, but none raised his voice in opposition. They all, I am sure, must have experienced some queer sinking feelings in their little insides as they listened to Twinsie's programme for their future activities, but, to a boy, they pledged their allegiance to the new and evil cause. So it was that the "Honest Club" ceased to exist and the "Crooking Club" came into being.

I wish I could tell you that the new organization failed to accomplish any of its reprehensible objects, and that it died out as quickly as its more worthy predecessor, but unfortunately that would not be the truth. Besides, how should I have known of these things, or how should I have made the acquaintance of these boys unless they had come into conflict with the law?

As a matter of fact, under Twinsie's leadership the "Crooking Club" had a wild, tempestuous, and evil career. Each and every one of its members sought to live up to its name, and they spared neither themselves nor others in the effort. They played truants from school, and they stayed away from home. They pil-

tered from stands, and they held up and robbed other small children on the streets. Burglary became an ordinary occupation for them, and the stores and shops which they looted were too many to count. They established innumerable bunks,* made use of fences,† and pal'd up with older criminals. In a short time they made their gang notorious and its very name a terror in the neighborhood.

The inevitable reckoning was not long in coming. One night the whole lot attempted a daring raid on a poultry market, and effected an entrance through a skylight on the roof. To reach the floor, a drop of about twenty feet, they slid down a rope which they had brought with them for this purpose, and which they had fastened around the chimney. As the last one let himself down he crashed through some of the glass, making a racket which brought the police, and Twinsie and his friends were caught, one and all, like rats in a trap.

The members of the "Crooking Club" presented a sorry appearance when they were arraigned before me the next morning in the Children's Court. Twinsie did most of the talking for them, but even he lacked his usual self-assurance. I imagine all of them would have given anything in the world to have become members of the "Honest Club" once more, and to have had the memory of their subsequent depravities blotted out, as one might dispel the recollection of an abominable nightmare.

A favorable thing which I noticed at once about the boys was their disposition to be absolutely frank and truthful about themselves and their actions. After a brief talk about the facts of the offense, and following my usual custom, I put the case over for a week to permit a full investigation to be made of the affair and the boys' characters and environment.

This investigation when completed presented food for serious thought. Through it we learnt of the establishment of the "Honest Club" and the evolution of the "Crooking Club." We found also that the reputation of all of the boys, up to a short time before, had been fairly good.

As a whole the incident simply proved the tragedy of misdirected effort. Had these boys, when they first got together, been guided with intelligence and common sense, they probably would have stuck to a normal, clean, healthy line of conduct. Their natural instinct in the beginning urged them toward good behavior and right living. It was only when virtue became flat and insipid through lack of excitement, interest, and appreciation by those to whom they naturally looked for guidance, that they decided to abandon it and to play a dangerous game. So does a gang often begin. At first the members band themselves together for pleasure and adventure, and it is only when normal interests fail to attract, or to fulfil their needs, that lawlessness enters in and leads them far afield.

In the case of these particular boys I am glad to say that I felt justified, after a thorough review of all the circumstances, in giving them a chance on probation. Most of them have responded very satisfactorily to this form of treatment, although one or two have since fallen from grace. The majority, however, have had their fill of criminality, and I do not expect any of them to feel again any attraction toward a gang.

What is going to become of Twinsie I do not know. He is a character now, and will be one in the future. I sincerely hope that his qualities of leadership will be turned in the right direction, and that later on he will qualify himself as a good citizen. He has an active little brain, and it is teeming over with all kinds of plans and projects. A short time ago he and Twin reported to me on probation, and I had the pleasure of an extended talk with them on that occasion.

"What do you want to do when you grow up?" I asked Twinsie.

"Go into the movies," he answered, without the slightest hesitation.

"What made you think of that?" I inquired.

"Why, it is a grand scheme, judge," he replied. "When you have a twin you can do all kinds of things. Just think, Twin could commit a murder and I would be accused, and then there would be all kinds of mix-ups. Me and Twin could do lots of things other people couldn't

* Secret hiding-places for stolen goods.
† Receivers and dealers in stolen goods.

do!" The placid Twin nodded a silent assent. Anything which Twinsie proposed was all right as far as he was concerned.

"Now I come to think of it," I remarked, "I don't think that you and your brother really do look very much alike after all."

"Oh, that's just because of the way he has his locks clipped," Twinsie asserted with a rather contemptuous gesture toward his brother's closely shaved head. "Wait till his hair grows out again like mine, and there ain't a soul who could tell us apart."

I have been trying to turn Twinsie's thoughts into other channels, but no one can tell what he is going to become, or what part he is really going to play in the years which lie before him.

Somewhat similar in many respects to the episode of the "Honest Club" was another case which recently came to my notice, and which I have recorded in my files under the title: "The Robbery of Ikey C." Indeed the original motives and causations were very much alike in both incidents, but I am glad to say that in this latter case the final result was infinitely less painful and serious.

Three young boys were brought before me charged with an act of juvenile delinquency, having been arrested for holding up Ikey in the street and robbing him of twenty-five cents. When I glanced first at the three youthful defendants and then at the complainant, I received something of a shock. It seemed as if there must have been some mistake, and as if their positions should have been reversed, for the three juvenile robbers were the cleanest, brightest, and nicest-looking boys one could possibly imagine, while Ikey's appearance and general attitude were enough to awaken suspicion at first glance. However, suppressing my misgivings for the moment, I proceeded with the case, and turning to the boys asked whether the charge was true.

"Sure," they all answered in chorus. "We took the quarter from him."

"Well, I never would have thought it," I murmured to myself, and then I inquired of the boys how it all happened.

"Well, you see it was this way, judge," replied one of the number, who acted as spokesman. "We belong to a club in our church, and some of the things we have promised to keep away from are playing craps and swearing. We promised to try to make our friends good, too, and to stop all gambling around the block. Most of the boys have given it up, but Ikey's the worst of the lot, and he's shooting crap all the time. Yesterday we seen his mother hand him a quarter and tell him to go and get some milk for the baby, but Ikey just sneaked around the corner and started up a crap game. So we all got together and jumped on him. We got back the quarter all right, we did!"

The other two boys nodded assent, and the faces of all three glowed with righteous enthusiasm, as if in the consciousness of a duty well performed. They looked up at me with angelic expressions in the certain expectancy that I could do nothing less than give my approval to all that they had done. Before commenting on their actions, however, I thought it best to hear what Ikey had to say, so turning to him I asked whether this particular quarter did not belong to his mother. Ikey of the guilty conscience squirmed around in the witness-chair in which he was sitting, and looked thoroughly miserable.

"Yeh," he admitted reluctantly. "She gived it to me. But, judge, don't yer believe that story they're tryin' to hand yer. They wasunt going to give it back to mommer. Oh! no! They stole it from me cause they wanted to go to the movies with it," and Ikey grinned slyly, happy in the momentary belief that he had turned the tables on his traducers. Vigorous denials to this accusation, however, were entered by the three defendants, and they all asked me to look into the case to see if their story was not true in every particular.

This I did, and the subsequent investigation proved the accuracy of all of their assertions. Their characters were found to be of the best, while Ikey's reputation was discovered to be very shady indeed.

It took me some time, however, to convince my three young friends that their action in jumping on the wretched Ikey was scarcely within the law. I told them of the Vigilantes of the early Californian

days, but pointed out that their operations could hardly be tolerated to-day in a city like New York. (Of course I did not add that sometimes one couldn't help having a sneaking sympathy for vigilantes in general!) It was not difficult, however, to suggest other and better methods of reaching the same end, and we discussed the various ways in which they could make themselves and their club a real power for good in the community.

As a matter of fact, their arrest, which was really accidental, and simply due to the commotion which they were making in the street, turned out to be rather timely and fortunate in the end. For these boys, like the members of the "Honest Club," originally banded together for really decent purposes, might have turned their energies through misdirection and lack of realization into more dangerous channels, and having discovered force as an easy weapon by which to work their will, might have been induced to use it later on for more sinister purposes.

Of all the incipient young gangsters who ever came before me, the case of David B. was one of the most extraordinary.

David, who was fifteen years of age at the time of his arrest, was caught red-handed in the act of forcing an entrance from a fire-escape into a third-story apartment. As he was cornered by the janitor and one or two others he dropped a revolver into the area, which when examined was found to be fully loaded. Another boy or man had been seen in his company when he first had been observed, but this individual had succeeded in getting away by climbing up the fire-escape and disappearing over the roof before David was caught.

These were the only facts known to the police when David was first brought into court, and I could get nothing more out of him at my initial hearing, save an admission that he was indeed trying to break into the apartment for the purpose of burglary. To my inquiry as to the identity of the individual seen in his company, he replied that he was a young fellow known as Tony the Wop, whom he had met only an hour before, and who had suggested to him the commission of this particular offense, at the same time handing him the loaded revolver. I remarked that the name Tony the Wop sounded suspiciously generic, but David emphatically denied any further knowledge of the fellow.

As we proceeded with our investigation of the case, however, we found out many things of David and his associates, which he had omitted to tell us. So much, in fact, that finally David recognized the futility of lying any further about his actions, and offered to tell us everything concerning himself and his companions. The boy, I had every reason to believe, had been anxious all along to tell the truth, yet had been restrained, partly by an innate feeling of loyalty toward those with whom he had been acting, but principally by sheer terror at the thought of their possible revenge.

David, it appeared, lived alone with his widowed mother, and had passed through several terms in high school, but during the past year he had become restless and discontented, and had drifted away from his former associations. A few months before his arrest he had fallen in with a particularly vicious gang of criminals, who had craftily led him on from one small offense to another, until having obtained complete domination over him they had used him for crimes of the most daring and nefarious description.

As David gave us the names of his companions we discovered them all to be well-known characters in the underworld, and possessors of criminal records. One at that very time was being earnestly sought by the authorities in a murder case. A general round-up by the police resulted in the arrest of seven of these individuals, and a search in their respective rooms led to the discovery of a large number of revolvers, blackjacks, masks, jimmies, and burglars' tools which alone were enough to obtain convictions against them all. The alleged Tony the Wop, whose name, of course, was not Tony at all, turned out to be a notorious character who had indeed planned the burglary which led to David's arrest. Incidentally two receivers of stolen goods were located and an investigation of their premises disclosed a vast amount of stolen property,

and solved the mystery of a number of crimes hitherto unexplained.

Then David told us other facts which led to more discoveries. One of the members of the gang had obtained employment in a well-known building in the city as a night-watchman. In the basement he had rigged up a gallery for pistol practice, which was freely made use of by all of his friends, and where, as David informed us, the young apprentice was taught how to shoot to kill. He also said that a plot had been hatched there to blow up the safe in the office of the building, and that the explosives for this purpose would be found hidden in a certain spot in the basement. Both the pistol-gallery and the explosives were found precisely as described by David.

Taking it all in all, the arrest of this boy led to the punishment, and we hope the destruction, of one of the vilest bands of which one could conceive. As to David himself, he has remained under our supervision for considerable time, and has formed new associations of a far different character than those which defiled his life awhile ago. He is learning an excellent trade, and there is every prospect that in the future he will acquit himself with success and honor.

The gang instinct is not an easy thing to overcome. Once it gets into the blood it often reasserts itself after the lapse of time and long periods of apparent inaction. Its call, like the passion for strong drink, draws men back again to the habits of the past, and its bonds are hard to break.

The case of Robert Shore was a striking instance in point. (Here I use his true name, for his record has already received wide publicity.) The tragedy of his latter life, it is needless to say, came as a distinct shock and disappointment to us all, but the fact that in this case our efforts proved unavailing is no reason for avoiding reference to his brief but eventful career.

Shore was but a boy of fourteen when he was picked up by the police for having a pistol in his possession. There was nothing of peculiar interest in the incident of his arrest, as the boy claimed that he found the weapon, and the officer could offer no proof to the contrary. The circumstances were such, however, that an investigation seemed desirable, and through it we discovered that Shore had been keeping questionable company. He apparently had an irresistible craving for gangs and gangsters, and although he was too young to qualify as a full-fledged member of their circles, his one idea appeared to be to fit himself for such associations later on. While he was detained pending our investigation, a letter was found in his possession addressed to one Thomas Francis Smith, at Sing Sing prison. Smith, generally known as "Tanner" Smith, was a well-known gangster, the possessor of a criminal record, and an operator in those districts which produced the "Terrible Nine," the "Hudson Dusters," the "Gophers," and the "Guerillas." The meeting-places of some of these bands were euphoniously known as "Tubs of Blood." Shore's letter was a human document of considerable interest, and its phrases were redolent with the argot of the gang. In part it read as follows:

"DEAR THOMAS:

"I am taking great pleasure in writing you these few lines to let you know how every little thing is. The other Saturday Sullivan from 27th did a little carving on Hawkie. Sullivan was with your friend Rogers and a dummy* past. On the dummy was Hawkie. Sullivan got on the opposite side in the engine so Rogers seen Hawkie making his way and pumped five at Hawkie, but got a surprise when Hawk ran over to him and shoved him through a hall in Tenth. Now Rogers is trying to have it over and get out of it but there is no fear. He'll get all that is coming. Our friend Mack grabbed Larkin Sunday night and put it to him. Lark pigged like a baby and said he had nothing to do with it, so they took that stuff and let him go without giving him his.

"Tom has been with Jackie McG in 16th Street all the time since you been away and also with Richmond and Cassidy Pete. How are they with you, aces? If so let me know cause I won't have

* A dummy engine on the Eleventh Avenue tracks of the New York Central Railroad Company.

anything to do with any one you have no use for. Owney Madden* is getting quite familiar with this neighborhood. He passes here often but it won't last when they hear you're here. They'll get pinched to be in safe keeps for life. . . .

"I went back to work Monday last November 9th, and I feel fine. My muscles were stiff from being home a month, so next time I fall the doctor told me to fall on my back and not on my face, as it is bad for the eyes and chin and wrists.

Your friend,

ROBERT SHORE."

I was quite willing to give Shore a chance on probation provided that he would break completely away from the company which he had begun to cultivate so assiduously. This the boy agreed to do, and I believe that, at the time, he was sincere in his promise. He seemed anxious to turn over a new leaf and to interest himself in other directions. While he remained under our supervision he acquitted himself creditably in all respects, and at the time of his final discharge from the Children's Court, we had every reason to believe that he would prove himself to be a useful member of society.

That was more than six years ago. How long he continued to resist the influences of his former associates I cannot say. Perhaps he went back to them just as soon as our legal jurisdiction over him came to an end. Possibly he continued to struggle for a short time after that, until the call became too strong for him to resist, and the old lure dragged him back in spite of all his better resolutions.

That he did go back, however, there unfortunately can be no question. He was arrested several times later on and served a term in the penitentiary for a similar offense to that which led to his initial appearance in the Children's Court —the carrying of a revolver. Finally, one day in the summer of 1919, his old friend "Tanner" Smith was killed in a fight, and the press mentioned very prominently the name of Robert Shore (now known as "Rubber" Shore) in connection with the affair. Before Shore could be taken into custody, however, a second tragedy took place, and Shore himself was killed by a friend of Smith, it was thought, in revenge for the death of his chieftain. What led to the falling out between Shore and Smith has never been fully explained, and even at the present writing a judicial inquiry is pending as to the complicity of others in the affray. Thus ended a young life which seemed to promise better things only six years before.

Of course there are gangs and gangs. Some are made up merely of boisterous youths who band themselves together for the purpose of mutual protection, and whose acts of lawlessness are mostly confined to street fights with their rivals and enemies. In a sense the purpose of such organizations is defensive, and the offenses which they commit are generally incidental to their combats or their quest for adventure. But later on such associations are apt to undergo a dangerous and ominous development, and we often find that the more hardened of their members throw aside all restrictions of law and order and organize themselves into groups to prey upon society. In their ranks can be found the typical gangsters, the gunmen and the criminals of whom we hear so much, and who hesitate at nothing, not even at murder itself, in the carrying out of their objects.

The finished gang is the product of evolution. Its embryonic germ is innocent enough in itself, and in many cases its origin can be traced to the natural desire of boys to associate together for pleasure and adventure. These associations, if properly directed and guided, will never lead to any harm, and are often productive of good results in teaching boys manliness, self-reliance, and loyalty to others. The poison only sets in when, through thoughtlessness or misdirection of their activities, they are led into folly and mischief. Then again, groups of this kind in the same neighborhood are frequently known to clash. At first their rivalries may be more or less friendly, but the temptation to overstep the mark is ever present, and when one side indulges in disorderly acts, the others are forced to do the same thing in retaliation. "The descent to Avernus is easy," and once

* A notorious gang leader, afterward sentenced to State's prison for manslaughter.

boys lose their respect for law and order, other transgressions and delinquencies will follow in logical succession.

We constantly encounter the embryo gang in those street fights which bring so many boys into the Children's Court. In nine cases out of ten when boys are picked up for throwing stones or indulging in other forms of combat in public places, it is safe to assume that it is the result of warfare between the denizens of two streets or avenues. Indeed, one of my first questions in such a case is to ask a boy to which street he belongs.

A short time ago we received so many complaints of fighting in a certain section of the city that a probation officer was assigned to the special task of trying to restore order. A large number of boys had been arrested in the neighborhood, and all of them had pleaded guilty to taking part in these outbreaks, but still the warfare went on. The police seemed powerless to stop it, and mere punishments appeared to have no effect whatever. From our investigations we found that the boys living on Ninth Avenue and those on Tenth, within a given area, had organized themselves into two rival bands and that the young inhabitants of the side streets included within this zone had affiliated themselves with one or the other of these main bodies. They fought incessantly, and whenever they had an occasion to meet they indulged in their feud to the danger of all passers-by and to the injury of many windows in the vicinity.

Our probation officer, starting with those lads who had been arrested and placed on probation by the court, gained the interest and friendship of many others in the two groups, and in a short time learnt much of the doings of all of the boys involved as well as of the activities and identities of their leaders. He also aroused the interest of the local churches, schools, and settlements in the situation. Finally, when he thought the time ripe, he called a conference of both sides for the purpose of adopting an appropriate treaty of peace. At the hour set, a number of boys gathered at the appointed rendezvous, and our officer started to address them. But as he proceeded to describe his proposition the crowd continued to increase so rapidly that an adjournment had to be taken, and the meeting postponed until a larger place could be found to accommodate his eager listeners. A little while later he obtained permission to use a school auditorium, to which the crowd moved in a body, and where he was able to continue his talk. When he finished, his suggestions were received with uproarious applause, and every resolution which he proposed was carried with a storm of enthusiasm. It was then that he began to feel that something was wrong, for he knew that the two gangs would never assemble together so amicably or agree so quickly.

"How many of you here belong to Ninth Avenue?" he asked. The whole conference arose *en masse*, and in a wild uproar affirmed their loyalty to their native thoroughfare.

"And how many are there from Tenth Avenue?" he queried anxiously, with a premonition of failure. Not a hand was raised or a voice heard in answer.

Then the whole crowd broke out into a bedlam of hisses, groans, and catcalls, which told the probation officer plainly what had happened. Tenth Avenue had deserted him, and he had wasted all his persuasive eloquence on Ninth alone.

Undismayed, however, at his first setback, he immediately started to find out why the Tenth Avenue crowd had proved recalcitrant, and in a short time he discovered the reason. They had been led to believe by some false report that the meeting was a fake one, and that it was a trap set by the Ninth Avenuers for their undoing. Fearing an ambush, they had resolved to stay away, but in so doing had intended no disrespect to our peacemaker. A little later on, after the situation was better understood, he succeeded in bringing the leaders of both sides together, and a peace treaty was actually signed, which was honored and observed by all concerned. The warfare came to an end, and the two groups gradually mingled and fraternized in a spirit of friendship. It was really a fine piece of work on the part of our probation officer, and he succeeded in permanently eliminating a disorder which the police by strong-arm methods had failed to suppress.

It is often curious and gratifying to find how ready and willing boys are to help in improving conditions if they can be made to understand just why and how their assistance might be of value. But the appeal must be made to them in full sincerity, as man to man, for a maudlin plea or a harsh command would be equally ineffectual in arousing their interest or enlisting their sympathy. I have found in certain cases no more effective agents for the maintenance of law and order than boys themselves, if they are properly handled and guided.

Recently a group came before me charged with stone-throwing. As usual, I found that it was a fight between two street gangs. I talked over the matter with the boys in detail, and as they were an intelligent lot it was not difficult to make them understand the error of their ways. Finally I asked them all to assist our probation officers in putting an end to the nuisance. I explained that each boy was usually able to influence a friend or two, and that although I did not want any of them to undertake more than he was able, I felt that great good would result if each one did his best.

"How many other boys can you get to stop this fighting?" I asked one of the largest of the group.

"Two or three," he responded.

"How many could you?" I inquired of another.

"I don't quite know," he answered with some hesitation. "I think I could get hold of one."

"That's fine," I replied. "I only want you to do what you can. Don't make any promise which you cannot keep."

"And what can you do, Jimmie?" I said, turning to one of the smallest of the lot.

"Oh! I'll get thirty or forty," he asserted with an air of confidence.

"Isn't that a great many for you to control?" I exclaimed in wonder.

"Oh! no," answered Jimmie. "I guess I can get the other kids to stop, all right. There won't be no more battles, judge."

To my amazement Jimmie's word was as good as his bond, for he turned out to be the leader of all the small boys in his block, and he loyally kept the pledge which he gave me. On his return to his neighborhood after his appearance in court he gave the command for the cessation of warfare, and the locality in consequence enjoyed a spell of peace and quiet for many months while Jimmie ruled the roost.

After all is said and done, the gang instinct is a quality which cannot be ignored or overlooked. Its existence is a natural characteristic of our social order, and it would be impossible to uproot or destroy it, even if it were desirable to do so. In its origin it is but a form of comradeship and social activity which binds youth together in a communion of brotherhood, and as I have pointed out before, it is only in its later development, due to modern conditions and environment, that the gang becomes a menace and a thing of evil.

The task before us is to guide this tendency and instinct in the right direction before it is too late. Constancy and loyalty are virtues to be fostered, and a boy who can lead a crowd, or who will stick to his friends through thick and thin, is too valuable a potentiality to be neglected. Already many organizations have recognized the wisdom of enlisting and putting into play these very qualities in the training of youth. The achievements and ideals of the Boy Scouts show, for example, what can be accomplished in this connection by proper direction and intelligent leadership.

For the hardened gangster no one can have the slightest sympathy or respect. But just because a number of boys choose to band themselves together into what they are pleased to call a gang, don't lose hope for them, or believe that they are necessarily on the path to perdition.



The rabbits, borrowing some little Hawaiian ukeleles . . . entertained the neighborhood.—Page 160.

HOW I SPENT MY VACATION

By F. S. Church

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

I WAS a sick man. The doctor said I must have a rest, but I kept struggling on, hoping for a change for the better.

The wife of an old friend called in to see me. "Jim," she remarked, "you're dead, but you don't know it. You have got to get out of this and be resuscitated; my husband wants you to come up and make us a visit. I know how you hate that word visit, but we will put you up at our hotel, where you will be under no restraint and you'll stay till you get well. I am in the city till to-morrow at five; pack your trunk and be ready at that time, and don't fail, for if you do, I will send down some of my men who will drag you to the depot."

I had visited them once or twice before, but some years had passed and I had heard more or less about what they were doing for the preservation of the wild life in their neighborhood.



I noticed . . . a good-sized black bear carrying . . . two dishes of berries.—Page 158.

They were living, at the time of my first visit, at his hunting-lodge on a mountainside, in the wildest part of the State, abounding in game of all sorts indigenous to the locality.

He had purchased some ten thousand acres. It was a forest primeval, you could almost say, having been practically untouched by the axe-man, abounding in grand old trees, and occasionally one might see a black bear or a timber-wolf skulking along the banks of the river; blue and white herons, cranes, and eagles were common sights.

He had wired off five thousand acres and stocked it with deer, and there was a lovely lake on the mountain-top which, with the river that flowed along his land, made it an ideal place for fishing.

It had been his custom to entertain his friends during

the season with hunting and fishing parties, for he was a true sportsman and law-abiding with regard to the few game laws in force at that time; but he lived in the cruel days when every man and boy throughout the country shot every wild thing that was unfortunate enough to come within range, not realizing the pitiful results that were leading to the extermination of so many of our interesting animals and beautiful birds.

His point of view suddenly changed; why I do not know, but I have thought it perhaps due to his lovely, kind-hearted wife, who was the daughter of a celebrated naturalist, to whom much credit has been given for some of our first game laws. She had inherited from her father the love of nature and wild things which is such a prominent trait in her character.



Watching me intensely . . . as I looked over the menu.—Page 158.

He soon bought ten thousand more acres, and he and his wife moved across the river, where they settled and became members of a little hamlet consisting of a few homes, the country church, grocery-store; all surrounded by lovely woodlands and thriving farms.

He took a genuine interest in all that concerned the people, introducing modern farm implements at his own expense, building a flour and saw mill and a little town hall with a library, and a large room for lectures and the showing of lantern-slides and movies.

He built a large aviary and put one of the best-known bird men in charge. He stocked it with all sorts of birds, both foreign and native. The cages were large enough to plant small trees in, and there were adjoining winter quarters, where the birds mated, built their nests, raised their young. They were allowed to fly out through an opening made for that purpose, procuring such food for their young as they needed. He induced them by great consideration in every way to make the locality their home, both in summer and winter, food being provided for them and made always accessible.

All cats were "tabooed"; not one could be found on his twenty thousand acres, and the residents were taught that these creatures were not only destructive to bird life, whose loss was often the cause of decreased crops from their planting, but that they carried germs which resulted disastrously to their children.

All this time my friend was using his wealth, influence, and intelligence for his particular cause; local laws were passed, and the country posted warning trespassers, and finally the State backed him up in his efforts, and his place of twenty thousand acres became a government preserve.

Some years had passed since my last visit, and the place had become famous. He had put up a fine hotel, laid out a magnificent golf course, and it had become a most delightful resort for visitors interested in wild life. One could watch the deer splashing in the river near the

hotel, see them at times on the golf course, see herons stalking up and down the banks of the river and wild birds nesting on pots of small trees placed here and there on the veranda of the hotel. Everybody in the village and vicinity had bird-houses and bird drinking-places.



One girl was putting some apples on a dish full of water.—Page 158.

I went to the train at the time stated, and a two-hour ride landed us at his place. I was somewhat used up on my arrival, and had to be helped into the auto by my hostess and her chauffeur when we started for the hotel, a three-mile ride, where I was to stop. The glowing account of what they had accomplished since my last visit, by the hostess, knowing my interest in wild life, excited me a little and made me anxious to quickly arrive at our journey's end.

As we stopped in front of the hotel, I was somewhat surprised to see a couple of young bears come down the steps and take my trunk, hand-bag, canes, and umbrella up to the main office. Many guests were walking about, men, women, and children, but no one seemed surprised or paid any particular attention to the bears. My host gave me a hearty welcome, and as I registered the clerk was kept busy "shoving" off, in a good-natured way, a flock of bluebirds that seemed much interested in my arrival. My friend escorted me to my room, accompanied by the hotel doctor, and they concluded it would be well for me to go right to bed and have a good sleep; which I immediately proceeded to do.

As I put out the electric light and was about to pull down the shades, a rather unusual thing occurred. At least six or seven little screech-owls, on a branch of a tree very near my window, called me by name a number of times, greeting me with welcoming words and then flew away. I made up my mind that my imagination had got the start of me and turned into bed.



All criticised my "waddle" in what seemed a very severe manner.—Page 159.

When I woke up the next morning, pulled up the blinds and looked at my watch, I saw it was about 1 P. M., the dinner hour. A good long sleep, I said. Felt much refreshed and very hungry as I made my way into the dining-room. It was large, well lighted, and attractive. I was not so very much surprised as I sat down to the table allotted me, having heard so much about the encouragement and care of the wild life here, to see by the side of the pretty waitress who was to take my order a couple of beautiful young deer watching me intensely with their lovely soft eyes as I looked over the menu.

I started with soup, a plate of fish, and a baked potato, then had a dish of ice-cream. The moment this was placed before me, the deer with a rush began lapping it up and vanished before I could remonstrate, even if I had wanted to. The waitress remarked, "You can order as many portions as you like, Mr. Jones, I don't think the deer will care for more than two dishes this time"; which I did, and they seemed satisfied and scampered out of the room, leaving me to eat mine in peace. I noticed, as I sipped my demitasse, a good-sized black bear carrying away from a neighboring table two dishes of berries, the gentleman and lady occupants seeming to enjoy the proceedings.

Birds were flying all around the room, picking up tidbits as they liked, and a couple of squirrels were eating nuts at a near-by table. A waitress placed a dish of lettuce and mayonnaise dressing on the floor for a couple of rabbits, remarking to me that they were crazy over mayonnaise, and one girl was putting some apples on a dish full of water for some 'coons, who always wash their food before eating.

None of the numerous guests on the veranda, as I walked out of the dining-room, paid any attention to what to me was a remarkable sight. A number of bears were playing golf right in front of the hotel, with a lot of rabbits for caddies. Such sights could be seen day by day, and no one seemed surprised or even especially interested.



A number of bears were playing golf.

I often visited the poultry farm some little distance from the hotel. The superintendent, they said, was a crank on the subject of the care and kindness he showed these creatures, adding much to their comfort and increasing their productive powers. His methods were insisted upon and carried out faithfully by his employees.

Electric lights were burning in their houses dark days, phonographs were constantly playing—ragtime as a rule—accompanied more or less by the melodious

cackling, quacking, gobbling, and cooing of the chickens, ducks, turkeys, guinea-hens, and doves. The superintendent claimed these things kept them from getting nervous and they unquestionably enjoyed it, for they doubled the number of eggs laid previous to the innovation.

He had twice a week, during the season, what he called "Children's Day." (There were no incubators allowed on the place.) In a large orchard adjoining the farm mother hens, ducks and geese, turkeys and guinea-hens were to be seen with their little broods around them. Quaint little houses for shelter, small ponds, bird-houses hung on every tree, and the superintendent claimed it was a great education for children. It taught them consideration for these creatures, that do so much to make life pleasant for us, and did away with the brutality and lack of feeling so often shown by those who raise and sell them. I myself was in great sympathy with his ideas, and I always felt like taking off my hat to any hen I happened to meet for the daily egg I eat at breakfast.

During all this time my health was improving in the most wonderful manner. I was gaining tremendously in flesh and I fancied I looked like Barnum's fat man. The only unpleasant incident in my vacation occurred one day when I was walking around the poultry farm and met a flock of ducks. They were stopped by the leader and all criticised my "waddle" in what seemed a very severe manner. I felt hurt by this, as I have always shown great consideration for all of our feathered tribe.

It was customary for the guests of the hotel to bathe in the pure waters of the river in front of the hotel, a little sand beach having formed there, bath-houses and boats making it very attractive.

I am a good swimmer and started out one day to take a little exercise in this sport, as I felt it necessary to reduce my weight and bulk. I found to my surprise I had grown so fat that it was impossible for me to sink. Often afterward I would procure a paddle from the boat-house keeper and float around exploring the little nooks and crooks of the river. Mud-turtles sunning themselves on the logs interested me as they, too, were evidently fond of all aquatic sports. I would often take down the daily papers and read to them the latest swimming news. The herons and cranes would stalk around beside me when I was near the river-bank, "passing the time of day," and I would often congratulate my host and hostess on the success of their enterprise.



I would often . . . read to them the latest swimming news.

If Mr. Æsop had lived there he could have found many new ideas for his fables, for I was told many odd little incidents in the lives of my friend's wards. The rabbits, borrowing some little Hawaiian ukeleles left in the store-room of the hotel during the winter season, entertained the neighborhood with their concerts, particularly during the month of March, their "Crazy Time," performing with all the unction of a jazz band, except that they insisted on perfect melody in the music they played. One rabbit, who considered himself a first-class cook, made a specialty of warming up and preparing suitable hot dishes for his neighbors, both birds and animals, during the winter months.

My vacation was delightful; it was an entirely new experience and opened a new world to me, and I could see in the future great happiness for us all in familiarizing ourselves with our wild friends and being on such splendid terms with them.

One morning I woke up suddenly and was surprised to see the doctor and a nurse by my bedside. I felt awfully weak and could see by my hands and wrists that I had lost flesh. I said to the doctor, noticing my voice was almost in a whisper: "What is the matter? What has happened?" He said: "Mr. Jones, the evening you arrived here you were suffering from an attack of brain-fever; you collapsed as you reached the hotel and you have been in bed unconscious and delirious for some time; but don't worry, everything indicates you are going to regain your health rapidly and in a short time you will be better in every way."

In a few days I was convalescing on the veranda. I could see a mother doe and her fawns drinking in the river, a blue heron was standing on one leg on the bank, a little girl on the lawn called out to me to come down and see her—she was feeding a group of those pretty French ring-doves, who were cooing in their delightful way as she fed them. Birds were flying around near their nests on the veranda, and everything was, as my host had planned, delightful and normal.

My delirious dream, perhaps too much to be fully realized, still lingers faintly in my mind as a delightful experience.

I am under great obligation to my splendid nurse, not only for her faithful attendance but for the notes she took of my delirious talk, which she said she hoped I would put in writing in the interest of my wild friends.



One rabbit . . . made a specialty of . . . preparing suitable hot dishes.

PSYCHOLOGY AND THE WAR

By W. H. R. Rivers, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S.
Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge

WHILE we were still in the midst of the great struggle which has recently convulsed the world we had no time to realize how it was affecting, and what permanent influence it was likely to have upon, the various branches of learning. Certain broad results were fairly obvious, and even while the war was in progress I ventured to put forward a brief résumé of its influence upon psychology, which was published in *Science*. Much of the world is still in a state of distress, involving the primary needs of life, which makes it difficult to attend to abstract problems. America and Great Britain are more fortunate. Their people are already living under conditions which make it possible to consider with some degree of dispassionateness the effect of the war upon many branches of scientific activity. I propose here to consider some aspects of its influence upon psychology.

As an introduction it will be useful to survey briefly the recent history of the science. Fifty years ago psychological teaching and research were entirely in the hands of men whose interests lay in the direction of philosophy. Psychology was regarded as a branch of philosophy and was treated by methods differing little if at all from those which were utilized in the study of logic, ethics, and metaphysics. To men whose lives were devoted to such pursuits, intellect and reason were the salt of knowledge and their interest was turned predominantly, often exclusively, to the intellectual aspect of the mind. Even much later the text-books and manuals of psychology which formed the basis of academical instruction were almost exclusively concerned with purely intellectual processes. Feeling, emotion, and desire took a secondary place, while instinct was often omitted altogether.

When I first became concerned with psychological teaching, about twenty-five years ago, two important movements were taking place which, while giving psychology a different orientation, failed to turn it from its predominantly intellectual direction. These movements were the introduction of the experimental method and the application of psychology to education, and for reasons which I need not consider here they only tended to strengthen the intellectual bias which had already been given to psychology by its philosophical parentage and relationships. It was left for influences lying outside academical lines to bring into their proper place those aspects of mental life which were ignored or neglected by academical psychology. One of these influences came from the study of social phenomena, the other from the study of disease.

When students of psychology turned their attention to the mental processes which underlie social activity they found that they were little helped by the intellectual constructions of the academical psychologist. They were led to see that reason and the intellect take but a secondary place in determining the behavior of Man in his social relations. They found that collective conduct is determined by a mass of preferences and prejudices which can only be explained in reference to instincts, desires, and conative trends connected therewith, aspects of mind more or less remote from the chief interests of the academical psychologist.

Still more important and far-reaching than the lessons taught by the study of social reactions are those which come from the study of Man's behavior when afflicted by disease. Morbid psychology affords the most important means by which we may hope to advance our knowledge of mind. Through it alone are given those variations of condition and those dissociations of function which in other biological sciences we are able to produce by experiment. Even already, when we are barely on the threshold of this study, morbid psychology has done more than

any other line of work to advance our knowledge.

Work on abnormal states of the nervous system during the last fifty years, and especially that of Hughlings Jackson, had led neurologists to recognize that one of the chief effects of disease is to annul the action of many of the higher controlling mechanisms of the nervous system and thus allow activities to reassert themselves which have been long in abeyance. We are now coming to see that, as we might expect, a similar process holds good of disorders of the mind. Mental disorders of the most diverse kind, which make up what we call the psychoneuroses, can be brought into an orderly and intelligible system if we regard them as the result of a twofold process. They are seen to be due partly to the loss or weakening of certain mental functions and partly to the reawakening of other functions which are normally held in abeyance as the result of suppression and control. The functions which are thus brought into activity receive their natural explanation as activities proper to early phases of the development of mind which have been partly or wholly suppressed on account of their incompatibility with later products of development.

The activities which find their expression in the psychoneuroses are also liable to intrude into consciousness, and still more to influence behavior unconsciously, under many conditions of normal life. They are especially influential in producing the characters of the dream in which the suppressed activities are allowed to find expression owing to the abrogation in sleep of the control exerted during the waking life. Moreover, the special kind of study of mental function which is known as psychoanalysis is pointing more and more surely to the origin of special features of character, especially of the preferences and prejudices which bulk so largely in it, as being due to the activity of incompletely suppressed tendencies and of bodies of experience associated therewith. The study of mental pathology has led the physician to a point of view in close agreement with that reached independently by the students of social psychology that human behavior is determined much less by reason and much more by deeply seated systems of preferences and prejudices, for the explanation of which we have to go far back in the history of the mind. Both lines of study lead the student back to those inherited modes of behavior which make up the instincts, and to the emotional states which are so intimately connected with the instincts.

Five years ago psychology had reached a phase in which it was becoming obvious to many that the intellectual factors which so greatly interested the academical psychologist were wholly inadequate to explain the behavior of mankind, and that some fundamental reconstruction of the science of psychology and of the mode of teaching it had become imperative.

The experience of the last five years has only brought this need for reconstruction into greater prominence. The war has been a vast crucible in which all our preconceived views concerning human nature have been tested. Out of the complex mass of experience which has emerged and is capable of study and analysis nothing is more certain than the general confirmation of the conclusions to which students were already being led. The war has shown that human behavior in the mass is determined by sentiments resting upon instinctive trends and traditions founded on such trends. We have learned that reason plays a very insignificant part in determining behavior when mankind is brought into contact with circumstances which awaken the instinct of self-preservation. It is a commonplace of worldly wisdom when anything inexplicable occurs in human conduct that we should "chercher la femme." The truth which underlies this adage is that when we find anything in human conduct which cannot be explained by reason, it is probably due to circumstances arising out of the instinct of sex, the instinct which in our normal peaceful life is the most frequent source of conflicts with reason. Similarly, it was becoming widely, if not universally, recognized that in those greater failures of adaptation of conduct to the circumstances it has to meet which we call disease, it is the sexual instinct which in times of peace provides the most potent agent in the mental conflicts upon

which disorders of the mind depend. Many of the lessons of the war in relation to psychology depend on the fact that it brought into action with tremendous force an instinct still more powerful and even more fundamental than the sexual instinct, the instinct of self-preservation, or rather that group of the instincts of self-preservation which is called into action by the presence of danger which may be called the danger-instincts. These instincts are often active in childhood, but in the ordinary course of our modern civilization they are allowed to slumber and show themselves so little that those who desire the pleasure which goes with the direct satisfaction of instinct have to seek for it in excessive speed, risky sports, big-game hunting, or other means by which men gain the pleasurable excitement which comes with personal danger.

The dormant instincts which the accidents of war have thus brought into renewed activity are of relatively great simplicity, certainly more simple than the sexual instinct which forms its chief rival in the production of mental disorder. This simplicity has made it easy to discern the essential nature of the psychoneuroses, to detect the mechanisms and agencies by means of which the special features of mental failure and disorder are produced. It has become evident that the psychoneuroses are essentially attempts to solve in various ways the conflict between instinctive tendencies and controlling forces, the special form of the psychoneurosis depending on the nature of the solution attempted, on the relative strength of the warring forces, on the nature of the instinctive tendencies involved, and on the outcome of a struggle between different forms of activity by which the cruder instinctive tendencies are controlled. In some cases the whole mechanism breaks down entirely, producing an acute insanity; in others, a faulty process of rationalization leads to a more chronic form of insanity in which early suspicions and forebodings are dispelled by dreams which, passing over into definite delusions, make up the picture of a dementia præcox or a paranoia. In other cases the conflict is resolved by the occurrence of a paralysis or some other form of disability which incapacitates for further participation in the struggle, this form of solution being known as hysteria or conversion-neurosis, since it is supposed that the energy of the patient has suffered conversion into the special form of energy in which the disability manifests itself. Other forms of solution are by means of compulsive acts or thoughts which give an outlet for the energy engendered by the conflict, producing what is called a compulsion-neurosis; excessive interest in the morbid state produced by the conflict which is known as hypochondriasis; resort to alcohol or other drugs, which, while dulling the pain of the conflict, only serve to accentuate its strength.

More frequent than any of these attempted solutions is one which may be regarded as having a more normal character in which the sufferer attempts to still the conflict by means of voluntary and witting repression. He attempts to get rid of the conflict by thrusting out of sight the instinctive tendencies and all experience associated with them and does not attempt to face the situation which is presented by the reawakened tendencies and the conflict they have aroused. In consequence the conflict persists, but beneath the surface, and manifests itself, partly in impaired activity owing to much of the available energy being absorbed in the conflict, partly in various disorders of mental and nervous function, and especially disturbances of sleep which serve as manifestations or symbols of the subterranean conflict. These manifestations of repressed activity form prominent features in a disease forming one of the many morbid states included under the heading of neurasthenia, which may suitably be known, from the chief condition by which it is produced, as repression-neurosis.

In dealing with the influence of the war upon the position of psychology I have begun with its effect upon our views concerning the nature of those morbid states which provide such arresting examples of failure of adaptation of the human organism to its environment. In attempting to illustrate its influence in other ways I cannot do better than continue to deal with the influence of the reawakening of the instinct of self-preservation on the less obviously morbid aspects of individual

and social life. If the instinct of self-preservation brought into activity by the dangers and privations of war has the vast part I suppose in producing the grosser disorders of the individual life which we call disease, we can be confident that it has also played a great part in determining those smaller currents of the individual life which probably hardly one of us fails to detect in himself, his friends, and acquaintances. For the last five years the civilized world has been living under the shadow of a great danger, not in the case of many of us a danger which immediately threatened existence as in the case of those young enough and strong enough to fight, though even among those who stayed at home in my own country, air-raids brought into activity the danger-instincts in their cruder form. With most of us it has rather been the danger-instincts as modified by gregarious influences which came into activity during the war. It was the danger of the destruction of the social framework in which each person had his appointed place which acted as the stimulus to reawaken tendencies connected with the instinct of self-preservation. Moreover, now that the danger from external enemies is over, there are large numbers of persons in whom the alteration in the internal social order which seems in all countries to be imminent is keeping their danger-instincts in a state of tension, while the fatigue and strain which few have escaped during the war is at the same time giving these aroused instinctive tendencies a wider scope than would otherwise be open to them.

Since this reawakening of the danger-instincts affects nearly every member of the more civilized populations of the world, it is producing a state which may be regarded as a universal psychoneurosis, which explains much that is now happening in human society. Owing to the different conditions under which the danger-instincts have been aroused in different nations, the social disorder is taking various forms in different countries. We can hardly expect that a disorder of the national life should follow exactly the lines taken by the psychoneurosis of the individual, but we should expect to find analogues of the chief forms of solution adopted by the individual organism. Even in the individual it is rare to find that some one form of solution is attempted to the exclusion of all others, so that most cases of psychoneurosis have a complex character. This complexity is still more to be expected in the disorders of society, having a complexity greater than that of the individual organism.

In those countries in which long ages of dominance of some foreign or autocratic power has crushed development or failed to educate the people to act as members of a body corporate, the war has produced a state of disorder which can only be likened to an acute psychosis in which instinctive tendencies have been given the widest scope, altogether uncontrolled by the organized hierarchy which gives system and order to the modern state. In other cases, it is hardly as yet possible to discern the special form which the national psychoneurosis is going to take. We may hope that America and Great Britain are suffering from nothing worse than the fatigue and exhaustion which are the necessary consequence of the prolonged period of stress and strain through which they have passed.

There are, however, some national symptoms, at any rate in Great Britain, which suggest the danger of a more definitely morbid state. It is generally acknowledged to be a characteristic of the British people that they are content to act without system, to take the path in national affairs which seems most obvious, and to trust to their endowment of native sense to lead them right. In other words, in political matters they prefer to act by methods comparable with those of instinct, and distrust all solutions dictated by intelligence, and especially by that organized intelligence we call science. To such a people the natural line of action in the presence of the painful is to put into practice the policy of repression which, as we have seen, is in the individual responsible for a definite form of psychoneurosis. The function of pain is to act as a stimulus to some kind of activity which will remove the animal or person experiencing the pain from the situation by which it is being produced. When escape from pain is impossible or no obvious line of activity

is open, there is a tendency, which seems to be derived from an ancient instinctive form of reaction, to suppress the pain. The line so often taken, both by the individual and the society, of repressing the painful seems to be only the working of an instinctive tendency which on the general lines of its character we might have expected the British people to adopt.

There is much in the present state of British society which indicates a tendency to follow this line of least resistance in which its members are shutting their eyes to the painful elements in the national situation. We can see some signs of the disorganization and regression which are in the individual the signs of a repression-neurosis.

As I have pointed out in a lecture on "Mind and Medicine,"* the two great remedies for such a disorder are self-knowledge and self-reliance. Just as it is essential that the individual sufferer from a psychoneurosis dependent on repression shall face the facts, get to understand the situation, and do his best to meet it in his own strength without relying on artificial and adventitious aids, so are these measures necessary when the subject of the morbid state is not an individual but a people. Treatment to be successful must be on the lines of self-knowledge and self-reliance, and if these measures are speedily adopted the nation may yet be spared many of the severer troubles which arise out of a policy of repression.

As might have been expected from the special nature of the experience which the war has brought to myself, I have dealt in this article especially with its effects upon the psychology of the morbid. It is, moreover, upon this aspect of psychology that the effect of the war has been especially pronounced and in which its action has been most direct. In other branches of psychology the effect, though in many cases definite enough, has been more indirect. Thus, many of those who have been studying the morbid effects of war feel strongly that the lessons they have learned are of as great importance to education as to medicine. They have learned to how great an extent health and happiness depend upon the influences of childhood, and especially upon those of its earliest years. The life of a child is a long conflict between instinctive tendencies and forces brought to bear upon these tendencies by its elders, and many are coming to believe that character is largely determined by the strategy and tactics of this conflict.

Another branch of psychology upon which, at any rate in Great Britain, the influence of the war, though indirect, has been profound is that dealing with its application to the problems of industry. In America psychology had already before the war received extensive application to the scientific management of industry. In Great Britain it needed the urgency created by the needs of war, and the vast extensions which were necessary in many branches of industry, to force upon its leaders some, even if a wholly inadequate, realization of the services which the sciences of psychology and physiology can render to the more economical application of human activity. Many of the services thus rendered involve chiefly a knowledge of motor processes and other comparatively menial aspects of psychology, but many of the most interesting problems of industrial psychology, and especially those arising out of social and political obstacles to the application of more economical methods, involve mental activities of a kind very similar to those which take so prominent a place in the psychology of war.

It is necessary, in concluding, to point out a serious limitation to the usefulness of the science of psychology in its application to practical affairs. On the more material side of our civilization the experience of war has done much to teach the people at large, and possibly even their rulers, the value of science. The sciences which deal with matter are, however, so advanced that they are able to deal immediately and directly with the concrete problems presented by warfare, commerce, and other aspects of practical life. The science which deals with mind in its individual aspect, and still more that which attempts to deal with the collective aspect, is so much less advanced that it can hardly as yet claim to provide an answer to any of the more concrete

* Manchester University Press, 1919.

questions which the sociologist or the statesman may wish to put to it. We cannot claim more than that psychology has reached certain general principles which will help the politician, the social reformer, or the teacher. Especially important in this respect are the principles which have been the result of experience in the medicine of the mind. A society is a collection of individuals, and though the measures adapted to meet the morbid states of society cannot be the same as those adapted to individual needs, we can be confident that the general principles which underlie the treatment of the mental disorders of the individual will also hold good in the treatment of the disorders of social and national life.

BLACK MAGIC

By Arthur Tuckerman

Illustrations by C. R. Weed

HIGH above the shrill clatter of the cargo winches, the creak of straining hawsers, the sullen throb of escaping steam, rose Tawny King's roar of outraged dignity. Upon the flying bridge the weather-beaten Dundee skipper paused in his pacing to and fro to watch a steel cage being lowered at an absurd angle into the black depths of a gaping hatchway. Wrathfully he bellowed for his second officer.

"Mr. Pell! I'm wanting to know who in the devil's name is bringing a lion aboard my ship?"

Mr. Pell, twenty-three, pink-cheeked and very British, looked as if he bore the burden of Atlas upon his shoulders.

"It's consigned to Liverpool, sir. Belongs to Mr. Marvin, the passenger standing down there by the taffrail. He told me that he wired you from Nairobi to reserve cargo space."

Captain Jamieson glanced at his watch; he was due to clear Mombasa harbor in ten minutes. He plunged down the bridge ladder and strode across the deck to the pith-helmeted American idling at the taffrail.

"Mr. Marvin, sir. Ye wired me re-sairving space for 'live stock.' I'm thinking that's a preety eelastic tairm when it comes to include such beasts as lions!"

Marvin's attitude was conciliatory.

"I'll guarantee that Tawny King won't give you any trouble, captain."

Jamieson stroked his square red beard and gave the problem grave consideration.

"Ye'll understand," he said more amiably, "that I'm no wishing to make a caircus of the ship, Mr. Marvin. Still, if ye'll see that the brute behaves himself, we'll let it go at that." He nodded abruptly and went back to the bridge.

Some five minutes later the whistle on the *Transvaal's* yellow funnel, suddenly shrouded in white steam, emitted a hoarse blast and the ship began to throb slowly down the channel toward the Indian Ocean.

On the after-deck Marvin joined Santini, his motion-picture man, and watched their native porters sorting the heap of equipment that had been thrown post-haste aboard the ship at the hour of her sailing; had the Nairobi train reached Mombasa on time, their embarkation would not have been so hurried.

The Swahilis, with painstaking slowness, separated each article in neat piles. There were .303 sports rifles, 12-bore shotguns, .450 expresses, double-fly tents, jaeger blankets, rockets, cameras, filters —all the varied paraphernalia of an African hunting expedition.

Santini, gazing astern toward the rapidly fading panorama of Mombasa, wiped his moist forehead.

"Thank the Lord we're clear at last.

Hardest three months I ever hope to spend."

Marvin, in the act of lighting his pipe, raised his eyebrows.

"Think so?" he puffed. "Maybe. But Tawny King was worth it."

He smiled reminiscently. This expedition to British East Africa and Uganda had been the goal of his ambitions. He was now homeward bound with more trophies than he knew what to do with, *and*—Tawny King—alive. He intended to present Tawny King to some famous zoological collection at home. In the heart of Uganda, some ten days trekking north of Fort Hall, they had found him, lurking in the dried elephant-grass; by his side lay what had been the corpse of a Swahili porter who had disappeared from the camp the night before. Tawny King had tasted blood; it must have been to his liking from the way he kept licking his paws with his huge red tongue.

He measured exactly one hundred and fifteen inches from the tip of his cold nose to the little tassel at the end of his tail. From the day of his capture, when they shut him up in a portable steel cage, he glowered and sulked, ramped and ranted, and perpetually demonstrated his disapproval of the whole human race by stiffening his tail like a steel bar the instant anything on two legs appeared near his cage. Had not Marvin tripled the pay of his Swahili porters they would have fled long before Tawny King was put safely aboard the white coast-bound train at Nairobi.

While the *Transvaal* ploughed her way steadily northward, skirting the torrid coast through two sweltering days, Marvin, Santini, and the three youngish Englishmen who formed the balance of their party, sat in shirt-sleeves beneath the scanty awning that had been rigged up on the poop-deck. At intervals they wetted their throats from tall narrow glasses which a Javanese boy produced with pleasing regularity from the smoking-room pantry.

On the second evening out from Mombasa, as the red disk of the sun was slipping down behind the rim of the sea, Marvin was wakened from a doze by a clamor of voices which came drifting lazily aft from the forward deck; a veritable babel of tongues arose in heated argument, guttural Dutch, crisp English commands, drowned now and then by the shrill dialect of the Swahili. Mr. Pell, the second officer, suddenly poked his head in sight above the poop-deck ladder.

Marvin hailed him with a wave of his pipe-stem toward the forward deck.

"What's all the row yonder, Mr. Pell?"

"I was just coming to speak to you about it. A few minutes ago one of our sailors found a stowaway in the hold, hiding behind some of the cargo—a little black fellow. When we got him on deck he began to jabber in some dialect none of us could understand—even the Swahilis didn't seem to know what he was talking about, except that he mentioned your name several times. He's determined to see you for some reason——"

"Did he tell you who he was?"

Pell smiled apologetically.

"I thought he said 'Jingu'—but that's an absurd sort of a name!"

Marvin rose from his chair chuckling.

"Jingu! I remember him well. He was one of our porters through Uganda. But I paid him off at Nairobi five days ago. Bring him up here, will you?"

When Pell had gone Marvin slapped Santini on the back delightedly. Any interlude to relieve the monotony of the sultry evening was welcome.

Three minutes later Pell reappeared. At his heels two perspiring sailors supported between them a diminutive black man. The whites of his eyes bulged alarmingly from his face; all motive power had apparently departed from his limbs, so that he had to be half carried, half dragged along the deck, his plump legs trailing as if paralyzed behind him.

He was deposited at Marvin's feet, an absurd little lump of humanity, naked but for the skirt of cloth wrapped about his fat stomach.

"Speak!" commanded Marvin in the Bantu dialect which he had picked up while trekking. "What dost thou want, little black devil?"

Jingu fawned and squirmed on the deck like a miserable pariah dog. He broke out in a shrill wail.

"Oh, my master! He will forgive. For many moons I was his devoted ser-

vant. Together we hunted the wild beast; was I not ever a faithful——"

"Stop that whining," said Marvin, not without the trace of a smile on his lips, "and tell me why you followed me like a thief in the night."

Then did Jingu seem to realize the necessity of getting to the point, much as he abhorred it. From his far-off Arabic ancestors he had inherited a certain native love of circumlocution, but he knew that this was no time to indulge therein.

"Before my master came, I was a wanderer without a home; my only friends were the animals of the wilderness wherein I lived; my food was the flesh of birds and the meat of wild berries. Then he came and was good to me; I grew to love him. When he sailed in the great ship my face was wet with large tears.

"I said unto myself, I will follow my master to the white man's country—and behold, I will be his humble servant to the end of my life."

Marvin was annoyed, more particularly because Jingu had managed to touch some chord of sympathy deep within him.

"I don't know what to do with you, Jingu," he said abruptly. "I've got all the men I need. Karim the hunter is taking care of the lion. Now, if you only knew something about animals I might use you, perhaps——"

It was a fatal admission. A bright smile bared the whiteness of Jingu's teeth.

"Then let me help!" he burst forth. "I will assist Karim in the care of the lion. I have lived among them; I fear them not, nor do they fear me. It would be well."

Here Santini, who had hitherto been silent, interposed.

"Look here, Marvin. Don't let this infernal black rascal trade on your good nature. Chuck him in irons and have him put off at Aden."

"No," said Marvin, "I'll give him a chance—he was a good porter."

He turned to Pell.

"Take the fellow down to Karim, will you, Mr. Pell? And let him help take care of the lion; it's a mean job—probably he'll quit long before we reach Aden, and raise a wail for the Nyika."

Jingu seemed to understand that his sins were forgiven. He fell at Marvin's feet, rendering the evening shrill with extravagant blessings. The sailors led him off giggling with glee . . .

At five bells the oppressive heat of the night became abruptly intensified by a scorching wind that swept down from the Somali coast like the red breath of a furnace. Upon the flying bridge Captain Jamieson's eyebrows came together when he saw the tumbling barometer; he sent Mr. Pell racing to the fore-deck shouting orders to batten down the hatch coamings and fasten the deck-strewn tackle. The deck became alive with figures, both black and white, each going about his appointed task with frantic haste.

The storm, heralded only by a single ragged streak of mauve across the black sky, broke upon a stripped deck, bare of human souls, with tackle firmly lashed. The moan of the offshore wind rose quickly to a crescendo wail as it whipped the rigging taut; up forward a concave wall of combers was born like magic from a still sea and came reeling over the bows. For an instant the ship hesitated, all atremble, and then plunged ahead resolutely into the maelstrom.

In the saloon amidships Marvin, Santini, a B. E. A. railway man named Gaylord, and a Johannesburg merchant stacked their colored chips for an hour of poker. Time and again Marvin had to steady himself in his chair as the ship lurched drunkenly.

At a quarter past eleven Santini rose pallid from his seat, swept aside his chips, and staggered from the saloon. Marvin glanced up at him with a faint smile.

"Santy hasn't got his sea-legs yet."

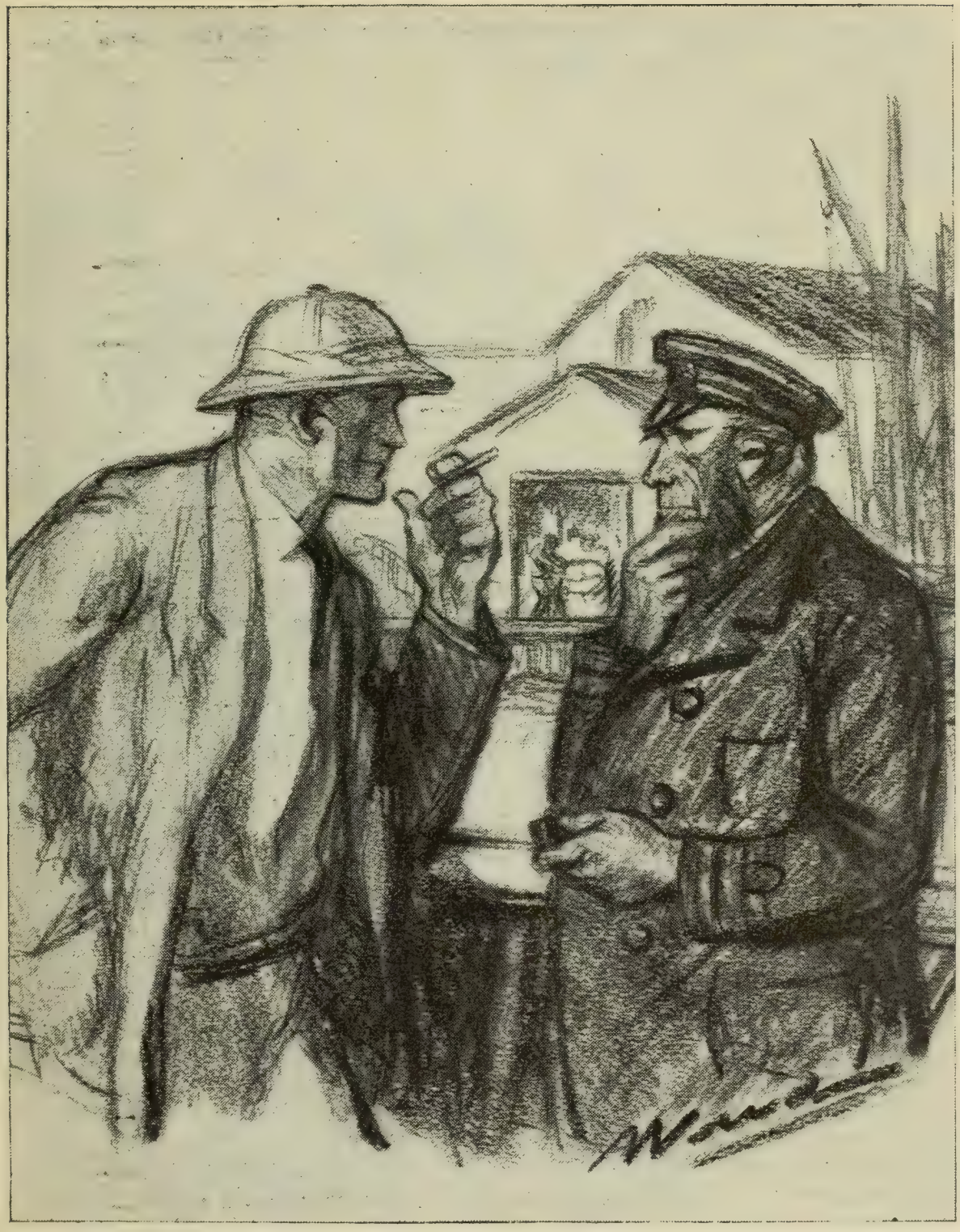
The others chuckled and stretched forth their hands for a new deal.

The cards were dealt and Marvin started to arrange his hand. Outside, the roar of the wind was terrifying. Of a sudden there came a deafening crash of thunder, seeming to strike at the heart of the ship; the saloon lights turned red and went out. In the pitch darkness that ensued Marvin heard Gaylord muttering:

"No peace—damned place—glad when we get north of Suez."

Kooper, the Johannesburg merchant, spoke up with obviously forced cheerfulness.

"We can't quit at this stage. Evident-



"I'll guarantee that Tawny King won't give you any trouble, captain."—Page 166.

ly the dynamo's out of commission. Suppose I go to my cabin and get a lamp I noticed there?"

Marvin and Gaylord expressed their approval as he rose to leave the saloon, groping blindly for the narrow door.

In total darkness they waited, while outside the waves crashed ceaselessly against the *Transvaal's* sturdy sides and came gurgling over the starboard portholes in a swirling angry mass. Only the intermittent glow of Gaylord's pipe broke the blackness at one spot just a little way above the card-table.

After an æon of time Marvin heard his husky voice.

"This is getting on my nerves— Pass that bottle, will you?"

He stretched forth a groping hand onto the baize surface of the table. At the same moment the saloon door flew open and went clattering against the wall. Kooper stood beside them stock-still, holding a flickering lamp aloft, his face white as marble. Suddenly he found his voice.

"My God! Marvin—just down the passage outside my cabin door—a pair of eyes, big greenish-yellow eyes— Your lion's loose—prowling about the ship."

Marvin leapt up and helped him, shaking, to a seat; he poured out a stiff drink of brandy.

"Every gun we've got is in one of the two cabins," he said thoughtfully.

Kooper began to mutter to himself at random; almost incoherently.

"I oughtn't to show yellow like this—but it was an awful shock—his cage must have been smashed by one of those waves——"

Around the welcome gleam of the lamp the three of them huddled for a consultation. There was but one way out of the saloon, and Tawny King, who had tasted blood, lay waiting in the passage. Marvin felt suddenly for his hip pocket and drew forth a tiny automatic.

"I forgot this; I always carry it."

He added in a dreary voice: "I suppose I've got to shoot him. Only thing to do—eh, Gaylord?"

Gaylord nodded.

"After all that trouble, and he's so magnificent!——"

Marvin stepped across to the door and opened it slowly, holding the lamp high above his head. The passage to his cabin, narrow and whitewashed, stretched straight ahead; away off at the far end the companionway door to the main-deck lay open, rattling on its brass hinges; a whiff of salt air came dashing in, covering the rubber-tiled floor with a myriad silvery globules of spray. He saw at a glance that the passage was empty.

"Tawny King's gone," he said very quietly. "Out on deck probably, from where he came. Get your gun, Gaylord; we can't leave him roaming round the ship. Remember what happened to that Swahili——"

In silence they crept to their adjoining cabins and met a moment later at the companionway door, each with a silvery muzzle protruding from the clinched fist of his right hand. Marvin led the way forward, keeping a sharp lookout at all the darkened corners for any sign of a lurking shadow; they passed beneath the flying bridge and reached the railing that overlooked the fore-deck.

With the same suddenness of its conception the tropical storm was dying down, but the *Transvaal* still rocked in the churned-up wake of its path. The air was cool and the night far brighter than before as the last of the scudding clouds slipped away from the moon's face, leaving it to shine unveiled upon a troubled sea.

After a moment Marvin's long arm stretched toward the ship's bows.

"Look! There's Tawny King!" he whispered. And added almost irrelevantly: "Isn't he superb?"

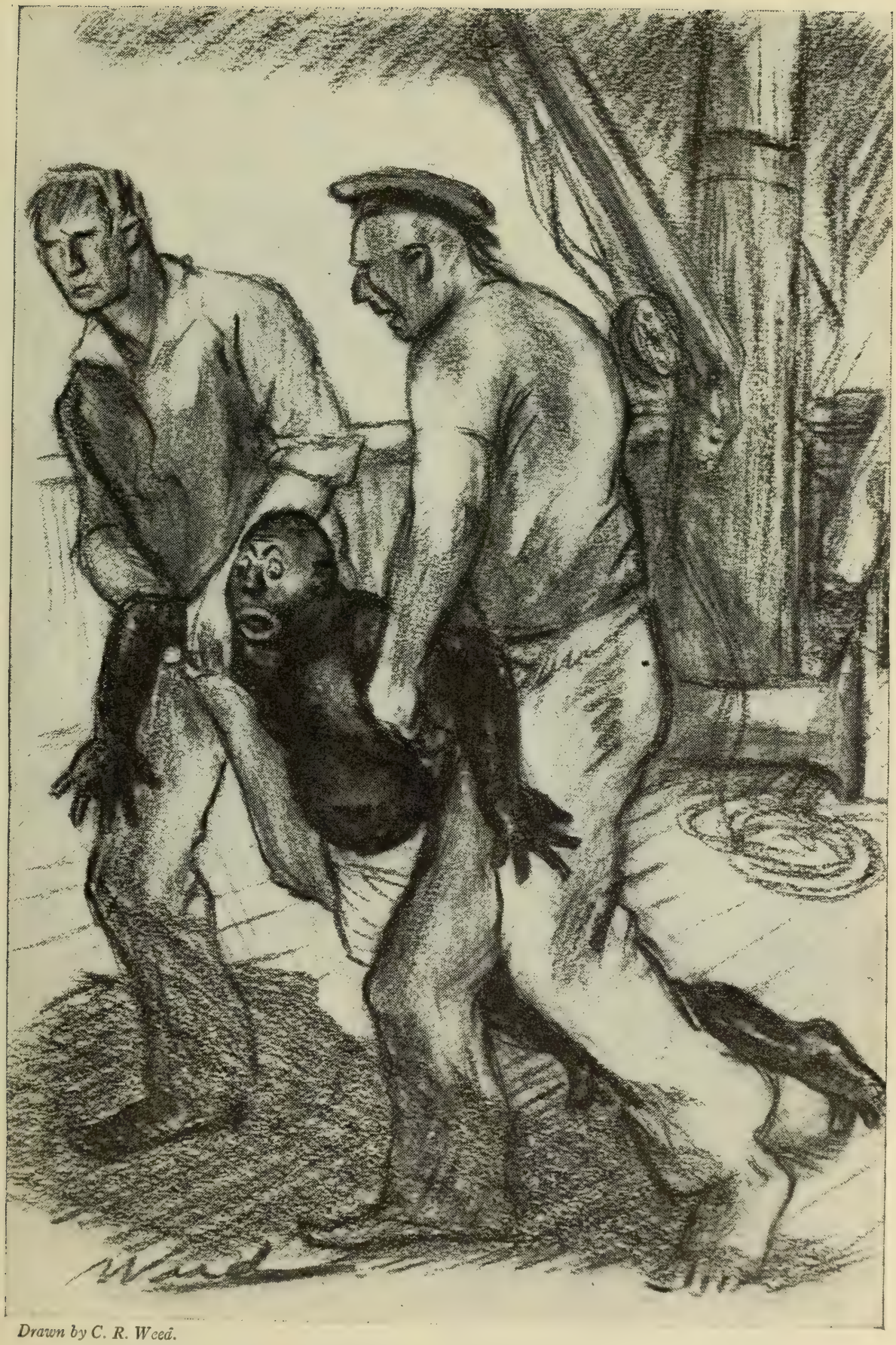
Kooper and Gaylord crowded to the rail, joined by Pell, the second officer, and a couple of sailors. Away up on the narrowing bows stood Tawny King gazing seaward with a melancholy stare, his long tail sweeping slowly to and fro, the dark outline of his splendid lean body etched sharply against the blue-white moonlight of the sky. Pell began to whisper.

"One of you gentlemen must shoot him, or I'll have to do it myself. I'm sorry, but the captain's raising hell about it on the bridge. You see, one really can't allow such things on a passenger——"

Marvin interrupted him angrily. "Tell your captain not to worry! I'm going forward to get it over as quick as I can. God knows, though, I hate to do it."

He started down the narrow ladder to the fore-deck, while the others craned eagerly over the rail to watch him. Halfway down, a little black figure, scurrying up from below, blocked his way. Jingu, his eyes agleam as if inspired by some great thought, bowed obsequiously to Marvin, who flattened himself impatiently against the rail to let him pass. But Jingu was inclined to linger.

"My master is not going to shoot Tawny King?" he asked incredulously,



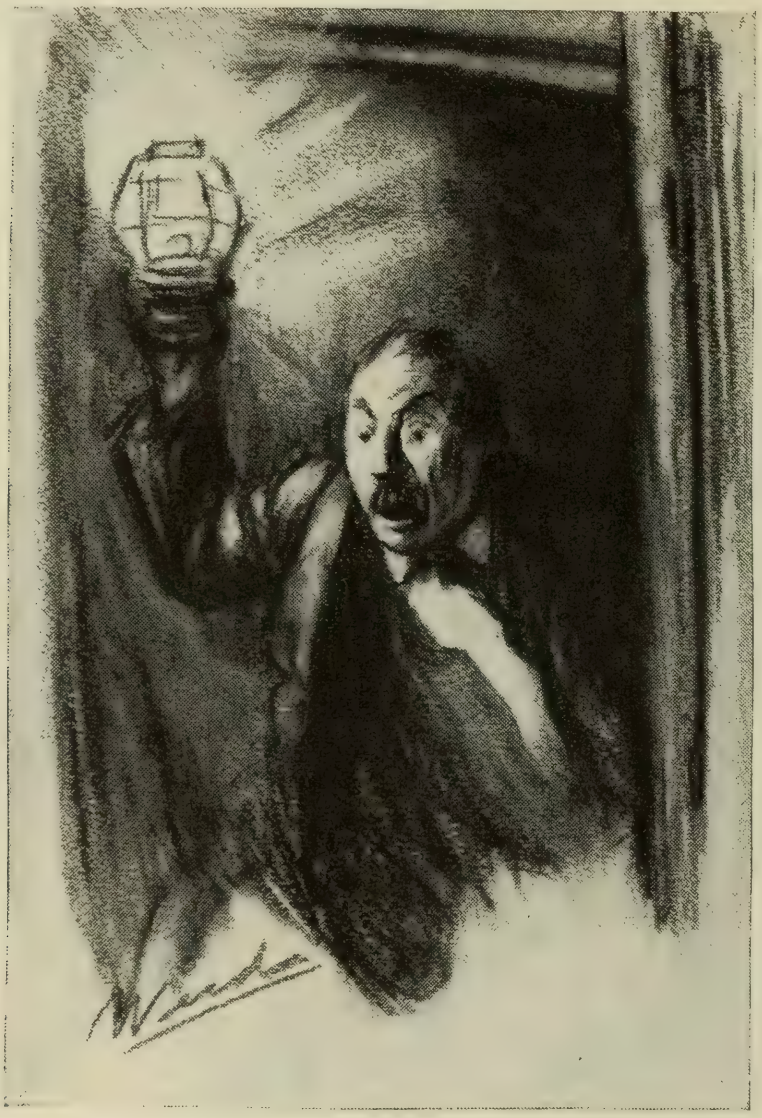
Drawn by C. R. Weed.

At his heels two perspiring sailors supported between them a diminutive black man.—Page 167.

staring at Marvin's automatic with a disdainful eye.

"What else can be done, Jingu?"

"I will tell my master something. For many years I lived in the Nyika—the wilderness; I was born there; I knew no



"My God! Marvin—just down the passage outside my cabin door—."—Page 170.

parents. No man taught me to fear animals, nor do they fear me, as I told thee some years ago. Now, if my master and his white brothers will leave this matter to me, I will bring the lion back to his iron house alive."

Marvin thrust him aside angrily.

"Nonsense!" he snapped out. "I don't want to see you torn to bits for nothing."

Jingu became garrulous. He swore by all the gods he knew—and by some whom he invented on the spur of the moment—that if the white men would give him a chance he would capture Tawny King. Something in his overwhelming earnestness finally impressed Marvin. He glanced at his watch hurriedly.

"All right," he said ungraciously, "I'll give you a quarter of an hour for your foolishness. And here—take my automatic in case your precious scheme should fail."

Jingu refused the white man's weapon scornfully. From the folds of his scanty apron he drew forth a slender rod of ivory.

"If my dear master will wait and watch," he cried eagerly, "he shall see the power of Jingu, and he will come to know his value."

He went clambering gayly down the



Drawn by C. R. Weed.

They crossed the deck together slowly, a strange pair—the little black man and the great beast.
—Page 174.

steps while Marvin went back to join the others.

Silently, and with an almost uncanny feeling, the little group watched Jingu cross the moon-bathed space of the fore-deck, heading straight for the spot where Tawny King still stood upon the bows. Zambesi at its mountain source before it becomes a full-grown river, or the call of a forest bird to its mate. . . . Tawny King's tail drooped; his head perked to one side with an air of puzzled curiosity. Still crooning, his song growing in volume, Jingu tiptoed forward fearlessly, in his



He squatted on the floor beside his friend.—Page 175.

After an interminable time he reached the mainmast and passed it; as he rounded the tarpaulin-shrouded bulk of a forward donkey-engine the lion saw him for the first time. Tawny King lowered his massive head, his tail ceased to swing and grew suddenly rigid; with bright, iridescent eyes he watched the approach of Jingu.

And then, very faintly at first, the men on the deck above heard Jingu crooning a low melody, a song of the wild men of the Nyika, a weird, soft, dreamy sound not unlike the whispering of the wind through the tall elephant-grass, or the babbling of brown hand his little ivory wand. On the upper deck Marvin and the rest held their breath.

Jingu reached the lion's side. He raised his wand and began to stroke Tawny King's broad neck and back with a soft, caressing motion, keeping in rhythm with his song. To Tawny King it brought supreme feline content. He began to purr in ecstasy.

Jingu slipped an arm round the lion's neck and rubbed his cheek against the great cold nose; then very cautiously he made a step forward. Tawny King followed placidly. They crossed the deck

together slowly, a strange pair—the little black man and the great beast, as friendly as they could be. Presently they disappeared within the companionway of the lower deck.

Marvin broke the silence first.

"Of all the miracles! Why, the man's worth his weight in gold! In a circus, a zoo, wherever they keep wild animals, he'd be invaluable——"

"But, how—how did he do it?" Gaylord murmured.

"I suppose it's because he's just a child of the wilderness. He knows no fear, such as we white men are taught by environment. Animals look upon him as one of their kind. I've heard of such cases before—faith has much to do with it."

Down in the cargo hold, under the smoky orange glow of the swaying oil lamps, Jingu was fastening the lock of Tawny King's cage, which was in no wise broken. To Karim, the keeper, he handed the key with a cunning smile.

"Take thou thy key, O my brother," he crowed. "It has served its purpose well. To-morrow we will tell the white men that the lion broke his cage, but that we have since repaired it.

"To let loose the animal for the space of an hour was an easy matter to accomplish, but it has brought to me great happiness. No longer will my master mock at me, no longer will he be unbelieving of my powers."

He squatted on the floor beside his friend and began to sway his diminutive black body from side to side in an ecstasy of childish glee. . . .

BALLADE OF FORGOTTEN WARS

By Thomas Jeffries Betts

Bayard 'quitted him valiantly,
Alexander and Kublai Khan
Led their hosts right skilfully,
Hamilcar, Hannibal, Charlemagne,
Attila, Alaric, Ghengis Khan—
Pray now, reader, can you say why
They conquered, or whom they overran?
Wars are remembered by those who die.

What was Parma's battle-cry?
And what was Scipio's slogan?
With what half truths did Pharaoh lie,
As he battled off the African?
Right and wrong, in time's brief span,
Our combats fade dissolubly;
Gone are the empires that they began;
Wars are remembered by those who die.

God, on whose aid we all rely,
Jew and Gentile and Turkoman,
Hold 'gainst our prayers relentlessly
The lesson of strife since the world began;
Ere we join battle, van to van,
And the throaty cannon make reply,
Whisper this to each fighting man:
"Wars are remembered by those who die."

THE LAST COWES REGATTA BEFORE THE WAR

A MEMORY OF THE CRUISE OF THE YACHT "MIRANDA," AUGUST, 1913

By Mary King Waddington

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY FRED PEGRAM

COWES, Sunday, August 3rd, 1913.

IT was delightful to wake up this morning with the little waves of the Solent sparkling and dancing in the sunlight and the low green shores of the Isle of Wight opposite. I made up my mind quite suddenly (only twenty-four hours' notice) to join my friends Mr. and Mrs. Depew, who have chartered Lord Leith's beautiful yacht *Miranda* for a week, the week at Cowes. Madame de Talleyrand and I left Havre last night, delighted to get away from Paris, with its August aspect, clouds of dust, steaming asphalt pavements, and of concierges with all their families sitting outside of the porte-cochères, the children generally with an accordion, and all keeping up an animated conversation with friends across the street.

It was nearly eight o'clock when we arrived at Havre. It was decided that none of the party would dress for dinner that night, as the luggage was not yet on board and we were to sail almost immediately. We are quite a large party: Mr. and Mrs. D., their daughter and her governess, two girl friends and four young men of different nationalities, English, French, and Italian. We dined at once after inspecting our cabins; B. and I have two in the centre of the ship opposite each other. Hers is the biggest, really a charming bedroom with a large double bed, sofa, dressing-table, writing-table, armchairs, a good closet where she can hang all her dresses, and a large bathroom. Mine is not quite so big but most comfortable, also with a large closet, electric light and bells everywhere.

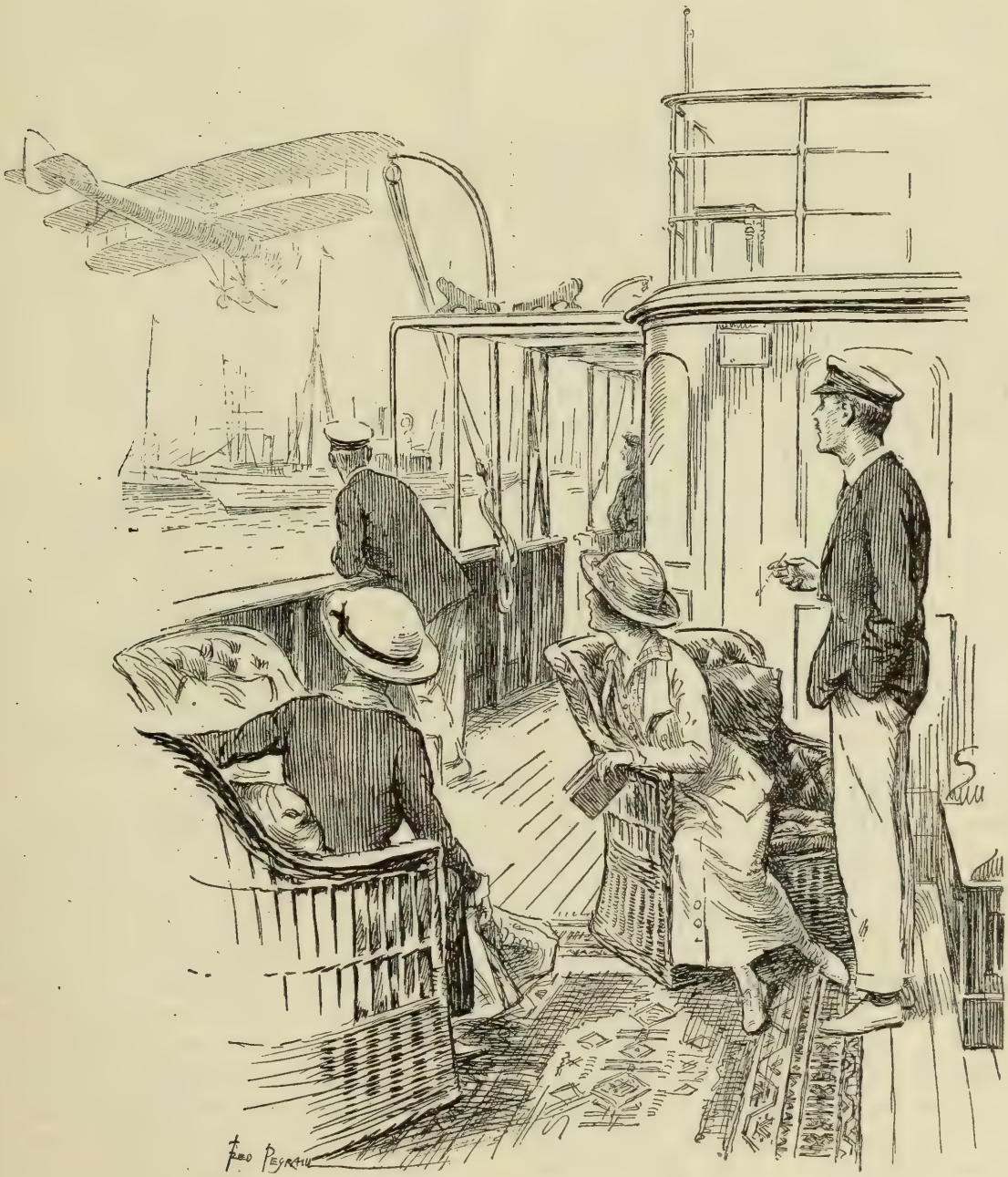
We sailed while we were still at dinner. The sea was quite smooth, a lovely summer night. We sat some time on deck, were quite comfortable with our coats on. The *départ* was most picturesque: The long lights of Havre disappearing in the distance, only the great lighthouses shining out of the darkness. There was very little movement; the captain said we would have a very good crossing. B. did not feel comfortable; M. D. took her down to her cabin about ten o'clock and gave a funny account of her when he came back: she threw herself on the bed, keeping on coat, boots, hat and veil, declined her maid, "knew she would be ill," and remained dressed on her bed till four o'clock in the morning. I never saw any one in such a curious state of nerves; she was not sick but terrified, and there was not really any movement. I stayed some time with her trying to persuade her at least to take off hat and veil, but she would not; so I retired to my cabin and slept so well that I heard nothing of the arrival at Cowes, the stop of the machinery, the letting down of the anchor, and only realized when I looked out of the port-hole and saw masts all around me that we were at Cowes.

The harbor is most animated, yachts, steamers, and pleasure-boats in every direction. A new feature since I was last here are the aeroplanes; several were flying about among the yachts. It is curious to hear the noise of the motor overhead and then to see the white-winged bird (for that is what they look like) passing in and out of the yachts, sometimes coming straight down to the water's edge. We are anchored rather far out, at some distance from the squadron landing.

There were various confidences exchanged at the breakfast-table, and it seems almost every one was ill in the night;

the yacht pitched a good deal about halfway across; however, all were very *en train* and ready for anything this morning.

B. and I wanted to go to church, so we started in the big launch about 10.30 and met a great many other launches evidently bound in the same direction. There was quite a little crowd on the landing. We found the church easily; it stands on a pretty little road just behind the clubhouse. It was filled with people, a great many men all looking so well in their Cowes dress, blue jacket, white trousers, and blue cap. After church we went into the club gardens as we wanted to see some of our friends and find out if our names and the D.'s had been written down in the book. I saw many people I knew, and the place looked absolutely the same to me as it did the last time I was here, fifteen years ago.



The white-winged bird passing in and out among the yachts.

I had a talk with Lord Ormonde, the commodore of the yacht-club, always courteous and civil to strangers. He told

me there were very few American yachts, which he regretted, as they generally had large parties on board and entertained a great deal. Lord Charles Beresford was walking about with his merry eyes and quick Irish sense of humor. The D.'s and some of the party appeared about 12, and we had a pleasant hour sitting on the lawn and watching all the people come and go and making plans for the afternoon.

Mr. D. gave us all rendezvous at 12.45 at the landing, as we were supposed to lunch at one o'clock on the yacht, but he had the greatest difficulty in collecting his flock; never got them together before one o'clock or later. It is not very convenient to go backward or forward, particularly at the lunch hour, when every one is going back to the yachts. The landing is small, so the launches cannot remain; if you are not there and ready to embark when your boat comes up it is sent off *au large* and you sometimes wait a long time before it comes up again.

After lunch I went with M. D. to write myself down for the King and Queen. Their yacht, the *Victoria and Albert*, is anchored at some distance from us. It is an enormous boat, looks more like an ocean steamer than a yacht, but the lines are fine. An officer was on duty, standing on the deck as we came up, who took us at once to the "book," where we wrote our names. A great many people were already written down, though the yacht had only arrived on Saturday. We did the same thing for the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who are also on a royal yacht, not quite so big as the *Victoria and Albert*, but a fine boat. The guard-ship was anchored close to the King's yacht.

We then went to the club lawn, where I found quantities of people I knew: Lord Ormonde (Lady Ormonde was not there), Duke and Duchess of Somerset, Mr. Bailey, Farquhar, Drummonds, etc. The Drummonds came back to tea with us on the yacht, and we all went back to the lawn after tea. (The launch goes all day.) It is most amusing on the lawn about 6; every one is there, coming back from sailing or tea on the yachts, and making plans for the next day. Of course the chic thing is to be as much on the yachts as possible, and to be taken there by the yacht's steam-launch. "Personne qui se respecte" goes in a shore boat.

Our dinner was very gay. The dining-room on the deck is charming; large windows all around with a view of the sea in every direction, and to-night the most gorgeous sunset. We sat a little time—just for coffee—in the salon, also on deck, with large windows, most comfortably and prettily furnished, sofas, easy-chairs, a piano, writing-tables, etc., and then adjourned to the upper deck, also most comfortable—a good-sized cabin for those who were afraid of sitting outside, and chairs and rugs for the rest of the party. It looked so pretty when all the yachts were lighted and the steam-launches and motor-boats were flying about from one yacht to another. There isn't a particle of motion, though there were a few "white horses" in the bay this afternoon.

Tuesday, August 4th.

Another beautiful day. B. and I wanted to make an early start—flâner in the Cowes streets and look at the shops. Just as I was leaving my cabin the head steward announced "A royal messenger, Mme., with a letter for Mme. Waddington." It was an invitation for dinner that night on board the *Victoria and Albert* at eight-thirty o'clock.

The man was waiting for an answer, so I wrote that Madame Waddington would have the honor of waiting upon Their Majesties, etc., and asked Mr. D. if I could have the launch at eight o'clock. Bessie and I started off at 10.30 and did a little shopping. Cowes is one of the places where Englishwomen appear to their great advantage. They are perfectly well dressed, all wear blue-and-white serge or linen, with coat and skirt and sailor hats, and the simple dress suits them perfectly. I could not indulge in a sailor hat, but I found a soft black straw with a white band around the crown which sat well on my head and was never off it. Cowes is crowded with people all standing as near the squadron landing and club-house as they can get, wildly interested in all the boats that arrive from the yachts, particularly the royal launches. Lady Ormonde, who was sitting on a bench at the door of the club-house, asked me to come to tea with her on Thursday and to bring my

party. The Duke of Connaught was on shore for a few minutes. I had a little talk with him and asked if there was any chance of seeing the Duchess. He said it was quite impossible: she wasn't at all well and the doctors insisted upon a perfect quiet. I fancy she has been very ill.

We had visits all afternoon, the Drummonds, Lord Normanton, who is here on his yacht, and various friends of some of our party. I asked Mrs. Drummond what I should wear for the dinner on the royal yacht and was rather dismayed when she told me that Queen Mary always wore a high short dress, did not like anything formal or ceremonious at Cowes, and of course it is much more sensible; only my only evening dress is long and décolletée; however, I will try and pull the corsage a little tighter and hope the train will pass unperceived.



Off to church.

I left about 8.20, as we are at some little

distance from the royal yacht. Mr. D. came with me. The yacht looked splendid as we came up, lighted from bow to stern; officers, sailors, and red-liveried footmen on the deck. The steward showed me into a small room on the lower deck, where I left my coat, and then I went up-stairs where Lady Amphill, who was in waiting, received me. We waited in a vestibule running straight across the deck at the top of the stairs. It was very well arranged with flowers, a red carpet, and seats all around. Almost immediately, all the party appeared. The men, Lord Shaftesbury, Keppel, Ponsonby, and Madame d'Hautpoul, *née* Stonor, who is a great friend of the Queen, and is staying on the yacht; Lady A. told me the party was small. The Cornelius Vanderbilts, whose yacht *The North Star* is lying almost alongside of the royal yacht, and their party; Lady Herbert, Countess of Pembroke, Count Mensdorff, Austrian ambassador to London, and the Marquis de Sovaral, ex-Portuguese minister, who has remained in London since the fall of the monarchy and acts as a sort of extra chamberlain to Queen Amelie. All the ladies were very simply dressed, skirts just touching the ground and corsages hardly open. The men were in the regulation Cowes short blue jackets with gilt buttons, and white trousers, and very well they looked.

The King and Queen came very punctually at 8.30, coming up the staircase which opened on the vestibule. The King was in the same Cowes dress as all the other men. The Queen looked charming in white lace over white satin, short—the skirt just touching the ground, a long string of pearls, and a pink rose at her belt. They both shook hands with all the ladies, the King with the men, and we went at once to dinner. The dining-room is just across the vestibule. Lady Pembroke sat on the King's right, next her his second son, small and slight, with a sweet little child's smile and face. He is a midshipman. I sat on the King's left, Lord Shaftesbury, the Queen's chamberlain, on my left.

The dinner was very handsome, flowers, silver (some racing cups—one the King had won that day), and plenty of servants in black, with breeches and silk stockings, and red-coated footmen. The Queen sat between Mensdorff and Sovaral. A band played on deck just outside the windows, which were open. The King talked a great deal—was easy, charming, and, as the table was narrow he talked across to Mensdorff and Sovaral. The dinner was not long. The men remained in the dining-room to smoke, and the women sat in the vestibule.

Queen Mary had a slight cold, and preferred not coming on deck. I talked to her a long time, sitting on a sofa in the corner. She said she wanted to see the Tango very much, but thought it was difficult. It couldn't be danced at the palace. I told her I thought the only way would be when she was dining some night with friends to have three or four couples of people she knew invited, who would show her the steps. She said she heard it was perfectly indecent.

When she dismissed me to talk to some of the other ladies, I sat a little while inside talking to Madame d'Hautpoul, and as soon as the men came out, most of the party went out on deck. I talked to Mensdorff, Sovaral, Ponsonby, whom I like very much. It was delicious on deck. We put on light wraps as it was a little cool. It looked so pretty, the doors opening into the vestibule, which was all light and color, with red carpet, flowers, and the women's jewels and light dresses. The band was playing, women moving about, and the red-coated footmen passing coffee, bringing chairs, wraps, all around us, other yachts lighted, and occasional strains of music, and always launches going backward and forward from the landing to the yachts.

Before the party broke up we stood about half an hour in the vestibule talking to the King. He asked me if I had seen Prince Henry of Prussia and what I thought of his yacht. I had to answer truthfully that I thought it was a horror—an ironclad turned into a yacht, looking so heavy and ugly near all the beautiful English boats. Their Majesties departed at 11. I had the same impression of the King that I had at the state balls—easy, courteous, ready to talk to every one about anything.

Mr. D. was waiting for me. He had been there since 10.30, but the officers



People watching the arrivals at the club-house.

carried him off to the ward-room, so he didn't mind waiting. There was such a tide running when we came alongside of the *Miranda* that we had some little difficulty in getting on board; had to come up three times before I could get off the launch.

Tuesday, August 5th.

Another delicious day. The big French liner *La France* arrived early this morning and is anchored quite far out. They have a large party on board, and give a dinner and dance to-night. We went ashore about 11, and I went for a walk, as I cannot sit all day on the lawn, and there are some charming green lanes and country roads up in the hills behind the town. I met a pretty child's equipage, everything white, white cart, white goat, white poodle, and a nice nurse also dressed in white, the child a fine fair baby with blue eyes and red cheeks.

I joined the rest of the party about twelve o'clock and we brought back friends to lunch. They remained until 3, and then we steamed down to Portsmouth to have a look at the big battleships which had been manœuvring about in these waters. They were deadly looking things, great black masses on the water. The shores of the Isle of Wight looked lovely, so green, studded with little white villas peeping out of the trees; many of them have gardens running down to the water's edge with quantities of flowers. The climate is so soft and damp that everything grows and in great abundance. It was one of the days of racing of the sailing-yachts, and beautiful they looked as they passed us. The King and Queen passed close under our stern in the old *Britannia*, King Edward's yacht. It seems that what they both love at Cowes are long happy days on the yacht with all their children.

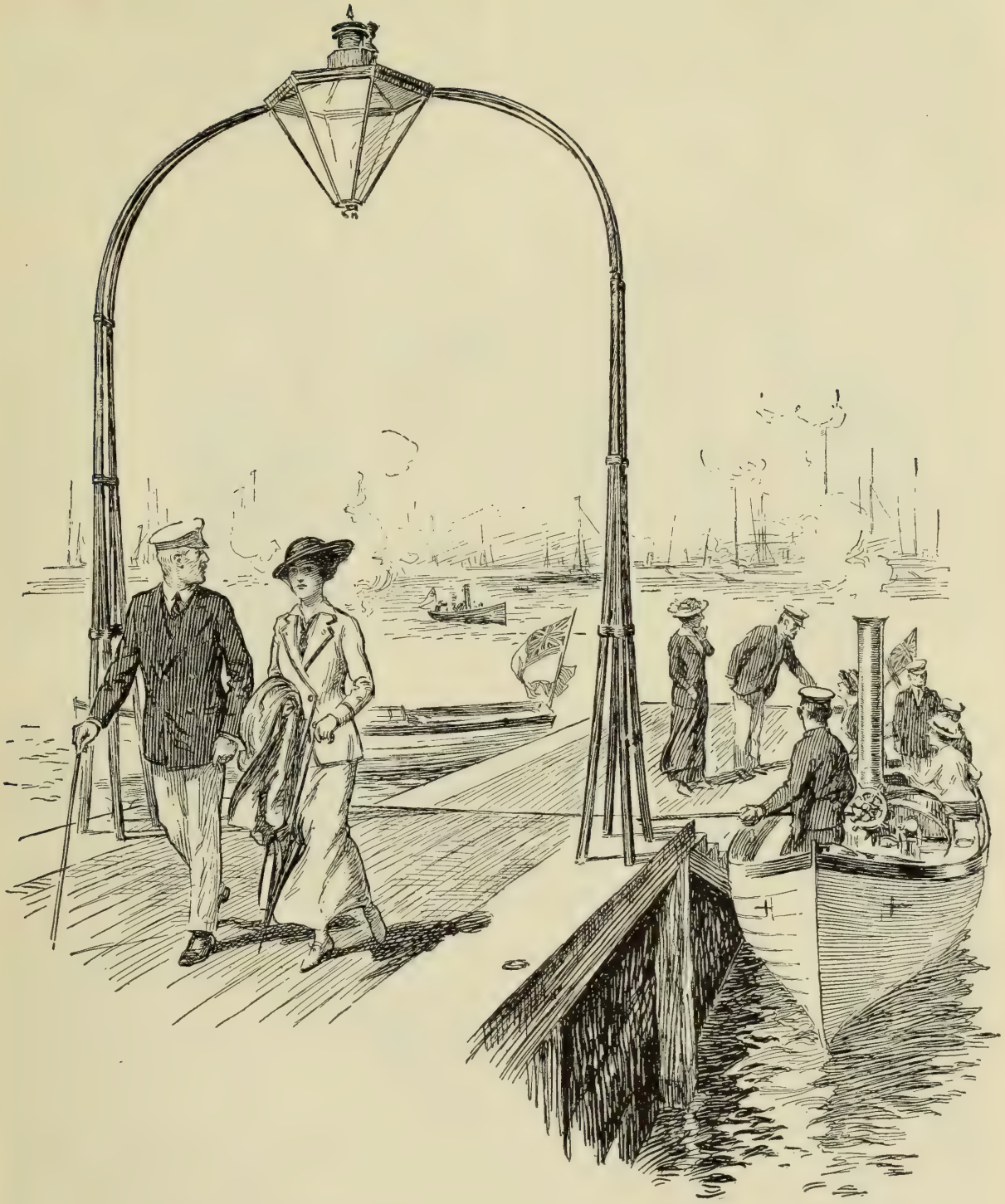
We went up to the *France* and with the trumpet tried to communicate with André de Fouquières, who was on board, and who was acting as master of ceremonies for the dinner and dance, but we could not find him. I fancy he was on shore. They dropped me at the squadron landing, as I had promised to go and have tea with B. at the club. It was rather late *when* I got there, and his party had departed. However, he gave me some tea at a small table. There were still people on the lawn, and the Duchess of Somerset came and sat with us. We had a charming hour sitting under the trees and having echoes from various people who came up to talk to us of the events of the day. The English were much pleased at one of their yachts having beaten the *Meteor*, the German Emperor's boat. The English who were asked to the ball on the *France* were in rather a fuss, as they were told the tender would be at the pier at 9.30 to take them to the steamer, and they said no one would go until 10.30, as the King and any Princes who were at Cowes were dining at the club, and would walk about afterward in the garden, and no one would leave until he did.

We had a quiet dinner, and all went ashore at nine o'clock and sat in the damp garden until 10.30, rather boring ourselves and decidedly cold. The King, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Henry of Prussia sat about half an hour in the garden under a tent, but didn't walk about at all. We got off at 11, as there was some mistake about the launch. One of Mr. D.'s friends had taken it out to the *France* promising to send it back at once, but evidently hadn't realized how far out the *France* was lying. The big steamer didn't look very festive as we came alongside. There were no lights nor any sounds of merriment or music. All the party went on board, and I went back to the *Miranda*. It was a curious sensation to be careering about entirely alone at night in the middle of the Solent, the little launch slipping along as quickly as possible. The night was dark, the water quite black, but the lights from all the boats (except the *France*) were so bright, we saw our way quite well.

Wednesday, August 6th.

Another beautiful day. Bright sun, blue water, and little pleasure-boats in every direction. The ball experiences of the party were rather amusing. They were surprised on going on board the *France* to find no one to receive them, no lights, no music, no Fouquières, who had told them to come to his cabin, and leave hats and wraps, etc. They asked for a cabin and were told the ball was over, musicians had gone to bed, and they must get off as quickly as possible, as the vessel was getting up steam and starting back at once for Havre. Their tender was at the pier at 9.30, waited an hour, no one came, and they went off furious (though they had been told no one would leave the club gardens before 10.30). It was a most unfortunate misunderstanding. Every one was angry except the few people who had been invited to dinner. They had a very good dinner, a cotillon afterward with pretty presents, and enjoyed themselves very much.

I was quite alone on the yacht this morning. I was quite happy on deck under the awning in a comfortable armchair, with books and papers. Various little boats came backward and forward with notes, parcels, the washing, flowers, fruit. It was amusing to see all the movement. We went on shore a little before 5 and went first to the hotel, Gloucester House,



Arriving at the squadron landing.

where the Somersets are staying. It is directly on the street. Standing on the balcony just out of their salon windows, we were really in the street, and the Cowes street this week is a curiosity. Crowds of people, particularly at the club end, waiting patiently for hours in hopes of seeing the King and Queen come ashore. Everybody, of all ages, in yachting-caps and jackets, trying to look as nautical as possible, and all perfectly good-humored and enjoying themselves thoroughly. It was an amusing crowd—a little of everything—nigger minstrels, boys selling everything under the sun—pictures of the King and Queen, puzzles, fruit, cakes, candy, jerseys, caps, canes, umbrellas, puppies, kittens, and cheap photographers wishing

to take your picture in five minutes for a shilling; also a piano on wheels walking about with sometimes a man singing comic songs, sometimes a woman attired in a low-necked pink-spangled dress singing, foot's pace, as there were so many people in the middle of the street, so that every one saw the royal party quite plainly. It is a pity they don't come ashore a little oftener, the people are so pleased to see



Wishing to take your picture in five minutes for a shilling.

or another dancing. While we were standing on the terrace waiting for the Duchess of Somerset to come, a man appeared, well mounted on a fine gray horse, in sober livery. Everybody made way for him: he was one of the royal outriders, and directly behind him came a wagonette with two handsome gray horses. We recognized the Queen, Princess Mary, and a lady in waiting. The Queen looked very smiling, bowed graciously, and the crowd was delighted. The carriage passed at a

them; but they love their yacht—and the quiet and rest of the short week they spend at Cowes.

We had a very cheerful tea-party on the lawn. Saw all the world. We had people to dinner on the yacht—Somersets, Drummonds, Lord Normanton, and one or two stray men. The nigger minstrels (all white but got up as negroes) appeared about 9.30 and we had a very gay evening. Everybody joined in the choruses, particularly one very foolish song, "Where Were

You Last Night, Naughty Boy?" which went afterward all day on the *Miranda*. They wound up with a dance. It is extraordinary how chic all the men look in the regulation club dress. The Duke of Somerset is an enormous man, but he wore his short jacket just as well as any of the younger slighter men.

Thursday, August 7th.

Always the same beautiful summer weather, so different from the last time I was at Cowes, when it rained every day, and the people that went backward and forward from the yachts looked like balls of yellow tarpaulin. We have had a change of passengers, the Marquis de L. arrived this morning and Prince Z. left last night. We went ashore as usual and found a good many people on the lawn. Lady E. came to lunch, also Lord Sandwich, who was in America with the Prince of Wales when he came over many years ago. He was Lord Hinckenbroke then; he remembered perfectly dining at Highwood, my uncle James King's beautiful place on the Hudson River; said the long avenue, with big trees on each side, and gates and lodge reminded him of many English places, and Uncle James was the type of the English gentleman in speech and manner. He invited me to come and stay with him in the country. They say he has a beautiful place.

We went ashore again about 4.30 with Mr. and Mrs. D., their daughter and Bessie. Lady Ormonde had invited us to tea. She has a pretty villa quite close to the club, just next the church. She had what she called a "schoolroom tea"—a long table in the dining-room covered with every description of cakes, hot biscuits, and sandwiches. Said people were always so hungry when they came in from sailing.

The Solent looked lovely, so still and blue in the soft evening light. There were so many people that we could hardly get through the crowd or get chairs. It seems



The dinner-hour.

impossible to think that next Sunday there will not be a soul at Cowes, the club lawn deserted, no yachts in the harbor. The season is really only a week. We remained the last time we were here for three or four days after every one had gone and the change was extraordinary; a mantle of dulness seemed to envelop the place.

Friday, August 8th.

Our last day at Cowes and the first gray day we have had. It was chilly and showery all the morning, and rained hard in the afternoon. We had a great talk over plans after breakfast. We shall leave to-morrow morning for Southampton, spend all day there (coaling), and cross over to Amsterdam at night. I am writing late, while sounds of revelry are still going on up-stairs. We have had our first disagreeable day; it rained in torrents when we started at 4.30 to drive out to West Cowes to have tea with Mrs. Cunningham Grahame,—her husband is one of the King's equerries. The King has lent him this lovely little place within the grounds of Osborne—Queen Victoria's old place (now a naval school). The gardens are charming and the views from every part of them quite lovely—even in the driving mist and rain—though we are so accustomed to blue skies and bright sun at Cowes that we feel rather injured in this gray damp atmosphere. The house is not very large, but plenty of room and most comfortable. In the principal bedroom there is still some of Queen Victoria's furniture, and the wall-paper and chintz are of the pattern she always liked—rosebuds on a light ground. We couldn't stay very long, as we were due on the guard-ship at 5; we didn't get there until 6, when the party was practically over. However, the ship looked very gay with flags everywhere, and the girls had some dances on the deck, while the men went over the ship. Mrs. D. asked several of the young officers to come on the *Miranda* this evening for a dance. We had three or four men to dinner, and about twenty people came in the evening. The niggers came and played and sang and everybody danced hard. About eight officers from the guard-ship came, all in uniform, which made a great effect. Almost all the men were in regulation short blue jacket with gilt buttons—there were really very few in plain clothes. It was a pretty sight when all the launches, lighted, were waiting alongside of our yacht; an enormous launch from the guard-ship came up in great style. Happily it had stopped raining, so the decks were quite dry and the sea was smooth. The getting on board was not so difficult as it is sometimes. The party didn't break up until 12.30, and I think the young naval officers would have stayed much later if Mr. D. had not insisted politely, but firmly, on the party coming to an end, as we were leaving early the next morning.

A LIE AND THE LITANY

By Sarah Atherton

Illustrations by J. Rumsey Micks

WITH a note of triumph Peter said: "If we'd lost him in war, mother, we wouldn't ha' got him back." His forty-eight-hour search through hospital, then morgue, had been successful.

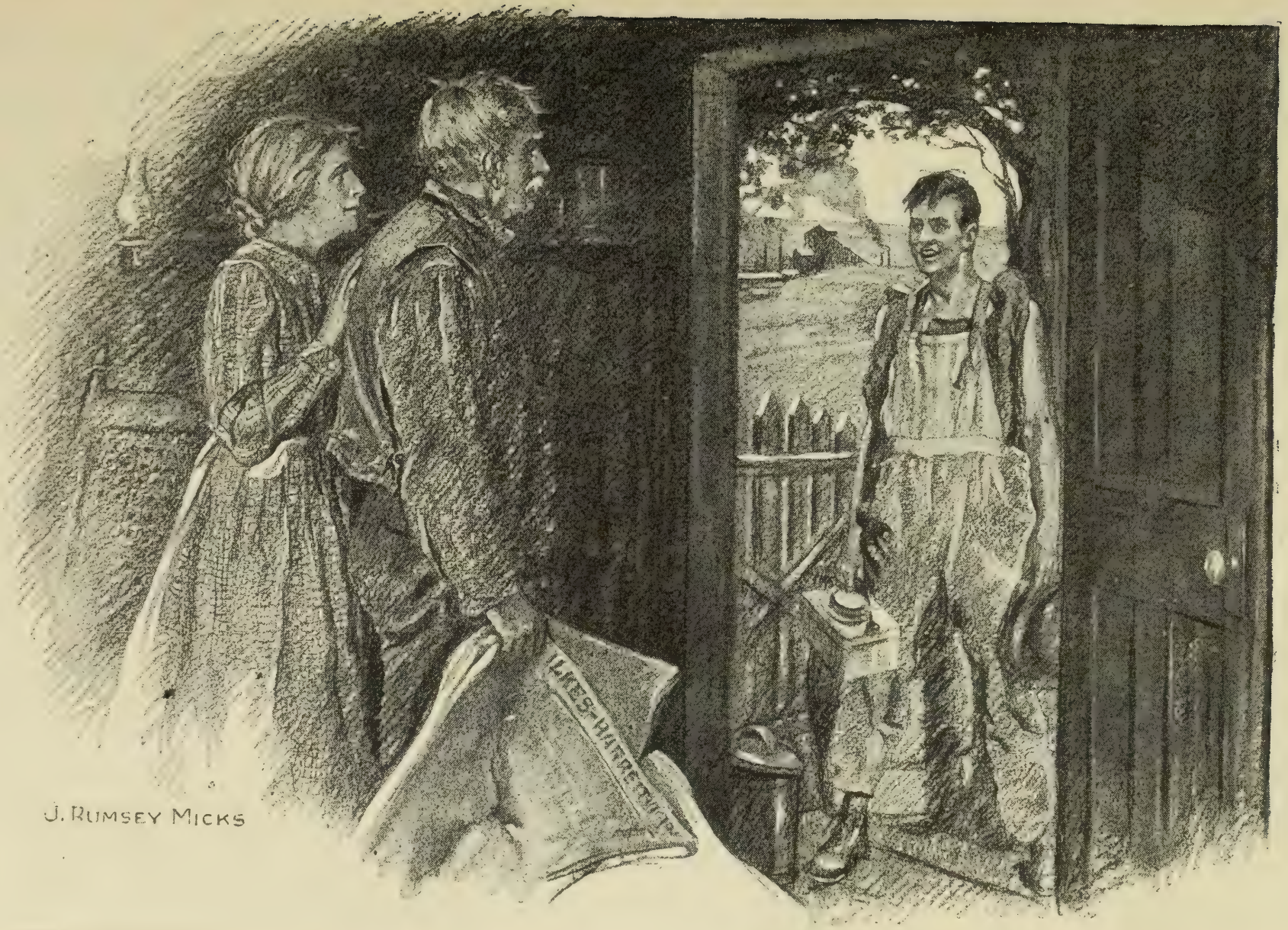
"Was he"—she paused, not in hesitation but for a gathering of strength—"much burned?"

"Not so much burned," replied her husband, "but changed—the gas— You can't see his face—here's his knife. It was what made us sure."

With its broken blade he placed it in her outstretched hand. "It's a big thing to have a mass and him there. If he'd 'a' died in the war," he repeated, "we wouldn't ha' had him."

"When will they bring him?" she said. "In an hour?"

Martha Hovance looked at her hus-



Drawn by J. Rumsey Micks.

"You know the first day he went to work with his dinner-pail?"—Page 188.

band. His meagre knotted hands were clean as though it were Sunday. His best coat had not taken on the stoop of his shoulders. Looking into his face she realized that in spite of a misery which made him more alert and resourceful, his cheer was real and not affected for her. The fact that he had found the boy comforted him, as his talk implied.

He asked: "How do you think of him most, mother?" It was as though he suddenly felt the responsibility for diverting her.

After a pause she replied: "I think of him mostly when he was little and when he begun goin' with Susanna." How could she really tell him her thoughts? Her memories were not of the significant things like his christening and betrothal. They were rather of the first time his little hand groping had touched her chin, of the morning when he was just able to walk as he stood by the pump holding out a tin cup to catch the splash from her bucket, the sunlight upon his yellow hair against the sunflowers, of the way his stockings sagged into his shoes and the distressingly saintlike look about his eyes when he came from the hospital, of that twilight when from the back window she had first seen him with Susanna, coming down the moor through the tall blossoming laurels.

"When do you think of him?"

One secret of the success of their life together had been the fact that she took more interest in his thoughts than she did in obtaining his understanding for her own.

"I think of his big days," he said. "You know the first day he went to work with his dinner-pail? John told me the boy's knees trembled when he asked the foreman for a job, an' when the boss asked him what he could do the boy looked up into his beard an' said he could do anything there was to be done. An' the day he said he'd quit workin' if I didn't, an' the day I did quit? But he saw asthma was better fer me than sittin' around all day with my head in my hands, feelin' no good. An' the day he told us he was head man in the union—had to write everything they did, like a lawyer? He spoke dignified like a lawyer when he told us."

Martha remembered when he was only three. After seeing a lame child he had hunched up his tiny shoulders and walked crooked. After the circus had been in town that year, he had crawled around the top of the overturned wash-tub muttering that he was a tiger. Before he was out of dresses, then, Jack had begun to dramatize life. Every day since he had found its "little stage" large enough, all its trappings and action to him had been real and beautiful.

"Do you remember how fine he looked when he was head man in the miracle-play?" she continued.

"Ay," assented her husband, "but he looked finest of all in his uniform with the bars on his sleeves."

The thought of it made her turn away. As their son had gone down the hill to join the hosts embarking for "foreign lands forlorn," she had not looked. Instead, she had gone to the sink and for the first time in ten years had scalded her hands. With her son now in the morgue she had been talking of him without tears, whereas the thought of him in uniform as he departed blurred her eyes. She heard again the swift "clump, clump"of his heavy boots as he came up the hill, the war over. She felt again his cheek as it had been that day with its odor of tobacco, wind, and hard work.

"When he took off his uniform," continued her husband, "do you remember his 'knock-um-dead suit,' and how proud he was?" He said it got him two, three girls already—might as well be dead as not in style? He was going 'way ahead of us. He had store style and a way of his own too."

The old man looked at the clock. "Time to be goin'," he said. "Where's my cap?"

Though he was turning it in his hands, she arrested her instinctive gesture toward it and added: "Look in the kitchen, Peter."

There he must have discovered his mistake, for he stumbled out and down the road without another word. He had looked back at her as he left the room, and she had longed to put her hands upon his shoulders, but they knew it was not a time for such comfort.

Martha folded the citation which she

had been holding and replaced it in the prayer-book, giving her sorrow the auspice of holy writ, as she had indeed accepted it with resignation. Then she went to the window. Although it was not Sunday, neither did it seem like a week-day at East End. No smoke or steam, no black dust issued from the colliery. Its throb was stilled. The plumes from the engine-house alone rose against the low-hung clouds. She felt as though they were on the other side of the Judgment Day. There was now no longer need for hope or effort. Like the last trump in a Sodom or Gomorrah that shudder of the earth the morning before had called the women from their stoves and tubs like so many guilty revellers. They had rushed to the opening of the mine. There they had stood suffocating in the belching stench which billowed from the tunnel; each mad with a vestige of hope, they had pushed and trampled one another. To make up for this first primitive mood they had since assuaged their own sorrow in remembering one another. As Martha stood at the window, if her neighbors passed, they stole along in a quiet preoccupation as though they must not disturb her. That morning she had foregone the comfort of doing her own work because so many pressing hands had been there to do it for her.

From her window she brooded over East End. Her Sunday dress in its home-made folds had the peculiar sanctity with which men and women who work with their hands hallow their day of rest. Her smooth gray hair lay flat against her head. She had the clear, thoughtful look, more often seen in its perfection in lifelong scholars, but she was not "educated." The only thing beside the prayer-book which she had ever made an effort to read had been the *Labor Paper* which came during her son's absence in France. She had read them purely on his account. The lines around her mouth and eyes came not from regret or worry. They were rather that engraving of distinction, the diploma of a life-course in unshirked duty. Her shoulder stoop came not from lack of spine, rather from steady carrying. Although she did not fulfil the idea of feminine chic, which was beginning to pervade even East End, she had incidentally acquired on her journey the sort of poise and beauty which make the thoughtful turn again and look.

She watched her husband with his cap upon his head disappear down the hill. How comforted he was to have found the boy! With unseeing eyes she stared at the culm-heaps blue-black under the lowering sky. Streaks of melting snow made the stony gutters wet. Beyond the colliery rose blank hills against a bleak horizon. The world seemed to be going on without the sun or the passage of time. The dread pall of an eclipse had settled upon them.

Martha was not imaginative, but now she was beset with pictures of her son at a hundred different stages, each memory as vivid as though it had happened but yesterday. His life, his life which was theirs—going on, had ended before their own. Mercifully she did not realize the weeks and months which lay ahead.

Around the culm-heaps, now—suddenly her heart stopped—she saw two figures with the long box, and two figures behind wending their careful way up the road. Their heavy tread was on the porch. With a great effort she breathed. The chairs creaked as they rested their burden in the front room. She heard the grind of the screw-driver as they loosened the cover. Peter stood in the door; they said nothing; she took his hand. Together they went into the other room. This was their Jack, but she could not see his face. Bandages not to come off left her only his hand. She leaned down and put her cheek against it. Suddenly she straightened. This was not Jack's hand.

Martha's sudden cry she suppressed into a low moan. Resting her head upon the wooden ledge, she felt a blackness descend upon her. This was not her boy. It seemed an eternity that she remained still and motionless, then she began to sob. Gradually out of their tearing broken rhythm Martha began to feel what must be done. Through the darkness she descried the flicker of her life-beacon. In this new terror her husband was there, still to be first thought of. His comfort in having found the boy had amazed her. Slowly she raised her head and put her hand against his arm. She heard his voice from a long way off, saying: "Isn't

it a comfort to have him home. If we'd 'a' lost him in the war we wouldn't ha' had him."

For a long moment she looked into his eyes. They were childlike, sorrowing but half comforted. Would she take away that comfort? Deliberately she spread her handkerchief over the hand, then crossing the room she pulled down the shades. Turning toward her husband, with the serenity of perfect truth she told the first lie of their married life. "Yes, it's a great thing to have him home."

Later in the kitchen, alone, she peeled potatoes which were hardly necessary. Neither of them could eat; but the even peelings dropping into the pan beneath her deft knife were threads that kept the ship still connected with her old wharf when the strong moorings had been broken. But as the peelings grew into a pyramid she was beset. A mass was a costly thing, a mass and burial. Would Peter feel it a comfort to spend most of their savings burying a stranger? If it were discovered, would he understand and forgive her? She would not be able to lie again. Her power to dissemble would desert her in the lesser cause of self-defense. What would Jack think? His friends with his sweetheart would mourn over a stranger covered with his flowers.

Her quandary was interrupted by a step upon the porch. It was Susanna. Though she had scarcely dared to look at her the night before, she now realized that she had changed. Looking at her, Jack's mother had thought, "she is sadder than Mary Novak"—a bride who had lost her husband. She was indeed sadder than a widow, a flower withered by frost before it had opened its petals. Martha felt dimly that "might have beens" are less warm than memories.

"Can I go in an' see him?" the girl asked.

"Go in," replied Martha; "but, dear, you can't see him."

"Not even his hand?"

Martha rose as though to protest. But it was very dark in there, she thought, especially if one had come from outside. At length she said: "Yes, but don't change anything."

Without further talk Susanna entered. She only stayed a moment. Hurrying through the kitchen on her return she did not speak, though she paused to close the door quietly. Martha leaned forward to watch her out of the back window. She saw her fleeing as though driven by a phantom so terrifying she dared not look behind. Up the moor she fled and disappeared through the dun laurels.

Later in the afternoon Martha said to Peter: "I must go see Christine; think of two boys safe through the war like Jack." At her neighbor's she joined the other women who sat about the parlor, their habitually busy hands inactive in their black laps.

Sorrow at East End leaves the mourners virtually empty-handed. They do not send and receive telegrams, read and write letters, nor do they wonder what the will says. The funeral is their one outlet, that and the tremendously stimulating problem of the future.

"Very good work the Red Cross done to help people with automobiles and soup," said Mrs. Rattigan.

"Fine job all done," assented the woman next. "Only one they cannot find. Others have tickets on beds in hospitals or in morgues. Hunderd und fourteen, pretty moch in one day at one mine, only one they cannot find."

Martha leaned forward. An old grandmother, sitting in the corner apparently following out her own line of thought, spoke: "An' think, we complain when our folks die at home in their beds. It seems nothing suits us."

"Is it Jo Fashung that's missin'?" inquired a third. "I seen Mary at five this morning. They hadn't found him then. Her brother was beggin' her to eat. She hadn't had nothing since. Two days is too long, an' walkin' round an' round on her feet all day she had ought to have eaten."

"Yes," replied Christine. "They found Jo at Marley's. It's a fine thing the only man missin' won't be missed so bad as the others if we hadn't got 'em back."

"Who is he?" asked Martha Hovance, who had been breathlessly awaiting her turn to speak.

Mrs. Kopitza, whose halting English handicapped her in competitive conversation, with an unhurried dignity born of the knowledge that no one could inter-

rupt her, said: "He boarded at Annie Matusha's." Had not the sullen stranger about whom so little was known boarded at her own sister-in-law's?

"Jacob Hudeck was his name," she continued. "Queer fella' that don't like people. He no speak 'Merigan an' some time he wond speak own languige. He lonely all time, but he don' like people when he see um. He don' have best girl. Papers und books he read all time. He don' go to mass. Annie say he don' have family even in ol' country. When he liddle his father gets shot. He is against government. Since then he hate everybody maybe?"

The grandmother in the corner who had followed the conversation despite her stooped shoulders and closed eyes interrupted: "Strange thing, no folks, no girl, no friends," then oracle-like, as though it were the crown of sorrows, "no funeral and no mass."

Martha folded her hands in such a gesture as Anna the prophetess might have used after she had seen the Child. She alone knew that the boy who had had neither friends, sweetheart, nor home in his life was to have them all in death. Her lack of introspection enabled her to draw comfort from conflicting sources. To her, to be without burial mass was not as tragic as to the others. As late as the twelfth century some of her ancestors up by the Baltic had worshipped nature. Now did not her Jack's body lie deeper in the arms of the earth than other men? No one had refused him in life. At the very gates of Heaven she knew that without the prescribed burial mass he could enter more easily than another. As for the stranger, he needed the mass much more. With it, though he had been "absent without leave" from all the masses of his lifetime, she felt that he too would return to his "Captain Christ."

At night when she kissed that blackened hand farewell it was washed with hot tears, nor were they part of her intended drama.

The day of Jack Hovance's mass dawned still and clear. It was one of those days memorable for its beauty, when all the plumes of white steam and smoke throughout the valley rise erect and clear-cut, like the triumphant feathers upon the head-dresses of war-horses in the age of chivalry. The light showed all the contours of the mountain wall broken where the streams come down their wooded gorges.

At the mass some children, too short to reach the holy water even on tiptoe, stole into the pews quite by themselves. He had been the sort of boy who said "hello" even to the smallest of them. In him the flame of life had burned so bright that he had drawn every one to him. Friends who had seen him in the army, when they read his name among the dead came all the way from New York.

Inside of the church the nave at the right was filled with older men. At the left were the older women, their eyes lowered beneath their head-shawls. None of them wore hats. At the extreme left sat the young women and girls, their hair in painstaking swirls plastered against cheeks where inherited peasant bloom still withstood their factory days. Under their American millinery of pagan color and impious design they were more than usually unconscious of their looks, sobered and quiet. Their mothers' garments, like the women themselves, had long since lost any intention to lure, gaining thereby a certain dignity. At the extreme right, in the other aisle, sat the young men in their ready-made smartness, a similar contrast to their sombre threadbare fathers. They did not glance across the church at the girls as frequently as was their wont. Jack Hovance had been their leader by divine right of personality.

The shafts of sunlight glittered upon the gold fringe and blue damask of the banners of the saints. (Did those departed holy ones from where there is no winter, mindful of their own threadbare days, look down and find a sweet incongruity in the splendor of their banners hanging over the threadbare shoulders of their followers? However much material aid the saints may have rendered their followers, unquestionably their love of the saints produced a light and warmth not obtainable in kerosene and coal.)

The young priest with green-and-gold vestments over his white robe chanting of death, in his person suggested victory. His voice, in his supplications of varying length, was the single thread which,



From a drawing by J. Rumsey Micks.

"Oroduj Za nas." "I am acting a lie in thy holy church."—Page 193.

bridging the silence, created a series of suspenses calculated to lift one out of a pressing present. "Svaty Petre, Svaty Pavle—Svaty Andreju," he chanted, through the list of the saints and martyrs. Now sooner, now later, but inevitable as death after life, came the recurring response of the crowd: "Oroduj Za nas" (pray for us). "Oroduj Za nas!" Peter, with eyes closed as though upon the wings of the mass, had been lifted to a vision of Saint Peter himself leaning over, as the angel in the banner was leaning, over the worshipper's own head out of the clouds, and taking their Jack by his blackened hand.

Martha stole a look at her husband. The blue powder-mark on his cheek-bone was unusually conspicuous in his pallor. The cumulative persuasion of the Litany of the Saints overwhelmed her habitual mood of faith in the goodness of men. It filled her with a crushing sense of her own guilt. "Oroduj Za nas," she murmured as it came in the thrilling diapason of the men's voices. "I have lied to my husband"—"Oroduj Za nas." "Jack! forgive me." "Oroduj Za nas." "I am acting a lie in thy holy church."

Outside on the steps stood the crowd who could not find room inside. The sound of bells, chimes, and gong from within warned them when to bow. That oft-recurring response echoed from the vaulted ceilings out to where they stood under the sky. It was reassuring like the rhythm of the surf. Even a pagan god must hear them for their much speaking.

It is fitting, after all, that the last scene, the curtain-call and final gesture, should be the most splendid, with full chorus chanting, the sound of bells, chimes, and the deep-throated organ.

The recessional to the cemetery was also triumphant, suggestive of youth rather than death. The first intimations of spring were in the air. Two friends of his in uniform, walking painstakingly in step, led. They carried between them a keystone made of scarlet immortelles. Playing slow music, the band followed. Little children, frowned at though unrebuked by their elders, marched along with them. Then came the guard of honor in uniform. They looked singularly chastened and reverent in the shadow death casts upon those who enter into its rites. Susanna, clad in white carrying crimson flowers, on the arm of his best friend, was queenly in her hour of public recognition. Following them, four other girls in white with four of his friends from the mine passed by with measured tread as though it were a splendid wedding. The children whispered that it was a lovely day for a funeral. Their elders said that it was just the day for Jack Hovance. The brilliant sunlight made even the clods of yellow, upturned clay by the grave look warm and friendly.

The next night Martha dreamed that her son came to her, nor was he ghostly or strange. With his well-loved laugh he said: "Our funeral was fine— It was for father, I know, but a joke on East End too, eh?"

Half-protesting, half-adoring as of old she felt her rebuke melt before his good spirits as she shook her head. Even death could not quench his power of laughter. The joy of it wakened her. She put her hand out. The bed was empty. Down-stairs some one was moving about. She heard the groping step of her husband as he came up the stairs. When she saw his dim form in the doorway she said: "Peter."

"I had the picture of it that was in the paper to-night under the pillow," he said. "I wanted to put it with his citation in the prayer-book, so I was just puttin' it there."

Historical Note.—Ninety-two men lost their lives in the Baltimore Mine, East End, Wilkes-Barre, in the spring of 1919. Some of them had only been at work a few days since their return from the war.

"BALLY OLD" KNOTT

By Maxwell Struthers Burt

Author of "John O'May," etc.

AS for Knott, there was never the slightest reason why I should have known him as well as I did. Our intimacy, I am forced to conclude, was due to Renshaw's lack of social responsibility and his unforgivable habit of throwing, in order not to be bored himself, uncongenial people together. Renshaw was a social Pontius Pilate, washing his hands of those who for the first ten minutes of the conversation beguiled him, but who, the ten minutes being up, he realized would prove merely tiresome and hampering. He was not, as you can see, altogether a satisfactory person with whom to share an apartment in a strange city. Even a tender conscience grows weary after awhile of having dropped before it stray Teutonic students, and dissolute Polish musicians, and restless fellow countrymen, like mice who have served the recreational purposes of an attractive cat. And Renshaw, through his wealth, and his apprenticeship to the violin, and his letters, and, when so he wished it, his manners, was by way of collecting numerous victims. He found them in the musical studios which he frequented; they crossed his path in the drawing-rooms of the noble and wealthy.

"Let me in!" commanded Renshaw from the hallway. "I've forgotten my key."

I was annoyed; Renshaw was always forgetting his key. Besides, I was very comfortable; the lamps were lit, the big porcelain stove in the corner was burning famously, the curtains were drawn, shutting out the gray and dreary fog that, with the coming of winter, blows down from the Alps upon the shivering city of Munich; altogether, I had been hoping that Renshaw wouldn't appear until, anyhow, just in time for dinner.

I opened the door. He entered with the alert, gay, detached manner that I knew, only too well, indicated a companion of whom he wished to be rid. "Mr. Knott!" he announced, waving a hand toward the doorway. "Mr. John Balliol Huggesson Knott!" A bulky figure emerged from the shadows of the hall. "John 'Bally Old' Knott," continued Renshaw with bland impertinence, "of London and the world! Musician—social delight—drinker of tea! Tea, Knott?"

"Tea?" answered a high and fluting and very south of England voice. "Tea? Oh, thanks, awfully!" And Mr. Knott proceeded to rid himself of the impedimenta that encumbered him.

Now, most people either remove their street clothing all at once and in something of a bustle, or else at absent-minded intervals punctuated by sentences of greeting, but evidently Mr. Knott belonged to neither of these classes. One suspected him of concentrating burningly on details. First there was a large umbrella to be placed with meticulous care in one corner of the room, and a pair of overshoes, the taking off of which had involved many and separate movements and much thought, to be placed beside it; then there were gloves to be removed, finger by finger, and laid with mathematical precision in the crease of a soft brown hat; and finally there was the heavy ulster to be wriggled out of and a silk muffler, of extraordinary length and gaudy color, to be unwound from about the neck. Mr. Knott performed these rites in silence. When he was through he sighed, as a man will when a bit of difficult work is satisfactorily accomplished, and, turning about, bore down on me.

He was a middle-sized man, inclined to portliness, who gave one not the slightest sense of physical strength. Excellent clothes, worn in rather a haphazard manner, covered a figure that might with justice have been described as a series of badly joined ellipses; oval shoulders fell away into oval arms that at the elbow joined oval forearms; an oval body met oval legs; all oval, except that just below

the watch-chain, and at variance to the preponderating elliptical contours, there obtruded itself an inconspicuous but perfectly round stomach; a sleek, compact, easily managed stomach; a stomach that added to a certain air of physical incoherence, an effect heightened by Mr. Knott's head which, in vivid contrast to the vagaries of the rest of him, was compact and essentially worldly. The texture of the skin was weather-beaten but well-tended, and the large, gray, inquisitive eyes were not without distinction; a short mustache, ending in blunt, waxed ends, gave a touch of cosmopolitanism and fatuity combined such as mustaches of the kind always do give.

"How d'do!" said Mr. Knott in his high and fluting voice. "How very jolly all this is." The lamp, shining upon him from behind, turned the sparse, silky hair on top of his head into the most ridiculous of little halos. "You and Renshaw live together, don't you? How very nice. I know lots of Americans. I'm—" His voice possessed a breathless quality, as if there was so much to say that it could never possibly get itself said.

"Knott," interrupted Renshaw sternly, "hush! Have a cigarette!" With the end of the tin box containing the cigarettes, he gently pushed his visitor backward until the rear of the ovoid legs met the edge of a chair and enforced collapse. Unperturbed, Mr. Knott continued to survey the room.

"You haven't a piano!" he ejaculated. "Dear me! How very odd! And Renshaw is a musician, too! I'm a musician. That's why I and my family never can agree. Very stodgy English people. I've written half an act of an opera, but somehow I never seem to get it finished. What very dreadful cigarettes!"

Renshaw thrust a cup of tea into an outstretched plump hand. For a moment there was silence, then the breathless fluting voice began again.

"Your friend Renshaw," it observed, "was kind enough to ask me in to dinner to-night. Immediately afterward, so he says, he has to meet a violinist, or something of the sort; I'm afraid, therefore, you'll have me on your hands. You don't mind, do you? No. We might go to a little café afterward, or the theatre—Not music! No, anything but music. I can't bear to hear even my own, except very occasionally. I'm very sensitive about music. Marmalade? Thanks." The plump hands were folded across the small stomach. "We'll get along very nicely, I think, don't you?"

"Splendidly," I agreed, and I trust my accents were not too bitter.

Before he departed Renshaw found time to say a few words to me in private. "You'll like Knott," he said, "he's always so ready to do anything. Very obliging. He'll be around here now for a while every other day or so."

He was; only frequently it was every day.

I awoke to a quiet student existence completely altered and in a manner I had never anticipated. I found myself all at once a participator in teas, a frequenter of drawing-rooms, a meeter of endless people. We revelled, I think I might say without exaggeration, in countesses, in baronesses, in untitled but distinguished Fraus. In the intervals between these we cultivated our hours by visits to the households of famous artists. There were aged countesses who lived in tiny apartments at the top of gloomy places, and who peered, over frail hands locked above canes, at Knott's disjointed gayety and my silence, like ancient eagles whose nests have been disturbed by jackdaws; there were young countesses who talked German and English and, sometimes, even American slang, and dispensed tea in the most approved fashion; there were artists who carried the delicate lamp of beauty in bearded and thunderous personalities that almost totally concealed it.

Once or twice I struggled feebly to exert my will against this bolster-like portent that threatened to smother it. Knott merely waved a dismissing hand. "Shyness," he decided. "Mere shyness. I'll call for you again on Wednesday."

And I do not know to what heights of bachelor popularity we might have risen before the winter was over had it not been for Carnival and Jenny Buel.

Jenny wrecked our masculine routine. They do—women, that is; and, what is more, seem sublimely unconscious of the havoc they have created. I resent Jenny, just as at the time I resented her. She

was and is interrupting. And yet it is a deplorable fact that a man by himself is likely to be only half a drama, while, let a woman enter, and there's a chance of his being five acts and an epilogue. Jenny, when we first saw her, looked like a prologue. She was.

Rather wearily Knott had led me through the saturnalia of dances and confetti and spiced sausage that go to make up a south German festival. He had lived through a couple of previous carnivals, but was compelled, so it seemed, to live through another because of his sense of duty toward me. But I was not bored; your first carnival is not boring, although I doubt if it is necessary to see more than one. At the end there is left a little too much the impression of roses and perfume struggling for mastery of the atmosphere with the smell of beer and stale champagne. It was on the night of the final day, the night when everybody puts on fancy costume and King Carnival is buried and only the most adventurous young women are about at all, and then, as a rule, carefully masked, that Jenny appeared.

Renshaw and Knott and I sat in a small side room of the Café Luitpold, a trifle removed from the blaring orchestra and the indescribable hubbub of the main restaurant. Our particular room masqueraded by means of green latticework and purple papier-mâché grapes as an arbor. Mirrors back of the latticework and mirrors overhead made everything very glittering and pleasant. Renshaw, with a clown's costume on and his false face removed and his hair extremely sleek, looked like a handsome and arrogant boy, and Knott, who had also removed his false face but kept it by him in view of the highly improbable event of seeing some one he knew, was also unseasonably clean and entirely unaware of the contrast between the solemnity of his countenance and the levity of his dress. He ate the wing of a cold chicken with care, in the midst of which operation he suddenly paused, the chicken wing still suspended before his mouth, and stared in the direction of the entrance to the arbor. I turned my head. For a moment I had a confused impression of a bouquet of violet and white; violet and white reflected from the mirrors overhead and the mirrors all about us; and then the bouquet dissolved itself into six pierrots arm in arm with six pierrettes, the twelve of them evidently seeking a place to sit down. The beauty of their costumes, the grace with which they were worn, put to shame the amusing or tawdry disguises of the rest of us. But even more arresting was the small pierrette, somewhere near the middle of the column, who hung upon the arm of a huge escort, and without the semblance of a mask looked about her with frankly interested eyes—she was so fresh and sparkling, and, in this place, so unexpected.

For a moment the three of us stared, and then Renshaw half arose from his chair. "By Jove!" he said, and he said it very loudly and in English, of course. "By Jove, that's the first really pretty girl I've seen!"

A section of the passing column hesitated, there was a swirl of skirts, and the small pierrette in question stood before us.

"Jenny Buel thanks you, sir!" she said, and courtesied, and her speech was sweet and familiar, and very much through her nose.

Renshaw, still on his feet, choked.

"Indiana!" he ejaculated.

"No," said Jenny Buel, "Iowa"; and added, with demure impertinence, "do you mind?"

"Mind?" Renshaw waved an embarrassed hand. "Not in the least—not in the least!"

"Oh, do sit down!" admonished Knott, who, to all outward appearances, was the only one of the group entirely unmoved. "Sit down—and then your countrywoman will join us, and we'll all have supper together. Miss Buel?"

Jenny's brows knit in perplexed thought. "I don't think I can," she reflected. "You see, my friend over there is a Swedish painter, and he's very hot-tempered, and—good gracious, here he comes now!"

The gigantic pierrot bore down upon us.

"He only speaks, beside his own language, German, and that not very well," said Jenny. She had the whitest and prettiest slim wrist and arm.

"Then," said Knott, with sudden inspiration, "we'll pretend we don't under-

stand a word of it. That will save a lot of bother."

He turned wide and friendly eyes upon the indignant northerner, who by now was leaning across the table addressing us in tumbled gutturals.

"What's he saying, Miss Buel?" he asked mildly.

"He says," Jenny translated, and without a flicker of humor, although she must have suspected that Knott, at least, spoke German, "he says that you have insulted him, and he says that he will pick the three of you up and throw you out of the restaurant. He is very strong," she added.

"He doesn't mean it," said Knott. "Tell him to go away. He'll go. All Swedes are like that."

"You think so?" said Jenny.

"I know so," said Knott.

Jenny transformed herself into a Fury. She advanced upon her huge admirer, stamped her foot, addressed him in fluent German, and advised him never to speak to her again. As he departed, crestfallen, she warned him not to be late for an engagement that apparently she had with him the following day. Then she sat down between Renshaw and myself and opposite Knott, and, with a sigh, smoothed out her short skirt of violet and white silk.

"Gee!" she said, "it's good to be with human beings again."

One might have said that for a prolonged moment Knott continued to regard this latest addition to our table sombrely, if sombre is an adjective that could be applied to his round and prominent eyes. Then he recovered from this mood and abruptly asked a question—a series of questions—totally at variance to his usual attitude of bored politeness where very young women were concerned.

"What do you do here?" he said.

Jenny turned her sparkling, friendly eyes from Renshaw to this new interrogator.

"Study singing," she answered.

"Have you been here long?"

"Just a year."

"This is your first carnival?"

"Yes."

"H'm'm." Knott looked at her with his head a trifle on one side. "And I suppose," he proceeded, "being an American, and from Iowa, that you're very religious and all that sort of thing, and work in the American church here, when you're not busy with—with carnivals?"

"Oh, no!" said Jenny, in almost a shocked tone. "Oh, no; I'm not religious at all. Carl says that I'm an out-and-out atheist, and I guess he knows."

"Carl?"

Jenny lowered her eyes and, I think, blushed under her rouge. "He's the Baron von Votta," she replied. "He's the best friend I have in Germany. He's very clever. I've known him ever so long."

"Oh, I see," said Knott. "A year?"

"Oh, no; six months."

Knott's face was bland. "His sisters and his father and his mother and his older brother are very pleasant people, aren't they?" he observed. "I know them well, including your friend Carl."

Jenny's face expressed pleasure at this coincidence, but at the same time an interested ignorance.

"Oh, do you?" she exclaimed. "Isn't that nice! I didn't know he had all those relations. I've never met them."

"Haven't you?" said Knott. "I've no doubt he's too busy studying music."

"He doesn't study music," corrected Jenny, "although he plays the piano beautifully. He hasn't time. He's a soldier."

Knott's face lightened with recollection. "Ah, yes," he reflected. "I remember now. He leaned across the table. "That's a very pretty dress you have on," he observed.

I was glad when Renshaw interrupted this catechism by advising Jenny to drink more champagne. "You're not having half a good time," he told her. Catechisms are embarrassing, particularly when they are mystifying as well. I had never seen Knott under circumstances such as the present, and, although I had found him heretofore an innocuous creature enough, I had not been entirely unimpressed by his theoretical hatred of virtue. A protective feeling that I was beginning to experience toward Jenny suffered an increase.

Knott's next move did not add to my enlightenment; he leaned over and absent-mindedly drank Jenny's recently

filled glass of champagne. Then he stood up. "Twelve o'clock," he announced. "Time to go home."

"Good Lord!" said Renshaw suddenly, and somehow or other managed to disappear in the direction of the next room with a minimum of excuses.

Jenny's mouth drooped in a rebellious curve. "Why," she exclaimed, "it's only just beginning. Everybody unmasks now, and——"

"The rouge," interrupted Knott imperturbably, and as if he hadn't heard her, "on your cheeks is all mottled, and your hair is mussed. You've no idea how odd you look." All of which was untrue.

Jenny blushed under her maligned coloring, and jumped to her feet. "Very well," she said bridling, "then I'll go. Good night. First I'll say good-by to my friends."

"Bother your friends!" said Knott. He turned to me. "Pay the bill, will you? We'll wait for you outside." And he collected Jenny somewhat as an elderly, unrelenting aunt might have collected a resisting niece and urged her toward the entrance to the arbor.

Rather contrary to my expectations I found the two of them in the street before the restaurant door, Jenny still suffering from outraged feelings, for she was silent and cold; Knott, as usual, jauntily garrulous. Our way led from the centre of the town, where clowns and pierrots and shepherds and Tyroleans addressed jocose remarks to us, into quieter streets. Jenny finally paused before a high, narrow house on a corner.

"I live here," she said, "on the fifth floor. I have a studio with another girl. Will you come and see me?" There was not the slightest doubt that the words were addressed to me, but I had no time to reply; Knott answered with eagerness: "Oh, thanks! Yes, indeed! I'll come—let me see—day after to-morrow for tea. Is that all right? Oh, thanks. Yes, we'll both come."

And it was evident from Jenny's confused attempt to make excuses and her failure to do so, that not only was she unaccustomed to the mendaciousness of polite society, but that she was beginning to suffer, in the presence of Knott, a paralysis similar to my own.

Knott walked silently through the cool, fog-inhabited streets in the direction of my apartment. He said good night, then hesitated and swung back to his original position on the doorstep.

"Know anything about young German officers?" he asked.

"No," I answered.

"I do. I know them like a book."

For a moment I considered this remark, and then, I am afraid, I laughed and made the obvious retort.

Knott expelled his breath indignantly. "Love!" he exclaimed. "I in love! It isn't very likely, is it, when I can't even bear a woman at meals, except very occasionally? They give me indigestion." And he turned on his heel and strode off. I noticed from the gesticulations of his right hand that he was unaware of the fact that he was without his umbrella.

I went up the dark stairs to the apartment. Renshaw, in a dressing-gown, was smoking a final pipe before the fire.

"What do you make of it?" I asked him.

"Of what?" he replied, without interest.

"The little girl we met to-night."

Renshaw stood up, yawned, knocked the ashes from his pipe, and regarded me with a condescending smile. "I make nothing," he said. "She is not a bacchante, nor, on the other hand, is she a wilful genius. I don't believe she's a bit good at singing. She's a French cake—rum dressing and a sponge-cake heart. She'll cause a lot of trouble, and a dozen times balance on the edge of precipices she hasn't the nerve to jump. Then she'll go home and marry the boy she used to flirt with, and who now owns the bank. They all do. The type annoys me."

But I was not so easily satisfied. Few people are when a woman has long and lovely dark eyes, in which, by means of sudden high lights and a trick of arched eyebrows, there seems to lie often a question, pathetic and appealing. I dare say that usually there is no question, and that when there is it isn't worth answering, but what can you do about it?

Knott's answer was perhaps the simplest. Astonishing as it may seem to those who never knew him, we did call upon Jenny the afternoon of the second

day after we had met her; we called precisely at four. We climbed the five long flights of stairs that smelled faintly of cabbage, we came to a narrow door from which a great deal of the brown paint had been kicked and rubbed, and Jenny herself let us in, a surprise to me in her black skirt and white shirt-waist, and her slim and of the ordinary-world appearance. I don't know whether I had expected to find her still in a short violet-and-white skirt or not. However, once the shock of this change of costume was recovered from, Jenny proved, at all events —and for the moment that was the important point—as pretty, even prettier, than when we had first seen her. The background of the large, bare, rather disorderly, rather dusty room, with its somewhat touching attempts to hide the bareness by means of hangings and pictures not too artistic, was a severe one, but she survived the test triumphantly, even although at first she was embarrassed and so rendered awkward. But Knott had a way of setting people speedily at their ease, or, at any rate, of so overwhelming them that they forgot all else, and it wasn't more than a few minutes before he and Jenny were talking to each other as if they were the oldest and most intimate of friends. I was not displeased that they left me alone; I could listen all the better.

Jenny was so lovely, so very charming to watch, so very disappointing whenever she opened her drooping, rather tragic mouth. I had rather anticipated some such phenomenon as this, but one is none the less disconcerted to find expectations of the kind realized. It was curious to hear issuing from that mouth, so formed for beauty, the strange jumble of opinions, the odds and ends of thought and expression that Jenny had collected in her twenty-four-year journey through the world; the half-baked recklessnesses, rent by astonishing gaps in a knowledge of the world, the sentimentalisms and cynicisms which seemed to constitute her point of view. Jenny apparently had no knowledge of the danger of "giving oneself away," yet her frankness, I gathered, was not altogether ingenuousness; it crackled at times with the brittle sureness of untrained youth.

It was easy enough to piece together her history. Back of her was a small town where her father had been a well-to-do contractor, and where she had sung in a choir and astonished her high-school friends and her relatives; and then, before this last adventure to Europe, there had been three years of study in New York. I judged there had been few foolish cults or destructive doctrines over which Jenny had not at some time in her career waxed enthusiastic. A fine-tempered Puritan is needed to stand too sudden a plunge into the world.

Dusk approached, and Jenny gave us careless tea and ragged slices of bread and butter. At her request I lit a lamp, and the circle of light drew the three of us, or, rather Jenny and Knott, into a still more intimate friendliness. I had just decided that Jenny was beginning to like Knott, and I had just about decided that it was time to go, and I imagine Knott was on the point of agreeing with me, when the young Baron von Votta entered, and after that, of course, we both decided to stay.

He stood—the young Baron von Votta —for a moment in the doorway, a shining, slim, rigid figure in his tight-fitting, dark-blue uniform; then he came forward, bowed over Jenny's hand, clicked his heels at me, and greeted Knott with polite indifference. I don't think I entirely imagined a slight look of annoyance on the otherwise expressionless face.

Knott was instantly friendly; oddly so, I thought; friendly with a cordiality so little reciprocated that I felt an embarrassment for him in which apparently he did not share.

"How delightful!" he said, in his fluting voice. "How very delightful! How is your dear mother?—your father? I have promised myself the pleasure of calling upon them soon. Your poor mother's rheumatism!"

The young Baron von Votta bowed; his parents were enjoying the best of health. He sat down on the edge of a chair very stiffly, accepted a cup of lukewarm tea from Jenny, and looked at us with the air of a man who is waiting for some one else to make the next move. The burden of the conversation fell as usual upon Knott, and he worthily upheld his traditions in this respect, although I still thought that

he asked at rather too great a length concerning the happiness of the Von Votta family, and described each member of it to Jenny in too detailed and complimentary a way. Von Votta was not, as far as one could see, greatly interested in his relations.

Knott and I delayed our going as long as we decently could. Our departure was precipitated by Jenny suggesting that Knott play the piano. "You do play, beautifully, don't you?" she asked.

Knott jumped to his feet. "That's the one request," he said, "that always makes me leave a room."

I waited until we had reached the foot of the stairs, and then I said: "He's too good-looking."

"Who?" asked Knott.

"Von Votta. He's too perfect; his hair is too blond, and his eyes are too blue, and he's too pink and white. I dislike him. He has no brains, and I suspect him of not having the slightest symptom of a heart."

Knott swung his umbrella contemptuously.

"You know a great deal about a young man you've only seen for half an hour, don't you?" he remarked.

We walked on for a block in silence.

"Are they engaged?" I asked.

"Do you think a German officer gets himself engaged to a girl without money?" Knott demanded.

"Well, then?"

Knott became almost angry; at all events he became sententious. "The trouble with you Americans," he grumbled, "is that you're all so damned intellectually virtuous that you can't understand any brand of virtue but your own."

At the entrance to his hotel, where we parted, he made the first of the cryptic remarks with which he was to distinguish our intercourse for the next two months. "I wonder," he said, slowly and absentmindedly, "if Von Votta really does play the piano so very well?"

Possibly it was fortunate that the next three weeks I was busy with a minor thesis which I had to prepare for a hirsute and inhuman professor who was attempting to instruct me and my fellow students in the "culture history" of the human race. I say fortunate, because, it being the approach of spring, and the trees beginning to show little green tips along their branches and the days being filled with vagrant and warm breaths of wind, it is possible that I might have begun to take far too vital an interest in Jenny Buel, and to acquire far too distinct a dislike for her friend, the young Baron von Votta. As it was, I had no time to think of them at all, and when at last I did emerge from the twisted byways of the minds and costumes of the past, I found that Knott had so secured his hold upon Jenny that no one, no matter how young and devious, could have found more than ten minutes at a time to speak to her alone. Whether she had been worn down by his pertinacity, or whether she had become genuinely fond of him—and I think the latter was the case—she lay, at all events, in his hand as tamely as Browning's famous ripe pear—for social purposes she had become entirely tractable.

"It's very jolly," said Knott. "We'll have three now on our little parties—or, rather, four, for Miss Stelwagon will go, too. You've no idea what a good sort Jenny"—and you will notice the use of the Christian name—"is. Like a boy. No nonsense. She doesn't need a chaperon." He disregarded my taunting laugh, and proceeded to expatiate, to my indignation, upon the satisfaction of meeting at last, in the person of Jenny, a typical American woman instead of the Europeanized imitation usually found.

Miss Stelwagon proved, overlooking the indisputable fact that she was a maiden, a most efficient chaperon for the many excursions and suppers in which, from now on, she and Jenny joined. She was a gaunt woman who hardly ever spoke, although one was aware that she disagreed with practically everything that was being said. Jenny seemed very fond of her. I imagine that Jenny was going through a period in which she was being very fond of every one. She was expanding.

Meanwhile I wondered, with a deepening curiosity, what Von Votta thought of all this. Knott seemed to be entirely vague. "I've asked him again and again to accompany us," he explained, "but he never will. These young German officers

have to be very careful what they do. I dare say we're much too bohemian for him."

"You're getting over your gastronomic aversion for the female sex fairly successfully, aren't you?" I suggested. Knott did not deign to answer me.

But the two or three times I caught a glimpse of Von Votta I received the impression that underneath the icy calm with which he took his way through the world several things were going on, one of which was an increasing aversion for Knott that amounted almost to a hatred. I don't wonder this was so, if for no other reason than that Knott had by now adopted toward him a manner permissible only in an uncle predisposed to gifts. Knott was very much at home in the studio.

On the last afternoon of the occasions I have mentioned, Von Votta's boredom reached a point where he sought refuge in the piano, playing over various pieces in a fugitive way, humming to himself, finally, just before Jenny lit the lamp, bursting into the music of "The Flying Dutchman." It was a singularly dramatic thing to do, because the approaching night was warm and through the open windows came the distant tremblings of thunder. The curtains stirred in the languid breeze. Outlined against the increasing shadow was the rigid, inexplicable figure at the piano. I think, although perhaps it is only looking back on it from the present point of view, that some hint of uneasy terror of this kind of young man stirred me at the moment; some prevision that dehumanization coupled with passion and a sense of beauty is a dangerous thing. And then I looked up. There was still enough light for me to see Von Votta's face clearly, and he was staring at Jenny over the edge of the piano as if he wished to bring her within an inch of him with his eyes. . . .

The music ended with a crash of chords. Knott yawned. "Wagner's very bad on the piano, isn't he?" he said. "Well, we must be going. Coming, Von Votta?"

"No!" Von Votta got to his feet and snapped together the pages of an open book of music that lay on top of the piano. It was the first break I had seen in his stubborn armor.

"Very well, then," agreed Knott, securing his umbrella. "Give my respects to your family."

"Knott," I said, when we were out in the hall, "tell me—I want to know something. Drop all nonsense and tell me. What's Von Votta up to? You know."

I expected no understanding from him and got none. "Why, my friend," he returned, in his most fluting voice, "it's fairly simple. You surprise me. Here's a German trained in patience, and here's a woman trained, as are all women, to think there's something holy in sacrificing herself for the man she loves, or thinks she loves. If she weren't an American she'd have made the oblation long ago; as it is, she's too selfish."

"You mean?"

He swung his umbrella indifferently. "Von Votta's poor, and he's told Jenny that much as he wants to marry her he can't. Of course the point is he wouldn't marry her if he could."

"But then you don't think she's really in love with him?" I insisted.

Knott's voice was weary. "How can any one tell that?" he asked. "I think Jenny finds him a hero, and I think that most of all she pities him; and the last is all a woman ever wants to know about a man. And now, for God's sake, let's leave other people's business alone. As far as I am concerned such matters do not interest me at all; although, in Jenny's case, it might be a pity. She hasn't the making of a first-class Circe."

I did not answer him; I had anticipated, as I said, some such attitude on his part, but this entire cold-bloodedness disgusted me. I was only a trifle less angry with him than with Von Votta. I turned over in my mind various desperate expedients, and then rejected them. The uselessness of insulting or endeavoring to coerce a German officer was apparent. Besides, any attempt of the kind would merely serve to exalt Von Votta in Jenny's distorted vision.

Knott seemed oblivious of the tumult that was going on in my mind. "The Germans are an odd lot," he observed serenely. "Oh, I say, give me some more names of those American songs of yours, will you?"

"What American songs?" I asked bitterly.

"The ones I spoke to you about."

"You never mentioned an American song to me in your life," I retorted, with increasing acrimony.

"Didn't I?" Knott paused and looked at me with perplexity. "It must have been Jenny, then. I've got some of them —that 'My Old Kentucky Place,' for instance. Ripping!"

"Damn 'My Old Kentucky Place'!" I said, and left him.

There seemed no more to be done, and, disliking intrigue in which one is merely a static factor, I kept away from Jenny's studio and even avoided Knott, difficult as the latter feat was. Frieda, the stalwart maid of all work at the apartment, was instructed to inform him that I was busy at the university. As his habit had been to come in the afternoon I imagined myself comparatively safe. I was mistaken, as one usually was when one assumed anything definite about Knott. He forced his way past Frieda on a Friday night between eight and nine o'clock. "Good," he said. "I'm glad to find you in at last. We're going to Jenny's studio."

"We're not," I announced firmly.

"Oh, yes, we are. She expects us."

I put on my coat.

"You'll find it very amusing," he continued; "there'll be music. I'm going to play."

"You?"

"Yes. I've promised that I would for a long time."

I don't think I realized until we got to Jenny's door that Knott had been lying, that Jenny didn't expect us at all, that here, indeed, was an incident that promised to be "amusing"; for Knott, at first, didn't knock at the door; instead, he did something so outrageous, so entirely out of keeping with his character, that anger struggled with my amazement. What he did was to pause in the dim light of the hallway, lay his fingers to his lips, and then tiptoe over to the door and place his ear to the crack. Involuntarily I laid hold of his arm. He looked up and again laid his fingers to his lips, and then, after a further period of listening, abruptly resumed his upright position and knocked twice. There was a pause before Jenny herself appeared. In her face I could see an instant astonishment struggling with a desire not to seem unfriendly. The glow of the lamp on the centre-table behind her surrounded her figure with radiance, and at the centre-table, erect and indignant, sat Von Votta.

Knott blithely edged his way in. "Excellent!" he announced triumphantly. "Isn't it splendid? Here are two musicians! I have come," he explained to Jenny, "to play those American things I've talked so much about. And here's Von Votta. Nothing could be better." He turned to that rigid young man. "It's really great luck," he said.

Von Votta rose and bowed without a word; then he resumed his uncompromising attitude by the centre-table. If the expression on Jenny's face could have been accurately described I would have said that it was that of a suppressed sigh. As for Knott, he dominated the scene immediately; he deposited his umbrella in the corner, removed his overcoat with his usual care, extracted a roll of music from his pocket, and, turning about, rubbed his hands together with evident pleasure. "Charming!" he said. "Delightful! As cosey as could be! Shall I begin now, or wait until a little later?"

Von Votta half arose from his chair. "Donnerwetter!" he began, then controlled himself by an immense effort and sat down again. "Begin now," he said wearily.

Knott crossed the room in the direction of the piano, but, as he passed the centre-table, suddenly paused and looked down at Von Votta. "Oh," he said slowly, and as if he was trying to remember the details of some discussion. "Yes. What was it I wanted to ask you? Ah, I remember! Will you— That little business scheme I mentioned to you, you know."

Von Votta drew back stiffly. "Business scheme!" he ejaculated. Then his face clouded. "No," he said. "No. No, of course I will not sell. I will not even talk about it."

Knott looked over at Jenny and myself. "Isn't that like a German?" he asked, half-humorously, half-despairingly. "All pride. Here's Von Votta has a little place up near Nuremburg—just a tower

and a dozen barren fields, and he won't sell. I've been after him a month. Silly, I call it, for he never goes there and I want it badly. I want to live there. I want to write music there." He spread out his hands. "I've offered him five times what the place is worth." He thrust his hands back into his pockets and looked at Von Votta with an intimate slyness. "He's a very foolish young man," he said, "for he may want to get married any time, and yet he refuses a windfall. You persuade him," he concluded, nodding his head at Jenny.

Again a joint in Von Votta's armor cracked.

"Herr Gott!" he ejaculated, and started to his feet. "I will not have my private affairs discussed. I have never met—" He controlled himself. "Ah, well," he said, sinking back into his chair, "it is enough."

"I don't know why you get so angry about it," complained Knott mildly, and continued his journey to the piano.

He lit the lamp that stood upon a stack of music, sat down at the keyboard, and began to play softly, but, as he played, his notes gained in power.

It is almost an impossible feat to recreate adequately the emotion that art produces. It is a difficult feat, almost a dangerous one, even to insist, once the cause is silent, upon the strength and power of such emotions. We hear a master play the violin, and while he is playing we are as submissive to his notes as the children of Hamelin were to the pipe that drew them; but, once the music stops, we half forget and, what is more, half resent being told how great the magic was. And this is all the truer when the materials of which it was made are common things, such as our minds have been taught to reject, even if our hearts unquestionably accept them. I could write pages and not be able to prove to you that "Money Musk," and "My Old Kentucky Home," and "Old Black Joe," and the whole despised list of them, are beautiful; at all events, I found them beautiful that night. Under Knott's touch they sang and hummed and laughed through the big, dimly lighted room; and I grew very homesick. Even Von Votta was affected; he still sat rigidly upright in his chair, but his face was interested and alert.

Knott played for perhaps an hour—perhaps an hour and a half; then he leaned back against the wall behind him. "Odd things," he said in a disinterested voice. "Rather amusing."

Von Votta got to his feet. "It is late," he announced. He bowed over Jenny's hand and kissed it, swept Knott with his frigid eyes, clicked his heels, and was gone.

"It is only half past ten," said Knott, looking at Jenny, "but you are tired." He proceeded to collect his umbrella and the rest of the paraphernalia that went with his ritual of departure. While his back was turned I had an uninterrupted view of Jenny's face. She was sitting on the edge of the divan, staring into the shadows across the room.

Knott paused at the door of his hotel before ringing for the porter.

"Silly young ass," he said suddenly, "did he think he was going to break up all my little parties?"

CHAFF

By Cornelia Geer LeBoutillier

Illustration by W. J. Enright

DAISY REEFE'S heart was as light as any in Ireland and as clear as the tear of a child. Her hair was curly like a fern, and if her eyes shone with good sense and a quick temper, which sometimes but not always go together, they shone with mischief too. Her voice was like any voice, but John Reefe, her husband, thought it was like an angel's.

"Sing me some more songs, Daisy."

He sat at his breakfast, the peaceful, slow man, with slow thoughts that gave him the look of a young, friendly bullock grazing quietly beside a brook. His blue shirt was open at the neck; his coarse arms were bare to the elbow. The sun streamed in the window and fell in a slanting bar of warmth across them, just touching the little hairs to gold, fell upon the table and the hearthstone and the floor. He was so happy that the blood seemed to tickle his strong throat as it circulated through the veins.

"It's a good day for singing, John, and a grand day for the two of us," and Daisy let him have a bright look over her shoulder, knowing well he did not know the day it was. Her mouth was made up for his awakening, with a smile sitting on the brink of it.

He followed her with his eyes as she moved about the table, rollicking and trim with its red cloth, its blue-rimmed dishes, and the water-jug as green as a lettuce-leaf. He smiled at the practical, quick face of her, and the capable, quick hands. She put some bits of bacon in a pan, and the kitchen was filled with the keen smell.

"It's a good day, right enough," he said. "The wind's in the northwest. That dom hedgehog has the most of the beets eat off on me again. If I see him the day, I'll give him a taste of powder and shot."

"Ye will," she threw at him, "ye'll give him a smell of the powder, ye mean, and the shot over his head. You couldn't hit a horse, John, let alone a hedgehog." She spoke briskly, with the point of a knife flipping out corn muffins from the pan to the table. They were hot and fragrant; John sank his white teeth into one of them and washed it down with a mouthful of coffee.

She went and sat on his knee then, and gave him a little package from the bosom of her dress. He opened it, wondering, with a great rattle of paper and tangle of red string. His face lighted up in his blazing, happy smile.

"When to the Lord did ye have the time to be working this?"

He fondled her in delight that was half embarrassment. Daisy laughed, and pressed her fingers against his cheek, and jumped from his knee.

"I always work ye some little thing, John, for our wedding-day," she said.

"The third of July!" he exclaimed, and saw that she was laughing at him. He reddened, and muttered almost sulkily: "I have too much to think of to be thinking of that."

"Don't I know that, John?" she blew back at him sweetly. "There's the hedgehog, and the time ye spend shooting at him, and the planting again of the vegetables he does be eating on ye every fair day, and——"

"I have enough. I have enough."

There was silence while they ate their breakfast. When he looked up he was penitent.

"Daisy, it went away out of me mind, deary. Only the day went away from me. I remember the rest of it all as good as yereself."

"Sure, I know ye do, John. Better maybe." She helped herself calmly to bacon. He brightened at her smile.

"There's not a word of it all I forget,"

he went on. He leaned forward confidently. "I'll bet ye anyway ye'll not say the words I said it in on the eighth day of March."

She puzzled a minute, with a teasing look.

"What did ye say, John?"

A little scowl came between his dark eyebrows.

"Don't tell me, Daisy, ye've forgotten that."

She paused with her knife in the butter.

"Ye've forgotten the words I asked ye to marry me with!"

She took a swallow of coffee, and hazarded:

"Ye said ye loved me."

John's fist came down upon the table.

"Don't guess," he almost shouted. "Do ye think ye can guess in a minute a thing it took me a quarter of a year to devise!"

Dimples appeared in the corners of her mouth.

"Then you asked me did I love you."

"Daisy!"

"Then—" She ran around to his knee again and whispered in his ear. A grudging smile pushed its way through the frown on his face. "And it was the sweetest thing a man ever said to a woman."

"It took ye long enough to remember it."

"It didn't take me long to take you in, John."

"To take me in?"

"Did ye think I'd forgotten?"

"Daisy!" He rolled a grave eye at her. "It's bad enough without adding stories and deceptions."

"John, ye're easy."

"Ye're a little devil, Daisy. I'll be even with you yet."

"Ye could by rights. I've been yere wife a year the day."

"And in that time it's many a little weakness and many a little fault ye've let me see."

"Have I so? I thought I'd been a model wife to ye, John."

"Sure, ye have. I'm only fooling, Daisy."

"No," she said with her witch's smile. "Ye'll not get off like that. What are these weaknesses and these faults?"

"Nothing," he fended uneasily, "nothing at all."

"Tell me."

"Sure, it was half in joke I was. Ye might say the same of me, Daisy, and you after knowing me for so long. Not big things. Not things worth the mentioning at all."

"Yes," she said thoughtfully. "I might say the same of you." And then she added: "I'll tell ye, John, what we'll do. We'll keep our wedding-day like this. Do you tell me first what's in yere mind, and then when ye've done, I'll tell ye what's in mine."

"No," John objected, "tell it first, you."

"Begin," she said sternly.

"Daisy, there's nought to tell. I'm wild about you, darlin', sure ye know that."

"There's some things," she urged him, "little things."

"There's not, deary."

"Then why did ye say there was?"

John moved in his chair.

"I don't know why in the devil did I. It was fooling I was."

"It wasn't fooling. Begin now. What harm will it do? And I'll tell you, then."

"Well," he got out finally, struggling with diffidence—"oh, I wish I'd said nothing at all."

"But ye did. Don't be so old-fashioned, John. I'll not mind."

He cleared his throat and began in desperation.

"The only fault, Daisy, I've ever found in you is that ye have the devil's own temper in a quiet way when a thing annoys ye."

"John!" she cried. "Are ye out of yere wits?"

"I'm not," he assured her stolidly. "It's the truth. It was only three days ago ye were scolding me and picking at me because I forgot to get a yellow bowl in the village; and this day itself weren't ye near taking the head off me for missing the hedgehog, and I shooting at him over the stone wall."

"Well, why wouldn't I? He was as near ye as the end of the gun."

"Anyway," he summed up, "if there's one fault is on you, Daisy, it's the fault of a fierce temper."

"And if there's one fault is on you, John Reefe, it's the fault of a rambling mind and a confused mind, and of a crooked, wabbling aim with a gun. I could shoot straighter than that meself; and if I went to the village for a bowl, I'd come back with a bowl, and not with a mouthful of excuses."

"That's fine talk, Daisy. Sure, I'd no sooner got me gun on him, when in he pops in his hole."

"Did ye think he'd pop into the gun? John, John, by faulting me, see what ye've done. Ye've turned up two of the great weaknesses of yere own nature."

"Faulting you," he repeated indignantly. "Didn't ye force me to do it?"

"I did," Daisy answered gravely, "and I want ye to do it. And when ye've said all is in yere mind, I'll say all is in mine. Go on, now, to the next."

"I'll not say another word."

"John, don't be simple. It's only a game. Go on."

"I'll not."

"Go on, John."

"Well," he began, and stopped again.

"Go on."

"Thomas Flaherty—" he blurted out.

"What about Thomas Flaherty!" she exclaimed, flushing.

John picked at the crumbs of cornbread on the table. He spoke slowly.

"Ye know, when a woman's married, Daisy, people bes watching her more, taking notice of the way she conducts herself."

"And how have I conducted meself, John?" she asked in a dangerous voice.

"Ye've not conducted yereself at all, Daisy," he hastened to reassure her. "But a good rule for married women—and for all women for the matter of that, married or single—is this: the handsomer a man is, have the less to do with him."

Daisy laughed, and inquired with edged sweetness:

"Would I be married to you now, John, if I had been a close observer of that rule?"

John stammered and foundered and was caught.

"I'm different," he said.

"And is Katy Mallon different too? Or is the rule different for men? Or does the difference is in you make it right for you to grin and giggle and pass out conversation with Katy Mallon while I stand waiting at the hedge?"

John cleared his throat.

"Why, Daisy, you couldn't be jealous of Katy Mallon. She was only asking me——"

"Jealous! Jealous! Indeed I'm not jealous of her! Her eyes are too big and her mouth's too little for any one but a fool to be jealous of her, or for any one but a fool to want to waste time talking with her. She has a gaping sort of a face."

"Come, now, Daisy, is that fair? Katy Mallon is a noted beauty in this place. I should think you'd be pleased she'd have a pleasant word to say to me and not pass me by with her chin in the air the same as she did Thomas Flaherty. I didn't think it was wasting time I was."

"John, John," exclaimed Daisy, "where were yere eyes? Couldn't ye see she noticed you because Thomas Flaherty noticed me? And do ye know what Thomas was saying to me? That he wished there was more women in this place was modest and agreeable. It was as plain as the nose on yere face it was Katy Mallon he was thinking about. She heard him too. Thomas Flaherty's not the man to be taken in by blue eyes and a red mouth."

John scowled angrily.

"He has no call to be speaking like that to you. What ails him, I'd like to know. I'd like to push in his ugly face on him. Maybe I will. Doesn't he know ye're my wife? Does he think I let my wife to receive complaints from other men about the disposition and the conduct of the other women is in it?"

"Let me!" echoed Daisy.

"Didn't Father O'Shaughnessy say only last week that wives must obey their husbands?"

"Did ye ever hear him say that men had a right to stuff up their wives' ears the way they couldn't hear complaints and compliments?"

"Compliments!" roared John.

"Yes, compliments. Ye seem to forget that Katy Mallon may be a noted favorite now, but a year ago there was another favorite in it made Katy Mallon take the wall."



Drawn by W. J. Enright.

"And it was me, I suppose, said there were little weaknesses and things not worth the mentioning."—Page 208.

"Ye shouldn't listen to him. Ye're my wife now, not a village beauty."

"Listen to who?"

John paused, blinking his eyes, took a long breath, then said weightily:

"There is another thing, Daisy, when we're going into it. It's bothered me ever since I knew ye, the way ye have of slipping about in a subject, setting traps for me, asking questions, till me mind is turning about like a stile and I don't know where am I. I'm not quick like you. I don't say I am. I wish ye'd leave that off if ye're to leave off anything."

"Leave it off, is it! Leave off, you, the habit ye have of being after me and following me up. I wouldn't have to slip about, so. Leave it off! Wanting to change me now, is it? Why did ye marry me, I wonder."

"But, Daisy," coaxed John in a soothing voice, "wasn't that the idea? Where was the profit in faulting each other if we wouldn't change ourselves then?"

"Profit! John, I'll tell ye this one thing," Daisy said with severe brows, "ye may drive me to change meself by yere talk, but I'll not ask you to change. I married ye the way ye are, and I love ye that way. I'm looking for no changes at all."

"The Lord knows I'm not looking for changes—" John began in a troubled voice.

Daisy raised her hand.

"Don't tell me that and ask me to believe it. Why did ye turn on me so, to blame me and to attack me?"

"But it wasn't my plan. It was yours." His chin looked as if it were about to pucker, like a child's before he finally breaks down.

"Mine, was it! Oh, yes, it was mine." Sarcasm rang in her tones. "And it was me, I suppose, said there were little weaknesses and things not worth the mentioning." She rose and began a spirited campaign against the the breakfast dishes.

John rubbed his crown in bewilderment.

"I don't know to the Lord who it was. Me mind is that rattled I don't know is it me speaking. I don't want changes, of course, Daisy. Sure, we were only passing the time."

"Were we?" He leaned his head to hear her above the clatter she was making in the sink. "Well, I have other ways of passing time than to be picking holes in you, John."

"But you must, Daisy," he pleaded. "Ye promised me."

"I've no time," said Daisy stonily. She cast a look over her shoulder at the downcast, huddled figure of her husband and the woebegone look in his large eyes. She turned back quickly. Mischief came again and played about her mouth.

"You made me talk like that, Daisy. Ye know ye did. It's not in me heart to want changes in you. Begin now, you, the way ye said."

"What did I say?"

"Ye said ye'd tell me the faults I had and the weaknesses."

"Not at all," she corrected him, suddenly inspired. "I said I'd tell ye what was in me mind."

"Well?" He braced himself.

"And there's nothing but love in me mind and in me heart, John darlin'," she told him with a naughty tremble in her voice; "you could be a criminal, deary, and me not know it. I love ye too much to notice if ye have faults or if ye haven't." Her deep eyes twinkled wickedly. "Ye seem like one of the holy saints itself, God forgive me."

"Daisy!" he cried out in anguish.

"If it was big things now. But ye've no vices, John, and no crimes. And little things? Only little minds with no love in them would bother about them."

She put one dish after another beside her to drain.

"It's the same with me in me heart," wailed John brokenly, "ye know that. I don't know what come over me, to be faulting you."

"Oh, that's nothing," sighed the patient wife. "Men are all the one way."

"But surely," he implored, "surely, Daisy, ye'll not spare me now. There must be one little thing or two little things, little weaknesses or——"

"Not one, John," she answered gently. "Ye've been a good husband to me and a kind husband. I'll not deny it and I'll not be silent. There's nothing I want ye to leave off and I'll ask for no changes in you."

She left the sink and stood beside the window with one hand on the blue curtain, and her tongue in her cheek. John crumpled down further in his chair. She broke into a kind of chant, exaltation in her voice and a slow rhythm in the swaying of her body.

"Changes, indeed! What changes would I ask in the holy saints? What changes would I ask in my John Reefe? The hair of his head is like deep waters at night, his eyes are as blue as flowers, itself. The strength of his back is like an ox's back. His heart is as kind as a baby's. Some men is ungrateful and mean, to be always criticising and to be always complaining. John Reefe is a quiet man and a satisfied man. No word of complaint was ever in his mouth; no cruel word ever came out of it. John Reefe is a man would scorn to find fault. John Reefe is a man——"

But this was more than John Reefe could bear. He rose heavily with bowed head and plodded from the room. Daisy watched him through the window, and a film of tears came across the mischief in her eyes.

"Johnnie," she called. "Wait a bit. I'm coming out to ye."

SAN CARLOS DAY

AN ARTICLE IN A CALIFORNIA NEWSPAPER

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY GEORGE R. STEWART, JR.

INTRODUCTION

SAN CARLOS DAY appeared originally in the *Monterey Californian* of November 11, 1879. It is signed only by a pseudonym but there is abundant evidence to identify *The Monterey Barbarian* as Robert Louis Stevenson. Stevenson was living at Monterey in the fall of 1879 and it is known that he visited the Carmel Mission on St. Charles Day (November 6). On November 15, he wrote to Edmund Gosse—"I will send you herewith a Monterey paper where the works of R. L. S. appear"; this paper, however, seems to have been lost in transit. From Stevenson's own words it may be assumed that his writing for the *Californian* was more than routine reporting. *San Carlos Day* satisfies these requirements.

In addition to some characteristic mannerisms of style there are many details of evidence as to the writer which readers of Stevenson will recognize. He displays himself as a foreigner familiar with England and France. Most of the persons mentioned are known friends of Stevenson. Most conclusive of all is the couplet quoted from Barnfield; it would be too strange a coincidence, if there should have been in the rude California village of 1879 two persons ready to quote *The Address to the Nightingale* of a little-known Elizabethan poet. On the other hand, Stevenson knew this very couplet and quoted it again years later in *The Wrecker*.

The interest of the article itself is not so much literary as autobiographical—the reactions of the always impressionable Stevenson to the crudely new Pacific Coast. His feeling toward the Indians displays him in an unusual mood of sentimentalism which might throw doubt upon the authorship, if it were not repeated in similar words in *The Old Pacific Capital*. Material upon the life of Stevenson in California is strangely scant. His letters of the period are few, and his writings of mediocre quality. Tradition dwells grewsomely upon a Stevenson at the point of death, sick, starving, and despondent. It is thus all the more interesting to catch this glimpse of

a Stevenson in California more consistent with his usual optimism—bearing himself "like one who does not fear a bottle and a glass," laughing to himself at the crudity of a Western celebration, and initiating a movement for the preservation of a Spanish church which stands to-day, as Stevenson predicted, one of the treasured relics of California.

GEORGE R. STEWART, JR.

SAN CARLOS DAY

A Barbarian at the Carmello Mission

MY DEAR BRONSON:—You have asked me to give you something of what I saw upon Saint Carlos Day, and being of a biddable disposition, I comply herewith.

I fancy everyone must play the part of a Barbarian some time or other in the course of his life, just as each, according to the proverb, must eat his peck of dust. We have a number of gentlemen here, all, oddly enough, answering to the name of John; very courteous and obliging I find them, though a little indistinct in the matter of English pronunciation, and all these gentlemen, with their charming wives and families, have become Barbarians by the simple process of crossing the sea. So it is with me: I am like a lost child on the Pacific Coast; and can only speak "as it strikes the stranger," and from a Barbarian standpoint.

Well, sir, I went to Carmello in a Buggy from Wolter's over a road which would be an extravagant farce in the country from which I came; I beheld a considerable concourse of people in their best, some firing guns—one standing up in a wagon and unweariedly beating a drum, just as though something were about to happen. I ate for the first time in my life (I began by saying that I was a barbarian) some *cara asada en las brassas*, for which I am indebted to the Rev. Mr. Murphy, and washed down my repast with my part of two bottles of wine—one from Simoneau and the other furnished and, I am bound to say, shared by Adolpho Sanchez. I am not the man (barbarian though I be) to draw comparisons; but I bore myself, I hope, like one who does not fear a bottle and a glass, and I had no cause to regret my daring.

All this touched me. I cannot remain unmoved when it comes to eating and drinking. But please, Bronson, why did that man beat the drum? I am on live coals, as the saying is, till I know what he had in view. It is pleasant, of course to play the drum; but people usually have some ulterior purpose when they indulge publicly and for hours together in that exercise. I dare say, I should like to play the drum, too; but then, I should go off somewhere by myself into a desert, and have it out alone with my maker; I shouldn't stand up in a wagon as if I were going to sell pills. Besides, I marked that man, and he had something on his mind. Let us know in the next issue. I cannot have been alone; others must have observed his little game and be still wondering like me.

But, sir, all this is not the matter in hand. I made two remarks upon St. Charles' Day, and first: you have there a church of extreme interest which is going the way of all roofless and neglected buildings. Every year with its summer drouth and winter rain, is hurrying that church into the number of things that are no more. Every year it becomes less easy and more expensive to save what remains. Believe me, it will not be lost money for the inhabitants of Monterey county, if they not only put their heads but their purses together to preserve this speaking relic of the past. In England some great noble or cotton spinner would purchase it, repair it and charge so much entry money to curious visitors. In France, still better, the government would take it in hand and make it one of the "Historical Monuments" of the nation. So piously, in these old countries, do people cherish what unites them to the past. Here, in America, on this beautiful Pacific Coast, you cannot afford to lose what you have. When I think how that bell first sounded from that Mission Church

among the Indians of Carmello, and the echoes of the hills of Monterey first learned the unaccustomed note, I am moved, by sentiment, to pray for restitution or at least repair. And when I think how, as time goes on, visitors will flock to such a curiosity, as they flock to similar curiosities in Europe by the hundred and the thousand, and how the managers of our hotels, or their successors, may have cause to bless the man who put a roof on Carmel Church, I see that not only sentiment but the merest business prudence should lead you, and me, and all who take an interest in Monterey, to do our little best for that good end.

And second: I heard the old Indians singing mass. That was a new experience and one, I think, well worth hearing. There was the old man who led, and the women who so worthily followed. It was like a voice out of the past. They sang by tradition, from the teaching of early missionaries long since turned to clay:

> "King Pandion he is dead,
> All your friends are lapped in lead."

And still in the roofless church, you may hear the old music. Padre Casanove will, I am sure, be the first to pardon and understand me, when I say that the old Gregorian singing preached a sermon more eloquent than his own. Peace on earth, good will to men so it seemed to me to say; and to me, as a Barbarian, who hears on all sides evil speech and the roughest bywords about the Indian race, to hear Carmel Indians sing their latin words with so good a pronunciation and give out these ancient European chants with familiarity and fervor, suggested new and pleasant reflections. Here was an old, mediæval civilization, and your old primeval barbarian, hand-in-hand, the one devoutly following the other. And I could not help thinking that if there had been more priests and fewer land sharks and Indian agents, there would have been happier days for a considerable number of human bipeds in your American continent.

I began by admitting that I was a Barbarian. Now, that I have proved it, I had better pause. That was how it struck "the stranger." A fine old church, a fine old race, both brutally neglected; a survival, a memory and a ruin. The United States Mint can coin many million more dollar pieces, but not make a single Indian; and when Carmel Church is in the dust, not all the wealth of all the States and Territories can replace what has been lost. No man's word can save the Indians from the ruin that awaits them; but the church? How, my dear Bronson, if you and I put together our little mites and, through the columns of your paper, wrought upon all hands to interest others in this useful work of protection? I feel sure that the money would be forthcoming before long; and the future little ones of Monterey would clap their hands to see the old Church, and learn by the sight of it more history than even Mr. Graves and all his successors can manage to teach them out of history books. I remain,

Yours,

THE MONTEREY BARBARIAN.

A GROUP OF POEMS

FRANCESCA

[1904–1917]

By Olive Tilford Dargan

SWEET of the dawn is she!
Sure of her garlands fair,
Sure of her morning brief,
With what an air
She hands Eternity
A bud, a leaf!

Far down a world wound-red
All unappalled she looks;
Where I stare barrenly,
She beauty plucks
From an untrampled bed,
Till suddenly I see.

Once more a star shall break
For me the crocus' mould;
The full year's end sleep in
A marigold;
And firs in the snow wind shake
Locks of genie and jinn.

Again over earth and me
Shall fall the coverlet
Spread by a godmother moon,
Till we forget
Night's thin, gold irony
That hid nor scar nor bone.

O, sweet with her to climb
Youth's high, unguided trail!
Along sky ledges haste,
Palms to the gale
That showers song and rhyme
As petals blow and waste!

And when in mothy light
Of trees and listening dusk,
I see her filmy go
To him, her knight,
What sap of bloom shall flow
Into dream's silvered husk!

What if, at her matron knee
In some yet covered year,
The bardling I never bore

Has sound of the hidden sea
That calls till a heart, or a sphere,
Is dumb no more?

My wand is she that smites
Open the prophet's wall;
My arrow in the sun,
Sped for no fall;
My bird along the heights
Where I shall never run.

II

She sleeps now.
Her hair, duskily nursing her cheek,
Fills me with strange music,
Like the dark flowing water of snow-fields.
Her brow, that was mere, frail porcelain,
Holding a child's few treasures,
Is a pale, prophetic expanse
Over dreams that bide their vast venture.

I gaze long at her face,
Thinking at last I shall know her;
For awake she is always hiding
In ripples and pools of change.
Waves of April flow round her,
And she is my willow witch,
Weaving her web of winds
Above the blue water;
But she lifts her eyes,
Like two hours of June,
And is so nearly a rose
That to-morrow the dawn will be lapping
Gold from her open heart;
Then a laugh like Christmas day
Shuffles the seasons,
And I see chrysanthemums in a Southern garden;
White breasts in the dusk.

But now she sleeps; no, stirs;
Stirs with the covetous fever
That armored in silence creeps
By the wariest watch of lovers,
And the miracle bars of skill.
"Talk to me, Tifa, talk."
"Of what, dear Beauty?"
"Ah, that is it—beauty."
I lose a whisper, and wait.
"The song—the song we heard—"
And I know I must tell again
The story of the bird, the lowland rover
That high above our mountain orchard
Sang till a cadent coast
Rose on the unbodied air,
And all our outbound dreams put back
Where his music made a shore.

(Words, words! So soft
That they may fall on pain
And make it less! Softer than leaves
Tapping a forest sleeper; while the heart
Is like a swollen glacier crowding earth.)

Up he went singing; climbed a spiral chain
That linked his joy to heaven;
And circling, swerving as he rose, he built
An airy masonry of smoothest domes
And jetting minarets, as though he saw
From his blue height a city of the East
And in a music mirror set it fair
For his high rapture. Did we see it?
Slim, flowing alleys, streets that wound
To temples cool as shaded lakes;
Pure arches, pillars of piled notes;
Cornice and frieze and pendant flung
In rillets from one tiny heart
As prodigal as God's?

What, dearest? When you die
You'll stop and live there? Not go on
To Heaven?

No, you remember
Our city fell; came tumbling to the grass
With all its palaces and domes,
Not one note on another,
Where he, the breathless builder, fluttered,
Happy in ruin.

Yes, he panted so?
Tell you cool things?

(Words, words!
Running like water under leaves,
That they may fall on pain
And make it less!)

Cool, my heavenliest?
Then shall we walk again
Between the winter and the cliff
Where green things clung?—the little venturers,
Lustrous and shyly brave, that feed on shade
And tug at scornful bowlders
Till they are gay and gentle?
They were all there; the fronds and tresses;
Fingers and baby's palm;
The curling tufts, the plumelets proudly niched,
And little unknown leaves
That make the cold their mother;
The hearts and lances and unpious spires;
The emerald gates to houses of the gnomes;
The fairy tents that vanish at a name;
Each greener than Spring's footprint when her track
Is bright as sea-wet beryl;
Yet wearing like an outer soul

A silvered breath of winter. There
They waited, magically caught
Within a crystal smile. A place, we thought,
Where one might listen, standing long,
Thinking to hear some secret
Earth tells but once to time.

They waited, pearled in eagerness,—
Small subject wonderers of a land
Whose king was out-o'-doors
And would betimes go by.
He came—the sun!
The swift, old marvel of the sun!
For thirty midday seconds came the sun!
And you were still as every leaf he touched,
Long after his gold passing.

Yes? Your breath
Went all away into the shining?
God spoke too loud that time? Tell you—

Sleep holds her. . . .
But sleep comes creeping, and takes
No sudden throne. If it be not sleep,
But the other? . . .

I sit in the folds of a dread
As in a husk that widens and swells
Till it strikes the sky.
Who is it standing, a fiend
Like a mountain darkening upward,
Dropping and dropping and dropping
The ocean into a glass?
Why are the walls so near and so cold?
Wavering and greenish white?
Why are they rocking, and covered with shadows
That mightily grasp and fade?

. . . I know. We are under the sea.
Like a petal her face goes drifting;
A white rose petal that swirls away.
Far up is the water's clear surface;
High up, where the sky used to be;
And above it lies the good air.
We must climb . . . climb, my loveliest.
Climb . . . we cannot breathe . . . down here . . .
Under the sea.

III

If Death had taken my orange-tree,
Its gold-lit boughs, and magic birds
Singing for me,
I would not bear, though bright the dead,
This daunted head.

If Death had taken the one whose care
My fortune feeds, my roof endows,—

Leaving me bare,—
I'd meet the world from some kind door,
Gay as before.

If Death had taken my friend, the god
Who walks among us masked as man,
Wearing the clod
To find his brother, I could live,
Love and forgive.

But she was Beauty; planets swing,
And ages toil, that one like her
May make dust sing;
And I, who held her hand, must go
Alone, and know.

THE POET TELLS OF HIS LOVE

By John Hall Wheelock

How shall I sing of Her that is
  My life's long rapture and despair—
Sorrow eternal, Loveliness,
  To whom each heart-beat is a prayer.

Utterly, endlessly, alone
  Possessing me, yet unpossessed—
The dark, the drear Belovèd One
  That takes the tribute of this breast.

Dæmon disconsolate, in vain,
  In vain petitioned and implored,
How many a midnight of disdain
  Darkly and dreadfully adored.

Beauty, the virgin, evermore
  Out of these arms with laughter fled—
Vanished . . . a voice by slope and shore
  Haunting the world, Illusion dread!

Most secret Siren, on whose coast
  'Mid spray of perishing song are hurled
All desolate lovers, all the lost
  Souls and half-poets of the world!

Through sleepless nights and lonely days
  In tears and terror served and sought—
Light beyond light, the supreme Face
  That blinds the adoring eyes of Thought!

How shall I sing of Her! Nay all,
  All song, all sorrow, all silence of
This desperate heart, that is Her thrall,
  Trembles and tries to tell my love.

CLOUDS

By John Jay Chapman

When I have lain an hour watching the skies,
With oaken boughs above my grassy bed,
An ocean seems to open on my eyes,
With ships becalmed that linger overhead
As if their motion was a kind of rest;
And argosies I see and navies brave
With flame of flags and pomp of pennons dressed,
Trailing their splendors through the colored wave.
Triumphant galleons freighted to the rail,
Lean toward their harbors with extended sail.

Whither, ah, whither all that wealth and worth,
That sky-borne booty floating toward a bourne
Beyond all ken, beyond all touch of earth?
And we,—that steer and tack, struggle and mourn
To win a point or round a promontory,
Nursing the shore and angling with the wind,
To gain a tinsel, quaint, ephemeral glory,
And leave a fortune or a name behind,—
Are drifting toward some goal insensibly,
Like those slow-moving treasures of the sky.

AFTER A TRIP FROM ALBANY BY NIGHT BOAT

By Benjamin R. C. Low

To cross no bar; to heed no lonely bell:
Let me, like this, at twilight-sweet embark
Where a faint river widens to the dark,
And down the banks there follows a farewell.

Let Beauty hold my finger-tips, this wise,
With broken music of a wandering bird,
Or, down a lane, a little laughter heard:
Let me smell land after it leaves my eyes.

Let me lie still, with starlight on my face;
And shadows of great hills that loom ahead
Shall write the dreams there of the unclouded dead.
I shall not wake, but I shall know the place.

Shoaling tho' shallows run; tho' years run low;
A ship may take a lantern and get free:
Till then—warm earth is very dear to me;
Sure as the dawn the city where I go.

THE WESTERN WINDOW

IN PROCTER HALL OF THE GRADUATE COLLEGE IN PRINCETON

By Thomas Hopkins English

THE glory of the blue and green and gold
  Fades from the jewelled lancets, as the day
Puts on his dusky garment, and behold,
  The figures from the window fade away.
Vanish the sister arts of Christian lore,
  Vanish the reverend doctors of the Law;
Yet from the darkened panes shines as before
  One Face that fills the soul with love and awe.
So, when the arts are dead, and systems fail,
  Knowledge is dimmed, and wisdom's works decay,
Hidden all signs behind the obscuring veil,
  From Thine own face will shine the saving ray—
Thou the Fixed Star that through the darkness vast
Wilt guide me to the throne of Truth at last.

A BARNEGAT LOVE-SONG

By Ethelean Tyson Gaw

I NEVER race the sunrise
  To stand beside the sea,
But that the dawn-lit glow of it,
The rosy, dimpled flow of it,
  Is telling, love, of thee.
A dimpling sea, a smiling sea,
  That flushes mile on mile!
And oh, the flower-sweet gleam of it,
The thrill and mystic dream of it—
It's your own lips I'm thinking of,
  Your rosy, dimpled smile!

I never stand at noonday
  Beside the summer sea,
But that the crystal blue of it,
The radiant, sky-kissed hue of it,
  Is telling, love, of thee.
A changeless sea, a tender sea,
  So wide and deep and true!
And oh, the healing balm of it,
The magic, jewelled calm of it—
It's your own eyes I'm thinking of,
  Your own dear eyes of blue!

I never stand at evening
  Beside the sunset sea,
But that the flaming leap of it,
The purple-misted sweep of it,
  Is telling, love, of thee.
A royal sea, a flaming sea,
  And rainbow fires above!
And oh, the glory-light of it,
The far-flung, deathless might of it—
It's your own heart I'm thinking of,
  Your golden heart of love!

THE MONGRELIAN LANGUAGE

By Brander Matthews

I

IN the final years of the last century, when the people of the United States were moved at last to go to the rescue of the people of Cuba, there were not wanting friends of Spain in the other Latin countries who were convinced that the result of the conflict would be certain defeat of our army by the better disciplined and better trained troops of our foe. As one perfervid enthusiast expressed it, there could be no doubt that "the pure-blooded soldiers of Spain would win an easy victory over the mongrel hordes of America." The wish was father to the thought; but perhaps the discourteous expression was due in part to fear that the result of the war might not be what the speaker hoped.

That the description of the American forces as "mongrel hordes" was intended to be offensive admits of no doubt. And yet, however distasteful the words may be to us, they are not altogether inexact. The inhabitants of the United States are a mixed race; they are descended from ancestors of many stocks; they have not been completely fused together in the melting-pot; they have not yet attained to the racial unity of the French, for example, or of the Danes; and therefore those who think they have cause for disliking us have a warrant of a sort for calling us a mongrel horde. But no warrant can be found by anybody for crediting the Spanish soldiers with purity of blood. In the course of the centuries the original inhabitants of Spain, whoever they may have been, have had to mingle their blood with Phœnicians and Greeks, with Carthaginians and Romans, with Goths and Vandals, with Moors and Arabs, until the Spaniards are perhaps better entitled to be termed mongrels than any other people in Europe, and more especially than the English, who had by Shakspere's time absorbed and assimilated Celts and Romans, Danes and Saxons, Normans and Flemings. Even if any stone is good enough to throw at a dog, there is no propriety in one mongrel throwing stones at another.

What happened several centuries ago in the British Isles and in the Iberian Peninsula is still happening in the United States, and it bids fair to continue for two or three score years longer, if not for two or three centuries. The successive invaders of Great Britain were most of them scions of the same stock; but the races that overran Spain one after another were as different ethnically as the later immigrants to America are from the earlier Pilgrims and Cavaliers. Truly we are now a diversity of creatures; and yet we are imposing the dominant Anglo-Saxon ideals of liberty under the law upon men and women who do not care greatly for liberty and who have little reverence for law. And in so doing we have to depend mainly upon the unifying power of the English language.

So long as our immigrants came to us from Northern Europe, from the British Isles, from Scandinavia, and from Germany, they could be absorbed in the course of time as readily as their kindred had been assimilated in Great Britain centuries ago; but the process does not work so swiftly or so satisfactorily now that they are coming from Southern and from Eastern Europe, and even from Asia Minor. Those who emigrated from these remoter regions in the opening years of this century are truly "mongrel hordes," and the difficulty of making them into Americans is indisputable. This difficulty would be increased if we were still welcoming newcomers of races ethnically unrelated to ours, the Japanese, for one, and the Chinese, for another.

Once upon a time the conversation of a little knot of artists, gathered in a cosey corner of a New York club, happened to turn on a man who had a Japanese woman for a mother and a German Jew for a father, and who was an American citizen, speaking and writing English. One of the group put the question as to what race

this man of motley ancestry really belonged to, and the wit of the club promptly found the answer: "He must be a Mongrelian!"

II

This smart saying returned to the memory of another member of the group, a little later, when he chanced to be passing through one of the several Italian quarters of New York, and when his eyes lighted upon a sign which declared the little shop beneath it to be a *grossaria*. He had enough Italian to know that *epiceria* was the proper word, and he guessed at once that the owner of the grocery-store had Italianized the word in use among Americans. (The British, oddly enough, are in the habit of calling such a shop an "Italian warehouse," perhaps because it has for sale olive-oil and macaroni and sardines.) Here, he said to himself, is a specimen of the dialect of the Mongrelians, and he was led to inquire if this was a solitary instance of the influence exerted by our language upon the vocabulary of the Italian immigrants, surrounded on all sides by users of English.

Once started upon this quest, he soon discovered that *grossaria* was only one of dozens and scores and, perhaps, hundreds of words Italianate in form but English in fact. He learned that the Italian *padrone*, almost the exact equivalent of our American *boss*, was yielding to *bosso*. He found that the Italians of Manhattan employ *cocco* for *cook*, *carro* for *car*, *coppo* for *policeman* (=*cop*), *cotto* for *coat*, *giobba* for *job*, *bucco-taimo* for *time-book*, *moni* for *money*, *trobolo* for *trouble*, *visco* for *whiskey*, and *storo* for *store*—all of them seemingly Italian, all of them familiar to and frequently used by the Italians of New York, and all of them absolutely incomprehensible to the Italians of Rome and Naples and Venice. He discovered that this infiltration of English into Italian had not affected as many verbs as nouns, although even here it could be seen at work—as in *bordare* for to *board*, *ingaggiare* for to *engage*, *strappare* for to *strop* (a razor), *sbluffo* for to *bluff*, and *godaella* for to *discharge*—this last being obviously made out of "go to hell," which plainly implies that the act of hiring and firing is not always done with the courtesy customary to the Italians themselves.

But the nouns are at once more numerous and more picturesque, and it would be impossible not to call attention to *besinisso* for *business*, to *muffo-piccio* for *moving pictures*, and more particularly to *carpentiere* for *carpenter* and *bricco-liere* for *bricklayer!* Also not to be omitted are *orraite* for *all right*, *barratende* for *bartender*, *richermanne* for *rich man*, *grollo* for *growler* (=a can of beer), and *grignolo* for *greenhorn*.

This investigation once entered upon, the earnest inquirer was moved to ask whether a similar influence was being exerted upon German and upon French as these languages are spoken by the New York immigrants from one or the other side of the Rhine. And he was rewarded by hearing the tale of a German compositor in a ramshackle printing-office, complaining that the window *arbeitet nicht* and asking the owner of the shop if it could not be *fixirt*.

He was regaled by the story of a Frenchman who interrupted a street row between two of his compatriots with the inquiry, "*Quel est la matière?*"—a question which the twoscore members of the French Academy would have puzzled over in vain. Apparently, French has suffered far less than Italian, perhaps because the immigrants from France are less likely to herd together, and also because they are more likely to have the rudiments of education than the immigrants from Italy. Still it is not at all uncommon to hear Frenchmen in New York speak of *bisenesse*, where the Frenchmen of Paris would speak of *les affaires*. They have been known also to call a *street-car* a *char*, and to use the Americanism *block* for a *street-block*. They sometimes speak of the *elevated railroad* as the *élevé*, and of the *ferry* as the *ferri*. And a friend from Canada supplied the information that the more or less intimate association of the French-speaking Canadians with the English-speaking Canadians had emboldened the former to say "I vais *walker*" for *j'irais à pieds*, and to describe a fault-finding woman as "*trop kickeuse*."

III

As like causes are certain to produce like effects, we need not doubt that a corresponding influence is now being ex-

erted by the surrounding Spanish language upon the speech of the hundreds of thousands of Italian immigrants in the Argentine—and that it was exerted upon Spanish itself during the long years when Naples was ruled by Madrid. A similar impression is made upon the vocabulary of the members of the American colony in Paris, who are led by insensible steps to import into their vocabulary not a few French words in meanings wholly unknown to the residents of London and New York. Perhaps it is due to this persistent group of denationalized Americans, who have failed to make themselves at home in France, despite long domicile, that we are all now getting accustomed more or less to the use of to *assist* at a concert, when we have merely been present at it, and to say that we are *intrigued* by a female of the species, when what we really mean is merely that we are puzzled to make her out.

Huxley once quoted from Buffon the assertion that "to understand what has happened, and even what will happen, we have only to examine what is happening." This is true in linguistics as it is in natural science. The effect of the impinging of an encircling speech upon the vocabulary of a smaller group is visible here in New York now as it must have been visible in Naples once upon a time, as it was certainly visible in England after the Norman came over. And it is one of the causes which combined to bring about the English language of to-day, mainly Teutonic in its structure and yet largely Gallic in its vocabulary.

English has never relinquished its ancient prerogative of taking over foreign words and phrases, even when it did not need them—any more than Italian having *epiceria* and *padrone* needed *grossaria* and *bosso*. Indeed, English has often cast out a perfectly good word of its own to borrow a foreign word no better fitted for service. When it has done so, it has sometimes repented and reversed its action, reviving the dead-and-gone native term. Doctor Henry Bradley has told us that writers of English in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries felt themselves at liberty to use French words at will, making them English at least for the moment. But as these words were only temporarily useful they fell out of fashion, sooner or later, so that "many which supplied no permanent need of the language have long been obsolete." There were so many of these imported terms that the students of language have had to devise a specific name for them; they are called "loan-words," being borrowed only for a brief period and in the end relinquished to their original owner. They may be likened to the host of Italian laborers who come over to work in America for a few years only, and who return sooner or later to their native land, having, perhaps, taken out their first papers, without persisting in their effort to acquire American citizenship.

It is idle to speculate as to the possible results of an impossible event. Indeed, this is not unlike the effort to answer the question as to what would happen if an irresistible force met an irremovable body. Yet there is a certain fascination in asking ourselves to consider the effect upon the future of the Italian language if a total destruction of Italy should occur by an earthquake or some other appalling convulsion of nature. If all the inhabitants of the storied peninsula were to be suddenly annihilated, leaving alive to speak its soft and liquid speech only their expatriated countrymen in North and South America, the language ennobled by the Four Poets might cease to be; it might survive only in its mighty literature; it might split into two diverging tongues, one of them profoundly modified by the English of the Yankees, and the other transformed in another direction by the Spanish of the Argentines, the Yanquis of the South.

The divergence would be accelerated by the fact that the immense mass of the Italian immigrants into the two Americas are relatively illiterate, and would, therefore, be released from loyalty to the literature of the past. Each of the separated hordes would be subdued to what it worked in; and the result would be two new forms of Italian, probably as different as Portuguese is from Spanish, and more different than peasant Norwegian is from peasant Danish.

But neither of these two resulting languages, even if it ceased to be Tuscan, could fairly be denounced as a Mongrelian tongue. That indignity it would be spared.

"LITTLE ARCHIE"

A STORY OF THE BLUE RIDGE

By Countess de Chambrun

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. LEROY BALDRIDGE

IDLE Dame Gossip, who so frequently becomes the arbiter of individual human destiny, was particularly active at Green Springs during the season of 1913.

Among things of lesser import she was fond of repeating that M. Sigismond Marius, the genial president of the "Greenock Arms Bridge Club," had left the "Ville Lumière" and the stereotyped pleasures of "Gay Paree," not because he was weary of the amusements the French capital has to offer but because the said capital had become weary of him. In short, gossip spoke of certain disputes between M. Marius and the base minions of law. She hinted that very essential differences had occurred between the "sureté" of the metropolis on the one hand, "Papa Marius" on the other. The disagreement, she affirmed, dealt with what *was* and was *not* permissible in the running of the select establishment dedicated to the Goddess of Chance.

Knowing that we live in a wicked world which often calumniates its most distinguished denizens, we should not allow the admiration, which all who saw must have felt while contemplating the faultless though corpulent correctness of the Frenchman's appearance, to be shaken by those slanders.

We may be permitted to suppose that such an exterior was quite in harmony with its owner's previous record. May we not also believe this record to have been pure and spotless as his well-fitting waistcoat—generous and ample as his capacious waistband?

The authorities of the Green Springs Hotel and Thermal Company were, in any case, perfectly satisfied with the upright honesty of their lessee, for although, with sage prudence, which is such a laudable accompaniment to a childlike faith, they had had M. Marius's past carefully, and "professionally," investigated, the company's manager readily informed his interlocutors that all these investigations redounded to their subject's credit; he even added a few words of praise and thanksgiving that such a phœnix had opportunely arrived at Green Springs. "In fact," said he admiringly, "the old fellow knows his business from A to Z. We couldn't possibly run the Greenock Arms without him, and if he should leave we'll have to shut up shop at the 'Arms.' For it's a job that takes an artist. Those who might have the social requisites couldn't attend to the professional part; but 'Papa Marry,' as we call him, combines all qualifications. He's the most amusing old cuss, too! Just get him started some day on his experiences! He wanted once to publish his memoirs.

"'They would be,' says he, 'more interesting than Bismarck's, Benvenuto's, or Machiavelli's,' but he always adds:

"'De reason I do not print is because no one would beleef vat I say, because I haf always tole de troot. Of course, efery one beleef all dose oder scamps say ven dey are dead, because dey was so well known to be *liars*.' (It's perfectly true, by the way) and he claims also that the only thing which has prevented his occupying the place in our world for which his talents fit him is just that he does not *lie* well enough and could never manage to be *mean* enough.

"Whether that's a correct estimate," continued the manager, "I can't pretend to judge; he seems to be a rather softhearted old chap, but lots of good gamblers are, you know, and certainly, if one could combine the skill of Marius with the entire unscrupulousness of Vanbeest

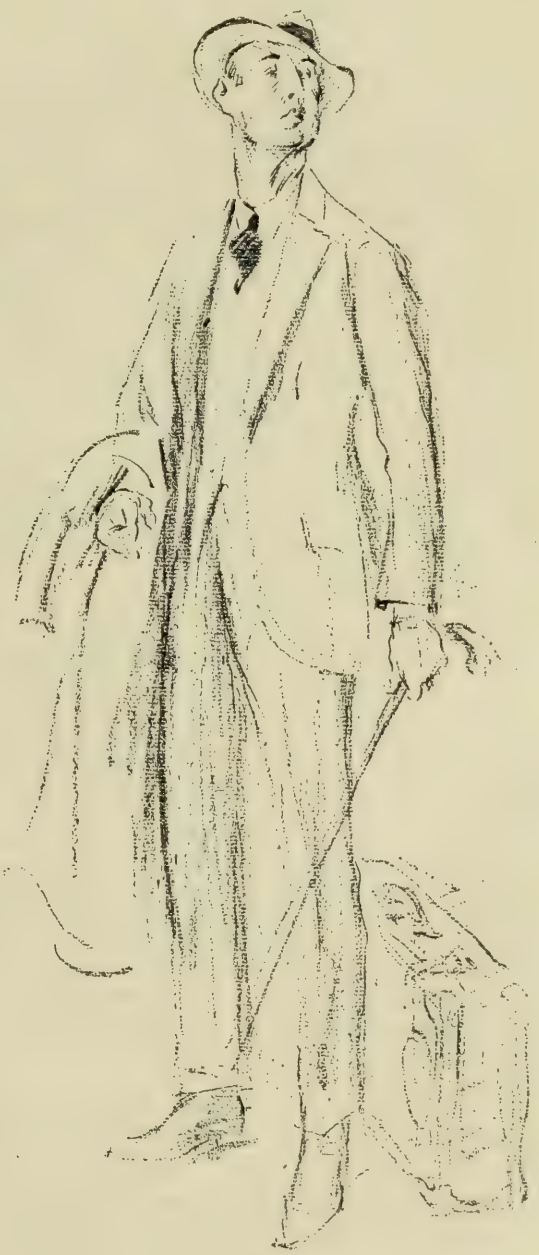
Brock, we should have at the Greenock the very Napoleon of finance and one who would never know St. Helena. The club could never exist without him—that is sure as shooting" Those who sojourned longest at Green Springs could heartily indorse this handsome tribute, for they realized how weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable a month in the mountains would seem to many a *paterfamilias* who, thanks to Marius and the Greenock Arms, passed four weeks of combined interest and excitement while his family sought for cure in the palatial thermal establishment under the energetic fist of bather or masseuse, or, if they happened to be young and non-arthritic, wandered on foot or horseback over the beautiful mountain paths where the laurel was just beginning to blush beneath a lacy veil of dogwood.

Other young people, more sportively than romantically inclined, found amusement on tennis-court or golf-links. For the enterprising management who had invented the Greenock Arms and profited by the talents of Marius, was certain to be sufficiently in touch with modern taste and times to provide other fashions of wooing the fickle goddess less crudely and under cover of skill. The array of "handicap" cups offered by the management was so formidable as almost to correspond with the list of entries for a tournament. Once indeed a facetious visitor commented on this multitude of prizes by placing a large placard before the marshalled ranks of silver-bronze pewter, on which he had scrawled:

"THE MANAGEMENT WARNS ALL CONTESTANTS THAT IT WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE, EXCEPT BY EXCEPTIONALLY ROTTEN PLAY, TO AVOID WINNING ONE OF THESE TROPHIES."

The season of 1913 found the charming Blue Ridge resort in the full tide of prosperity and fashion. "Every one who was any one," not already accommodated at the Greenock, was on his way or clamoring from afar for rooms. Indeed, the hotel was already crowded to an extent which made it impossible to serve or make comfortable the hordes of exacting visitors, and, as usual in these circumstances, the season was voted an immense and unqualified success.

Prosperity did not pause at the hotel only but spread her glittering mantle up the mountainside, where the Greenock Arms, with its white-columned verandas, is coquettishly perched, and where M. Sigismond Marius, the picture of rotund and complacent enjoyment, strode absolute monarch of all he surveyed.



This was evidently the first visit of Mr. Cupar-Angus to the Blue Ridge.
—Page 224.

Never, either for quality or quantity, had he seen so good a season; the mem-

bers of the Greenock Club were this year, according to this eminent authority, "veritablement chic."

"We haf de most solidest pik-puks of Vall Street and Nev-Pore. Mr. Vanbeest Brock was here until he make vat you call spring-cleaning of my poor little pank," and M. Marius rubbed his hands gleefully, thinking, like many another victim of the financier, that no dollars were really lost which found their way to the pockets of so great a magnate. One ingenuous youth was heard remarking optimistically: "Of course, a 'multi' like Brock doesn't *like* winning from a poor devil like me; he'll be only too glad to make it up in 'tips' on some of his stocks." How pleasant it is to encounter a hopeful, sanguine disposition in the young! and how anxiously one waits a message from this youth recounting how the symbolic bread, cast upon a golden sea, has returned to him threefold with jam and butter added!

There was always a flutter at the Springs when the great Vanbeest broke away from sordid cares and conveyed a private carload of what (for want of a better term) we may call his friends to sport and gambol in the Blue Ridge. Even the railroad manager, unwilling to confide so distinguished a traveller to the care of an ordinary employee, telegraphed up to Charlottesville for a decayed scion of the "first families," with a University of Virginia education, to meet the train at Washington and "conduct" it to Green Springs.

"We like to show him that our personnel are cultivated men, who can speak the English language," said this functionary proudly, though why he thought that the purity of the English language was dear to Vanbeest Brock has never been fully grasped.

Great was the joy of this select band of travellers when they discovered, shortly after the train, heavy with extra Pullmans, had puffed and panted up the steep grade into the station, that the former attractions of the valley were enhanced by the opening of the Greenock Arms, under the skilful stewardship of one who "knew both how to make things hum," and who was a past master in the art of avoiding scandal; who arranged the printed by-laws of the club so that no slightest discrepancy could be observed between these regulations and certain codified rules contained in musty volumes of buff-colored calf.

One brief placard in the entrance-hall laconically set forth the basic principles of the organization, and this absence of warnings, commands, and interdictions, formed one of the club's chief charms.

EVENING DRESS IS RIGOROUSLY REQUIRED
A NEW GUEST SHOULD BE INTRODUCED BY TWO MEMBERS
NO REFRESHMENTS SERVED IN THE BRIDGE-ROOM

—

INITIATION
LADIES 5 DOLLARS, GENTLEMEN 10 DOLLARS

That was all. Nevertheless, everything, thanks to the skill and tact of Marius, went as if by clockwork. He seemed both ubiquitous and infallible. There was no appeal from his decision, for he knew just what might, could, or should be done on every occasion. The Greenock was fortunate in possessing a manager of his calibre, ably exercising his high functions with malice toward none, equity, if not charity, to all.

One of the most recent arrivals at the hotel was a tall young man whose clothes, as well as the name he registered, smacked of Great (and smart) Britain. The usual idle group, pressing the office to inspect the newcomers and study the entries on the visitors' book, observed with disappointment that the handsome stranger inscribed in bold, thick characters his name and habitation:

Archibald Cupar-Angus
Toronto, Canada

They would assuredly have preferred to read a prefix to the name, with "London, England" designated as his port of hail. But one can't have everything, even in a summer hotel.

This was evidently the first visit of Mr. Cupar-Angus to the Blue Ridge. He gazed with manifest approval at the saddle-horses grouped together under the



Drawn by C. LeRoy Baldridge.

"That will do for to-night, thanks."—Page 228.

lofty porte-cochère, and at the party of pretty girls and dapper youths leaping or clambering to the saddles. As he strolled down the long hall, his feet sinking deep in the moss-colored carpet, one felt from his bold, frank gaze of eager curiosity, that here was a young man who sought amusement in no blasé spirit of weariness, but rather like one recently come into an inheritance and impatient to enjoy its perquisites.

This impression might have been fully confirmed by his subsequent demeanor. Passing the elevator, he entered what is known as the "Chinese Pagoda," ordered a Scotch-and-Perier, and began chatting familiarly with a sympathetic bartender.

"All this looks pretty fit," he remarked, waving comprehensively so as to include in his gesture a portion of mountain landscape with the long vista of densely thronged entrance-hall. "But I wish you'd tell me, my man, what a stranger can do to jolly himself up a bit? I'm alone, though I came on a lark, and feel rather out of it all."

"Well, sah," answered the black Ganymede, throwing an appraising glance at his interlocutor, "of co'se most folks come for the baths; I reckon you want none of *dem*, unless a dip in the swimming-pool now and then. Dere's to'naments on, sah, golf and tennis (apply to club secretary). Then I can give you what you want of *this* 'cept on Sunday. You must remember to order what you will require on Saturday night, sah; it can then be put aside fo' yo' personal use. We cannot sell any liquor on Sunday—State regulations."



"Mumme iss ze word."—Page 228.

"My faith! but you're a funny free country with your 'State regulations!'" said the Canadian, laughing. "But never mind, I'm glad I came, and would be awfully obliged if you can put me up to a few tips. I'm down here on a good old-fashioned spree and don't want to miss a trick if I can help it."

"Well, sah, you will mos' probably find

friends in Mista Vanbeest Brock's party —that's the gayest set at the Springs. Our hotel is very respectable—but you'll 'scuse my saying (since you was asking fo' tips)—dere is one half-hour when there is no night-watchman in the corridors—first watch goes off duty at two A. M., second don't generally hurry much about coming on—gentlemen is sometimes glad to know, sah!"

"Oh, yes, thanks awfully—I see; not very useful this trip—but much obliged all the same; but isn't there some place where a fellow can pass the shank of the evening before two A. M.?

"Why, sah, there's many likes the Greenock Arms, kind of bridge club on the hill, ole man Marius's place. He starts role-ete when he's feeling good, or mebbe some sporty back-carrot—I hadn't oughter let on—the company has to kinder sorter wink at ole man Marius's games of chance—they is against State regulations, so the club has to be kinder suta-rusa."

"Well, don't mind me—I'll not mention it," said Cupar-Angus, with a short laugh, slipping a coin into the pink palm of a black paw eagerly outstretched to receive it.

"I don't know a blessed soul down here, so I can't even go there, if it's a club"—he spoke regretfully.

"Oh, law, sah! *dat* doan make no matter; it's only a kinder-sorter *club*. If you put on a swallow-tail and take an engraved pasteboard, old Marius will put you up all right—ten dollars a week is the tariff and no checks taken, not even old Brock's! Marius says he's been fooled too often by the he-lite of all nations to begin that business again! His clients must bring cold cash, 'scuse me again, sah! but I thought you might like to know so as to take the stuff with you!"

The pale eye of Archibald Cupar-Angus gleamed during this dialogue. Nor was it difficult for a casual observer to note cynically that he had surprised the pet vice, if not at least the chief weakness, of the handsome Canadian. Certainly the young man brightened up wonderfully during Ganymede's description of the charms of the Greenock Arms, and the listening onlooker who was absorbing "Tom Collins" in the corner drank in also scraps of the above conversation, watching the new arrival narrowly, with a curiously interested though world-worn smile.

This same observer was not surprised,



"I hope for the pleasure of see you again to-morrow."—Page 228.

a short time after, to find the object of his attention had donned a "swallow-tail" and was already seated at dinner when the clock struck eight. Neither was he surprised to remark that Mr. Cupar-Angus was among the first to leave the dining-room. The Canadian brushed the small table, a coveted coign of vantage near the door, quite unconscious of its occupant's apparent interest in his exit. The watcher, although he had ordered coffee, arose without drinking any and followed the Canadian down the corridor, striding level with him as they reached the massive portico.

"Beg pardon," he began politely, "if you are thinking of going up the mountain I'm strolling that way myself—glad of your company and can put you up for membership if you care to play—my name's Murgatroyd," he added as an afterthought—"T. Murgatroyd, of New York."

"Thanks, I should appreciate your

courtesy; I'm here for a week's amusement. I *do* like play, when it's good and sporty—*is* the play sporty, by the way? or only so-so? Can one lose more than car-fare?"

His cicerone smiled mysteriously.

"That depends—it all depends on old Marry—'le grand patron'—queer old bird and clever—has to be, running this casino! He hasn't his match for keeping squeamish losers in order! and with the indignant parent of the prodigal son, he is just as good. As for the evenings when they run in disguised 'bobbies' to nail the club, why, he fairly scents them! Some nights he just says: 'Let us begin our usual game, gentlemen.' Then we know there is nothing doing, but we habitués just sit back and follow his lead, even if we have to play auction all night for a cent a point, like a lot of silly old tabbies! We know the old man never got run in yet (not on this side of the pond at least), and when all's serene and he knows it's quite safe he'll take the bank himself or push it over to that old devil Brock—in either case you can expect sport enough to satisfy your craving!"

Indeed, if to lose heavily and consistently be "sport," Mr. Cupar-Angus that evening had his fill. Many an angry eye was turned in his direction by irate ladies, proverbially bad losers, who had been following the newcomer's play, in a desperate attempt to assault capital as personified by the bank, held successively by the Wall Street broker and Sigismond Marius himself.

No emotion was visible, however, on the face of the principal victim as he rose from the table, remarking in a quiet voice: "I believe you don't accept checks, and I've come to the end of my portable cash. That will do for to-night, thanks," and he carefully counted down upon the board six thousand dollars in crisp bank-notes.

There was a sudden gleam in the expressive black eyes of the manager, which changed to a look of anxiety as he accompanied the chief loser to the door, saying politely:

"We are not used to quite such important vinnings in our so modeste establishment—I hope for the pleasure of see you again to-morrow, and help you get back some of your losses; zay were, par-bleu! too heavy for a first night."

His victim smiled, perhaps a trifle wryly.

"Oh, I shall surely come again to-morrow! Don't worry about that!" and he sauntered down the sinuous path toward the lights of the mammoth hotel, which followed the valley in a great curve, like a luminous caterpillar.

Meanwhile, the zealous director posted himself at the exit, taking pains to speak a word in season to every person present. Had he detected a subtle threat in the Canadian's parting words? or was he worried because he had let himself be carried away and had departed from his customary prudence in playing for such high stakes with a stranger in their midst? In any case, each rapidly spoken sentence betrayed his disquiet and was to the same effect, begging his patrons to observe discretion and let no hint of the magnitude of the evening losses penetrate beyond the club. The oration finished with an appeal to a "personal favor" and the "public good," and a sly wink accompanying the meaning phrase—"Mumme iss ze word."

And yet, in spite of his persuasive eloquence, some echo of the evening's doing must have penetrated to the Greenock, for when Mr. Cupar-Angus entered the breakfast-room and sought an inconspicuous table, he had the unpleasant sensation of being stared at to an extent which the distinction of his appearance could not entirely justify.

Besides causing a flutter among the guests already busily consuming "melon and cereal," he felt that even his black waiter "Jim" was gazing upon him with that air of curious and respectful awe which is accorded to a gentleman "what can jes trun roun' six thousand plunks and not turn a hair."

Impatiently conscious of the sensation he caused, the young man cut short his breakfast and, rapidly traversing the corridor, walked out along the path to the golf-links, thus to avoid meeting the influx of guests. For an eastern train had just come puffing into the near-by station, and its passengers were already entering the hotel. The knowledge that the silly story of his losses must be circulating at

the Greenock made Cupar-Angus "feel like a fool," and, unlike yesterday, when it would have been a real pleasure to meet an unexpected friend, to-day he only desired to avoid encountering an acquaintance among the new arrivals. He feigned not to see Murgatroyd posted at the first tee, inspecting the "drive-off" of a golf tournament. But had he looked back he might have observed with some surprise that Murgatroyd seemed more interested in the direction of his stroll than in the length of the shots which were landing in an inevitable bunker. Murgatroyd followed discreetly in the Canadian's wake for several hundred yards; then, satisfied that he was taking the path to a famous mountain view, and would probably be gone some time, he turned on his heel and hurried back toward the hotel, leaving the object of his solicitude a prey to very unpleasant cogitations.

By one of the strange paradoxes of fickle fortune, who delights in adding a curse to her handsomest gifts, the "big winner" found himself in much the same mood of angry disquiet as his victim. Anxiety had pursued Marius through a sleepless night and accompanied him through half the day. He was furious with himself for his unwonted indiscretion, that inexcusable imprudence of taking, as he said, "more than a few thousand francs out of a new number."

The fabric of his success had been firmly grounded upon one maxim—moderation; he could not now blame the management if they should think fit to reprimand him. Suppose this stranger should turn out "no sport" and begin "squealing." What a predicament! A reprimand would hardly suffice—and a prompt dismissal would be his portion!

As he turned these disagreeable reflections over and over in his mind, his portly person swung suspended in mid-air, for Marius was of indolent habit. He loved to sprawl for hours in the veranda of the little bungalow which came to him as a managerial perquisite. He adored the cushioned settee which hung by four chains from the roof, and he was deeply attached to the modest cabin, "telle les premiers pionniers," which, however much it resembled externally these picturesque dwellings, was very different in the luxurious comfort of its installation from that of Daniel Boone.

With a long sigh he extended himself among the cushions, determining, for the twentieth time, to dismiss these unpleasant thoughts from his mind. In order to facilitate this process he picked up a heap of gayly colored journals, the *Cri de Paris* and *Le Rire*, from a low stand close by; this table offered temptingly to hand a light cherry-colored drink—a "grenadine gommé." This was Marius's favorite and strictly temperance tipple, for, like most really skilful gamblers, he carefully avoided alcoholic liquors and, being from the "midi," had a childlike predilection for "lucent syrups" and multicolored sweetmeats.

He had scarcely begun to enjoy this nectar, or the mental stimulant of the newspapers, when he was disturbed by the sound of steps on the opposite side of the piazza, which ran quite round the tiny bungalow. The steps hesitated, retreated, approached again, and a pair of shapely feet, shod in russet leather, carried their owner, whose irreproachable travelling dress of dark serge bore, to the Frenchman's practised eye, the evidence of impeccable London cut, into the confused presence of Marius, struggling to maintain a dignified attitude, which was rendered the more difficult by reason of his recumbent posture. The embarrassment of this position was considerably augmented by the fact that he was vainly endeavoring to don a black alpaca coat which had been serving for an improvised pillow.

The susceptible director of the Greenock Club, like many of his fellow countrymen, had retained unspoiled and untarnished through a life of rather sordid adventure the pristine freshness of one fixed ideal—"la femme honnête." This prodigy he adored, albeit from afar; such phenomena were not often encountered except in literature by such as he. But even when so encountered poor Marius became quite lyric in his pious adoration:

"La femme! La jeune fille exquise et candide! La digne épouse! Et la mère! Oh, la mère."

Then he would add, regretfully apologetic:

"Such are not, alas! those whom I meet—the sweet young girl, the respected wife, the angelic mother! But when I do——

"Then, indeed, does old Marius take off his hat! Gladly would he fall on his knees in the dust, if the homage which he would there deposit might make her pleasure."

Consequently it may be imagined with what emotion he now found himself in



"La femme! La jeune fille exquise et candide!"—Page 229.

the immediate presence of a fair type of this adored and admired species. With a trembling hand he received from her gloved fingers the flexible card on which was traced in the purple ink of the hotel-office a familiar name:

Mrs. Archibald Cupar-Angus

Emotion made it difficult to catch the drift of her hasty and broken sentences, which were to this effect:

"Oh, monsieur, what can I say to excuse? I only arrived this morning quite unexpectedly—to join my poor husband! . . . When I heard the dreadful thing about last night I was quite desperate! and oh! I am still! and so fearfully ashamed." She slipped, sobbing, into the wicker chair, covering her face until she could again find her voice.

"Oh, no! I can't, I can't. I felt that I must speak to you! for my poor little boy's sake—but it's quite impossible—oh, I should never have come!"

"Madame," said Marius, rising to the occasion, "say not that! You have done me an unparalleled honor, one that I shall never forget. For a lady—a 'grande dame'—to deign to visit old Marius! And if, as you say, it is for your child's sake, what more sacred duty? Ah, madame, wicked old reprobate as I am, even I know what it is to love an angelic—and now, alas!—all angel infant"; and he turned away to drop a furtive and obsequious tear.

The moment seemed propitious, and his visitor doubtless felt emboldened, for, no longer hesitating and confused, her words poured forth like a torrent.

"Yes—I knew that I was right to come! that you were all that they said . . . a big, noble, tender-hearted man, a real Frenchman. I could not be mistaken in opening my heart, freely and fully, to such a one! My aunt told me that I

should threaten and reproach . . . menace a scandal. . . . How could I do that? I, who know only too well that it was all my poor husband's own fault, and that any publicity would fall heaviest on us. But how to avoid publicity when we can't even pay our hotel bill? It must all come out! For, oh! Mr. Marius, it is every cent we have in the world, that six thousand, our start in life! . . . five to buy the apple farm . . . and one to pay for the treatment here, to cure my poor little baby . . . before it's too late. It was infantile paralysis . . . I was to consult a specialist in New York. I went yesterday. He said:

"'Lose no time in getting the child to Green Springs—the waters are just what he needs; they will prevent his being a cripple if taken in time.'

"So I just jumped on the train, though my husband wasn't expecting me, and now, now . . ."

Mr. Marius was a man who never wasted time in hesitation when he saw his path lying plain before him. What he was to do he did without pause.

Very gravely and quietly, with measure and restraint which lent dignity to his generally too expansive manner, he now intervened.

"Madame, do not say *lost*, after what you haf just tole me; the money is my own (not the company's, I mean). I pay a very large rent, and the profits, like the losses, fall personally on me. Rather than touch a dollar of what you have destined to your child's welfare I would blow my wretched brains out. . . . As you have said, madame"—he added this with seeming irrelevance, although the connection was perfectly clear in his own mind—"as you have said, I am a Frenchman. . . . Tell your husband that I shall expect him to give his word of honor, and also sign a promise, never to play again at a public gaming-table; even this pledge, it iss fo' you, madame, that I exact it, to safeguard you and your boy!"

No weak words could express the wife's and mother's gratitude for such generosity. Her woman's instinct told her, perhaps, that no thanks could be so eloquent as silent tears and the fervent clasp in which she pressed the manager's little fat hand. Marius seemed almost more embarrassed than the lady as he hastily pressed into her palm the crumpled roll of bank-notes, stammering:

"Do not tank . . . I pray you do not tank! It is for me an unforgetable privilege to be able to help you. . . . I am proud indeed."

Conquering her emotion, while at the same time, with a gesture that seemed almost mechanical, she tucked the recovered bills into her glove, she answered very simply:

"I shall, then, say no more. . . . But never, never shall I forget! . . . In the name of my little Archie, Mr. Marius, I thank you."

She was gone, but Marius remained, plunged in long and pleasant thought. He was scarcely less mercenary, less eager for gain, than others of his profession, but he was indubitably far more sentimental than any John Okehurst of the Sierras. In this instance he felt that the price of his generous action was above rubies. He was glad . . . very glad of what he had done. If his meditations were lightly colored with a faint tinge of regret, it was only because he might not bear forever in his mind's eye the picture of that sweet child toward whom he had just played the part of anonymous benefactor. He sighed.

Like a distant echo of his sadness, the regret for a wasted and now empty life, there arose from the valley below a long-drawn minor wail, the shriek of the departing locomotive, melancholy as Macgregor's lament. It seemed to voice the dormant homesickness which lies deep in the heart of every French exile. As he watched the distant train crawl slowly out of the mountain station and disappear down the "Gap," Marius sighed again, then rising muttered: "If the train has gone it must be nine, just time to dress and seek the post of danger . . . and of honor," he added bitterly. For the first time in many years the old gambler felt dissatisfied with his profession.

Poor Marius! Never had he experienced such a shock as that which awaited him at the Greenock Arms. Scarcely was he seated at his coign of vantage when into the club, coolly sauntering, came Mr. Cupar-Angus. At first Marius only stared at this apparition which was en-

gaged in fingering, somewhat ostentatiously, a thick roll of bills. The vision spoke with a familiar vulgarity which betokened a recent visit to the "Chinese Pagoda."

"Bon soir, Papa Marius! You won't be able to shunt me off so early to-night. I am well in funds and intend to clean out your bank before I'm through with you this evening! La Revanche! La Revanche! that's my watchword."

Sigismond Marius no longer gazed as at a ghost; he trembled with indignant emotion and his eyes flashed. Drawing himself to his full height of five feet three inches, he spoke.

"I am, sir, surprise, very surprise! You can play no more at ze Greenock! After what occur zis afternoon . . . I did not expect ze plaisir of another visit from you! It is indeed most unbecoming, quite abominable on your part. . . . The conditions were expressly stipulate . . . a written agreement, and your word of honor not to play."

The open countenance of Mr. Cupar-Angus suddenly darkened. An ugly look came into his pale-gray eye.

"Are you trying to blackmail me, you brute? You want to win my money one night and refuse me the opportunity of retrieving the next? You don't play that game with me, old cock! Why, man! I've paid a week's initiation; I'm as fully in my rights as you or any member here."

M. Marius, crimson with righteous wrath, raised his voice angrily. . . .

"It is not then my fault if you make me divulge what should have remained a sacred confidence among us three—the lady, you, and myself. You force me to repeat in company what you perfectly well know . . . that I returned every cent of your dam' losses to your wife."

"To my wife!" shouted the Canadian. "Why, you silly old dotard, I'm not married! . . ."

"Then . . . then . . ." stammered Marius, "ze lady who came . . . little Archie's mozzer! wit the dress of alezan brûlé! She is not your wife? . . ."

Mr. Cupar-Angus eyed his interlocutor with that superior scorn which most of us are in the habit of exhibiting toward anything that we have failed to understand, whether it be book, phrase, or individual.

"I tell you, man, I'm not married and haven't even spoken to a woman since I've been in your blasted valley! You must be lying, drunk, or crazy! That's all."

Chuckling with glee, Mr. Vanbeest Brock here intervened.

"Come, come!" he cried, "'explanationings not accusationings,' as you might say yourself, Frenchy! If you gave back money to a lady calling herself Mrs. Angus, who was dressed in sorrel brown with tan shoes and natty buckles, *she's* just off to New York with Tim Murgatroyd. I was down at the station myself saying good-by to Tony Beer when the couple blew in, fairly splitting their sides, by gum! We wondered what little game they had been playing. . . . Clever little lady that! and mighty popular with the gang. . . . They call her 'Decker's "Moll"' on the 'Great White Way.' She's pulled off some tough propositions. But to take in an old bird like you, Papa Marius! it's too chortling good!" and the facetious Brock went off once more into hoarse peals of laughter.

Marius was the color of skimmed milk. He did not laugh, and said very little either on that or any subsequent occasion. For he had learned how very expensive it may be to win, and was counting the cost of an exaggerated victory. From that moment the genial old gambler quite lost heart. He never again touched a card nor spun a wheel . . . and although the management brought much pressure to bear upon their former director that he might continue to exercise his functions, persuasion was of no avail, and upon the old man's firm refusal to remain in office his lease of the club was cancelled and the casino was shut.

This is the only true story of the closing of the famous Greenock Arms; of course there are two others—that which every one believes and the official version.

Although malevolent gossip still pretends that our poor hero of the green cloth was forcibly retired by an infuriated company whose confidence he had scandalously abused, there is even less truth in this slander than is contained in the official story, which latter would fain persuade us that horror of gambling and truly Roman virtue caused the State



Drawn by C. LeRoy Baldridge.

"It was infantile paralysis . . . I was to consult a specialist in New York."—Page 231.

legislature to multiply the difficulties which hedge the fickle goddess, and thus brought the celebrated Bridge Club to its untimely end.

Some of the visitors who lingered late at Green Springs that autumn, watching the slow demise of the declining season, may remember the comic and somewhat pathetic figure of the old Frenchman, wandering daily to the station, where the ever-dwindling stream of scanty traffic spoke eloquently of departed vanities and ruined speculations, prelude of winter and of the end.

His own was not far distant; shortly before his death, which happened early in November, Marius made one brief allusion to the subject of this tale, the only one which ever crossed his lips. He spoke with the Gallic irony often closely akin to heroic eloquence.

"It iss not *for* ze money, God knows, I am the sorriest! It is to hope that *he*, at least, is very easy on old tomfools, and will score on my bad account one good intention . . .!

"What makes me feel so sick . . . what I never forgive to myself, it is how sorry I *feel* zat day, not to have *seen* little Archie . . .!"



WHEN SHERMAN'S ARMY PASSED

BEING CHRONICLES OF CHICORA WOOD

By Elizabeth W. Allston Pringle

[SECOND PAPER]

I THINK it was in July, 1863, that we heard that my cousin, General J. Johnston Pettigrew, had been killed. This was a terrible blow and distress. Then sad news kept coming of reverses, and things looked dark. The hospitals were in great need of stimulants and mama determined to send the rye she had made to the still about twenty miles away and have it made into whiskey. Daddy Aleck took it and told tales of the dangers he had encountered on the way, so that when it was finished, he was afraid to go for it alone, and mama told Jane and me we must ride along with him and protect him, which we did, one each side of the wagon all the way.

About this time my cousin, Captain

Phil Porcher of the navy, went out on a little vessel which had been built in Charleston Harbor to run the blockade, and nothing was ever heard of him or of any of the crew or officers. Weeks passed into months and not a word of the fate of the boat. It was terrible for Aunt Louise and her daughters. Mama wrote and begged them to come and stay with us, and they came. It was dreadful to see their sufferings. My aunt was a beautiful and heroic figure. They would not act as though they had heard of his death, for each day there was the hope that when the paper came there would be some news of him. They tried so hard to be cheerful and hope against hope. But no news ever did come. It remains one of the mysteries of the deep. He was a gallant, charming and exemplary man, and the greatest loss to the whole family and to the country.

After my aunt and cousins left, we began to bury every treasure we had. All the silver which had not been sent to Morven was packed in a wooden chest and Mr. William Evans, our nearest neighbor, came one day in his wagon to take it, as it was supposed, to the station to send it away by the railroad. Nelson went with him and they went by a winding route into some very thick woods near, and Nelson dug a deep hole and the two of them lowered it in with ropes, filled the grave and marked the spot. That was one weight off of our minds. We kept just enough for daily use. I became an expert in burying. Three sheets were a necessity; one to put the top earth on, with moss and leaves and everything to look natural, then one to put the second colored earth near the surface, and one to put every grain of the yellow clay below, one little pellet of which would tell the tale that a hole had been dug.

Charley came home for a few days on his way to Virginia, the boys at the arsenal having been called out. He was just sixteen and it was pitiful to see him weighed down by his knapsack and all the heavy things he had to march with, for he was very thin and gaunt. Mama consulted him as to what to do with the old Madeira, of which she still had a good deal packed in barrels in the storeroom. He consulted Nelson and they agreed to pack it in the big piano box which was still used as a grain bin. So the piano box was cleared out and emptied and brought into the little front porch, which it nearly filled, as there had been a room cut off from each end of the porch which originally ran the length of the house, and this left this porch with steps all the way along down to the ground, only about five steps. Here they brought hay and we all helped bring the bottles of wine up quietly from the storeroom, and Nelson, who was an expert, packed them beautifully. It was done so quietly that the servants in the yard knew nothing of it. We all went to bed at the usual hour, but at twelve o'clock Charley and Nelson got up, having provided rope, spades and everything necessary in one of the shed rooms which Charley occupied, also two pieces of round oak for rolling. They dug a hole big enough for the piano box, using sheets for the earth as I have described, and how those two accomplished it is a mystery, without help, but they did put that huge box into that deep hole, covered it up, removing the dirt which was too much and levelled the surface, raked the whole front road, and then brought the wagon and rolled it back and forth over it, making it look natural, so that in the morning there was no trace of anything unusual. Charley left the next day for Virginia, and oh, how miserable we were! Poor mama, he was her special darling, named after her youngest brother who gave his life for his friend so long ago.

Mama was kept very busy sending supplies in different directions, and having cloth spun and woven. She sent demijohns of whiskey to the hospitals, and some down to Mr. Belflowers for use on the plantation in case of sickness. (The darkies having a feeling that no woman can be safely delivered of a child without a liberal supply of whiskey.)

I cannot mark the passage of time exactly, but the report came that Sherman was advancing and there came awful rumors of what he was doing and would do. We made long homespun bags, quite narrow and with a strong waistband with a strong button, to be worn under the skirts. And into these we put all our treasures. They said every photograph was destroyed after great indignities. I

took all my photos of my dear ones (such sights they look now, but then seemed beautiful). I put them one by one in a basin of clear cold water and left them a few minutes, when I found I could peel them off of the card; and then I pasted them into a little book which I could carry in one of my pockets. The book was brother's passport book when he was travelling abroad, and I have it now with all the pictures in it. Our kind and generous neighbor, Mrs. Wm. Evans, was a very, very thin tall woman, but when I ran over to see her during these days of anxiety and she came out into the piazza to meet me, I could not believe my eyes. She seemed to be an enormously stout woman! I looked so startled that she said:

"My dear Bessie, they say these brutes take everything but what you have on and burn it before your eyes. So I have bags of supplies, rice and wheat flour and sugar and what little coffee we had, hung round my waist, and then I have on all the clothes I can possibly stand, three dresses for one item." And then we both laughed until we nearly fell from exhaustion. And when I ran home and told mama, we had another great laugh, and oh, it was such a mercy to have a good hearty laugh in those days of gloom and anxiety. We never quite got to Mrs. Evans's condition, but we each had treasures unknown to the others concealed about us.

Things in the Confederacy were going worse and worse. It was an agony to read the papers. My sister, Mrs. Vander Horst, came home from Wilmington, bringing her maid, Margaret. Major Vander Horst, her husband, did not think it safe for her to stay any longer there. It was a great comfort to have her with us. The Yankees were reported nearer and nearer, but we never saw any one to hear positively where they were. Then one evening just at dusk two horsemen galloped up to the front door, tied their horses and came in. It was two of the Charleston Light Dragoons. They were acting as scouts for General Hampton, Julius Pringle and Tom Ferguson. They came to tell us Hampton was protecting all our troops as they left the State. They were the very last and Mr. Pringle said to mama:

"I knew you had wine and whiskey in the house and I came to beg you for God's sake to destroy it all. Do not let a drop be found in the house, I implore you."

Mama said: "But, Julius, I have not sent all that whiskey to the hospitals yet, and it is so greatly needed! I have two demijohns still."

"Oh, Mrs. Allston, I implore you, do not hesitate. Have those demijohns broken to pieces the first thing to-morrow morning."

She promised. We gave them a good supper of which they were in great need. Nelson fed the horses. They took two hours' sleep and then left in the middle of the night. As they were going, there were reports of shots on the public road which ran back of our house about four hundred yards. The two dragoons jumped on their horses and galloped off from the front door into the darkness of the night. It was an awful moment. They were gone, our last friends and protectors, and the agony in Mr. Pringle's face was indescribable.

We found the next morning that the shots had been the forerunners only of the license we had to expect. It was negroes shooting our hogs which were fat and tempting. Early the next morning mama called Nelson and Daddy Aleck and had them bring the wheelbarrow and put into it the demijohns with the precious rye whiskey and roll them to a little stream near by, and pour it into the water. We went along and it was a melancholy procession, and Daddy Aleck secretly wept and openly grumbled as he felt he had risked his life for that whiskey. As it was poured into the branch by Nelson, who also loved whiskey, Daddy Aleck went lower down the stream, knelt down and drank as if he were a four-footed beast. Then we went back and wondered how we could dispose of the two dozen bottles of wine still in the storeroom. I undertook to conceal them, and, going up into the garret, I found the flooring was not nailed down and, lifting one board at a time, I laid the bottles softly in, softly because they were placed on the ceiling laths and it was an old house. But the ceiling held and the bottles were disposed of.

After having done all he could to help mama that day, Nelson came to her and

said: "Miss, I want you to give me some provision and let me go for a while."

She exclaimed: "Nelson, you cannot leave us when these Yankees are coming! You must not leave us unprotected."

He said: "Miss, I know too much. Ef dem Yankee was to put a pistol to my head and say, 'Tell what you know or I'll shoot you!' I cudn't trust meself. I dunno what I mite do! Le' me go, miss." So mama put up his bag of provisions and he went.

The next day she decided it was best to send Daddy Aleck off as he said if she let him go he thought he could take the horses in the swamp and save them. So he went, taking the horses and a bag of harness and all the saddles. It was a brave, clever thing of the old man to carry out. But we felt truly desolate when both he and Nelson were gone, and we only had Phibby and Margaret, Della's maid, and Nellie, Nelson's wife, and little Andrew, who was a kind of little dwarf, a very smart and competent, well-trained dining-room servant, who looked about fourteen, but was said to be over twenty.

As everything would be seized by the enemy when they came, we lived very high, and the things which had been preciously hoarded until the men of the family should come home were now eaten. Every day we had a real Christmas dinner, all the turkeys and hams were used. One day mama had just helped us all to a delicious piece of turkey when Phibby rushed in, crying: "Miss, dey cumin'!" Bruno, Jane's little spaniel, began to bark and she rushed out to the wide roofless porch where he was, threw her arms round his neck and held his throat so tight he couldn't bark, just as a soldier was about to strike him with a sword. I was terrified for her as she knelt there in the middle of the porch, holding him; but they only looked down at her, as they rushed by on each side into the house, calling out:

"Whiskey, we want liquor. Don't lie. We know you have it. We want whiskey. We want firearms." Each one said the same thing.

Mama was very calm. As they clamored, she said: "You may search the house. You will find none. I had some whiskey, but it is here no longer."

They seemed delighted at the sight of the dinner-table and for a time were occupied eating and pocketing all that could be pocketed. When the renewed cry for wine, whiskey, and firearms came, mama took from the nail where it hung the huge storeroom key and went down the steps to the storeroom, just in time to prevent its being smashed in with an axe. She opened the door and they rushed in with many insulting words. Poor Phibby was wild with terror and followed mama closely, holding on to her skirt and entreating her not to go.

"Miss, dem'll kill yu, fu' Gawd sake don' go wid dem." But mama showed no sign of excitement or alarm and never seemed to hear the dreadful things they said. They opened box after box in vain, but at last in the box under all the rest they came on a bottle and the men shouted: "We knew you were lying." The finder struck the head off with one blow and, putting the bottle to his mouth, took a long draught. Then there was a splutter and choking, and he got rid of it as quickly as possible, to the amusement and joy of the others who had envied his find. It was our one treasured bottle of olive-oil, which had been put out of reach to be kept for some great occasion.

Up-stairs in her bedroom my sister was having a trying time. She unlocked her trunk to prevent its being ripped open with a sword, and looked on while they ran through it, taking all her jewels and everything of value, holding up each garment for examination and asking its uses, each one being greeted by shouts of laughter. She, having recently come, had not concealed or buried any of her things. After disposing of her big trunk, they turned to a closet where a man's leather trunk was. They asked for the key and when she said she did not have it, they cut it open, and there on top lay a sword. Then there were howls of: "We knew you were lying. You said you had no arms." Della only answered: "I did not know what was in this trunk." It was her brother-in-law, Lewis Vander Horst's, trunk. He had been killed fighting gallantly in Virginia and his trunk had been sent home by his friends to his brother without the key.

All this time I was with another party

who were searching for liquor, and I followed them into the garret. It was odd how impossible it was not to follow them and see what they did. I was told afterward that in most places the women shut themselves up in a room while they searched the house; but, with us, we were irresistibly borne to keep up with them and watch them. When I heard them tramping over the garret, the loose boards rattling, I flew up myself and stood there while they opened every box and trunk, taking anything of any value, every now and then quarrelling over who should have a thing. I was in misery for the boards seemed to be crying aloud: "Take us up and you'll find something. Take us up." Whenever they asked me anything, I answered with some quick sharp speech which would intensely amuse any one but the questioner, who generally relapsed into sulky silence. They seemed to be in great dread of being surprised by Hampton's cavalry whom they spoke of as "the devil, for you never knew where he was," so they did everything very rapidly.

All this time there were parties going all over the yard, running ramrods into the ground to find buried things. My terror about that big box of wine was intense, as I saw them. They even went under the big piazza at the back of the house and rammed every foot of the earth. It was a marvel that they never thought of coming to the front, having come up at the back of the house from the public road. They never even opened the gate which separated the front yard from the back, and so the great piano box was never found. Little Andrew we never had felt very sure of, and so everything about the burying of things was kept from him. As they left, Margaret and Nellie came in crying bitterly. They had taken every trinket and treasure they had, and all their warm clothes. Margaret was specially loud in her denunciation.

"I always bin hear dat de Yankees was gwine help de nigger! Wa' kynd a help yu call dis! Tek eberyting I got in de wurld, my t'ree gold broach," etc., etc. Poor Margaret had sometimes been supposed to be light-fingered and she had returned from Wilmington with a good deal of jewelry which we wondered about; but now, poor soul, it was all gone. For four days the army kept passing along that road, and we heard shouts and shots and drums beating, and every moment expected another visit, but, as I said, they moved in haste, always fearing to leave the main road and be ambushed by Hampton's ubiquitous scouts. We never went to bed or took off our clothes during that time. We sat fully dressed in the parlor, all night through, Phibby always sitting with us on the floor near the door, leaning straight up against the wall, her legs stretched out in front of her, nodding and praying. She was a great comfort. Mama tried to induce her to go to bed and sleep, saying:

"Phœbe, you have nothing to fear. They won't hurt you."

All her answer was: "Miss, yu tink I gwine lef' yu fu' dem weeked men fu' kill, no ma'am, not Phibby. I'll stay right here en pertect yu."

Mama read calmly. Della slept on the sofa. I scribbled in my journal. I will make a little extract here from the little paper book I carried in my pocket. It seems very trivial and foolish; but here it is:

"March 8, 1865. Twelve o'clock! and we still sit whispering around the fire, Phœbe on the floor nodding, Della, with her feet extended, trying to rest on the sofa, and I on a stool scribbling, scribbling to while away the time till dawn. Thank God, one more quiet day, and we so hoped for a quiet night, but a little after nine Phœbe ran in saying she heard them coming. Oh, the chill and terror that run through me when I hear that; but it proved a false alarm. . . . I never fully understood terror until now, and yet every one says our experience of them was mild. . . . They delight in making terrible threats of vengeance and seem to gloat over our misery. Yesterday a captain was here who pretended to be all kindness and sympathy over the treatment we had received from the foragers. . . . He did not enter the house. We placed a chair on the piazza and gave him what we had to eat. But when he began to talk, he seemed almost worse than any other. He vowed never to take a prisoner; said he would delight in shooting down a

rebel prisoner and often did it! My disgust was intense, but I struggled hard to keep cool and succeeded somewhat. He asked: "Do you know what you are fighting for?" I replied: "Existence." He said, "We won't let you have it," with such a grin. . . . He said: "At the beginning of this war, I didn't care a cent about a nigger, but I'd rather fight for ten years longer than let the South have her independence." Then, with a chuckle, he said: "But we'll starve you out, not in one place that we have visited have we left *three meals*." At something Della said he exclaimed: "Oh, I know what you mean, you mean the Almighty, but the Almighty has got nothing to do with this war." Such blasphemy silenced us completely.

The tales the negroes heard from one another were terrific, as to what the Yankees had done, and what the negroes had done. We never saw any one during this time but those in the yard. Little Andrew, whom we never had felt sure of, behaved very well. We had thought he would probably go off with the Yankees, but whether his experience of them had not been such as to make him desire a closer knowledge, I don't know, but certainly no one could have behaved better than he did, laying the table with the few forks and spoons mama had managed to hide, and bringing in our scanty meals with as much dignity as if things were unchanged; and he was a help, though he never expressed devotion or the contrary, only brought in specially hair raising stories of the outrages committed on every side, many of which stories proved to have no foundation in fact.

At last the noises on the highway ceased and we knew Sherman's great army had passed on toward the North.

BUT NOT THE SEA!

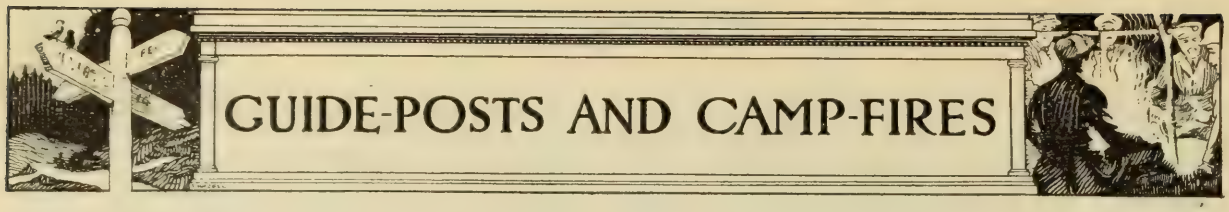
By Marie Louise Prevost

WEARY, I hear thy voice; and, breaking free,
Reach the gray rocks that stretch their arms to thee,
And all my trembling body on them press.
Then, while thy surges speak, there covers me
A quietude of strange insistency.
Was ever rest
As absolute as is thy restlessness!

Slowly the power pent within thy deeps
Encompasses my consciousness. There sweeps
Through soul and body one great symphony
Of passionate life. My farthest self, undone,
Floods forth to meet thee, in full unison.
Rang ever song
Transcendent as thy wordless euphony!

. . . . .

God! When the world is old, and time is spent,
And all things are accomplished as was meant,
Fulfil the promise in Thy Majesty.
Roll back the skies and bare the vault of Heaven;
Transfigure earth with new creative leaven;—
O, Gracious God!—
Make all else new, but alter not the sea.



BY HENRY VAN DYKE

A MID-PACIFIC PAGEANT

[THE EIGHTH OF TWELVE PAPERS]

WE live in a period of historic pageants. The world, fatigued by the monotony of manners and dress which civilization is imposing on its once gayly variegated folks, seeks a brief escape from the tiresome prospect of a standardized humanity. It loves to recall for an hour the fanciful costumes and scenes, the dramatic and symbolic actions of the past. History lays aside her dusty dignity and goes into moving pictures.

London and Paris revisualize their barbaric childhood and see themselves in the fierce conflicts and gallant enterprises of youth. Alfred repels the Danes, Charlemagne assembles his chivalry, William of Normandy conquers Britain, Columbus discovers America, Henry Hudson sails the *Half Moon* up Manhattan Bay, the Pilgrim Fathers set their possessive foot on the stern and rock-bound coast of Massachusetts, the French monks penetrate the Middle West by the broad avenue of the Mississippi, and the Spanish friars build their missions in California. The "first settlers" of North Hingham, and New Utrecht, and West Colbyville, and Calvinton, and Sauk City Centre, and Almadena, and many another place dear to its inhabitants, revisit the frail glimpses of glory and show their ancient garb and authority before their proud descendants.

The local audience gleefully recognizes the familiar performers in their unfamiliar guise. Old Bill Hodson as Columbus awakens applause which he never received as postmaster. Hi Waite, the plumber, makes an immense success as William Penn. Maude Alice Magillicuddy is ravishing as the Indian Princess with beaded leggings. The Reverend Adoniram Jump is welcomed with hilarity as Bloodeye Ben the stern and deadly Sheriff. Multitudinous laughter, and cheering, and hearty hand-clapping run around the encircling throng. But behind the noise there is an eager attention, a serious pleasure, a sense of imaginative satisfaction. The village, the town, even the conventional city, has been linked up for an hour with the wonderful past, in which strange things happened and the raiment of life was a Joseph's coat of many colors.

Were events really so much more significant and entertaining in old times than they are now? Or is it only an illusion of perspective, an illustration of the law that

> "The past must win
> A glory by its being far,
> And orb into the perfect star
> We saw not when we moved therein"?

Will the people of 2000 A. D. look back to the era when the airplane and wireless telegraphy were discovered as the true and only age of romance? Who knows? What difference? For us, in these complicated days, it is a delight to reverse our vision and see things pass before us in large outline, simpler and more striking,—perhaps truer, perhaps only easier to think we understand.

One of the most vivid and delightful pageants that I have ever seen was in April of this year, on an island in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. It was memorable not for its costly splendor and famous audience, but for the clearness and significance of its scenes and the wondrous beauty of the stage on which it was set. Moreover, along with the pageant and around it, before and after, there ran an accompaniment which illuminated and emphasized its meaning and added in-

finitely to its charm. Of this I will speak first.

The Hawaiian Islands are the *carrefour* of the watery highways between East and West. Lay a course from Tokyo to Panama, from Vancouver to Melbourne, from Seattle to Singapore, from San Francisco to Manila, from Los Angeles to Hongkong, and your lines will make a star in the sea not far from Honolulu. Two thousand miles away is the mainland of North America,—four or five thousand, the mainland of Asia,—far to southward, the sprinkled isles of Polynesia,—far to northward the rocky, frosty chain of the Aleutians. The vast sapphire solitude of the Pacific encircles the Territory of Hawaii with a beautiful isolation which the adventurous spirit of man has transformed into an opening for world-wide commerce. The lonely place has become a port of call for all nations.

You must not think of these islands as a cluster of coral reefs, embowered in palms and sweltering under the rays of a tropical sun. They are a group of five, each one large enough to make a little state in New England or Europe, and separated by wide stretches of seldom-quiet sea. From Oahu, which is the only island I visited, you can just see Molokai with the lofty peak of Maui behind it, like a lonely purple cloud on the horizon. Away to the southeast the big bulk of Hawaii, where the volcanoes are still on active duty, is lost in distance. Away to the northwest the sharp peaks and cloven valleys of Kauai are invisible. But Oahu contains in itself the makings of a tiny complete continent. There are two ranges of real mountains, which rose from the bottom of the sea some twenty thousand years ago. "By drastic lift of pent volcanic fires." Wind and weather have carved them into jagged ridges and pinnacles four thousand feet high. Between them lies the broad upland plain of Waialua and Ewa. The mountainsides are furrowed by deep glens and ravines, sharpest on the northeast side where the rains are heaviest, gentler on the south and west where the vales spread out, fan-like, into the broad sugar-plantations of the coast, and the virid fields of springing rice.

The foliage of the hills and valleys is wonderfully varied. The pale green of the *kukui* contrasts vividly with the dark green of the *koa* and the *ohia*. Long avenues of sombre ironwood-trees with drooping threadlike leaves stretch beside the road. The huge banyans and monkey-pods spread their tabernacles of pillared shade. The *hau* twists and twines its smooth trunks and branches into wide arbors, as if it were half tree and half vine. Stiff little *papayas* with round, flat tops like parasols, lift their clusters of delicious fruit as high as they can reach. Plumy mangoes conceal rich treasure among their pendent foliage. Bread-fruits expand their broad palmated leaves. The bright feathery green of the *algaroba*-trees (springing from a few seed-pods which a priest brought from the mainland in his pocket not many years ago) has flowed far and wide over the lowlands and slopes, making open groves where the cattle feed on the fallen beans, and tangled thickets full of needle-sharp thorns.

For purely tropical effect there are the bananas, with broad bending leaves, always flourishing and generally dishevelled; and the palms, a score of different kinds,—the smooth columnar royal palm with green-gray trunk and bushy head high-lifted; the slender coco-palm with corrugated bole, often slanting or curving, and heavy fruit half concealed by its tousled fronds; the rough-bodied palmetto; and many another little palm of the kind that withers and pines in the hallways of our Northern houses, but here spreads its hands abroad and wrestles gayly with the wind.

The wind,—the wind, the glorious life-giving trade-wind is the good angel of the Hawaiian Islands. It is the only big wind that I ever loved. Nine months of the year it blows out of the northeast over the lapis-lazuli plain of the Pacific, bringing health and joy on its wings. The great white clouds come with it, like treasure-fleets with high-piled sails. Above the mountains they pause, tangled and broken among the peaks. They change to dark gray and blue and almost black. They let down their far-brought riches, now in showers as soft as melted sunshine, now in torrential *douches* of seeming-solid rain. But the big trade-wind still blows, drawing down the valleys,

tossing the palm-fronds, waving the long boughs of the algarobas and the slender tops of the ironwoods, refreshing the city streets and the sun-warmed beaches, where perhaps not a drop of rain has fallen, rustling through the fragrant gardens, and passing out to sea with a merry train of whitecaps. There you shall see him reassembling his snowy squadrons and flotillas of the air, driving them southward to refresh other thirsty islands.

It is the trade-wind that accounts for the livable and lovable climate of Hawaii, in which a native race of extraordinary beauty and strength developed, and people of America and Europe and Asia can make their homes without loss of health or working vigor. The thermometer, elsewhere a recorder of weather-torments, here loses its terrors, for it moves between 60° for winter's cold and 85° for summer's heat. Even when the sun is most ardent there is always a breeze in the shade that will cool you gently without a chill.

Honolulu is no siesta-city, where the shops are closed at noonday and the merchants retire to hammocks with large palm-leaf fans. It is a busy, thriving, modern town, which works full time every week-day, and where the telephone rings without ceasing. Its suburbs are reaching out Ewa way, Waikiki way, Nuuanu and Manoa way, threading house after house on the trolley-lines. It has a good water-supply and a clean harbor front. Best of all, its civic life has a core of intelligence and public spirit, embodied in men and women of missionary stock, who feel that they are citizens of no mean city, and are resolved to have it *look* well and *be* well.

Yet it is astonishing how unobtrusive the city is, how little it mars the landscape. I often found myself forgetting that it was there. Our friendly hosts lived in a house with broad *lanai* and long *pergola*, on the shoulder of one of the lower hills sloping down from Mt. Tantalus. Look out between the royal palms on the terrace, and you will see the city almost submerged in a sea of greenery, like a swimmer floating on his back in tranquil waters. Beyond the long beach is a lagoon of translucent *aqua marina*, and beyond that the silver curve of the surf on the coral reef, and beyond that the intense cobalt blue of the Pacific. To the left lies the fulvous shape of Diamond Head, like a lion *couchant*, looking out to sea. Farther to the east, and sweeping around into the north, rise the dark peaks of the Koolau Range, embracing the Manoa Valley. Here and there you see the roofs of houses among the trees, the long arcades of Punahou School, the white façade of the College of Hawaii, the many windows of the Mid-Pacific Institute,—(never a place with so many fine schools as Honolulu!). But for the most part it is a tree-top view, like that from the cottage in the last scene of "Peter Pan."

Under the trees, and clambering over them, what flowers and vines! Tall hedges of hibiscus all abloom with scarlet and white and rose and crimson of every shade: masses of climbing Bougainvillea covered with light purple or flame-colored flowers: fragrant plumarias with clusters of pale white, or ivory yellow, or shell pink: lilies, milk-white or tawny orange: allamanda vines thickly set with rich golden trumpets, and honeysuckles with coral red: oleanders, white and rose: acacias, drooping aureate plumes, or clustering pink blossoms like apple-trees in May: intense burning red of Poinsettia and Poinciana: heavenly blue of a tree whose name I do not know, but whose rare beauty I shall never forget. They tell me that later in the season the long wall around Oahu College, where the night-blooming cereus covers the stones, will break into a glory of white bloom. But I can't wait for that.

The sea is as rich in colors as the land. The water changes its hues like peacock-feathers. The fish beneath it are vivid as if they had been dipped in rainbows. You may see them in glass tanks at the Aquarium,—weird, amazing creatures, some with long bills like birds, others with floating plumes and pennants,—streaked and striped and speckled, as if a mad painter had decorated them. I could not get rid of the feeling that they had been fabricated for the amusement of the visitor. But when I went on a picnic in the lonely, lovely bay of Hanama I saw them and caught them among the coral and lava rocks, at the foot of huge cliffs where

the long waves rolled and broke in fountains of high-spouting foam. Those fish were quite as quaint as their cousins in the Aquarium: pale green, fringed with azure and banded obliquely with broad strips of black; bright blue, with orange fins, and on the sides a damascened pattern of mauve and apple-green; dark green, bordered with dark blue, and inlaid across the body with lozenges of crimson.

I tell you we caught fish there that were absolutely incredible. I disbelieved in them even while they flapped upon the rocks. But one I firmly believed in,—the golden giant, with a beak like an eagle's and a tail like a lyre-bird's, which the lady avowed she saw swimming disdainfully around her hook in the clear water. She angled for him with the patience of a saint, the hope of a poet, and the courage of a hero. The waves swirled about her knees; the spray dashed over her shoulders; her mind was firmly set upon that preposterous, scornful fish. But she never caught him. That is why I believe in him.

On the way home from our motor-rides we would stop at some convenient place, —oftenest at the long beach of Kahala,— and have a swim in the sea. The water was warm, and soft as silk. Within the lagoon it was still, but on the reef beyond the big waves were roaring, (as Bottom says,) "gently as any sucking dove." Bathing in the Pacific is a pastime fit for Paradise. I trust that some equivalent substitute for it will be provided in that world where, St. John tells us, "There shall be no more sea."

At Waikiki Beach we tried the surf-riding in a long, narrow, outrigger-canoe. You paddle out a quarter of a mile, beyond the breakers; then you wait for a big roller,—a *decuman*, the Romans called it, believing that the tenth wave was always the largest. But the muscular Hawaiian boy who steers, (adequately clothed in a loin-cloth and his bronzed skin,) knows nothing of Latin superstitions. He feels by instinct when the roller is coming; swings the dugout toward the beach and gives a yell; everybody paddles hard; the water swells beneath us, rises, sweeps forward, breaks into foam; and the canoe is carried swiftly on the crest, smothered in spray,—impelled by an immeasurable force, yet guided straight by human will and skill, unable to turn back, yet safe in darting forward,—till the wave sinks in soft ripples on the sand. That is the joy of motion: to ride on something that is infinitely stronger than you, and yet to be the master of your course. It is the thrill of tobogganing, skate-sailing, air-planing, surf-riding,—to feel yourself borne along by the irresistible, but still the captain of your own little ship!

I have delayed too long, perhaps, in the description of the scene and the accompaniments of the Mid-Pacific Pageant of which I set out to tell you. Yet here (and often elsewhere in the world,) the stage belongs to the play, and the *décor* is part of the action.

In the spacious park of Punahou School, (founded by the missionaries,) there is a broad playground called Alexander Field, (given by the descendants of missionaries,) and behind this rises Rocky Hill, a considerable height, with grassy slopes strewn with blocks of lava, and a shallow valley in the centre, leading by easy gradations toward the summit. The usual arrangement of an outdoor play is reversed. The audience and the chorus occupy the level: the actors move in the amphitheatre above them, going and coming by their palm-screened exits,— *makai*, seaward,—*mauka*, toward the mountains.

Seven hundred voices are in the chorus, gathered from various schools and colleges, including Hawaiians, Filipinos, Japanese, Chinese, Portuguese, Porto Ricans and Caucasians. In the audience there seem to be ten or twelve thousand, scattered over the playing-field and the grassy slopes and terraces around it. The pageant represents the history of Hawaii for a hundred years, from the arrival of the first missionaries from New England in 1820, down to the present day. It is difficult to compress so long a period into so short a show. To tell the truth, there are some ancient ways and manners in the record which must be left invisible; and some modern episodes which the most raging realist would not care to put upon the stage; and some political complications and intrigues which not even the

most confidential chorus and the most elaborate tableaux could fully present. But the main story, the story of the things that really count and signify, is simple enough. Miss Ethel Damon has told it with admirable skill in her scenario and text; and Miss Jane Winne has preluded and accompanied it with excellent music.

The performance opens with Beethoven's "Hymn of Creation," rendered by the Hawaiian Band. Then comes a choral overture suggesting the state of civil war on the islands, the unrest and confusion caused by the old *tabu* system, and the comparative unity and peace brought by the victories of that beneficent tyrant, Kaméhaméha I, the Charlemagne of savages. Then comes the appeal to the imagination through the eyes, in color, movement and human action.

You must know a little about the history in order to follow the story closely, and to supply in imagination the darker elements of human sacrifice and infanticide and drunkenness and debauchery which so nearly turned the Hawaiian drama into an irremediable tragedy. But even without this knowledge you can feel the magic of the scene; the glorious setting of the play between the mountains and the sea; the little human shapes coming and going along the grassy trails, among the scattered rocks and wind-tossed trees; bare, brown arms and legs glistening in the sun, many-colored garments fluttering in the breeze, files and groups and crowds of men and women and children forming and dissolving around certain dominant figures,—a chapter of the human romance, unfolded on the breast of nature, beneath the open sky, in the light of the Eternal Presence.

The first picture shows the royal state of Kaméhaméha the Great, the native conqueror of the islands. Ancient rites and customs are displayed: old women beating bark for *tapa*-cloth, old men preparing *poi*, chiefs and chiefesses paying homage, commoners bringing their tribute of food and garments, all prostrating themselves before the monarch; a procession of soldiers and priests, carrying tall standards of war and hideous idols, the ugliest and most sacred of which is the red god of battle; a great feast spread on the ground; *hula-hula* dancing by beautiful damsels with mild reservations. It is a confused, barbaric scene, dominated by the tall old King in his cloak and helmet of red and yellow feathers. He is gloomy and unsatisfied, all-powerful and sad: his red god gives him no counsel for the using of his power. He vainly seeks enlightenment from his oldest priest and from one of the white men in his train. Silent and sombre, "the Lonely One" stalks off toward the sea, and the crowd melts away.

The second picture shows the breaking of the ancient *tabu* system and the destruction of the idols. The new King, Liholiho, is afraid at first, but his reluctance is overcome by the Queen, and the Queen Regent, who is in effect the most powerful person in the islands. It is the women who have suffered most from the tyranny of *tabu*, which forbade them to eat with their fathers, husbands, or male children, and prohibits them from using the most nourishing foods, under penalty of death. Womanhood rebels. The Queen eats a forbidden banana with her little son. Thus the *tabu* is badly cracked if not smashed. The Queen Regent argues, (and perhaps threatens,) with the King until he yields. The idols are thrown down, trampled under foot, burned. The bands of ancient, cruel superstition are loosed.

(But note here, reader, a strange fact unknown to the audience. The native Hawaiian actors cast for the part of iconoclasts, alarmed by the mysterious death of one of their number a few days before, declined to play the rôle of idol-breakers. Their place has to be supplied by Filipino and Chinese actors, whose subconscious minds have no roots of association with these particular images. Even in the twentieth century, as the Romans said long ago, "you can't expel nature with a pitchfork,"—nor with a pageant.)

The third and fourth pictures show the arrival of the Christian missionaries from New England,—seven men and seven women, with five children,—and the beginning of their work. The crisis of peril in their first reception, the gentle persuasions by which they win a welcome and permission to stay, the busy-ness of their early days in teaching the gentle savages

the rudiments of learning and the arts of peace, are well depicted. The contrast in dress between the styles of New Haven and of Hawaii in 1820 is striking. The compromise invented for the native women in the shapeless form of the *holoku*, (a kind of outdoor nightgown,) is not altogether successful, but brilliant colors save it. Conch-shells call the children to open-air schools. Spinning-wheels are brought out. Needles get busy. A great white cross is disclosed at the top of the hill. Allegorical figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, clad respectively in blue, pale green, and rose *chiffon*, flutter around, pretty and futile as allegorical figures usually are. The new era has begun. The details of hard work and struggle and danger and privation are written in the diaries and letters and records of the missionaries. Only the symbolic picture is shown here,—Christian love and courage setting out to rescue a generous, warm-hearted race from the degrading vices of so-called civilization without a religion, and to heal the poison-sores left by the fetters of hoary superstition.

The most dramatic episode in the story is shown in the fifth picture. Kapiolani, a noble princess of the islands, resolves to defy the goddess *Pele*, fierce mistress of undying fire, who dwells in the seething, flame-spouting crater of Kilauea. The princess, personated by a stately Hawaiian woman, climbs the crag on which a mimic volcano has been built. The volcano emits sufficient red fire and black smoke to suggest the terrifying reality to the imagination. The princess picks the sacred berries, which it is death to touch on the way up the mountain, stands on the brink of the crater and eats them, scornfully tossing the stones into the lake of fire and crying "Jehovah is my God!" The great defiance is accomplished and the power of *Pele* over the souls of men is broken. Tennyson wrote one of his latest poems, *Kapiolani*, on this theme.

(But remember, reader, what happened only a few years ago in the wonderful Bishop Museum, where the antiquities of the island are collected. A miniature *heiau*,—temple of the old gods,—was set up in the central hall. It was almost completed; council-chamber of the priests, enclosure walled with blocks of lava, black altar overshadowed by grinning idols,—all done but the slab for human sacrifice. A Hawaiian youth, working upon the roof, stepped by accident on the glass skylight of the hall, and fell through. His head was shattered on the altar, his blood stained the sands around it. Crowds of the Hawaiians came to look at the place. They shook their heads gravely and whispered one to another: "That was the only way,—no human sacrifice, no temple!")

Come back to the pageant on the sunny hillside. The four remaining pictures display the reign of law under the Magna Charta of King Kaméhaméha III; the development of modern industries; the union of Hawaii with America in 1898; and a review of the progress of a century. There is considerable allegory in the presentation; but the redeeming touch of reality is ever present in the fact that the chief actors are the descendants of the missionaries and of the Hawaiians whom they came so far to teach.

In the last scene more than two thousand people, from all the Christian Schools and the so-called "constructive agencies" of all races on the islands, take part. With waving flags and many-colored banners they stream up the green hill. Forming a huge open triangle, with the point toward the great cross at the top, the living symbol hangs poised in the light of the descending sun. The palms wave and rustle in the breeze. The white surf murmurs on the distant reef. The blue Pacific heaves and sparkles far away. The light clouds drift across the turquoise sky. Over the fair stage and the finished pageant sounds Haydn's glorious hymn, "The Heavens are Telling the Glory of God."

Shall I leave my story of pictures, impressions, memories, and hopes in Hawaii, just there? What can I add to it that may not darken counsel by words without knowledge?

The beautiful territory in the sea is full of people now, gathered from many lands, speaking diverse tongues, and thinking different thoughts,—Hawaiians and half-Hawaiians, Caucasians, Filipinos, Koreans, Chinese, and 120,000 Japanese,—as many from Nippon as from any four of the other races. Problems of race-mix-

ture, of education, of capital and labor, of civic progress or reaction, of democratic government without class tyranny, must be met and solved. The people of Hawaii have their work cut out for them. The Government of the United States must stand by them steadily. There will be showers, storms, tempests of unrest; but I think there will be no cataclysm of destruction. The spirit which guided the missionaries will prove equal to its new tasks. The music of hope will lead onward for the glory of God. And in due time there will be a new star, a bright tranquil all-Pacific star, in the flag of the American Union.



MY mother detested slang. The use of slang expressions was to her something very closely akin to making up a bed without properly airing it or going to a party without a clean handkerchief.

My Mother's Slang

When my sister or I used some of the slang of our day, she used to say plaintively that she couldn't think where we got hold of such expressions. Had any one said to me then that my mother used slang I should have been incredulous and very likely indignant. While I considered my own right to a latitude of language inalienable to my youth, I felt, if only subconsciously, that mothers (and especially mine, who was of the good old-fashioned variety of genuine mothers) were different. One would no more expect them to use slang than one would expect them to wear short skirts, or dance, or ride a bicycle, or want the largest helping of ice-cream. I am sure if I had heard my mother say "rubberneck" or "for the love of Mike," the sound of such words on her lips would have horrified me even more than they horrified her when she heard them on mine.

It was only recently that the great revelation came to me. Harking back to my childhood I had used one of my mother's favorite words, "rambunctious," and was promptly asked what it meant by a person who had not had the advantage of being brought up in New England. Surprised at her ignorance, I explained at once that it was my mother's word for—well, for what? I had to put my reluctant brain to work before I could find words that gave even a faint flavor of what mother meant when she said: "Now you children, you clear right out of this kitchen, you're getting altogether too rambunctious." Not satisfied with my own definition, I finally sought Mr. Webster's aid. Rambunctious was not in the abridged on my desk. When I had turned, grumbling at the words they select to leave out of the abridged, to the unwieldy colossus in the hall, I could scarcely believe my knowledge of the sequence of the alphabet. But a careful resurvey failed to find me tripping. Rambunctious was not there. The dictionary passed blithely on from rambler to rameal (the same as ramal, if you *must* know).

As I laid the dictionary down, a new light burst upon me. Rambunctious was not a word in good standing. What was it then but the slang of an older generation. *My mother had used slang.* All the time she was bewailing the language of the new generation (as always the most unmanageable and radical generation that ever made moralists wonder what the world was coming to, and Aunt Tabitha refer dismally to the happy times forty summers ago when she was a girl and they never did so), my mother herself was using the slang of her day and generation.

Since that time I have been collecting my mother's slang as I found myself using it. The next phrase to be added to my collection after I had safely laid away "rambunctious" in the lavender of memory ("rampageous," by the way, is the nearest synonym of any word indorsed by Webster) was the phrase "spudge around."

Again I could hardly believe my eyes when the dictionary passed obliviously from spud (not a potato, at all, but a spear) to spue. "Spudge" was one of my mother's favorite and most forceful words, frequently used in the hope of accelerating our dressing in the morning. Why is it, by the way, that a child who is like quicksilver in his motions all the rest of the day will dawdle over his dressing? Can it be because he has so recently laid aside the trailing clouds of glory (which had no troublesome buttons and buttonholes) and unconsciously resents the prison-house of conventional clothing into which he is being ruthlessly driven? That theory ought to delight the student of child psychology in his eternal quest for ways to make life a little easier for the child and a little harder for the parent, but I am afraid my mother would not have cottoned to it. "I'd like to see *him* trying to get three dawdling children ready for school," I can hear her say. "I guess he'd soon be trying to make them spudge round a little."

This vigorous phrase also associates itself with my memory of my mother's relations with the hired girl, whose composite personality holds as vivid a place in my memories of childhood as that of any other member of the family. My mother did not quite venture, even in those days of relative independence, to use that phrase to the girl, but it was a favorite in referring to her. She never saw any one so slow, my mother asserted (it mattered not of which); she moved like cold molasses; if she would only *spudge* around, get her work done, she'd get out in some kind of season.

There were six in our family in those days, we lived in a rambling, old-fashioned house with steps up here and steps down there, thick carpets on every floor, six kerosene-lamps to be filled daily, a kitchen that would have made a perfect bad example for a household efficiency expert (my mother used to call the trip from the dining-table to the ice-chest in the shed a Sabbath-day's journey), and the girl did all the heavy part of the routine work, much of the plainer cooking and all the washing, including sheets and pillow-cases for six beds. I think she received some three dollars a week for these labors, and I well remember, when she asked for three and a half, the family councils as to whether to yield to her extravagant demands or to let her depart and take one with ideas less "high falutin'" (my mother's slang again).

Another expression that sometimes took the place of "spudge around," or in severe cases was used as supplementary to it, is that wonderful New Englandism "git up and git." Did you ever know a noun (for as such it is used) that had a more racy fulness of meaning than that? The world, as Mr. Burgess has so well remarked, is divided for each one of us into two classes, the classifications varying according to our outlook. With some the classification is the people who eat olives and the people who don't, with others (himself among them) the Bromides who use Bromidioms and the Sulphides who don't. To a true New Englander the sheep and goats were separated by that one great test. Had they "git up and git," or had they not?

It would be treason to some of my most cherished memories to pass on from those two phrases without stopping to chronicle a further plea which, although it is not exactly a slang expression, is laid away with them in my lavender of memory. When we had been vigorously appealed to "to spudge around" or to "show some git up and git," mother would sometimes soften her urgency by adding: "To-day's Monday, to-morrow's Tuesday, next day's Wednesday, here's half the week gone and no work done yet." When she first said that, she explained to us that it was what her mother used to say to her, and after that I always liked to hear it because it worked for me that misty miracle which every child loves to contemplate and never more than half believes—my mother a little girl with a mother of her own telling her to do things.

Sometimes mother's slang was only a slight contraction or variation of some accepted word, but the variation always had a good deal more richness of suggestion than the legalized word. Take for instance mother's word "finicky." Doesn't that make you see the kind of child you would like to borrow for the sake of spanking him, picking at his food and whining that he doesn't want this and doesn't like that, much better than if the dictionary word "finical" were used to describe him?

Another word of somewhat similar construction to "finicky," but without its close alliance to a word accepted by Webster, was "pudgicky." Pudgicky seems to have

sprung full-formed out of some one's need of vigorous expression. The word "pudgy" is in the dictionary, but there is no connection between its meaning of "fat" or "stodgy" and what mother inferred when she said that one of us children seemed to be "pudgicky" this morning. I wish I might know whether the readers who have not heard the word before (if such there be) can guess by instinct or by the help of onomatopœia just what that word means. Please first make your guess and then check it up by the next sentence. When one got out of the wrong side of the bed in the morning, one's disposition was referred to as pudgicky.

Most of mother's words I have heard elsewhere in homes where they are as much heirlooms as the old china or the sampler or the piece of Chippendale (even though those who have this rich inheritance do not recognize them as such), but now and then there is one that I have never happened to hear from any lips but hers. Such a one is "rideout." What does it mean? I can tell you best by using it in the one way in which my mother always used it. "My goodness," she would say when she came into a room where we children had been playing house some rainy afternoon, "what *have* you children been doing? This room certainly looks like rideout." Go into your children's playroom some rainy afternoon and I think you will know what "looks like rideout" means.

Another phrase which I have never heard any one else use is the one my mother employed to describe an overornamented room that tried to achieve grandeur and succeeded only in being mussy, or an overelaborate costume in which too much ornament attempted to conceal bad lines. "She looks," mother would say of the wearer of such a costume, "as if she tried to and couldn't."

"Got his comeuppance" is a more familiar phrase and one to which I notice a tendency to return. Several times of late I have fallen upon it in the magazines of the day either in that form or the slight modification "got come up with." It is, I think, an excellent revival. Surely no other phrase in our language expresses our satisfaction at seeing the wrong-doer in life or the book "get his" as well as that. "Poetic justice" is a weak phrase of inbred lineage compared to that vigorous, compelling child of the people,—"got his comeuppance."

Over and over again since I have begun to take notice of it, I have found myself using mother's slang. My collection of it is one of my most intimate and vital memories of her. Surely slang like that has a right to live. Inevitably I wonder if this present day is furnishing us with such a heritage. Will my children look back to their mother's slang with affection and hand it on to their children?

I should like to think so, but I am assailed by doubts. We use our slang so hard these days that I am afraid it is completely worn out when we finish with it, and hardly worth handing down. And besides, is it not—like the furniture of to-day—more cheaply made than the slang of an older day? Isn't much of the slang of this generation manufactured in the word factory of some writer of musical comedy or stage patter instead of in the home or the village shop where our grandfathers' slang—and furniture—was made?

THE soul of man has been a chief topic of speculation from prehistoric times. All men have to die, and this consciousness will exercise an influence on how they live, whether they believe in a future state of rewards and punishments or look forward only to living after death in the memories of mankind.

Some Possibilities of Progress

The evidence of paradise is not sufficient to convince one who does not care to believe. Doubtless the atheist and the agnostic have their rewards, but not in this life on earth—though Bradlagh may have got a curious emasculated joy from his denunciations of the possibility of God. Yet Bradlagh did protest too much. The very spectacle of men come together to inveigh against the existence of the Almighty indicates the important place which he holds in their lives.

The most important discovery made in man's investigations of the universe is the law of evolution. To every thoughtful person, on first grasping the import of this doctrine, comes the question at what particular point in the ascent of man did he become possessed of a soul. Religious people whose faith outruns their knowledge or intellect hesitate to consider this question. Let them be; but you and I cannot go on and leave this undemolished spectre in our rear.

The answer, as given by Sir Oliver Lodge, is that man had a soul when first he became

aware of the promptings of his conscience: when he responded to a sense of shame. Ay, that is the great distinction between man and the beast. A tiger or a cow has no conscience, and so no soul. They are mere bags of water responding automatically to stimuli. Certain circumstances, mirrored in their brains, will produce foretellable reflexes as surely as the levers control the man-made machine.

Man, too, is largely an instinctively reacting motor—and yet ever and again an innate sense of right and wrong comes between the sensory sensation and the motor impulse, and stays his hand. If he disobeys this monitor his punishment is inevitable. He will even kill himself to escape its tortures.

Man cannot explain this thing, but his life is governed by it. If one be born without it his fellows call him mad, and, so far as they can, render him impotent for good or evil.

Raymond reported from the Beyond that his dog was with him. Has, then, a dog a soul? Quite possibly, as a kind of corollary to man's soul. With perhaps the exception of the elephant, the dog is the only animal which gives any indications of conscience or a sense of shame. He has lived so long with man that he has caught something of the human spirit. It is not for nothing that we speak of a "hangdog" look; and the calendar of dog's sacrifices—even of his life—for man or for what he conceives to be his duty comes down from the mists of the early days of man's nativity. Affection in a horse is merely a lively sense of favors to come; in a dog it reaches the heights of selflessness.

With the fate of Hamlet before us we should beware of too continual reference to fundamentals. Introspection leads to spiritual self-consciousness, and the soul thrives best in the man who does his duty in that state of life to which he is called. When one realizes that material success is not synonymous with happiness, one can rest one's soul in peace.

The church is a necessary medium of expression for some, but not for all. It furnishes a sphere of activity quite independent of any accountability to earthly employers, and for those whose calling here is humble and apparently unimportant this opportunity for exercising discretion in transcendent matters is something that makes life worth living.

This aspiration for a soul-satisfying occupation is common to all mankind. It lies at the base of our labor troubles and the unrest of the world. It breeds heroism and crime. It makes for selfishness and for sacrifice. It is the great neglected factor in our industrial system, the ever-present modifier of the logical laws of economics.

Once the fact of life after death be scientifically established so as to be accepted universally, it will affect the relations of men far more fundamentally than the demonstration of the law of evolution. Not one man in a thousand is aware of the extent of the operation of evolution, yet its acceptance by the world colors all his life.

Now I confess that I have discussed these matters with John, my gardener, in the intervals of his evening ministrations to my vegetables, and with somewhat disappointing results. John believes, so he says, in a future state of rewards and punishments, and adheres to the account of creation given in Genesis in preference to that offered by Darwin. Indeed, the day after I explained Mr. Darwin's theory to John I was visited by the local Methodist minister, so that I suspect that John was previously unaware of the doctrine of evolution. In view of the fact that I had supposed that it was universally accepted, this was somewhat disconcerting to me, and considerably confirmed John in his opinion that I was unreliable and irreligious. The Methodist minister also assured me that I was mistaken in thinking that most men had doubts of the existence of paradise. In fact, he mentioned so many examples, including John, of firm believers that I was quite confounded.

He finally asked me why I went out of my way to assume the acceptance of the truth of evolution, as to which there was much doubt, and to doubt the general acceptance of the existence of heaven, which he had just demonstrated. I admitted I was mistaken.

But some day I am going to ask that rascal, John, whether he believes the earth goes round the sun; and if he says of course he knows it does, I am going to ask him what makes him think so. He will not know, but when he accepts the existence of a hereafter with the same part of his mind that he now accepts the theory of the solar system, whether he understands it all or not, there will be a profound change in this world.

THE FIELD OF ART

E. L. HENRY, N.A.

AN APPRECIATION

By Lucia Fairchild Fuller, A.N.A.

IN 1841 there did not exist in America what one could precisely call a fashion in art. So far as æsthetics went, a calm and static period was over the land, and into this period, in South Carolina, on January 12 of that year, Edward Lamson Henry was born. It is not often that the date and place of a man's birth are of any great relevance in regard to his later work in the world, but in E. L. Henry's case the tie between his early influences and his later production is so intimate that the fact must be immediately told, and should be kept in consideration.

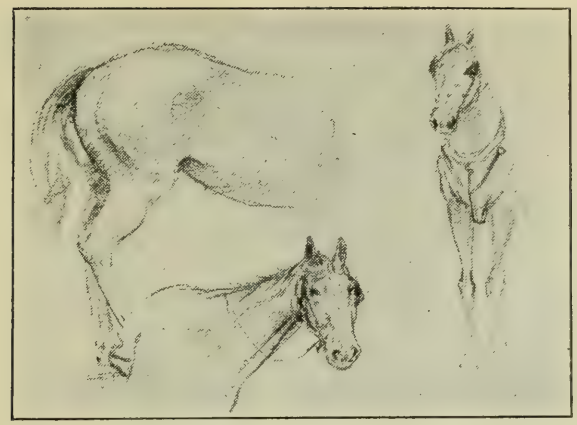


From Mr. Henry's Sketch-book.

Among the old Southern gentlefolk with whom Mr. Henry's early years were spent there was as simple an assurance of good faith as is to be found in any of his paintings; as passionate and as exact an interest in early American history; as great a polish of surface; as fine an appreciation of finish in detail. There was also the same self-respect and belief in their own standards; such as that which led Mr. Henry through all his long life to continue painting the sort of subjects which he had begun by painting, and in the same manner in which he had first treated them; as unconscious apparently of the changing fashions in art as the true gentleman of South Carolina remained unconscious of the changing fashions in thought and in manners during his day.

For there are fashions in art and in thought as definitely as there are in dress, and just as it takes a great lady to ignore the one, so it takes a high character to ignore the other. While every little shop-girl has to wear a skirt of the "right" length, a hat of the "right" shape, a sleeve full or narrow, short or long, according to the latest dictates of fashion; while every native of a South African tribe must put on nose-ring or feathers exactly as fashion prescribes, a duchess in London may go to a social function in shabby clothes, dressed in a way our little shop-girl would despise. Indeed she often does so, for, with her, realities have long since taken the place of appearances, and the duties and responsibilities of her position are to her of greater moment than her costume. In such an old, long civilized place it is in fact almost axiomatic that indifference to dress proves good breeding; just as in every country, in the realms of thought and art, as well as in the lesser one of dress, a sincere disregard of fashion is apt to prove the existence of some standard which more than takes fashion's place. But by the disregard of fashion I do not mean the conscious courting of eccentricity—which amounts quite simply to "bad form," worse form, truly, than being fashion's slave. The existence of a standard must always be found before any height of character can be proved, and such a standard usually rises higher than intellect, higher than courage itself.

It is such a standard as Pasteur held in the midst of a society where, if any one wished to be classed among the "intellectuals," he was forced to embrace agnosticism to avoid being set down as a hope-



From Mr. Henry's Sketch-book.

less back number mentally. To one of these modish agnostics who scornfully asked Pasteur how, as a scientist, he could still cling to old superstitions, and go to Mass every day on his way to his laboratory, Pasteur made his famous reply:

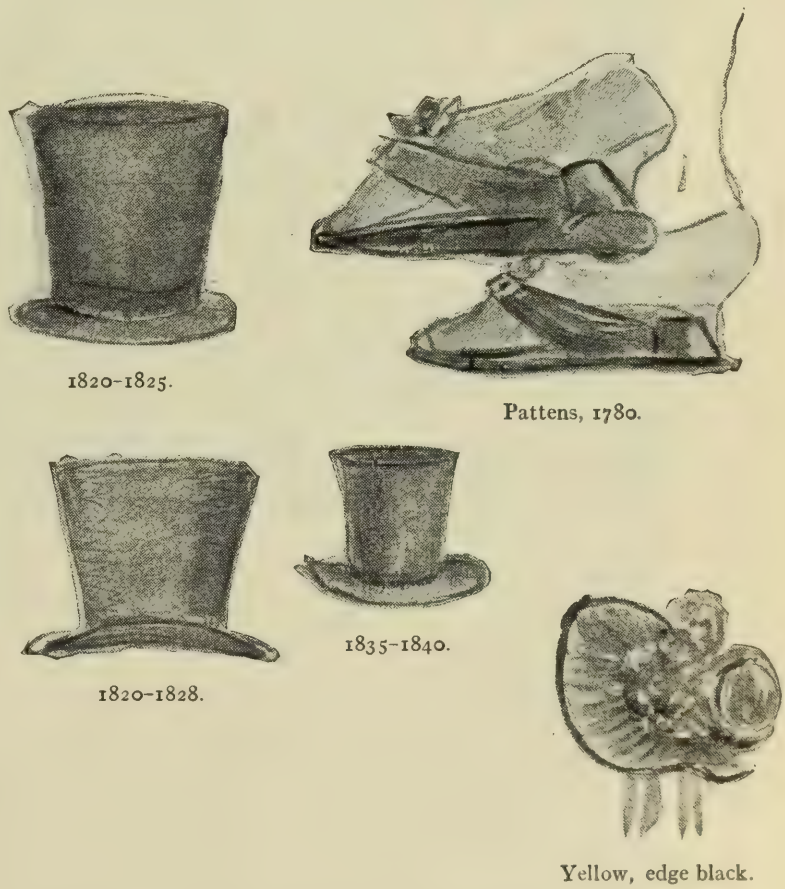
"Remember," he said, "I know very little. I am only a Breton peasant, with a simple Breton peasant's piety. If I knew more," he added, "I might hope to have the piety of a Breton peasant's wife."

There is something of that same high simplicity in the way in which E. L. Henry held always to the conception of beauty in which he was reared. There is certainly the same steadfastness.

His early art education was given him in Philadelphia, in New York, and later in Paris, where for a short time he studied under Courbet. The technique of painting he learned, and learned thoroughly; but his æsthetic principles seem to have remained throughout unchanged. He did not search through the history of painting, and choose among the different periods and schools what seemed to him the highest ideal to follow (as Kenyon Cox did, later), but with the unconscious love of a child he clung to the particular form of beauty in which he had been brought up, the care for fine flowered materials, for smooth warmth of color, for historic and actual truth in detail.

Very early in his life he began to exhibit the pictures he created. Very early, and soon after his return to America, a great success came to him. In 1869, when he was only twenty-eight years old, he was elected a National Academician; which was then, as it is now, a very high honor for any American artist, and which has almost never been attained by a man so young.

His pictures were very popular and sold readily. Indeed, at that time they were fashionable, and American buyers sought eagerly to possess each of his quaint scenes of New England colonial—or especially early nineteenth-century—life as they appeared. From the first these pictures had a quaint and deeply personal touch, making every one of them memorable. Sometimes they represented interiors where slim, ring-leted maidens sat in flowered muslin gowns. Sometimes the subject would be a couple driving in some primeval buggy, rendered in each particular with the utmost historic



1820–1825.

Pattens, 1780.

1820–1828.

1835–1840.

Yellow, edge black.

From Mr. Henry's Sketch-book.

accuracy—a young man in shining high hat, in lavender pantaloons, and a bottle-green coat of huge bygone lapels, escorting a dainty and pelissed young lady who nestled by his side. A handsome colonial house might be in the background, or an historic tavern, painted with the same meticulous care for the facts of truth as were the old vehicle and the costumes of its occupants.

torical Society at Albany, is a more ambitious and a more important piece of work. But this "New England Railway Station" sold for the then large price of five hundred and thirty dollars, and was admired by every picture lover in the land.

His success and fame, however, did not turn Mr. Henry's head. He was pleased, naturally, but he was also indifferent. In



Old St. Marks-in-the-Bouwerie.
By permission of Mrs. E. L. Henry.

The accompanying illustrations show several of his pictures, and give a better idea of them than mere description can. Some may be of later date than this first period of his greatest success, but as all who knew him are aware, neither his subjects nor his method of treating them ever changed.

In 1876 when his picture named "Railway Station—New England" was exhibited, he may be said to have reached his highest pinnacle of national fame, although his large picture, of the first railway train in America (on the old Mohawk and Hudson, now the New York Central), which hangs in the His-

the studio which he had built for himself at Cragsmoor he continued to live with the same simplicity as before; and he continued there to paint, with the candor and the ardor of a youth.

What to another nature would have seemed bad days were ahead of him; but to a man of his sincerity, his deep unquestioning love of the beautiful as he conceived it, and his unflagging interest in scenes and dress of long ago, "bad days" were powerless to come. He was protected from them as if by a magic circle made through the agency of his own pure heart.



A Canal-Boat Entering a Lock.

The original water-color painting was made in 1912 from studies made on the old Delaware and Hudson Canal between Ellenville and Napanoch.

By permission of Mrs. E. L. Henry.

So when the Æsthetic Movement began, when in 1885 Whistler's "Ten O'Clock" was published and was soon on every tongue, when Japanese fans became "the rage," and the name of Hokusai a household word—Mr. Henry remained unconscious of the great change in the world of art around him. His placid absorption in his own painting and his own occupations continued. He would scour the countryside for miles around; dig out from some forgotten lumber-room an old harness, the use and style of which were both long over with; and this he would have put in repair and polished so that the horses in his pictures might be as correctly accoutred in the mode of their day as were his ladies, his gentlemen and his grooms.



E. L. Henry in his studio at Cragsmoor.

From a copyrighted photograph by the Woodbury Hunt Company taken in July, 1914.

Meantime the new Æsthetic Movement gained force. It became popularized by the criticisms and the lectures of the unfortunate Oscar Wilde. In 1890 Whistler's "Gentle Art of Making Enemies" appeared, and the slur cast at Frith (the English painter of "Derby Day" and like subjects) was often thrown at Mr. Henry's name. Whistler's suit for libel against Ruskin is the first thing in the book, and in the course of it Frith is quoted as saying that in his youth it was the toss of a penny whether he should become an artist or an auctioneer; and Whistler in a bitter sidenote observes: "He evidently tossed the penny." So when Mr. Henry's name was mentioned one often heard it said that "he must have tossed the penny too."

As indifferent and as tranquil as before, E. L. Henry kept on in the path which had lain so brightly before him in his youth. If his sun were under a cloud he did not seem to notice it, and fortunately there was always in his work a genuine attractive quaintness so that still his pictures sold. And times had so changed that while in 1876 five hundred and thirty dollars was a large sum to pay for a painting, it was by 1890 a moderate amount, and his prices did not have to change.

It was not long, however, before another new movement, and a yet more powerful one, again changed the fashions in art. This was the Impressionist Movement, with its introduction of the spectrum and the scientific use of color in painting.

The old Hudson River School with which, although he did not actually belong to it, Mr. Henry was closely allied, was fairly beaten from the field. Some of its old adherents changed to the new method. Some disappeared. One I remember meeting who said to me with a certain dignified pathos: "Once all I had to do was to paint a good picture, and it sold. Now I am sweeping out studios for younger men."

Even through this débâcle E. L. Henry



Westover, the James River. Campaign of 1863.
In the possession of the Century Club, New York.



The Watering-trough.
In the possession of the Salmagundi Club, New York.

survived; painted as he had always painted, and sold his pictures as he had always sold them. And when in 1906 the National Academy of Design coalesced with the Society of American Aritsts—which was made up of these now successful younger men—and when, consequently, an academician, instead of having a right to hang several pictures on the line in every exhibition, was only allowed one picture, and that hung where the hanging committee pleased, still Mr. Henry survived, unchanged, untroubled, steadfast, and happy and gentle as of old.

As a matter of fact, although during the first years of this régime Mr. Henry's small canvases were sometimes discourteously used, it was not for long. After a picture or two of his had been "skyed," or hung in what is known as the Academy's Morgue (a room lit only by artificial light), back to the line and back to the best gallery they came. Fashionable or unfashionable, they were of too great a popular interest to be maltreated or ignored for any length of time.

What E. L. Henry supremely gave us has, in a sense, nothing to do with art at all. Just as Pasteur gave us nothing in religion, but *did* give us a new illumination in science, so did Mr. Henry give us, not a contribution to art itself, but the unconsciously rendered portrait of a nature as beautiful as it was rare. Victor Hugo's lines,

> "Sa douce bonne foi,
> Sa voix qui veut tout dire"

would come, perforce, into one's mind on looking at one of his pictures. The soul of a child seemed always there revealed, and written large for all to see and to love. Life was transmuted into a richer thing to those to whom this tender personal vision came.

And if Mr. Henry's paintings are no more connected with the general history of art than Mr. John S. Sargent has declared the drawings of William Blake to be, they are connected with the history of our country and of its painting. In their rare sincerity and their quaintness it is my belief that they will always be of interest and of value to our people, and will throw an ever-penetrating light into our vanished customs and past social history.



Election Day.
The contest between James K. Polk and Henry Clay, 1844.
By permission of Mrs. E. L. Henry.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE YEAR

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

MIDSUMMER is not the time of year in which people who are watching either politics or finance get a clear idea of the trend of events. That may be partly because politicians, men of affairs, and the general public, have scattered for their summer vacations. Active political campaigning is usually as impracticable under such circumstances as active trading on the commercial and financial markets. The midsummer view of affairs in either field is therefore always uncertain, often confused and sometimes entirely mistaken. Experienced politicians recognize these facts by taking it for granted that no absolutely safe prediction as to results of a presidential campaign can be made before September.

The "Dead Season"

There have been several campaigns in our history of which it was commonly said in October or November that the result had never been in doubt, and yet whose result had actually been discussed in July or August as extremely doubtful. The midsummer obscurity has affected not merely close contests like the election of 1916 or the free-coinage campaign of 1896—in both of which the prevalent political expectations of July were not fulfilled—but contests which turned out to have been really one-sided from the first, such as the campaign of Mr. Wilson against a divided Republican party in 1912, or that which ended in Roosevelt's overwhelming victory in 1904.

Each of those two successful candidates was known to have had misgivings as to the outcome, during the summer months. President Lincoln, in his campaign for re-election in 1864, carried every State but three of the whole Union, and received in November what was then much the largest popular majority ever known. Yet the midsummer outlook had been so obscure that, on August 23 of the same year, that most astute of political observers wrote a personal memorandum for his cabinet in which he declared that "this morning, as for some days past, it seems exceedingly probable that this administration will not be re-elected."

AS of the political outlook in midsummer, so of the financial. When the great wave of war-time trade prosperity was nearly at its crest in the summer of 1915, Wall Street was still asking anxiously and somewhat sceptically whether our own country was really "headed for prosperity." There was no doubt of the fact when the autumn markets were in full swing of activity. Under opposite conditions, the early summer months of 1907 were marked, even on the Stock Exchange, by what seemed afterward to have been a curious illusion of hopefulness. The month of May had been characterized by gloom, apprehension, money stringency, and falling markets, which turned out to have been the correct foreshadowing of the conditions destined to prevail in the autumn; but in July the money market grew actually easy, prices recovered on the stock market, and Wall Street began to assure itself that the threatened difficulties had been averted. This year is not a 1915 and it is not a 1907, but just now we are equally in the season of uncertain judgment.

A Time of Doubtful Indications

The business community and the financial markets certainly looked on apathetically as the presidential campaign was outlined. During the week before the Republican convention, there had been confident prediction in Wall Street that if a "conservative nomination" were made by the party which was expected to elect its candidate, the reassured stock market would indulge in a vigorous recovery. Senator Harding was clearly not a

radical candidate, but the Stock Exchange showed no emotion at his nomination. Probably it was more intent on its own particular problems of financial conditions than on the problems of presidential politics; and yet in a way its lack of responsiveness reflected the attitude of other parts of the country than Wall Street.

Political Candidates and Platforms

PRECISELY as the Republican convention itself reverted for the first time in thirty-two years to a deadlock in the balloting, to a long series of futile votes and to the eventual choice of a "dark horse candidate," so the people at large seemed in the first discussions of the ticket to be reverting to the position which used to be familiar in the eighties and seventies. In those days, so tradition tells us, a candidate who was personally honest, and whose political intentions were known to be praiseworthy, was accepted as a wise choice for President. If his private and public career was that of a mediocrity, it often seemed as if the voters of his party were better pleased with him for that very reason. Perhaps there is a certain indirect flattery of the average citizen, who knows himself to be a commonplace personage, in proposing men for the Chief Magistracy who are criticised for similar lack of startling qualities. Possibly also—for the electorate in a democracy has fickle tastes—American citizens may have become wearied by the occupancy of the White House by two such forceful and dominant personalities as Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Wilson.

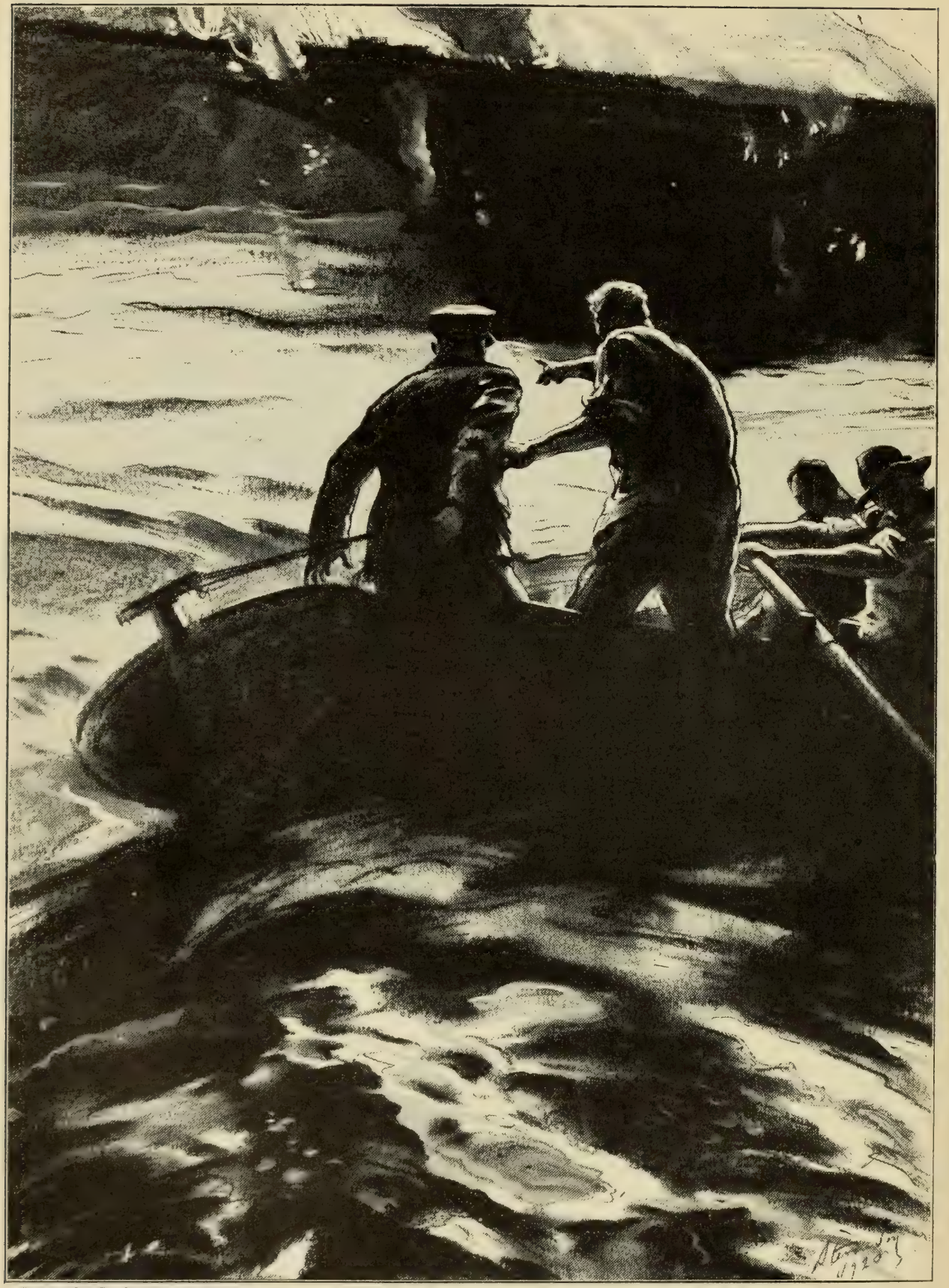
It had been imagined that financial markets might be moved by the character of the political platforms, even if they were not excited by the personality of the candidates. But in this direction also, the response to actual developments was apathetic. The chairman's "key-note speech" at the Chicago convention caused a flicker of interest by its references to currency and tariff; for those were the old-time firebrands of political campaigns, and there are still at least potentialities of discord in both topics. Senator Lodge told the convention that many vital economic measures, and especially tariff legislation, had been blocked by a hostile administration, and that to accomplish these measures the opposition party must elect its candidates. But when the convention's platform committee met, it waved aside the implied suggestion, declaring formally that "the uncertain and unsettled condition of international balances, the abnormal economic and trade situation, and the difficulty of forecasting accurately even the near future, preclude the formulation of a definite programme to meet conditions a year hence."

Issues of the Campaign

THIS was good sense from the economic viewpoint and presumably good politics also, and it served to allay any misgivings which might have been aroused in circles. Judgment in such quarters has all along taken the ground that it was hardly a logical moment for urging increased protective tariffs against import of merchandise from the outside world when our own country's exports were still running nearly $4,000,000,000 a year beyond our imports, when Europe is at present sending us less than half the quantity of goods which she used to send before the war, and when the sole economic means of her making full payment of interest and principal on the $10,000,000,000 of indebtedness incurred by her to the United States since 1914 would be by increasing her sale of merchandise.

The truth is that no intelligent person had seriously expected the tariff question to be injected into this year's campaign. What figure it will cut later in the era of economic reconstruction, when the war debt of our European Allies to the United States and the indemnity of Germany to the Entente are being paid (as both obligations must be paid) through export of merchandise from those countries in excess of their importations, is to-day purely a matter of conjecture. If the logic of economic theory and economic history goes for anything, the completion of those immense financial readjustments must mean, at some time in the coming decade, the re-entry of European producers on an unprecedented scale into the export market. As yet only England has taken important steps in that direction, and even

(Continued on page 51, *following*)



Drawn by Gordon Stevenson.

I ROSE, HOLDING THE TILLER ROPES IN MY HANDS, AND FOLLOWED HIS POINTING.

—"Sea Ginger," page 343.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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THE ANTIDOTE

By Mrs. W. K. Clifford

ILLUSTRATION BY H. J. MOWAT

GUY HORBURY was thirty-three, big and clumsily made; but he moved easily and was light on his feet—like an elephant stuffed with feathers. A good face, keen blue eyes, a deferential, sympathetic manner and low, deep voice that suggested an ability, regretfully repressed, to make love: all this made him attractive to the other sex. In 1916 he returned from the Western front, knocked about but not disfigured. Ever since, he had been stuck in a byway of the War Office.

He had a charming little house and garden on Campden Hill, a cook-housekeeper who was a genius, and a discharged soldier who was a treasure. Occasionally he thought of marriage; but, after all, there was a good deal to be said for a fireside, a lamp, and an evening paper to himself.

Last winter, through the death of a distant cousin, he became Sir Guy Horbury: not much money, a thousand or two a year perhaps, but still, there it was. . . . So he went to see his Aunt Cecilia, an elderly spinster, living alone, in Hyde Park Place.

She was presiding at a comfy-looking tea-table when he arrived. "My dear Guy," she said, "I was just talking about you. I'm delighted to think you've got it." She meant the title and the rest, of course. "Poor dear Henry didn't enjoy life." Henry was the unlamented cousin. "It was so wise of him not to go on with it. . . . Do you know Mrs. Thornton?"

He had seen her the moment he entered and said to himself, "Oh, I say," for the little black figure seated on the sofa was charming to look at—eyes as blue as his own, but with an appealing expression in them, or a bewildered one when it occurred to her to turn it on, and a delightful smile. She looked very young, and she was dressed in deepest mourning.

"She's a little war widow," Aunt Cecilia said tenderly; "you'll feel for her, for you might have been one yourself a year or two ago. I mean you might have made one if you'd been married."

Then tea amenities occupied her till she saw her visitors exchanging glances. "If he is very good you'll sing him a song before you go, won't you, Esme, darling?" she asked.

"Oh—shall I?" The voice was soft and caressing.

He felt rather badly for a moment—pleasantly badly.

"He was a hero in the war, just as your poor Leonard was," Aunt Cecilia went on. "But I told you all about him just now." It rather pleased him to find that he had been explained. She proceeded to explain Esme darling to him. "This poor child," she said, "worked at a hospital till her husband was killed; now her mother lives with her, but they are not well off—no one is with all the dreadful taxes—so she wants to give lessons in singing. She is going to see the Gordon-Days, who live three doors off, at five o'clock. They have two girls, dear, good, plain creatures, who think they have voices."

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II

"I ONLY sing foolish little English songs," Mrs. Thornton said, while her pretty fingers wandered about on the keys.

"I love—them." She looked up at him in the middle of the sentence, which was why he hesitated.

Her voice was sweet and true and her articulation perfect. She put pathetic meaning into every word of "When the thorn is white with blossom." . . . Then it was time to go.

"One more; the Gordon-Days are only three doors off," he pleaded. "It won't take you a minute to get there."

But Esme darling shook her head.

"She and her mother live in a little flat in Hyde Park Mansions by the Edgeware Road. I am afraid they are very poor," Aunt Cecilia told him when she had gone.

"What was her husband like?"

"Oh, a dear fellow; but I think he kept her in order." Aunt Cecilia smiled all over her face, and a dimple, that had come along the years from her youth, showed itself. "She's such a helpless little thing and so pretty—I hope she'll marry again, poor child." Then, hastily, "She wouldn't do for you, dear Guy, you would be much too easy. . . . Now tell me about yourself. I'm so glad you came to-day, for to-morrow I'm going to Droitwich for two months."

Two months! It instantly occurred to him that he wouldn't see Mrs. Thornton's blue eyes again. . . . He looked at the clock. Half past five. She had had time enough to discuss those lessons. . . .

He saw her leave the Gordon-Day house just ahead of him, and went toward her. "Do let me tell you how awfully I enjoyed that song," he said in his most deferential tone.

"Did you?" Her manner was dejected.

"I hope it was a successful visit?"

"I'm afraid not; they want someone from the College of Music. I'm only just, well—you know——"

"Oh, I say, how stupid of them." He hesitated. "There are some friends of mine who might be useful—and—may I walk on a little way with you?"

She nodded. They went on together. He wished she were not quite so much like a little walking funeral. Her long veil waggled to and fro—he could see it out of the tail of his eye; people looked at them as they passed, as if they thought—but it didn't matter.

"Do tell me about the friends," she said. He thought her voice adorable.

"They have daughters and that sort of thing, you know." This was all pure lying. "They live in—Hampstead," he added desperately. "I'll write to them to-night. . . . I say, if I might venture, it's frightfully rude of me, when we have only just met, but if I were you," he thought it kind to give her a hint, "I'd take off some of that mourning when you go to see about pupils—it puts people in low spirits at this time—such a lot of worry about, you know—I hope you don't mind?"

"Of course I don't," she said gratefully. He thought it so nice of her. This was when they were on her door-step.

"I'll remember the address—and—write." With evident regret he was about to go.

"Come in," she said with a smile that made his head whirl. "Mother would love to thank you. You are so kind."

"Oh, but perhaps she wouldn't like to—be bothered with a caller?"

"She would," in a low tone; "I know she would."

The flat was on the ground floor. He followed her into a pleasant sitting-room that showed some knowledge of the prevailing fashion in furniture—and suggested scanty expenditure. There was a fire, with a low fender stool before it. He felt that it was her favorite seat.

"This is where we live," she said.

"Awfully nice—just you and your mother, eh?"

"Just us two," she gave a soft little laugh—her spirits were evidently going up. "We are very cosy—only"—as if she had suddenly remembered her rôle—"I am often dreadfully unhappy. You see it's all so difficult." She pulled in her underlip.

He longed to kiss her, but, of course, he made no sign. "Is the mother out?" he asked.

"I don't think so—I'll go and see."

When she had gone he looked at the

songs on the piano and the books on the shelves. The books were all novels; some of them made him grunt a little. "She oughtn't to read this sort of stuff," he thought, "but probably they were Thornton's."

"Mother is lying down," she said when she came back. "She had a headache."

He turned as if to go. "Perhaps you'll let me in another day, or," as he saw a look of regret on her face, "mayn't I stay and talk to you now for a little while?"

"Yes, do—this room is so untidy—and those poor flowers—we have had them a week." She tried to rearrange them. He knew, though her back was turned, that she stooped and kissed them. He almost loved her for it. "They are dying," she said with a sigh. She shook up the two rather meagre sofa cushions and collected the songs on the piano and smiled at him and sat down on the low fender seat.

"I say," he asked gently in a low, sympathetic tone, "is it long since——?"

"Nearly a year."

"Poor little girl." He ventured to touch her hand: she didn't mind.

Then the mother entered. She was a good deal like her daughter, with the same rather underbred manner and prettiness. In five minutes he was talking with them as if he had known them five months at least. This had been Leonard Thornton's flat, he learned. They would have to give it up shortly and go to an aunt in the Regent's Park Road. It was wonderful how aunts were sprinkled all over the country, he thought, and always used for emergencies.

Before he went away he had suggested taking them to hear a well-known singer at the Albert Hall next Sunday afternoon.

"I'm afraid I couldn't go," the mother said, "but Esme would like it," and he understood that he might take her alone.

He felt that he was in luck.

"Isn't he a darling!" Esme said when he had gone; "and Sir Guy Horbury—Sir Guy—" She stood on tiptoe on the fender stool and looked at herself in the glass over the mantelpiece. It was hung inconveniently high so that it might hide a dark patch on the wall.

"You ought to marry him."

"Perhaps he doesn't want to marry any one."

"Oh, nonsense. A man wants to do anything, if a woman knows how to make him. You didn't care much for Leonard."

III

They went to the concert on Sunday. Esme wore a soft gray coat and skirt and a gray fur toque. She looked charming; he saw it, felt it.

"I hardly knew you," he said in the taxi. He had seen her twice since the other day and taken her flowers and books; they were almost old friends. "I'm so glad you've left off those ghastly black things."

"I liked them."

"Liked them?"

"I thought they were so becoming."

He looked at her uneasily. "Oh, no," he said quickly. "Think what they meant."

"I didn't think," she answered innocently. "I just wore them."

"Oh, I see—" He was rather puzzled.

"But I am so glad to have left them off." She turned her face toward him. He could have sworn there was tenderness in her blue eyes: so he took her hand.

The music had its effect on them both, or, at any rate, on him. . . . They walked back across the park in the twilight. And then they had tea at the flat with her mother, and Esme sang to him—in a very low voice, because it was Sunday, she said—little old French songs and very old English ones. Her perfect articulation sent every sentimental word into his heart. He could hardly tear himself away. He rather hoped they would ask him to dinner, but they didn't . . . for, as a matter of fact, they didn't have any—only a little scrambly meal, quite unfit to set before a well-off young man.

So he went back to Campden Hill and sat by the fireside and forgot to read *The Observer* and wondered. . . . She was a dear little thing. . . . It would be awful for her to live with her mother and aunt. It couldn't be done. . . . And as for teaching—he hadn't much confidence in her capacity. . . . He didn't feel that she had cared very much for her Leonard.

She was certain to marry again; but he didn't think there was any one in the way. He realized with a start that he couldn't bear the thought of any one else snapping her up. "Jolliest little girl in the world," he said to himself. "By Jove, I could eat her."

So things went on.

He saw her nearly every day for a fortnight. He contrived to send the mother presents—game and fruit; flowers and chocolates to Esme. He developed a taste for the National Gallery and took her there, but it wasn't a success. She knew nothing about pictures. She liked matinees and tea shops . . . oh, yes, she liked cakes.

Then matters were suddenly hurried up. Some one made an offer for the flat and Esme and her mother were to migrate to the aunt in the Regent's Park. She told him about it one afternoon while she sat at his feet on the fender stool—just as usual. Her mother had a headache—just as usual.

"I can't bear it," she said. "It's a horrid little house. The black beetles come up-stairs in the night, and you can hear the animals in the Zoological Gardens—lions and tigers roaring and growling when it's dark." She shuddered and opened her eyes very wide and looked frightened. "And Aunt Lilian is deaf and so domineering. I can't bear to think of it." She ate a chocolate from a box on the floor beside her, turned to the fire, and considered for a minute. He couldn't talk sentiment, but he was very much in love.

"Look here," he said, "don't bear it. Marry me instead. I have a jolly little house and we'd have no end of sport." He pulled her up from the stool.

"Oh, I couldn't." But she let his arms go round her.

"Yes, you could, you know, if you tried. Don't you think you could manage to—well, care for me a bit?"

"I do," she said, "frightfully—dreadfully," and burst into tears. It fetched him more than anything else could have done.

"You little darling, you little angel—and everything else that is stunning. We'll be married right off." He had never felt so happy in his life.

"I shouldn't have any clothes."

"We'll go to Paris afterwards and you shall have a heap—I'll get passports, you bet." She laughed—she had a dear little chuckling laugh.

"Last night I was making my veil—do you remember it?"

"Rather." He remembered how it had waggled.

"I was making it into a little dinner blouse and trimming it with gold, in case we dined at the Ritz again."

Rather a rum thing to make a widow's veil for one man into something to go out larking with another, he thought. But, of course, she was such an innocent little thing—and—well, she just lived. By Jove, she should live, too, and be happy in the future.

"I'll go about a license to-morrow," he said when he was leaving her; "we'll be married at once. You shan't interview the black beetles or go within hail of the tigers."

He put her pretty head on his shoulder and her arm round his neck. . . .

The Regent's Park aunt was expected, so he hurried away, and he was the happiest man in the world that evening. He sat and thought how lovely it would be in Paris; it was very full, but they would get in somewhere. And now the war was over there would be heaps of things in the shops. It would be splendid fun to give her pretty frocks. He imagined her laughter and her eyes with the appealing look in them when she wanted something extra-expensive . . . he thought of her lips and her kisses. . . .

IV

It was rather cruel—the very next morning soon after ten he had a telegram: "Come immediately, something dreadful. Esme."

"Good Lord!" He bolted out, looking for a taxi. He was nearly distracted before he found one, but he did at last, and, forgetting even to pay the man, he rushed into the flat and into that blessed little room in which he had spent such happy hours while she sat on the fender stool and looked up at him. She was waiting for him—watching. She flung herself into his arms.



Drawn by H. J. Mowat.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked sternly.—Page 264.

"Oh, darling, darling Guy," she said, "what are we to do? He has come back!"

"Come back?"

"He isn't dead," she moaned.

He pushed her a little way off and looked at her. "What do you mean?" Of course he knew, but he wanted it put into words.

"He is alive—alive— The telegram saying he was dead was all a mistake; he has been in prison."

Her face was flushed and her eyes shining; there were tears on her cheeks. He felt paralyzed.

"Why didn't he telegraph? When did he come?"

"Last night, just about half past nine. He didn't know we thought he was dead, he meant it to be a happy surprise." She wrung her hands. "He came about half past nine, and mother went away with aunt."

"Did he stay here all night?"

She covered her face with her hands. "Yes, he stayed here all night—I cried my life out—I thought I should die."

"Where is he now?"

"He went by the ten o'clock train to see his mother. He wanted me to go but I wouldn't. I telegraphed to you the minute he had gone. Oh, Guy, Guy, what shall I do?"

"It's too awful—for me."

"And for me, too."

"But, my dear child, you loved him?" He felt sorry for the poor beggar.

"Oh, yes, I did once, but not now. I love you—*you*."

A sense of justice laid hold of him though he was miserable. "You must think of him." He stood a little way off. She was another man's wife.

"I shall never be able to bear it," she said recklessly, "and we shall live in this horrid little flat again and I shall be a nobody to the end of my days."

His heart went cold. "You'll get used to it. It's no good. We must say good-by, my dear."

"Oh, I can't—I can't——"

"Poor chap, probably he had a bad time. You must make him as happy as you can—I'd better go."

"Oh, but you mustn't—mustn't go," she said, and clung to him. "And I've thought of a way out. Take me away. Take me away at once——"

He was touched, of course—after all, he was only a man. "I can't do that," he said, but he brushed back her rumpled hair and his arms went around her.

"You can," she said. "Take me at once, this very minute. There's your taxi at the door. Let us go now—I'll leave a note——"

"My dear child, you don't know what you're asking."

"Yes, I do, I've thought it out. I lay awake all night planning it."

"Good God! All night!"

"Take me away this minute," she entreated.

"I can't," he said—slowly.

"But you can. He'd get a divorce directly. He's that sort of man. And then we could be married. It is so easy to get a divorce now. Take me, Guy, darling."

"I'm not going to do it," he said firmly, and pushed her gently from him. "It's an awful business. But I'm sorry for this chap and I'm not going to behave like a—like a skunk."

"Oh, but I love you so—I love you so."

He took her in his arms again at that. "My little girl, my little girl," he said, "one must do the right thing——"

Then the door opened and a man entered. They started apart and stood like two scared hares. He was a thin man, tall, lantern-jawed, with stern blue eyes and very fair hair. His coat-sleeves were too short; and he closed his large hands as if he were doubling his fists.

"Oh, Leonard! Leonard!" she gasped.

"What is the meaning of this?" he asked sternly.

"I thought you had gone to Reading. I didn't dream you would come back." She trembled with fright.

"I lost my train." He turned to Guy then. "Perhaps you will be good enough to explain, sir?"

She went to the sofa and hid her face in a cushion.

"My wife always had her flirtations." He looked unforgivingly at the little figure on the sofa. "No doubt she has had them even in the past months; but I didn't expect to find her in another man's arms this morning, after the ef-

fusive welcome she gave me last night. I can believe anything after this. You had better take her away at once. I presume that is your taxi at the door. She can go."

She raised her head at that and showed a tear-stained face. Her lips were trembling; she held out her hands. "Oh, yes, take me away, Guy, take me away."

A sound broke from her husband's lips.

Then Guy spoke, and there was something that carried conviction in every word he spoke. "Look here," he said, "I'm going to tell you the literal facts and she knows the truth of them. You and I have both been out in this war and within easy reach of death and I should deserve to be shot if I lied to you. Your wife is very young and pretty, and she loved you right enough at one time—I know that. She thought you were dead—thought it for a year. You couldn't expect her to spend the rest of her days alone, struggling and giving singing lessons, living with a delicate mother and a deaf aunt in the Regent's Park. She's four and twenty. I came along and fell in love with her—you did; so you can find an excuse for me. I offered to marry her, only yesterday, though I have been in love with her much longer. I was awfully sorry for her, that's how it began. I felt that she wanted a proper home of her own again, and comfort and luxury, that's why she took me. I think it was natural enough—and that you ought to forgive her. It wouldn't be fair to any woman, at her age, to expect her to spend a life of grieving and struggling if she could help it. I shouldn't expect a woman to do it for me."

"She was in your arms when I came in."

"I know she was—my fault. I was awfully fond of her. I couldn't let her go without just—well—just a minute. It was my fault—not hers. She had waited a year—lots of women haven't done that—she only left off her mourning the other day. She looked like a little funeral six weeks ago. It was awful. Now I've told you the truth. You can believe it or not, just as you choose."

"I do," the other man answered doggedly. "And I think she would have made a better thing of it if I had not turned up and you had married her." He looked at her. She was sitting up on the sofa. His expression softened. "If I could believe she loved me."

"But I do, Leonard, of course I do," she said in the pathetic tone Guy knew so well. "Only—only he has been so kind—and so kind to mother, too." It was very adroit of her to put that in, Guy thought afterward. "But of course I love you, Leonard— And, oh, do forgive me." She looked at Guy, tearful and imploring.

"Of course I forgive you," Guy answered; "so will he. I am going." He turned to Thornton. "I would have done my best to take care of her and you will have her—a ripping little woman—all your life—but if I'd dreamt——"

Thornton hesitated a moment, then gripped the extended hand. "I think you are a good fellow," he said. "I don't know who you are or what your name is, on the whole I'd rather not, for we had better keep out of each other's way in the future. This is a painful business for us both."

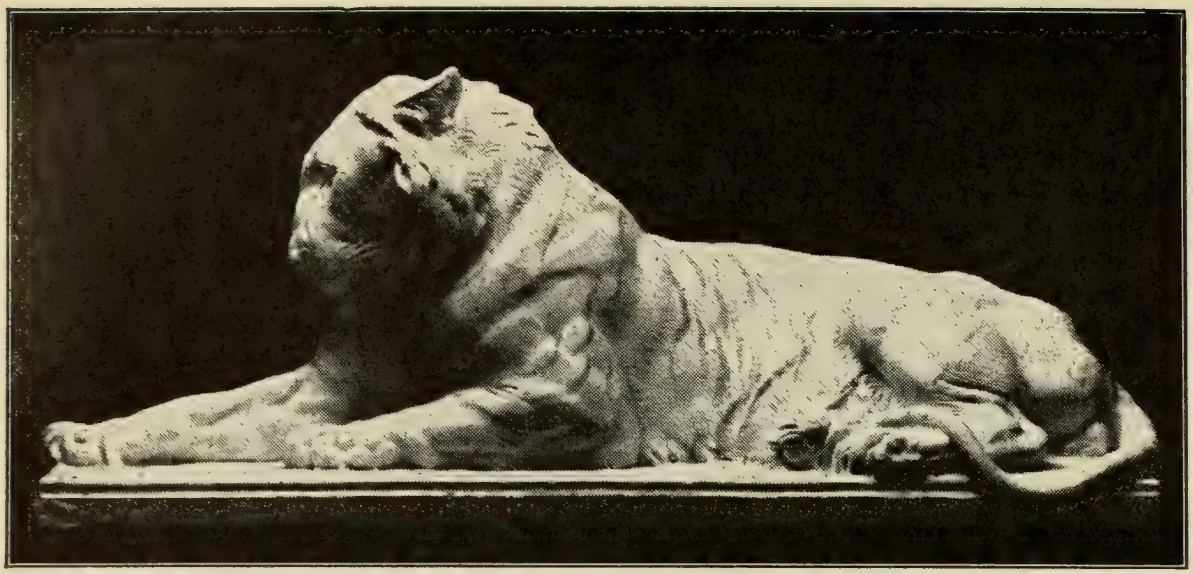
Guy nodded and turned to Esme. "Good-by, my dear," he said; "I shan't forget you and it will all turn out much better for you than if you had gone on with a duffer like myself. I can feel that he's a cleverer fellow than I am and a better one."

She held out her hand shyly. He kissed it and went to the door. Leonard saw him out and waited till the taxi had disappeared. Then he went back to Esme.

"Oh, Lennie, darling," she said, "you do forgive me, don't you, darling? I thought you had gone forever and I couldn't bear being poor. And he was so rich and kind and mother wanted it and it seemed the only thing to do."

"Yes, my dear, I understand, of course you had to think of her—and he was such a good fellow that I'm rather ashamed of myself for turning up."

Guy sat by his fire again that night and thought it over. "Poor little girl," he said to himself. "But she was a cute little beggar—and on the whole I think I'm well out of it."



Couchant Tiger.
On the estate of Mr. Herbert Pratt, Glen Cove, L. I.

A SCULPTOR OF THE WEST

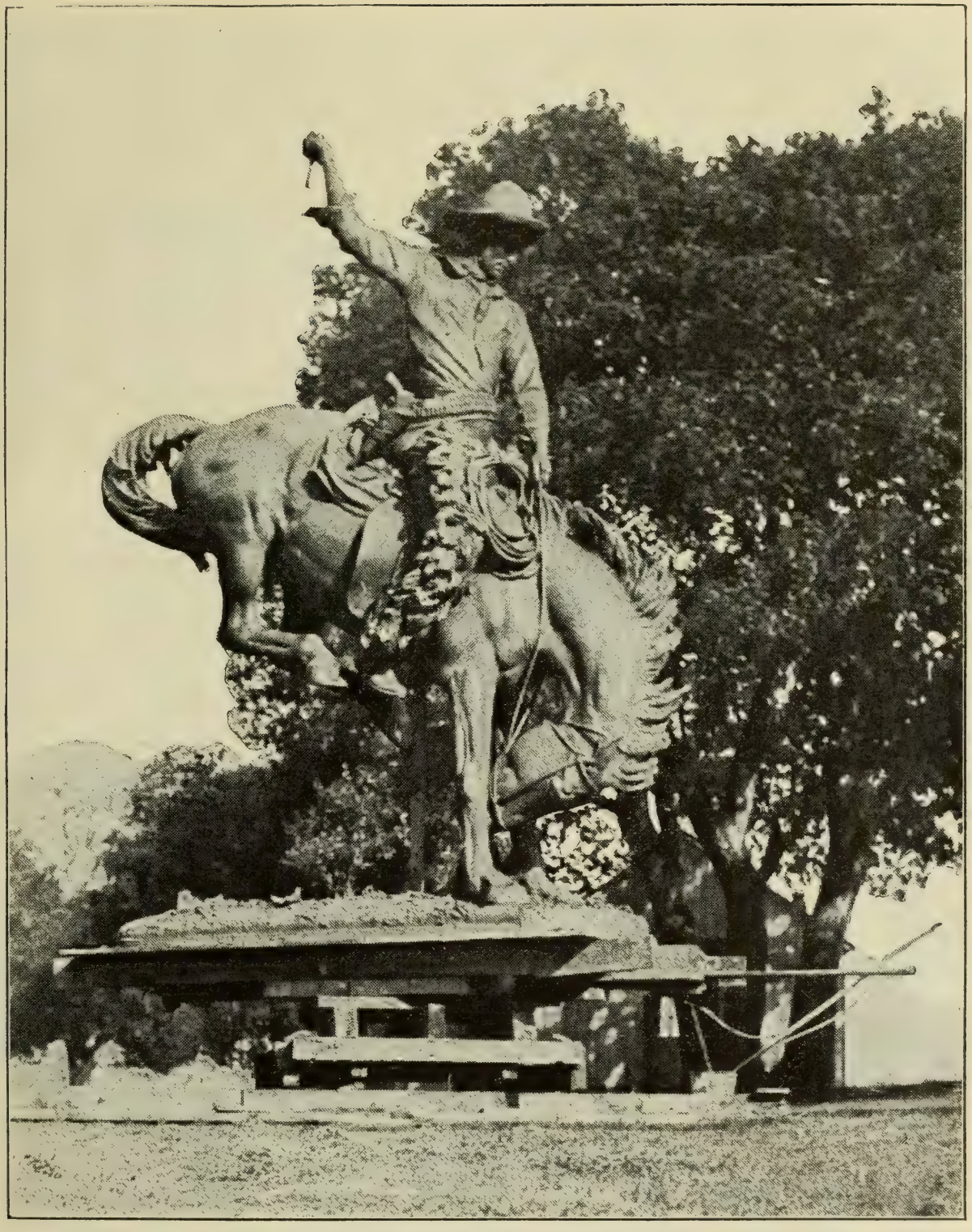
By Ernest Peixotto

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE WORKS OF A. PHIMISTER PROCTOR

THE leader of modern research in the domain of animal sculpture was, without a doubt, the great Frenchman, Barye. The first of the modern *animaliers* to replace mere convention by truth and reality, to observe animals closely and record in bronze a profound knowledge of their forms, he succeeded also in imparting to his groups, both large and small, an incomparable dignity of line and mass. In this respect, indeed, he has remained without a peer, still standing pre-eminent in this purely sculptural quality. His successor, Cain, inclined to the melodramatic and Fremiet, too, superb workman that he was, was guilty more than once of sensationalism.

With our closeness to nature in its untrammelled forms, here in America, it is no wonder that the art of animal sculpture has received serious attention. Since Remington's day (and he was the first who really knew and depicted the fauna of the West) we have had at least three American sculptors who have modelled animals with a fine sense of form and a highly competent technic: Arthur Putnam, Solon Borglum, and A. Phimister Proctor. Putnam's animals, instinct with life and fashioned with a very high order of artistry, are known only to a limited number of cognoscenti in California. Solon Borglum possesses a profound knowledge of animal form, and joins to this a fine feeling for sentiment—but not sentimentality—suggesting almost always the part his beasts play in their relationship to man, and the results that he obtains from this combination of realism and sentiment are, at times, singularly striking.

Phimister Proctor looks at his animals with wide-open eyes, with the eyes of a closely observant student, attracted above all by the facts of things. Whether he models the lumbering gait of an elephant or the fragile structure of a young fawn, you are convinced that he knows *à fond* the flesh and bone of his model; that he has seen and drawn animals in the open (not caged in the zoo); that he has lived in habitual contact with them: that he has hunted them and cut them up and anatomized them. And all this is true.



The Buckaroo, or Bronco-Buster.
To be erected in the Civic Centre of Denver, Colorado.

Born in Canada, he came as a small boy to this country and was brought up in Colorado. Forty years ago he played baseball on the land that is now the handsome Civic Centre of Denver, where his two latest works, "On the War-Trail" and "The Bronco-Buster," are soon to be unveiled. The old Broadway Grammar School that he attended still stands but a few steps away near the imposing State Capitol. But in the little frontier city of his boyhood he remembers seeing antelope scurrying across the corner of this same plaza, where the Greek Theatre now stands silhouetted against the majestic background of Pike's Peak and the

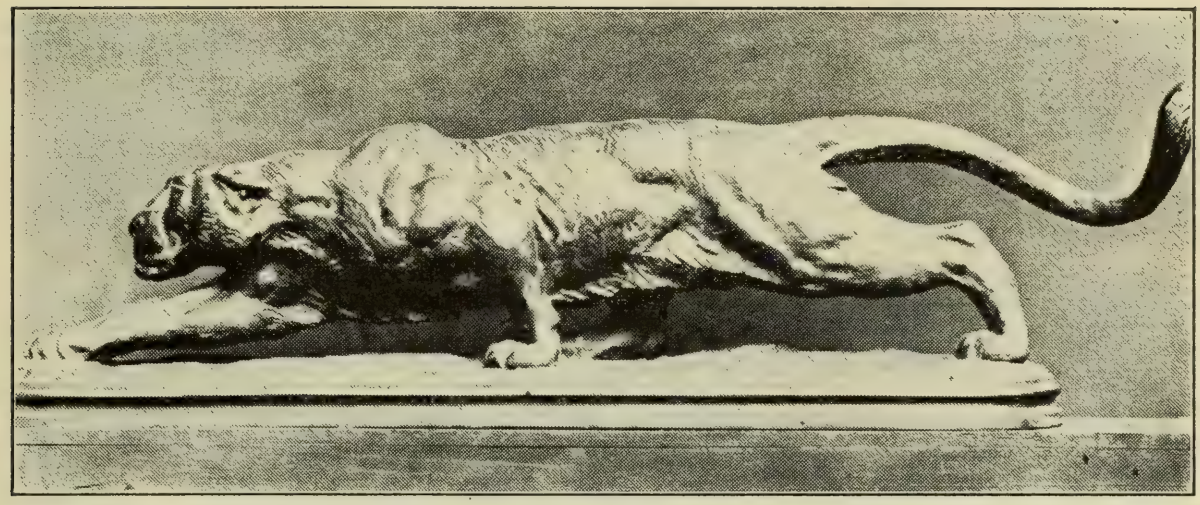
Rockies. He recalls, too, seeing Utes ride into town with fresh scalps hanging at their saddle-bows.

At sixteen young Proctor killed his first grizzly. Armed only with an old rifle that he had traded for a seventy-five-cent jack-knife—a rifle that had been discarded as worthless and thrown into a lake—he had started from camp at Grand Lake in the Rockies quite alone, for his brother had refused to take him with him. He wandered about for a while and was standing looking at a hollow log from which the Indians had chopped a squirrel, when, looking up, he saw nine elk coming toward him, among them a big bull. He waited, shot at the bull and wounded him. But the ejector of his rifle wouldn't work, and the elk turned and trotted off, the wounded bull with them. At last he succeeded in forcing the shell out of his old rifle and followed the trail of the bull's blood for some time, until, in a clump of jack-pines, he saw the big beast not twenty feet from him. The animal made a dive at him and, as he shot, had come so near that the powder burned his neck.



On the War-Trail.
To be erected in the Civic Centre of Denver, Colorado.

Proctor cut off the elk's head, and, proud of his first big trophy, started to lug it back to camp four miles away, when, in crossing an arroyo on a dead log, he fell into a ditch and hurt his back quite badly. But gamely, with the big head still upon his shoulders, he struggled on again and had gone but a hundred yards or so when he perceived, as he expresses it, "a grizzly bear mozying about in a swampy place.



The Charging Panther.
Presented to Theodore Roosevelt by the Tennis Cabinet.

"I hesitated whether to shoot. Of course I wanted to get a bear, but I couldn't take much stock in my old rifle. 'But,' says I, 'here goes.' I hit him too far back. He let out a bawl and rolled over. I threw in another shell and thought of what an old bear-hunter, Len Pollard, used to say: 'Never shoot at a grizzly when he's looking at you.' So I sat there with the sight of my gun wabbling back and forth across the bear, for I confess that I was scared with an old rifle that was anything but dependable. Finally I fired again, but missed him, and this time he started for me, grinning and growling. Fortunately my ejector worked all right and I hit him with the third shot right in the sticking-place. He gave a couple of jumps and rolled over, dead. And I tell you that was quite an experience for a lad of sixteen—an elk and a grizzly both in one day."

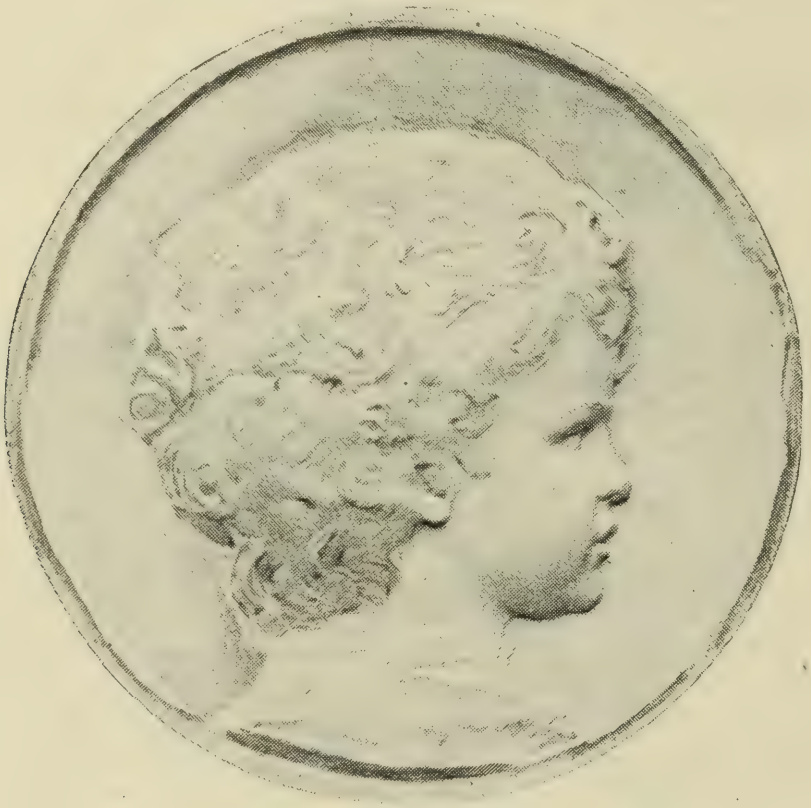
Was it any wonder, then, with this background of his youth, with his love of the hunt, with a life spent at times for weeks alone in the woods, that Phimister Proctor's first attempts at art were concentrated upon the delineation of animals? He sketched in pencil and in color, and he modelled a bit; even then, from the very first, he was fully determined to be an artist, a sculptor.

But the only *good* piece of sculpture that he had yet seen, as he expresses it, was a cigar-store Indian. About this time he met Frederick Dellenbaugh, one



Bas-relief for overmantel in the home of Mr. W. B. Ayer, Portland, Oregon.

of the few artists worthy of the name, who had, at that early date, penetrated the West. Dellenbaugh, recognizing his natural talent, advised him to go to New York or Europe to study, but how to get the necessary funds was the problem. He tried mining, but failed to make a stake. Then he sold a little ranch and, with his small capital, went to New York, where he studied at the schools of the



Bas-relief of one of Mr. Proctor's children.

National Academy and the Art Students League.

In 1892, like many of the younger artists of his day, he found his first real opportunity at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. For this great World's Fair he modelled a number of animals—polar bears, elk, moose—as well as an Indian scout and a cow-puncher for the Transportation Building and the lions in front of the Fine Arts Building.

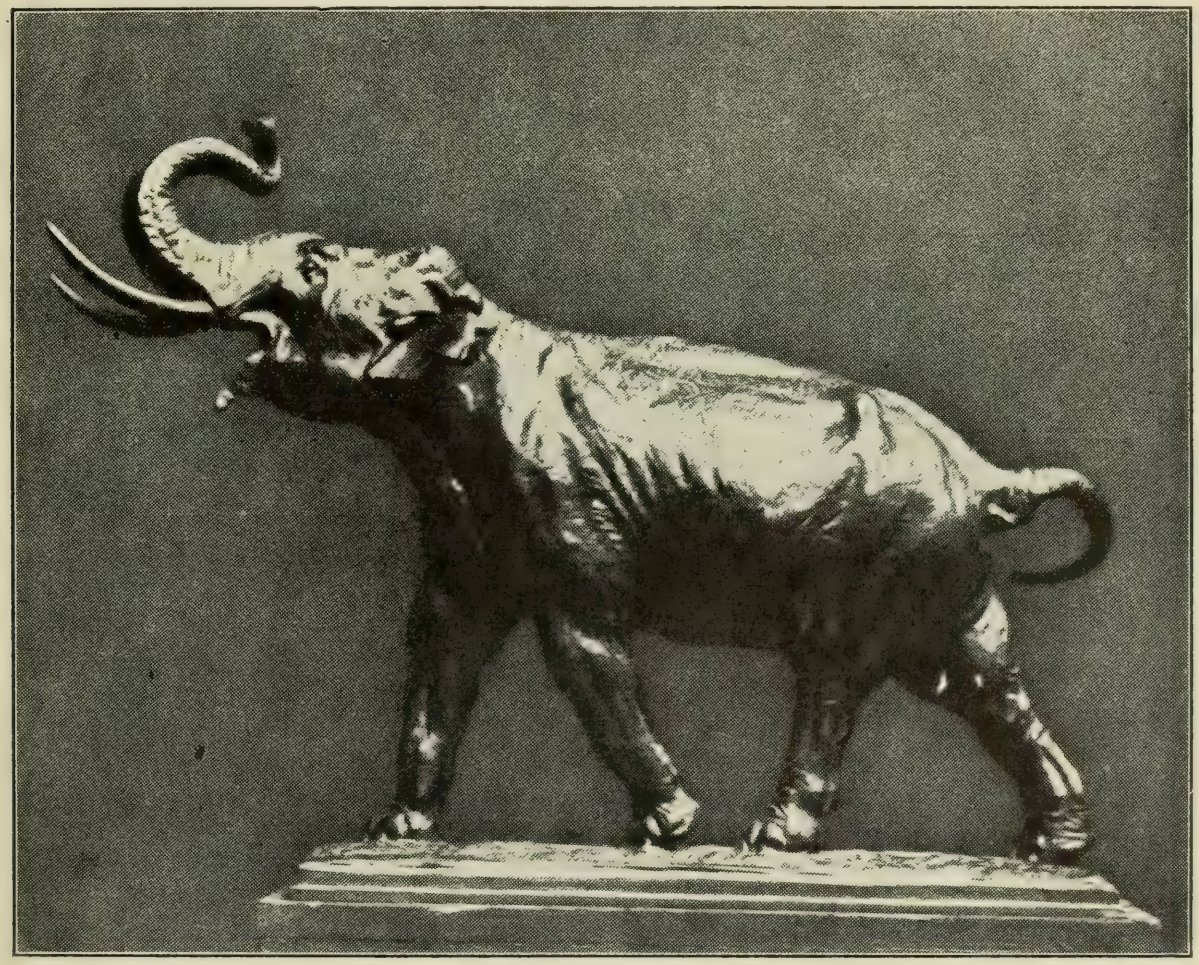
These various groups brought him recognition and success, and he was able to go to Paris to study under Injalbert and Puech. But a year later he was recalled to America by Augustus St. Gaudens to model the horses for the Logan statue in Chicago, and the Sherman monument in New York. For these he made the four-foot models quite complete.

In 1895 he won the Rinehart Prize and went to Paris again, remaining this time for three years, perfecting his technic at Julian's and Colarossi's, still centring his thoughts, however, on his own Far West, so that the works that he produced even in Paris were drawn from his early recollections of our Western plains and forests. When he returned to America he spent all his summers in the Northwest: in Alberta, British Columbia, and Montana.

His great studio in New York is filled with trophies of his hunts there, with superb heads of mountain-sheep, with antlers and bearskins, and with a multitude of graphic water-color sketches that he painted there: sun-baked plains, tawny in color as lionskins; pellucid lakes that mirror purple mountains; stern and snow-clad peaks, home of the mountain-sheep, whose rugged structures are expressed with a sincerity and a conviction that only a sculptor can put into his work.

During the next few years he modelled

the gigantic lions at the base of the McKinley monument in Buffalo, the pumas at the entrance to Prospect Park in Brooklyn, and the two superb tigers that stand at the entrance to Nassau Hall in Princeton, guardians of its historic portals, heroic bronzes that fit harmoniously with their architectural surroundings. These animals of his have monumental dignity. They, as well as the couchant tiger that he modelled a little later for Mr. Herbert Pratt's beautiful home at Glen Cove, evince his deep knowledge of the feline nature, show the closeness of his observation. Their modelling, while full of suggestion, renders structure and action with convincing fidelity. They have a fundamental feeling of vivid actuality without a trace of transcendentalism. One detects in them at times, perhaps, an element of realism untempered by the beauty of creative art, yet one is always satisfied with work so sincere, so competent, so faithful, and so intensely alive.



Charging Elephant.

During Theodore Roosevelt's last year of office in the White House, the President decided that the lion heads that ornamented each side of the great mantelpiece in the State Dining-Room were out of place in the Executive Mansion, saying, with his customary energy: "What place have British lions in the American White House? They ought to be bison heads." So Proctor was called in to model a pair of buffalo heads to take their places. When these were finished, the sculptor was passing through the White House on his way to the dining-room, with the heads in his hands, when the President, as he sat dictating to his stenographer, caught sight of him through an open doorway and called out vociferously, "Bully for you, Proctor; bully for you!" leaving his official business at the earliest possible moment to come in and see the bison heads and put

his emphatic stamp of approval upon them.

Not long after this the President's "Tennis Cabinet," as it was called—a group of his friends who loved sport and the out-of-doors—gave him a farewell dinner. Seth Bullock, former sheriff in the Black Hills, and marshal for South Dakota, sat on Roosevelt's right, and in front of the President was placed a pile of American Beauty roses.



Sketch for A Bear Hunter

"Toward the end of dinner, Seth got up and began pawin' among the roses," as Roosevelt told the story, "and I put out my hand to restrain him, when I remembered that Seth was a two-gun man, so I let him alone. And when he opened up the roses there was Proctor's 'Charging Panther,' which they gave me as a souvenir."

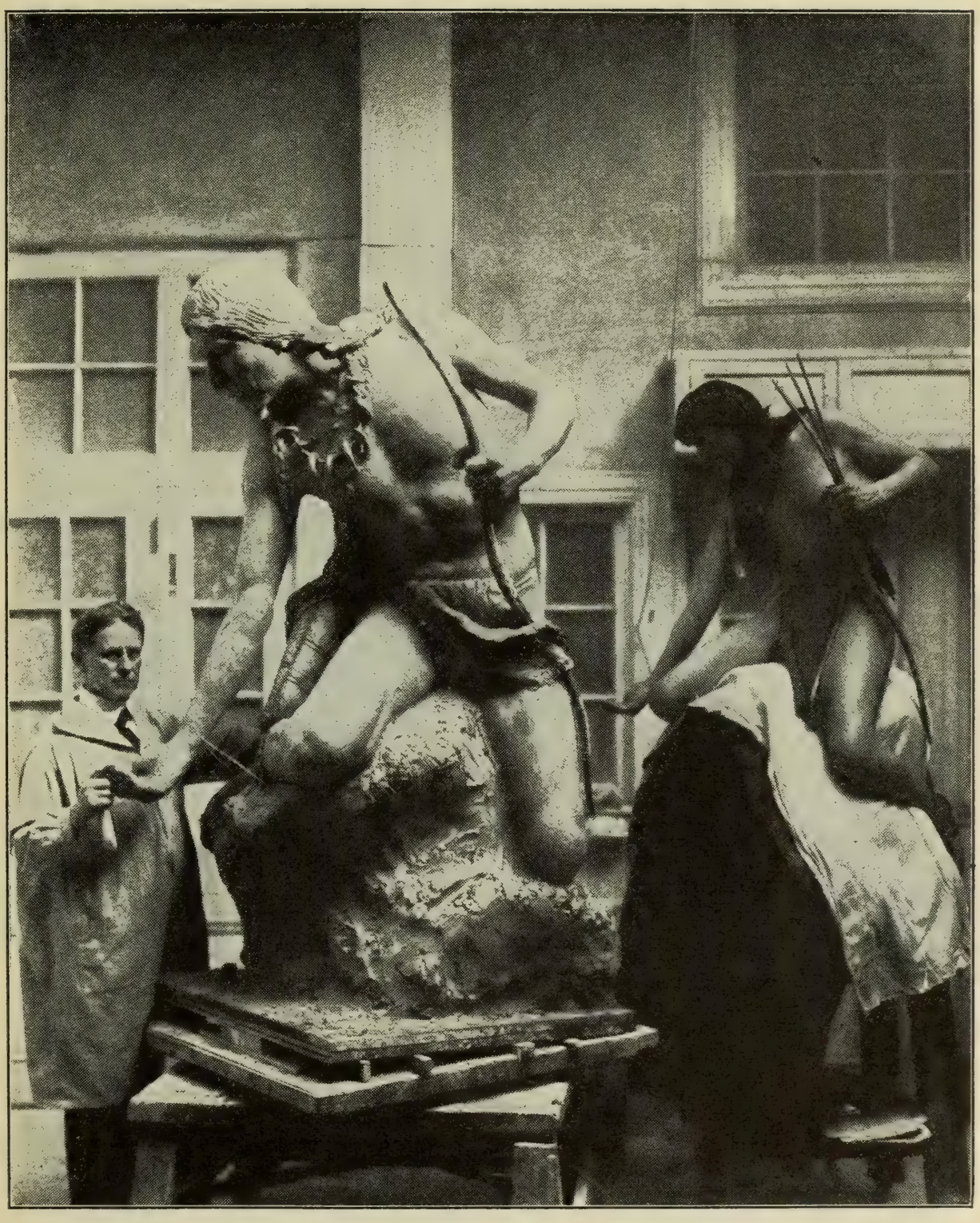
Roosevelt evidently liked his gift, for he used a reproduction of it as the frontispiece of his "Strenuous Life," saying that it expressed the feeling of the book better than anything else he could think of. And, indeed, its strained muscles, its stealthy, supple movement with its belly pressed close to the ground, its general tenseness that precedes the spring, do express the very essence of action, the maximum of concentrated effort.

By this time Phimister Proctor had received his medals and his honors: gold medals at the Paris Exposition of 1900, at the St. Louis World's Fair, and at the Pan-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco, besides the great gold medal of the Architectural League of New York. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Brooklyn Museum, the National Gallery at Ottawa, and the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh had acquired his works for their permanent collections. He had been elected a National Academician and a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. He had built himself a big studio in New York City.

But the West still lured him, and he could not resist its appeal. He felt heartsick for the old free life. In 1914 he went to the Northwest again and became so enamored with what he saw there that he sent forthwith for his wife and seven children to come out and join him.

"Talk about women," he said, "by George, she had nerve! We were all fixed up in New Rochelle; but, two weeks after I sent word to her, all was arranged and packed up, the house was rented, and she and the children were on the road."

He settled this time at Pendleton, in eastern Oregon, a place whose round-ups are famous, and at whose fair-grounds they hold Wild-West shows that are

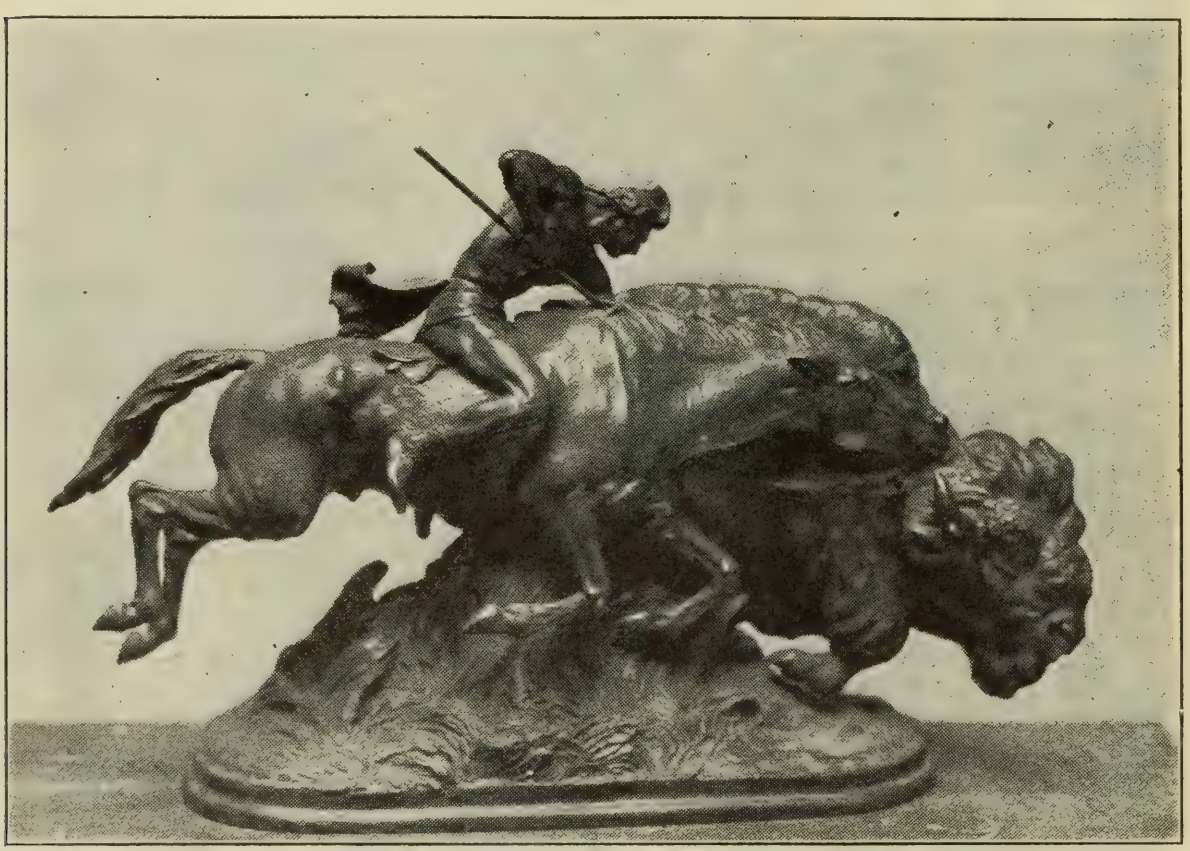


Mr. Proctor working on the clay model of "The Indian Fountain."
His model, Chief Beaver, appears at the right.

known throughout the Northwest. He was given permission to fit up a studio in a barn in the fair-grounds themselves, and he hired "Slim," a well-known buckaroo, as his model.

"I got 'Slim' to buy me a couple of ornary ponies," he told me, "a couple of bucking broncos that were full of ginger. These we brought into the studio and I modelled them. But we had our troubles. 'Old Wall Eye' got gay and cavorted around and things went flying. Every chair in the place flew out of the window. But 'Slim' held her head and kept away

from her business end, and finally we quieted her down. Now 'Slim,' it seems, had a habit of picking up ropes, and he didn't mind if there was sometimes a horse at the other end. So that, just as soon as I was finished with him, the sheriff took him in. He'd been needing him in his business for three months, but he didn't want to spoil my work by taking away my model. Pretty nice of him, I call it, don't you?"

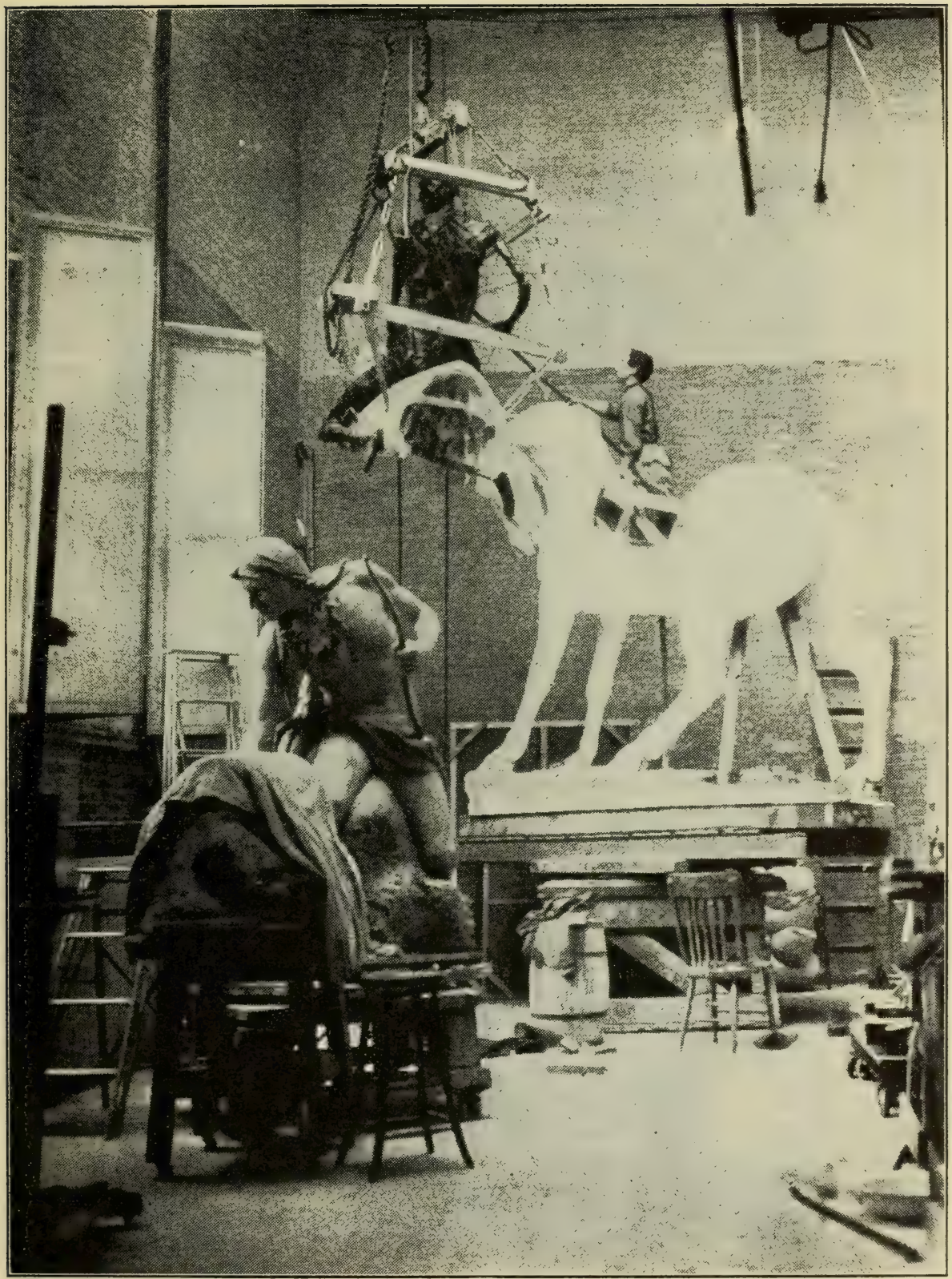


Indian Pursuing Bison.

The result of this combination was his "Buckaroo," or "Bronco-Buster," a heroic-size figure mounted on a bucking cayuse. The hoofs of the horse's fore legs are dug deep into the ground. His hind legs are flung into the air, and his whole body is quivering with the effort to rid himself of his rider, who sits erect, clad in his "woolly chaps" and his shirt, open at the neck, around which is knotted a handkerchief. His riata hangs at his saddle-bow, and in his upraised hand he grasps his quirt, with which he is whacking the pony's straining flanks. This is one of the two statues that are to be erected in the Civic Centre of Denver, gifts of public-spirited citizens. It has already been cast and is ready to be placed.

The other statue is still in his studio. It is called "On the War-Trail" and depicts an Indian of the olden time, nude except for a breech-clout, his long spear in his hand, mounted upon his shaggy cayuse that he is pulling up with a sharp gesture as if he seems to see something suspicious approaching. He controls his pony with a rope, made of buffalo hide, that is tied securely in the horse's jaw, and with which the rider can either bind himself to his steed or hobble him, as occasion may require. Over his shoulder hangs a case for his bow and a quiver for his arrows, both made of panther skin, while at his left side (the squaws carry theirs at the right) he carries his hunting-knife. The pose is alert and spirited without being melodramatic or overdrawn, and the shaggy Western pony is modelled with that thorough knowledge of anatomy, that fine feeling for form, that remarkably convincing air of reality that characterizes all of Mr. Proctor's work.

During the two years that he spent in



Mr. Proctor's studio.

Showing the figure for "On the War-Trail" being hoisted on its horse.

Pendleton he made a number of figures and animals: Indians with broncos and buffaloes, decorative bas-reliefs of lions and elk. But to the cowboy he has devoted much less attention than either Remington or Solon Borglum. Yet he lived in constant touch with the cow-puncher's life.

He went to all the round-ups, and on more than one occasion was made a judge

of the contests in steer-tying, bronco-busting, rope-tying, pony-races, and the like. He can narrate stories of thrilling experiences with bulls in the arena, and liberate step. The targets that he hides in a drawer in his studio show an accuracy of marksmanship with a revolver that might well make even a "bad man" hesi-



The Pioneer.
In the grounds of the University of Oregon, Eugene, Ore.

of shooting-scrapes growing out of these contests. In spite of his metropolitan life he has remained, too, a typical Westerner in appearance, with his strongly marked features, his powerful figure, and his rolling gait that shifts his weight from one foot to the other with a sure but de-

tate to pick a quarrel with him: ten consecutive bull's-eyes at 30 feet; ten consecutive hits with a .44 at 50 yards. His wife, indeed, accuses him of valuing his medals for marksmanship more highly than those he has received for his sculpture.

One day he saw an old wolf-trapper come into Pendleton, with his whiskers and long hair untouched by any barber, dressed in his buckskin shirt and leading his cayuses and his bear-dogs. He got the old fellow to pose for him, showed his sketch to Mr. Joseph M. Teal, of Portland, and by him was commissioned to model a heroic figure, "The Pioneer," that was unveiled last year on the campus of the University of Oregon, a gift of Mr. Teal to that institution. It fitly commemorates those hardy and courageous old pioneers who tempted fate and risked their lives and those of their families in the forties, driving their wagons through the mountain fastnesses and forests of the unexplored Northwest, surmounting every obstacle, blazing the trail until they came to the Dalles on the Columbia River, and thence descended to the beautiful Willamette Valley, where they settled.



Bas-relief of one of Mr. Proctor's children.

Recently Mr. Proctor has been modelling another figure, an "Indian" for the Geyser Basin, Saratoga State Park, at Saratoga, New York, a gift of Mr. George D. Pratt, State conservation commissioner. It is to be placed on a sidehill among the trees, in quite naturalistic surroundings. A little stream runs by with pools near the figure, from which the Indian is dipping up a handful of water. He was modelled from Chief Beaver, a Blackfoot that Proctor brought to New York with him, he who appears with the sculptor in the photograph reproduced herewith.

I happened to go to see Mr. Proctor one morning not so very long ago, and, on nearing the studio, saw an express-wagon standing at the curb before it, with some men in it busily spreading a bed of excelsior. The studio was in a turmoil. The big Indian Fountain had been cast in plaster, and was ready to go to the foundry. Men were unscrewing the arms and taking off the weapons. Finally the great figure was lifted bodily from the revolving modelling-stand and placed upon a low truck and carefully trundled through the doors and out upon the sidewalk. Here its appearance created quite a sensation. The firemen from the station across the street came running over to see the statue, and the postman stopped and exclaimed: "Huh, Chief Beaver!"

To all of them this Indian was a well-known figure, an appealing reality, and I realized the direct appeal, even to the uninitiated, of Mr. Proctor's work; the big audience that he commands among red-blooded men, hunters, sportsmen, lovers of the out-of-doors, who understand nothing of the superlative technical qualities of his art but are carried away by its reality. To our public parks and highways, to our zoological gardens, to our natural-history museums, as well as to our art museums, he has contributed living, vital things, noble presentments of our fast-disappearing American fauna, of our vanishing Western types, thereby vastly enriching our artistic patrimony and our American inheritance.

PROTECTIVE THINKING

By Edgar James Swift
Author of "Psychology and the Day's Work"

MAN has inherited a brain of superior value, but he has not learned to use it advantageously. He does not select his beliefs thoughtfully. He grows into them unconsciously, and the opinions thus accepted produce a mental attitude which blinds him to the facts that refute them.

The great majority of people have good intentions, but certain actions, they feel, are necessary. These actions are good business, or good politics, or they promote social dignity. But they are always the offspring of our wishes.

Our behavior, however, must satisfy social requirements; it must fit into the prevailing ethical standards. What we want to do must, therefore, be made to appear reasonable—at least to ourselves. Consequently, more or less trimming and remodelling are sometimes needed, but the alterations are made with due regard to mental economy. The wish may be altered in form but not in substance. Yet, in some way, consistency between ideals and conduct must be preserved. Here, language, which is very accommodating, lends generous assistance, and words that justify the desire are readily found. So easy is it for men to deceive themselves. They forget the human truth expressed in the French proverb: *Qui s'excuse s'accuse.*

Adjustment to the environment is a requirement of survival, but man's social needs have greatly strengthened the adaptive impulse. Man is, above all of his more humble and less endowed relations, adaptive, and "Providence," Walter Bagehot once observed, "generally bestows on the working adaptive man a quiet adoptive nature. He receives insensibly the suggestions of others; he hears them with willing ears; he accepts them with placid belief. An acquiescent credulity is a quality of such men's nature. They cannot help being sure that what every one says must be true; the *vox populi* is a part of their natural religion."

This is not complimentary to human intelligence but, unfortunately, it is justified by a survey of history. The path of progress is strewn with tragic human documents—documents that show the pains and penalties of thinking, and, incidentally, reveal a serious defect of the human mind—the difficulty of recognizing problems even when others show them to us. Thinking, at best, is not easy. It is much simpler to accept the conventional view and adapt oneself to the prevailing opinion. Agreement is evidence of sanity. Marked divergence, obviously, indicates "queer," "eccentric," "erratic" thoughts. Besides, to be sane is to be respectable, and desire to be respectable prevents men from becoming intelligent. The norm by which eccentricity is judged is, of course, the generally accepted view. Those who live in insane asylums and those on the outside agree in this. The measure of intelligence thus varies with one's surroundings and one's neighbors.

There are two kinds of mental disorder —those that exist and those that do not. To the latter class of mental derelicts belonged Daguerre, the inventor of photography, and Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, and Langley, who believed in flying-machines, and a whole galaxy of men who investigated and adopted the germ theory of disease. And, in every case, the proof of mental derangement was that the man made a discovery. Evidently, discovery is a dangerous pastime. To be sure, the treatment of these disorders varies with the period and with the degree of civilization. Daguerre was confined in an insane asylum because he said that he could print the picture of a man on a sheet of tin. Later, the treatment became more humane. Harvey, and the discoverers of disease germs and antiseptics, only lost their medical practice. They were allowed to starve outside of insane asylums.

And Langley, being a harmless lunatic, since belief in flying-machines injured no one except himself, was killed by the torture of ridicule.

The list of men who paid the supreme penalty for intellectual curiosity and originality could be extended almost indefinitely. Benjamin Franklin was laughed at for his paper on "The Sameness of Lightning with Electricity," Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes was called a sophomoric writer because he advocated antiseptics, Galvani was named the "frogs' dancing-master" on account of his belief in galvanic electricity. Lebon, the discoverer of illuminating gas, was killed by ridicule because he believed in "a lamp without a wick," Jouffroy, the inventor of the steamboat, was permitted to die in peace—and poverty, and Young, a celebrated physician, published his theory of light, color, and luminiferous ether anonymously, to escape the loss of his practice for departing from accepted views. Original theories make trouble. Obviously it is a mistake to be wise too soon.

Dead radicals are eulogized because the issues for which they fought are as dead as the men who advocated them. Dead issues can do no harm. Belief in them has become traditional, and therefore eminently respectable. The market value of ideas increases with their antiquity. They must be well seasoned. Then monuments are built commemorating them, and people assemble to venerate the wisdom of their discoverers—men whom an earlier age condemned. It is fortunate, however, for the reputation of thinkers that they finally pass away, because there is something in discoverers of ideas which rebels against the authority of tradition. These men are not content with interpretations that rest only upon convention. They cross-examine belief in their hunt for hidden evidence. They do not fear the consequences of thought. They use their reason reasonably.

One would think that the relics of opinions preserved in museums of antiquated beliefs, as exhibitions of the unreasonableness of human reason—opinions whose overthrow believers thought would destroy society—would make men hesitate to hold so tenaciously to what they are least able to demonstrate. But belief graciously conforms to our wishes, and reason supplies the arguments. Benjamin Franklin once illustrated this in his quaint way: "I have omitted mentioning," he says, "that, in my first voyage from Boston, being becalmed off Block Island, our people set about catching cod, and hauled up a great many. Hitherto I had stuck to my resolution of not eating animal food, and, on this occasion I considered . . . the taking of every fish as a kind of unprovoked murder, since none of them had done or even could do us any injury that might justify the slaughter. All this seemed very reasonable. But I had formerly been a great lover of fish, and when these came hot out of the frying-pan they smelt admirably well. I balanced some time between principle and inclination, till I recollected that, when the fish were opened, I saw smaller fish taken out of their stomachs. Then thought I, 'if you eat one another, I don't see why we may not eat you!' So I dined upon cod very heartily. . . . So convenient a thing it is to be a *reasonable creature*, since it enables one to find or make a reason for everything one has a mind to do."

The recent war has also furnished examples of the accommodation of human reason to man's desires. A striking illustration is given by Kellogg in his "Conscientious Objectors": "The unwillingness of these devout Christians to undertake works of mercy," he says, "was frequently appalling. Several testified that they could work in a civilian hospital, but could do nothing in a military hospital. In one of the Southern camps, I was told, during the epidemic of influenza, that practically every one had been called upon to help in the hospitals. Nearly fifty men were dying each day. The objectors were asked to carry stretchers and otherwise to aid in saving, if possible, the lives of the stricken men. Many of the objectors refused—they could do nothing. It was against their conscience."

Some people indulge in an emotional spree whenever excited by an important question. And the debauch not only unsettles their reason, but, what is even more serious, destroys their moral perspective. One rarely finds a more charm-

ing exhibition of the moral obliquity produced by a lost argument than was displayed in an issue of *Four Lights* received from the People's Council of America during the war. "Accustom your children gradually to the sight of blood," this councillor of right thinking says, presumably giving the view of those who believe that war is ever justifiable. "And for yourself learn to kill a little every day. One sweet woman is accustomed to ask herself searchingly each night, 'Whom have I killed to-day?' and to fall asleep resolving to kill more on the morrow."

It may be said that these are exceptional cases—that the strain of war searched out the mentally ill-poised and tensed their reason to the snapping-point. To be sure, crises do test the quality of minds. They force men to orient themselves, because supreme problems that demand solution must be faced without evasion. Crises, therefore, reveal the content, or lack of content, of human minds. And they also expose mental frailties—inability to distinguish the essential from the accidental. But this only means that emergencies are keener scouts for weak points than are peaceful, uneventful periods when habits of thought, with their fixed classification, meet all needs of life. But crises do not produce insanity. They only find it.

Unfortunately, however, deception of oneself and others by soporific phrases is not limited to periods of crisis. A pamphlet against animal experimentation, for example, issued by some well-intentioned gentlefolk of limited mental outlook, bears the psychologically convincing title, "Is Christian Mercy a Cruel Mocking Delusion?" The suggested "delusion" is explained in the further question, "Can the church allow this deadly moral venom, distilled by vivisectors in their laboratories of scientific research, to poison the spiritual atmosphere of the souls Christ died to save?"

Obviously, any one who will distil "this deadly moral venom" in the "laboratories of scientific research to poison the spiritual atmosphere of the souls Christ died to save," should arouse intense abhorrence in all who have no respect for truth, or for the English language. And the success of such phrases indicates that there are many compliant minds luxuriating in verbal vacuity, and never experiencing the pleasurable pains of mental inquisitiveness.

Phrases assist in classifying ideas and principles of action without mental effort. And, since no one wishes to take unnecessary trouble, this painless thinking is popular. Ideas are tied up in bundles, like old clothes, and laid away for future use. This is a great convenience because, when an opinion is needed, one can go to the moth-proof mental closet and get it. Unhappily, however, when these bundles are opened for use the contents, cut from earlier patterns, are old-fashioned, but antiquity is not so obvious in ideas as in clothes and, consequently, the owner does not know that they are out of date. The illusion that one's old-style opinions are still in fashion is strengthened by the intellectual blinders known as social classes. Those in "our set" agree with us, wherein, of course, they show good judgment, and they use the same labels as we do for the ideas they lay away for use when an opinion is needed.

Most people earn their living by having the reputation of being "safe." To be sure, the time seems to have passed when physical inventions arouse serious emotional antagonism. And yet, as late as 1902, Simon Newcomb "proved beyond question" that it was "impossible" for a heavier-than-air machine to fly. Was his mistake caused by mathematical inability? One hesitates at this conclusion in a mathematician of such renown. The explanation seems to be mental and emotional resistance to a view so inconsistent with "established" scientific principles. Professor Newcomb could not see and understand mathematical relations that conflicted with "known facts."

Again, at a somewhat earlier date, von Liebig, notwithstanding his scientific attainments which had justly won world-wide fame, refused to consider seriously the growing belief that vegetable cells cause fermentation. With the microscope, he saw the "globules," as they were called, which appeared in the deposit of saccharine fermentation and, consequently, to a free mind they were worth examination and investigation. But for Liebig they had no special significance.

To the end of his life he explained fermentation and putrefaction by the same process. Both were a kind of slow combustion, he said. And it is the dead portion of yeast, rather than the living, which, "by the rupture of its own elements, sets in motion the molecules of the fermentative matter." Once more, accepted, and consequently "safe," scientific opinions blocked the flow of thought. Authority again won in the contest with investigation and experimentation. The "elder statesmen" continued to rule because of respect and reverence for the antique.

Fortunately, man is endowed with the ability to forget, and he remembers great men only by their achievements. But if Newcomb and von Liebig were alive to-day they would, perhaps, feel impelled to follow the notable example of Jerome Cardan, one of the celebrated astrologers of earlier days. Having been called to England to calculate the nativity of Edward VI, he predicted a long life with illnesses at twenty-three, thirty-four, and fifty-five years of age. Almost immediately after Cardan left England King Edward died. Cardan then wrote a pamphlet entitled, "What I Thought Afterward Upon the Subject."

I have referred at some length to the inability of Newcomb and von Liebig to accept new discoveries because of the rather wide-spread conviction that in scientific matters, at least, a change of opinion and acceptance of new views is easy. When the question is suffused with feeling, and emotions ramp unchecked, the progress of innovations is admittedly difficult. But the evidence does not support the opinion that even scientific discoveries are free from the personal bias that clouds the vision. Scientific views are vested intellectual interests which must be preserved intact. The motive is not consciously selfish, but the reputation of science must be jealously protected from the attacks of innovators. Established principles, which are often only the opinions of "authorities," are to be esteemed and not doubted. And yet, later, as in history, these established principles are, not infrequently, found to be fiction agreed upon by those who have controlled opinion through the weight of their reputation. "By the time a man of science attains eminence in any subject," some one has said, "he becomes a nuisance, because he is sure to retain errors which were in vogue when he was young but which have since been refuted."

This emotional influence in scientific thought is especially mischievous because it works so subtly. After a man has once taken a decisive position his conviction is strengthened by the knowledge that admission of error would be evidence of hasty and unreflective judgment. And proof that one has taken a stand without weighing the evidence is fatal to self-respect. The admission must, under no circumstances, be made.

This may best be illustrated, perhaps, from long ago. One likes to think that human nature has changed and that such things could not happen to-day, at least not in the case of oneself. So we will go back to the time of Darwin. Thomas Huxley, while still a young man, had attacked and disproved a statement of Owen, "the autocrat of science in Great Britain," regarding the differences, or perhaps I should say similarities, between the brain of man and that of the orang-outang. Later, when Darwin's "Origin of Species" appeared, Owen saw the danger to his own scientific reputation. It was not now a question of fact and truth but of self-defense. He had already made statements that conflicted with the principle of evolution and Huxley had shown them to be wrong. The last trench must, at all hazards, be held. Consequently, Owen began a bitter attack on Darwin and his theory of natural selection. No quarter was asked or given. It was war to the knife. Owen's reputation must be saved. So everything must be denied.

"So long as an element of doubt is admissible in the view that conflicts with our position," says Gotch in his review of the scientific method, "an opponent will suffer the inference to be drawn without a violent outburst; but when the inference is logically certain and the opponent is forced to admit his error or stultify himself, he may, it is true, maintain a magnanimous silence, but generally he fails to do so; he becomes greatly perturbed,

and denies everything, even the most demonstrable facts."

"There is a special hell for books in perfect taste," observed Zorn in "The Great Desire," and, in similar vein, it may be said, in this day of broken precedents, that thoughts which fit too nicely lead to unventilated conclusions. A little confusion, when it is recognized, breeds life. Unfortunately, however, to be sure is to be happy. Finality gives upholstered and cushioned ease. But it acts as a narcotic rather than as a stimulant.

Discoveries in science do not become epidemic. They are not a social menace. Yet we have found that they begin as heresies and end in conventional knowledge. When, however, new ideas are offered outside the physical sciences they indicate an organic disease, and, consequently, the treatment of the malady must be vigorous. They are symptoms of a contagious mental disorder which requires the isolation of the infected lest others get the disease. The average man fears exposure to new ideas as he dreads catching cold.

Public opinion plagues the intellectually keen until it reduces first-rate ability to second-rate mediocrity. The average man is a person with his own business to attend to. He does not want to be disturbed by theories. He may even have a few figures in his head to refute equally well any theory. He always has phrases which he applies indiscriminately. "Eccentric" is a word that he likes to use. "Singular young man," he says; "a strange combination"; "most unfortunate ideas"; "well-intentioned, no doubt, but unsafe, quite unsafe." The average man can't endure novelty. "I never heard of such a thing," he exclaims, and this, in his opinion, is a complete refutation of any new idea. He continues to distil opinions by boiling his old ideas without realizing how thin the stock has become. He prides himself on doing his own thinking, and thereby relieves others of the charge of being accomplices. Ideas do not illuminate his mind, because he cultivates a convenient mental blindness.

The substitution of phrases for thinking is a common means of human deception. It is popular because it is so satisfying. Well-chosen, striking words are convincing—if one does not inquire too closely into their meaning. To accomplish their purpose phrases must be sufficiently vague to suit the needs of many people. Each one should be able to say: "That's just my opinion." To-day we are having an excellent illustration of the carrying power of verbal formulas in the explanation of "spirit communication." "Currents of magnetism from the etheric plane," "odic effluvia," and "radiant aura" are obscure enough to be believed by any one. The fact that the "odic effluvia" "emanating" from different spirits "radiates" various kinds of "aura" is a matter of indifference. Perhaps it is only our inability to read the spiritualistic code of the "effluvia" that causes us to find contradictions in the communications of different spirits regarding what is happening on the other side. Besides, contradictions are trifling matters for those who want to believe. The reply "You must be sympathetic to understand" is always ready for unbelievers. And this argument is unanswerable, since a trusting, believing attitude will cause non-sense to overflow with meaning.

But phrases not only soothe the mind with the unruffled flow of inconsequential ideas, they also, at other times, frighten those who may be assumed to accept them. Arnold Bennett in "Clayhanger" gives a good illustration of this effect. "It was not easy—at any rate it was not easy in The Five Towns—" he says, "for a timid man in reply to the question, 'Are you in favor of a *professed* Free Thinker sitting in the House of Commons?' to reply, 'Yes, I am.' There was something shameless in that word 'professed.' If the Free Thinker had been ashamed of his free thinking, if he had sought to conceal his meaning in phrases—the implication was that the case might not have been so bad." "I suppose that is what made the word the weapon," says Alexander Black in "The Great Desire," "why we look out upon life through bars of words, why we trim and shuffle to escape skulking words, words lying in wait to devour our peace. Men are thrown into frightful convulsions by a hurled syllable."

Basking in problems is pleasanter than

solving them. Vague phrases make a noise that sounds like wisdom. Familiar words have the warmth of old friends. We doubt the one as little as the other because of intimacy. We know both from long association. But new problems in their altered conditions demand new settings for old words. Thinking requires forgetting old formulas. "Personal liberty" and "free speech" would not present so many difficulties were it not for the accretions which they have gathered from the past. And the fact that men speak English does not mean that they speak the same language. They quite certainly do not if they belong to different social or industrial classes. Their varying views of life, with the different meanings for the same words into which they have unconsciously grown, prevent them from understanding one another. This is what Gilbert Chesterton means when he says, speaking of the Irish question: "It is not so much that Englishmen cannot rule Irishmen, as that merchants cannot rule peasants."

If we seek the cause of fixed opinions we find a most interesting human characteristic. Experiences organize themselves into systems of ideas. We do not get these opinions. They get us. We grow into them through the influence of the newspapers that we read and the views that we hear from people in "our class." And, unfortunately for progress, the so-called classes are about as isolated as animals on an oceanic island are separated from those on the mainland. These systems of thought become organized as fixed mental complexes. Enthusiasts display them in their hobbies. Some men, for example, bore us with golf, or photography, or with their particular brand of reform. Such mental complexes are usually harmless to society and diverting to their possessor. But where important matters are at stake, these fixed systems of thought blind us to the essential factors of the problem. We cannot understand opposing arguments. We are biassed toward all questions to which our systems of thought apply. And, under these circumstances, thinking is a rearrangement of our prejudices.

New ideas may be inserted into these mental complexes provided the operation does not disturb the old thoughts. Doctor James Simpson, a Scotch physician, has shown how the mental surgeon should proceed, to graft new ideas onto the old. Anæsthetics had just been discovered and the good doctor was one of the eccentric physicians who believed in their use. But the opposition was bitter. No physician could use them and keep his social standing or his practice. Pain was God-given, it was said, and any attempt to alleviate it was an effort to thwart his will. The situation was critical. A major operation was clearly needed. So the doctor wrote a pamphlet in which he said: "My opponents forget the twenty-first verse of the second chapter of Genesis. It is the record of the first surgical operation ever performed, and that text proves that the Maker of the Universe, before he took the rib from Adam's side for the creation of Eve, caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam." Doctor Simpson's operation was successful. The patients suffered no mental shock, and thinking proceeded as before.

Is thinking then a hopeless matter? Must our thoughts continue to be manufactured for us like ready-made clothing, and shall our individuality consist only in selecting what fits our organized systems of thoughts, until an intellectual upheaval throws our opinions into such confusion that we cannot piece them together? The situation is hopeless unless we are convinced of the truth of the saying of that grouchy old thinker, Samuel Butler, that "Cultivation will breed in any man a certainty of the uncertainty of his most assured convictions." This is an excellent antidote for old-fogyism in others, but Mr. Butler did not think that he himself needed it. Perhaps this was one of his most assured convictions the uncertainty of which cultivation had bred a certainty. In any case, his method was to get his theory first and then to find reasons to support it. Consequently, he attacked Darwin and his theory of natural selection, and maintained that the "Odyssey" was written by a woman whom he knew well enough to call by name.

Contentment with one's own beliefs is a human defect. Those who see the truth intuitively, as Butler did, do not

need a mental antitoxin. For them facts are only an obstruction to thought. Opinions come by special insight, and the reason reveals its subtlety by proving the wisdom of these views.

Butler's confidence in the product of his own mental factory shows the difficulty of escaping from ourselves—of viewing and judging our opinions objectively. We readily see the defects of thinking in others. Who could not, since they are so obvious? But *our* beliefs possess a certain sanctity and charm because we made them. That is, we think we did, but, as a matter of fact, they made us. They are the offspring of desires that had their origin in business, or political, or social pressure.

Opinions we feel we must have to maintain our position. It is like keeping up an establishment on a fictitious income. To admit insufficient knowledge upon which to base belief is humiliating, at least to those who think that opinions indicate mental wealth. We decorate rather than enrich ourselves with opinions. And only such knowledge is desired as will support these decorations.

Effort to justify a view rather than to examine and test it obscures the issue with shuffling language. If a man is clearly and honestly in error he may some time discover his mistake, but if he is unclearly and evasively wrong he only hides the issue with a screen of mental smoke. In this way he masks the facts which might reveal the truth.

Men do not consciously strive to find their way from the darkness of error into light. On the contrary, they become so accustomed to the twilight that it looks quite bright to them. Beliefs are occasionally changed by colliding with facts, but never by collision with opposing beliefs. Facts may produce a shock that jars one from one's comfortable intellectual perch, but conflicting beliefs give a pleasurable feeling of superiority.

This shows the disastrous effect of politeness, which consists in remaining silent about the beliefs which our companion passionately holds. If we would throw facts at him until his complacency is sorely wounded he might do a little thinking. Impoliteness is bad social policy but it is very diverting and, sometimes, educative.

The problem of efficient thinking, however, is, first of all, a personal one. Some people spend so much time reforming others that they overlook themselves. It is pleasanter because it gives us the feeling of unusual ability and clarity of vision. We like to think ourselves different from others, just as we believe our country and period free from the weaknesses of other peoples and past ages. And the cure is to apply the same relentless cross-examination to our own opinions as we use toward others. If we were to ask ourselves the ground of opinions that we cherish, we would often be amazed at the weakness of the foundation. Those who do not clearly know that these failures in reasoning are as true of themselves as of others are hopeless. For them meaningless words and phrases take the place of thinking.

"Reason!" exclaimed Derek, in Galsworthy's "The Freelands," "Reason! It's the coward's excuse, and the rich man's excuse, for doing nothing. It's the excuse of the man who takes jolly good care not to see for fear that he may come to feel! Reason never does anything, it's too reasonable. The thing is to act; then perhaps reason will be jolted into doing something."

THE ARGOSIES

By Alexander Hull

Illustrations by Leslie Crump

THERE may have been some benevolent force watching over Harber. In any case, that would be a comforting belief. Certainly Harber himself so believed, and I know he had no trouble at all convincing his wife. Yes, the Harbers believed.

But credulity, you may say, was ever the surest part in love's young golden dream: and you, perhaps, not having your eyes befuddled with the rose-fog of romance, will see too clearly to believe. What can I adduce for your conviction? The facts only. After all, that is the single strength of my position.

There was, of course, the strange forehanded, subtle planning of the other girl, of Janet Spencer. Why did she do it? Was it that, feeling her chances in Tawnleytown so few, counting the soil there so barren, driven by an ambition beyond the imagination of staid, stodgy, normal Tawnleytown girls, she felt she must create opportunities where none were? She was very lovely, Harber tells me, in a fiery rose-red of the fairy-tale way; though even without beauty it needn't have been hard for her. Young blood is prone enough to adventure; the merest spark will set it akindle. I should like to have known that girl. She must have been very clever. Because, of course, she couldn't have foreseen, even by the surest instinct, the coincidence that brought Harber and Barton together. Yes, there is a coincidence in it. It's precisely upon that, you see, that Harber hangs his belief.

I wonder, too, how many of those argosies she sent out seeking the golden fleece returned to her? It's a fine point for speculation. If one only knew . . . ah, but it's pitiful how much one doesn't, and can't, know in this hard and complex world! Or was it merely that she tired of them and wanted to be rid of them? Or again, do I wrong her there, and were there no more than the two of them, and did she simply suffer a solitary revulsion of feeling, as Harber did? But no, I'm sure I'm right in supposing Barton and Harber to have been but two ventures out of many, two arrows out of a full quiver shot in the dark at the bull's-eye of fortune. And, by heaven, it was splendid shooting . . . even if none of the other arrows scored!

Harber tells me he was ripe for the thing without any encouragement to speak of. Tawnleytown was dull plodding for hot youth. Half hidden in the green of fir and oak and maple, slumberous with midsummer heat, it lay when he left it. Thickly powdered with the fine white dust of its own unpaven streets, dust that sent the inhabitants chronically sneezing and weeping and red-eyed about town, or sent them north to the lakes for exemption, dust that hung impalpably suspended in the still air and turned the sunsets to things of glorious rose and red and gold though there wasn't a single cloud or streamer in the sky to catch the light, dust that lay upon lawns and walks and houses in deep gray accumulation . . . precisely as if these were objects put away and never used and not disturbed until they were white with the inevitable powdery accretion that accompanies disuse. Indeed, he felt that way about Tawnleytown, as if it were a closed room of the world, a room of long ago, unused now, unimportant, forgotten.

So unquestionably he was ready enough to go. He had all the fine and far-flung dreams of surging youth. He peopled the world with his fancies, built castles on every high hill. He felt the urge of ambition fiercely stirring within him, latent power pulsing through him. What would you? Wasn't he young and in love?

For there had been, you must know, a good deal between them. What does one

do in these deadly dull little towns for amusement, when one is young and fain and restless? Harber tells me they walked the streets and shaded lanes in the dim green coolness of evening, lounged in the orchard hammock, drifted down the little river, past still pools, reed-bordered, under vaulting sycamores, over hurrying reaches fretted with pebbles, forgot everything except one another and their fancies, and made, as youth must, love. That was the programme complete, except for the talk, the fascinating, never-ending talk. Volumes on volumes of it —whole libraries of it.

So, under her veiled fostering, the feeling that he must leave Tawnleytown kept growing upon Harber until one evening it crystallized in decision.

It was on a Sunday. They had taken a lunch and climbed Bald Knob, a thousand feet above the town, late in the afternoon. The dying sun and the trees had given them a splendid symphony in black and gold, and had silenced them for a little. They sat looking down over the valley in which the well-known landmarks slowly grew dark and indistinguishable, and dim lights blossomed one after another. The sound of church bells rose faintly through the still air. The last pale light faded in the sky.

Harber and Janet sat in the long grass, their hearts stirring with the same urgent, inarticulate thoughts, their hands clasped together.

"Let's wait for Eighty-seven," she said.

Harber pressed her hand for reply.

In the mind of each of them Eighty-seven was the symbol of release from Tawnleytown, of freedom, of romance.

Presently a shifting light appeared in the east, a faint rumble became perceptible and increased. The swaying shaft of light intensified and a moment later the long-drawn poignancy of a chime-whistle blowing for the river-road crossing, exquisitely softened by distance, echoingly penetrated the still valley.

A streak of thunderous light swam into view and passed them, plunging into a gap in the west. The fire-box in the locomotive opened and flung a flood of light upon a swirling cloud of smoke. A sharp turn in the track, a weak blast of the whistle at the bridge-head, and the "Limited," disdaining contemptible Tawnleytown, had swept out of sight—into the world—at a mile to the minute.

"If I were on it," said Harber slowly.

Janet caught her breath sharply. "You're a man!" she said fiercely. "You could be—so easily!"

Harber was startled for a moment. Her kindling of his flame of adventure had been very subtle until now. Perhaps she hadn't been sure before to-day of her standing. But this afternoon, upon the still isolation of Bald Knob, there had been many kisses exchanged, and brave vows of undying love. And no doubt she felt certain of him now.

With Harber, however, the pathway had seemed leading otherwhere. He wasn't the sort of youth to kiss and ride away. And, discounting their adventurous talk, he had tacitly supposed that his course the last few weeks spelled the confinement of the four walls of a Tawnleytown cottage, the fetters of an early marriage. He had been fighting his mounting fever for the great world, and thinking, as the train sped by, that after all "home was best." It would be. It must be. So, if his fine dreams were the price he must pay for Janet, still he would pay them! And he was startled by her tone.

Her slim fingers tightened upon his.

"Why do you stay?" she cried passionately. "Why don't you go?"

"There's you," he began.

"Yes!" she exclaimed. "Oh, I'm selfish, maybe! I don't know! But it's as much for me as for you that I say it!"

Her words poured out tumultuously.

"Where are all our wonderful dreams—if you stay here? Gone aglimmering! Gone! I can't see them all go—I can't! Can you?"

Was he to have, then, both Janet and his dreams? His heart quickened. He leaned impulsively toward her.

She pushed his face away with her free hand.

"No—no! Wait till I'm through! We've always known we weren't like other Tawnleytown folk, haven't we, dear? We've always said that we wanted more out of life than they—that we wouldn't be content with half a loaf—



Drawn by Leslie Crump.

"Where are all our wonderful dreams—if you stay here?"—Page 286.

that we wanted the bravest adventures, the yellowest gold, the finest emotions, the greatest power! And if now . . .

"See those lights down there—so few—and so faint. We can't live out our lives there. Seventy-five dollars a month in the bank for you—and dull, deadly monotony for both of us—no dreams—no adventures—nothing big and fine! We can't be content with that! Why don't you go, John?

"Don't mind me—don't let me keep you—for as soon as you've won, you can come back to me—and then—we'll see the world together!"

"Janet—Janet!" said Harber, with pounding heart. "How do you know—that I'll win?"

"Ah," she said strangely, "I know! You can't fail—*I won't let you fail!*"

Harber caught her suddenly in his arms and kissed her as if it were to be his last token of her.

"I'm going then!" he whispered. "I'm going!"

"When?"

"There's no time to be lost!" he said, thinking fast. "If I had known that you were willing, that you would wait—if . . . Janet, I'm going to-morrow!"

Her arms tightened about him convulsively. "Promise me—promise me!" she demanded tensely, "that you'll never, never forget me—that you'll come back to me!"

Harber laughed in her face. "Janet," he said solemnly, "I'll never forget you. I'll come back to you. I'll come back—'though 'twere ten thousand mile!'"

And they walked home slowly, wrapt once more in their fascinating talk, fanning the flames of one another's desires, painting for their future the rich landscapes of paradise. Youth! Brave, hot youth!

The next day Harber contemptuously threw over his job in the bank and fared forth into the wide world that was calling.

Well, he went south, then east, then west, and west, and farther west. So far that presently, after three years, he found himself not west at all, but east—far east. There were between him and Janet Spencer now thousands on thousands of miles of vast heaving seas, and snow-capped mountain ranges, and limitless grassy plains.

Three years of drifting! You'd say, perhaps, knowing the frailty of vows, that the connection might have been lost. But it hadn't. Harber was but twenty-three. Faithfulness, too, comes easier then than later in life, when one has seen more of the world, when the fine patina of illusion has worn off. Besides, there was, I'm sure, a touch of genius about that girl, so that one wouldn't forget her easily, certainly not in three years. And then, you know, Harber had had her letters. Not many of them. Perhaps a dozen to the year. Pitifully few, but they were filled with a wonderful fascination against which the realities of his wandering life had been powerless to contend. Like a slender cable they bound him—they held him!

Well, he was in Sydney now, standing on the water-front, beneath a bright-blue Australian sky, watching the crinkling water in the Circular Quay as it lifted and fell mightily but easily, and seeing the black ships . . . ah, the ships! Those masterful, much more than human, entities that slipped about the great world nosing out, up dark-green tropical rivers, in black, fir-bound fjords, through the white ice-flows of the Arctics, all its romance, all its gold! Three years hadn't dulled the keen edge of his appetite for all that; rather had whetted it.

Nevertheless, as he stood there, he was thinking to himself that he must have done with wandering; the old saw that a rolling stone gathered no moss was cropping up sharply, warningly, in his mind. He had in the three years, however—and this is rather remarkable—accumulated about three thousand dollars. Three thousand dollars! Why, in this quarter of the world, three thousand dollars should be like three thousand of the scriptural mustard-seed—they should grow a veritable forest!

What was puzzling him, however, was where to plant the seed. He was to meet here a man who had a plan for planting in the islands. There were wild rumors afloat of the fortunes that could be made in rubber and vanilla out in the Papuan "Back Beyond." Harber was only half

inclined to believe them, perhaps; but half persuaded is well along the way.

He heard his name called, and, turning, he saw a man coming toward him with the rolling gait of the seaman. As he came closer, Harber observed the tawny beard, the sea-blue eyes surrounded by the fine wrinkles of humor, the neat black clothing, the polished boots, and, above all, the gold earrings that marked the man in his mind as Farringdon, the sea-captain who had been anxious to meet him.

Harber answered the captain's gleam of teeth with one of his own, and they turned their backs upon the water and went to Harber's room, where they could have their fill of talk undisturbed. Harber says they talked all that afternoon and evening, and well into the next morning, enthusiastically finding one another the veritable salt of the earth, honorable, level-headed, congenial, temperamentally fitted for exactly what they had in mind—partnership.

"How much can you put in?" asked Harber finally.

"Five hundred pounds," said the captain.

"I can match you," said Harber.

"Man, but that's fine!" cried the captain. "I've been looking for you—you, you know—*just you*—for the last two years! And when Pierson told me about you . . . why, it's luck, I say!"

It was luck for Harber, too. Farringdon, you see, knew precisely where he wanted to go, and he had his schooner, and he knew that part of the world, as we say, like a man knows his own buttons. Harber, then, was to manage the plantation; they were going to set out rubber, both Para and native, and try hemp and maybe coffee while they waited for the Haevia and the Ficus to yield. And Farringdon was ready to put the earnings from his schooner against Harber's wage as manager. The arrangement, you see, was ideal.

Skip seven years with me, please. Consider the plantation affair launched, carried on, and consummated. Farringdon and Harber have sold the rubber-trees as they neared bearing, and have sold them well. They're out of that now. In all likelihood, Harber thinks, permanently. For that seven years has seen other projects blossom. Harber, says Farringdon, has "the golden touch." There has been trading in the islands, and a short and fortunate little campaign on the stock-market through Sydney brokers, and there has been, more profitable than anything else, the salvaging of the Brent Interisland Company's steamer *Pailula* by Farringdon's schooner, in which Harber had purchased a half-interest; so the partners are, on the whole, rather well fixed. Harber might be rated at, perhaps, some forty thousand pounds, not counting his interest in the schooner.

One of Janet Spencer's argosies, then, its cargo laden, is ready to set sail for the hills of home. In short, Harber is now in one of the island ports of call, waiting for the steamer from Fiji. In six weeks he will be in Tawnleytown if all goes well.

It isn't, and yet it is, the same Harber. He's thirty now, lean and bronzed and very fit. He can turn a hundred tricks now where then he could turn one. The tropics have agreed with him. There seems to have been some subtle affinity between them, and he almost wishes that he weren't leaving them. He certainly wouldn't be, if it were not for Janet.

Yes, that slender thread has held him. Through ten years it has kept him faithful. He has eyed askance, ignored, even rebuffed, women. The letters, that still come, have turned the trick, perhaps, or some clinging to a faith that is inherent in him. Or sheer obstinacy? Forgive the cynicism. A little of each, no doubt. And then he hadn't often seen the right sort of women. I say that deliberately, because:

The night before the steamer was due there was a ball—yes, poor island exiles, they called it that!—and Harber, one of some thirty "Europeans" there, went to it, and on the very eve of safety . . .

The glare and the oily smell of the lanterns, the odor of jasmine, frangipanni, vanilla, and human beings sickeningly mingled in the heat, the jangling, out-of-tune music, the wearisome island gossip and chatter, drove him at length out into the night, down a black-shadowed pathway to the sea. The beach lay before him presently, gleaming like silver in the soft blue radiance of the jewelled night. As he stood there, lost in far memories, the mel-

low, lemon-colored lights from the commissioner's residence shone beautifully from the fronded palms and the faint wave of the waltzes of yesteryear became poignant and lovely, and the light trade-wind, clean here from the reek of lamps and clothing and human beings, vaguely tanged with the sea, blew upon him with a light, insistent pressure. Half dreaming, he heard the sharp sputter of a launch—bearing belated comers to the ball, no doubt—but he paid no attention to it. He may have been on the beach an hour before he turned to ascend to the town.

And just at the top of the slope he came upon a girl.

She hadn't perceived him, and she stood there, slim and graceful, the moonlight bright upon her rapt face, with her arms outstretched and her head flung back, in an attitude of utter abandonment. Harber felt his heart stir swiftly. He knew what she was feeling, as she looked out over the shimmering half-moon of harbor, across the moaning white feather of reef, out to the illimitable sea, and drank in the essence of the beauty of the night. Just so, at first, had it clutched him with the pain of ecstasy, and he had never forgotten it. There would be no voicing that feeling; it must ever remain inarticulate. Nor was the girl trying to voice it. Her exquisite pantomime alone spelled her delight in it and her surrender to it.

He saw at a glance that he didn't know her. She was "new" to the islands. Her clothes were evidence enough for that. There was a certain verve to them that spoke of a more sophisticated land. She might have been twenty-five, though she seemed younger. She was in filmy white from slipper to throat, and over her slender shoulders there drifted a gossamer banner of scarf, fluttering in the soft trade-wind. Harber was very close to see this, and still she hadn't observed him.

"Don't let me startle you, please!" he said, as he stepped from the shadow of the trumpet-flower bush that had hitherto concealed him.

Her arms came down slowly, her chin lowered; her pose, if you will, melted away. Her voice when she spoke was low and round and thrilled, and it sent an answering thrill through Harber.

"I'm mad!" she said. "Moon-mad—or tropic-mad. I didn't hear you. I was worshipping the night!"

"As I have been," said Harber, feeling a sudden pagan kinship with her mood.

She smiled, and her smile seemed the most precious thing in the world. "You, too? But it isn't new to you . . . and when the newness is gone every one—here at least—seems dead to it!"

"Sometimes I think it's always new," replied Harber. "And yet I've had years of it . . . but how did you know?"

"You're Mr. Harber, aren't you?"

"Yes. But——"

"Only that I knew you were here, having heard of you from the Tretheways, and I'd accounted for every one else. I couldn't stay inside because it seemed to me that it was wicked, when I had come so far for just this, to be inside stuffily dancing. One can dance all the rest of one's life in Michigan, you know! So ——"

"It's the better place to be—out here," said Harber abruptly. "Need we go in?"

"I don't know," she said doubtfully. "Maybe you can tell me. You see, I've promised some dances. What's the usage here? Dare I run away from them?"

"Oh, it might prove a three-day scandal if you did," said Harber. "But I know a bench off to the right, where it isn't likely you'll be found by any questing partner, and you needn't confess to having had a companion. Will you come and talk to me?"

"I'm a bird of passage," she answered, smiling, "and I've only to unfold my wings and fly away from the smoke of scandal. Yes, I'll come—if you won't talk—too much. You see, after all, I won't flatter you. It's the night I want, not talk . . . the wonderful night!"

But, of course, they did talk. She was an American girl, she told him, and had studied art a little, but would never be much of a painter. She had been teaching classes in a city high school in the Middle West, when suddenly life there seemed to have gone humdrum and stale. She had a little money saved, not much, but enough if she managed well, and she'd boldly resigned and determined, once at least before she was too old, to follow

spring around the world. She had almost given up the idea of painting now, but thought presently she might go in for writing, where, after all, perhaps, her real talent lay. She had gotten a letter of introduction in Suva to the Tretheways and she would be here until the next steamer after the morrow's.

These were the bare facts. Harber gave a good many more than he got, he told me, upon the theory that nothing so provoked confidence as giving it. He was a little mad himself that night, he admits, or else very, very sane. As you will about that. But, from the moment she began to talk, the thought started running through his head that there was fate in this meeting.

There was a sort of passionate fineness about her that caught and answered some instinct in Harber . . . and I'm afraid they talked more warmly than the length of their acquaintance justified, that they made one another half-promises, not definite, perhaps, but implied; promises that . . .

"I *must* go in," she said at last, reluctantly.

He knew that she must, and he made no attempt to gainsay her.

"You are going to America," she went on. "If you should——"

And just at that moment, Harber says, anything seemed possible to him, and he said eagerly: "Yes—if you will—I should like——"

How well they understood one another is evident from that. Neither had said it definitely, but each knew.

"Have you a piece of paper?" she asked.

Harber produced a pencil, and groped for something to write upon. All that his pockets yielded was a sealed envelope. He gave it to her.

She looked at it closely, and saw in the brilliant moonshine that it was sealed and stamped and addressed.

"I'll spoil it for mailing," she said.

"It doesn't matter," Harber told her ineptly. "Or you can write it lightly, and I'll erase it later."

There was a little silence. Then suddenly she laughed softly, and there was a tiny catch in her voice. "So that you can forget?" she said bravely. "No! I'll write it fast and hard . . . so that you can . . . never . . . forget!"

And she gave him first his pencil and envelope, and afterward her hand, which Harber held for a moment that seemed like an eternity and then let go. She went into the house, but Harber didn't follow her. He went off to his so-called hotel.

In his room, by the light of the kerosene-lamp, he took out the envelope and read what she had written. It was:

Vanessa Simola, Claridon, Michigan.

He turned over the envelope and looked at the address on the other side, in his own handwriting:

Miss Janet Spencer, Tawnleytown. . . .

And the envelope dropped from his nerveless fingers to the table.

Who shall say how love goes or comes? Its ways are a sacred, insoluble mystery, no less. But it had gone for Harber: and just as surely, though so suddenly, had it come! Yes, life had bitterly tricked him at last. She had sent him this girl . . . too late! The letter in the envelope was written to tell Janet Spencer that within six weeks he would be in Tawnleytown to claim her in marriage.

One must be single-minded like Harber to appreciate his terrible distress of mind. The facile infidelity of your ordinary mortal wasn't for Harber. No, he had sterner stuff in him.

Vanessa! The name seemed so beautiful . . . like the girl herself, like the things she had said. It was an Italian name. She had told him her people had come from Venice, though she was herself thoroughly a product of America. "So that you can never forget," she had said. Ah, it was the warm blood of Italy in her veins that had prompted that! An American girl wouldn't have said that!

He slit the envelope, letting the letter fall to the table, and put it in his pocket.

Yet why should he save it? He could never see her again, he knew. Vain had been those half-promises, those wholly lies, that his eyes and lips had given her. For there was Janet, with her prior promises. Ten years Janet had waited for him . . . ten years . . . and suddenly, aghast, he realized how long and how terrible the years are, how they can efface

memories and hopes and desires, and how cruelly they had dealt with him, though he had not realized it until this moment. Janet . . . why, actually, Janet was a stranger, he didn't know Janet any more! She was nothing but a frail phantom of recollection: the years had erased her! But this girl—warm, alluring, immediate . . .

No—no! It couldn't be.

So much will the force of an idea do for a man, you see. Because, of course, it could have been. He had only to destroy the letter that lay there before him, to wait on until the next sailing, to make continued love to Vanessa, and never to go to Tawnleytown again. There was little probability that Janet would come here for him. Ten years and ten thousand miles . . . despite all that he had vowed on Bald Knob that Sunday so long ago, wouldn't you have said that was barrier enough?

Why, so should I! But it wasn't.

For Harber took the letter and put it in a fresh envelope, and in the morning he went aboard the steamer without seeing the girl again . . . unless that bit of white standing near the top of the slope, as the ship churned the green harbor water heading out to sea, were she, waving.

But he kept the address she had written.

Why? He never could use it. Well, perhaps he didn't want to forget too soon, though it hurt him to remember. How many of us, after all, have some little memory like that, some intimate communion with romance, which we don't tell, but cling to? And perhaps the memory is better than the reality would have been. We imagine . . . but that again is cynical. Harber will never be that now. Let me tell you why.

It's because he hadn't been aboard ship on his crossing to Victoria twenty-four hours before he met Clay Barton.

Barton was rolled up in rugs, lying in a deck-chair, biting his teeth hard together to keep them from chattering, though the temperature was in the eighties, and most of the passengers in white. Barton appeared to be a man of forty, whereas he turned out to be in his early twenties. He was emaciated to an alarming degree and his complexion was of the pale, yellow-green that spoke of many recurrences of malaria. The signs were familiar to Harber.

He sat down beside Barton, and, as the other looked at him half a dozen times tentatively, he presently spoke to him.

"You've had a bad time of it, haven't you?"

"Terrible," said Barton frankly. "They say I'm convalescent now. I don't know. Look at me. What would you say?"

Harber shook his head.

Barton laughed bitterly. "Yes, I'm pretty bad," he agreed readily. And then, as he talked that day and the two following, he told Harber a good many things.

"I tell you, Harber," he said, "we'll do anything for money. Here I am—and I knew damned well it was killing me, too. And yet I stuck it out six months after I'd any earthly business to—just for a few extra hundreds."

"Where were you? What were you doing?" asked Harber.

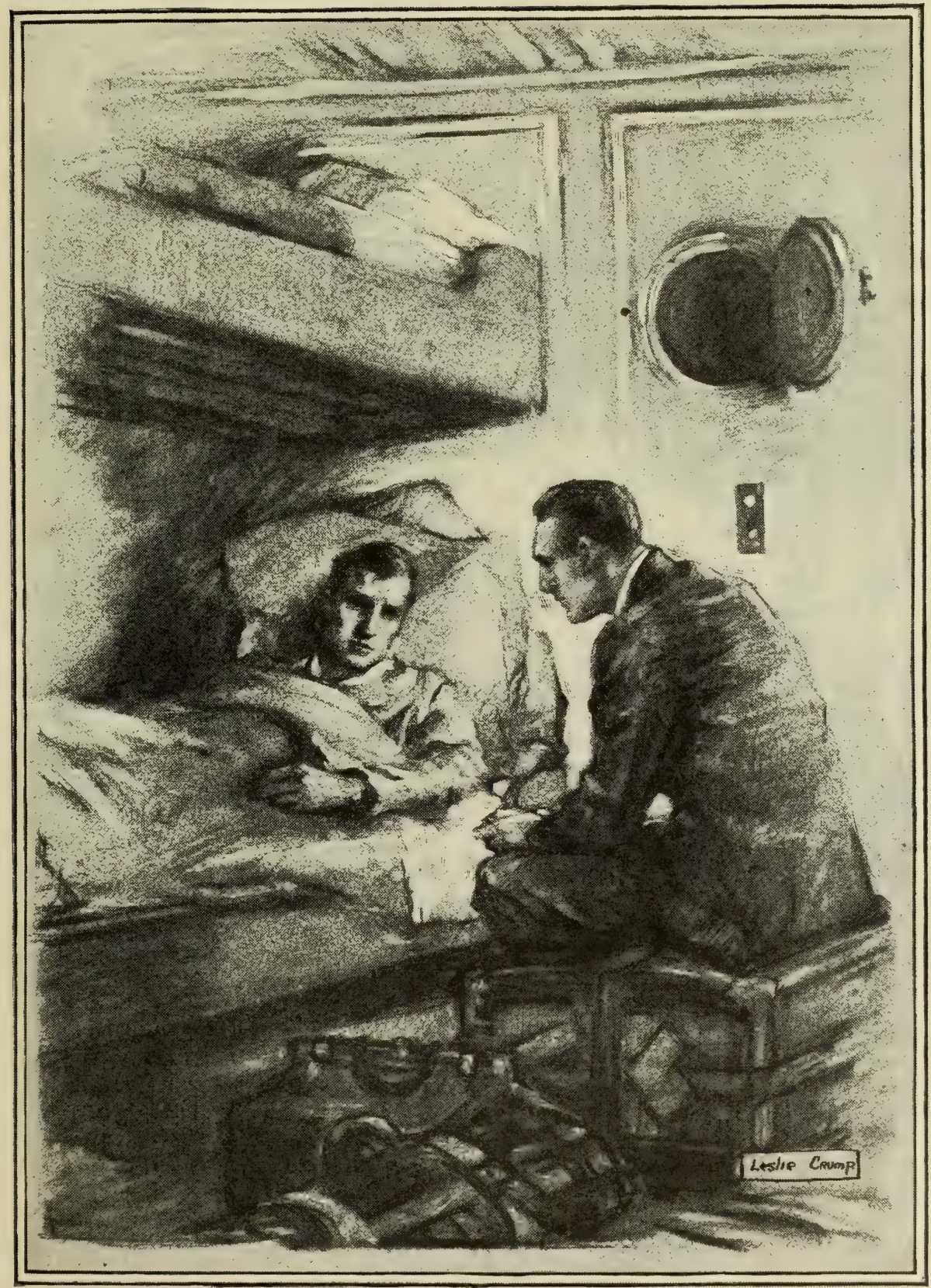
"Trading-post up a river in the Straits Settlements," said Barton. "A crazy business from the beginning—and yet I made money. Made it lots faster than I could have back home. Back there you're hedged about with too many rules. And competition's too keen. You go into some big corporation office at seventy-five a month, maybe, and unless you have luck you're years getting near anything worth having. And you've got to play politics, bootlick your boss—all that. So I got out.

"Went to California first, and got a place in an exporting firm in San Francisco. They sent me to Sydney and then to Fiji. After I'd been out for a while and got the hang of things, I cut loose from them.

"Then I got this last chance, and it looked mighty good—and I expect I've done for myself by it. Five years or a little better. That's how long I've lasted. Back home I'd have been good for thirty-five. A short life and a merry one, they say. Merry. Good God!"

He shook his head ironically.

"The root of all evil," he resumed after a little. "Well, but you've got to have



Drawn by Leslie Crump.

"We wanted—the bravest adventures—the yellowest gold—the . . ."—Page 295.

it—can't get along without it in *this* world. You've done well, you say?"

Harber nodded.

"Well, so should I have, if the cursed fever had let me alone. In another year or so I'd have been raking in the coin. And now here I am—busted—done—*fini*, as the French say. I burned the candle at both ends—and got just what was coming to me, I suppose. But how *could* I let go, just when everything was coming my way?"

"I know," said Harber. "But unless you can use it——"

"You're right there. Not much in it for me now. Still, the medicos say a cold winter back home will . . . I don't know. Sometimes I don't think I'll last to . . .

"Where's the use, you ask, Harber? You ask me right now, and I can't tell you. But if you'd asked me before I got like this, I could have told you quick enough. With some men, I suppose, it's just an acquisitive nature. With me, that didn't cut any figure. With me, it was a girl. I wanted to make the most I could for her in the shortest time. A girl . . . well . . ."

Harber nodded. "I understand. I came out for precisely the same reason myself," he remarked.

"You did?" said Barton, looking at him sadly. "Well, luck was with you, then. You look so—so damned fit! You can go back to her . . . while I . . . ain't it hell? Ain't it?" he demanded fiercely.

"Yes," admitted Harber, "it is. But at the same time, I'm not sure that anything's ever really lost. If she's worth while——"

Barton made a vehement sign of affirmation.

"Why, she'll be terribly sorry for you, but she won't *care*," concluded Harber. "I mean, she'll be waiting for you, and glad to have you coming home, so glad that . . ."

"Ah . . . yes. That's what . . . I haven't mentioned the fever in writing to her, you see. It will be a shock."

Harber, looking at him, thought that it would, indeed.

"I had a letter from her just before we sailed," went on the other, more cheerfully. "I'd like awfully, some time, to have you meet her. She's a wonderful girl—wonderful. She's clever. She's much cleverer than I am, really . . . about most things. When we get to Victoria, you must let me give you my address."

"Thanks," said Harber. "I'll be glad to have it."

That was the last Harber saw of him for five days. The weather had turned rough, and he supposed the poor fellow was seasick, and thought of him sympathetically, but let it rest there. Then, one evening after dinner, the steward came for him and said that Mr. Clay Barton wanted to see him. Harber followed to Barton's stateroom, which the sick man was occupying alone. In the passageway near the door, he met the ship's doctor.

"Mr. Harber?" said the doctor. "Your friend in there—I'm sorry to say—is——"

"I suspected as much," said Harber. "He knows it himself, I think."

"Does he?" said the doctor, obviously relieved. "Well, I hope that he'll live till we get him ashore. There's just a chance, of course, though his fever is very high now. He's quite lucid just now, and has been insisting upon seeing you. Later he mayn't be conscious. So——"

Harber nodded. "I'll go in."

Barton lay in his berth, still, terribly thin, and there were two pink patches of fever burning upon his cheek-bones. He opened his eyes with an infinite weariness as Harber entered the room, and achieved a smile.

"Hard luck, old fellow," said Harber, crossing to him.

"'S all *up!*" said Barton, grinning gamely. "I'm through. Asked 'em to send you in. Do something for me, Harber—tha's right, ain't it—Harber's your name?"

"Yes. What is it, Barton?"

Barton closed his eyes, then opened them again.

"Doggone memory—playin' tricks," he apologized faintly. "This, Harber. Black-leather case inside leather grip there—by the wall. Money in it—and letters. Everything goes—to the girl. Nobody else. I know you're straight. Take 'em to her?"

"Yes," said Harber.

"Good," said Barton. "All right, then! Been expecting this. All ready for it. Name—address—papers—all there. She'll have no trouble—getting money. Thanks, Harber." And after a pause, he added: "Better take it now—save trouble, you know."

Harber got the leather case from the grip and took it at once to his own stateroom.

When he returned, Barton seemed for the moment, with the commission off his mind, a little brighter.

"No end obliged, Harber," he murmured.

"All right," said Harber, "but ought you to talk?"

"Won't matter now," said Barton grimly. "Feel like talking now. Tomorrow may be—too late." And after another pause, he went on: "The fine dreams of youth—odd where they end, isn't it?

"This—and me—so different. So different! Failure. She was wise—but she didn't know everything. The world was too big—too hard for me. 'You can't fail,' she said, '*I won't let you fail!*' But you see——"

Harber's mind, slipping back down the years, with Barton, to his own parting, stopped with a jerk.

"What!" he exclaimed.

Barton seemed drifting, half conscious, half unconscious of what he was saying. He did not appear to have heard Harber's exclamation over the phrase so like that Janet had given him.

"We weren't like the rest," droned Barton. "No—we wanted more out of life than they did. We couldn't be content—with half a loaf. We wanted—the bravest adventures—the yellowest gold—the . . ."

Picture that scene, if you will. What would *you* have said? Harber saw leaping up before him, with terrible clarity, as if it were etched upon his mind, that night in Tawnleytown ten years before. It was as if Barton, in his semidelirium, were reading the words from *his* past!

"I won't let you fail! . . . half a loaf . . . the bravest adventures . . . the yellowest gold."

Incredible thing! That Barton and *his* girl should have stumbled upon so many of the phrases, the exact phrases! And suddenly full knowledge blinded Harber. . . . No! No! He spurned it. It couldn't be. And yet, he felt that if Barton were to utter one more phrase of those that Janet had said and, many, many times since, written to *him*, the impossible, the unbelievable, would be stark, unassailable fact.

He put his hand upon Barton's arm and gently pressed it.

"Barton," he said, "tell me—Janet—Tawnleytown?"

Barton stared with glassy, unseeing eyes for a moment; then his eyelids fell.

"The bravest adventures—the yellowest gold," he murmured. Then, so faintly as almost to baffle hearing: "Where—all—our—dreams? Gone—aglimmering. Gone."

That was all.

Impossible? No, just very, very improbable. But how, by its very improbability, it does take on the semblance of design! See by how slender a thread the thing hung, how every corner of the plan fitted. Just one slip Janet Spencer made; she let her thoughts and her words slip into a groove; she repeated herself. And how unerringly life had put her finger upon that clew! So reasoned Harber.

Well, if the indictment were true, there was proof to be had in Barton's leather case!

Harber, having called the doctor, went to his stateroom.

He opened the leather case. Inside a cover of yellow oiled silk he found first a certificate of deposit for three thousand pounds, and beneath it a packet of letters.

He unwrapped them.

And, though somehow he had known it without the proof, at the sight of them something caught at his heart with a clutch that made it seem to have stopped beating for a long time. For the sprawling script upon the letters was almost as familiar to him as his own. Slowly he reached down and took up the topmost letter, drew the thin shiny sheets from the envelope, fluttered them, dazed, and stared at the signature:

"Yours, my dearest lover,
JANET."

Just so had she signed *his* letters. It *was* Janet Spencer. Two of her argosies, each one laden with gold for her, had met in their courses, had sailed for a little together.

The first reasonable thought that came to Harber, when he was convinced of the authenticity of the miracle, was that he was free—free to go after the girl he loved, after Vanessa Simola. I think that if he could have done it, he'd have turned the steamer back to the Orient in that moment. The thought that the ship was plunging eastward through a waste of smashing heavy seas was maddening, no less!

He didn't want to see Janet or Tawnleytown, again. He did have, he told me, a fleeting desire to know just how many other ships Janet might have launched, but it wasn't strong enough to take him to see her. He sent her the papers and letters by registered mail under an assumed name.

And then he went to Claridon, Michigan, to learn of her people when Vanessa might be expected home. They told him she was on her way. So, fearing to miss her if he went seeking, he settled down there and stayed until she came. It was seven months of waiting he had . . . but it was worth it in the end.

And that was Harber's romance. Just an incredible coincidence, you say. I know it. I told Harber that. And Mrs. Harber.

And *she* said nothing at all, but looked at me inscrutably, with a flicker of scorn in her sea-gray eyes.

Harber smiled lazily and serenely, and leaned back in his chair, and replied in a superior tone: "My dear Sterne, things that are made in heaven—like my marriage—don't just happen. Can't you see that your stand simply brands you an unbeliever?"

And, of course, I *can* see it. And Harber may be right. I don't know. Does any one, I wonder?

THE PUDDLE

By Eden Phillpotts

I CURSED the puddle when I found
Unseeing I had walked therein,
Forgetting the uneven ground,
Because my eyes
Were on the skies,
To glean their glory and to win
The sunset's trembling ecstasies.

And then I marked the puddle's face,
When still and quiet grown again,
Was but concerned, as I, to trace
The wonder spread
Above its head,
And mark and mirror and contain
The gold and purple, rose and red.

We seek our goals; we climb our ways
With hearts inspired by radiant thought,
And hate the luckless wight who stays
The upward stream
Of vision's beam;
Nor guess that we have roughly wrought
A like hiatus in his dream.



Portrait Miss L.

SOME DRY-POINTS AND AN ETCHING BY WALTER TITTLE

THERE are few of the arts that have a greater popular appeal than etching. It is, first of all, an art of direct personal expression, and many famous painters and workers in other fields of artistic endeavor have turned aside to find in the etching-needle and the shining copper-plate an opportunity for the expression of either individual creations or transcripts from nature seen through the eye of the imagination.

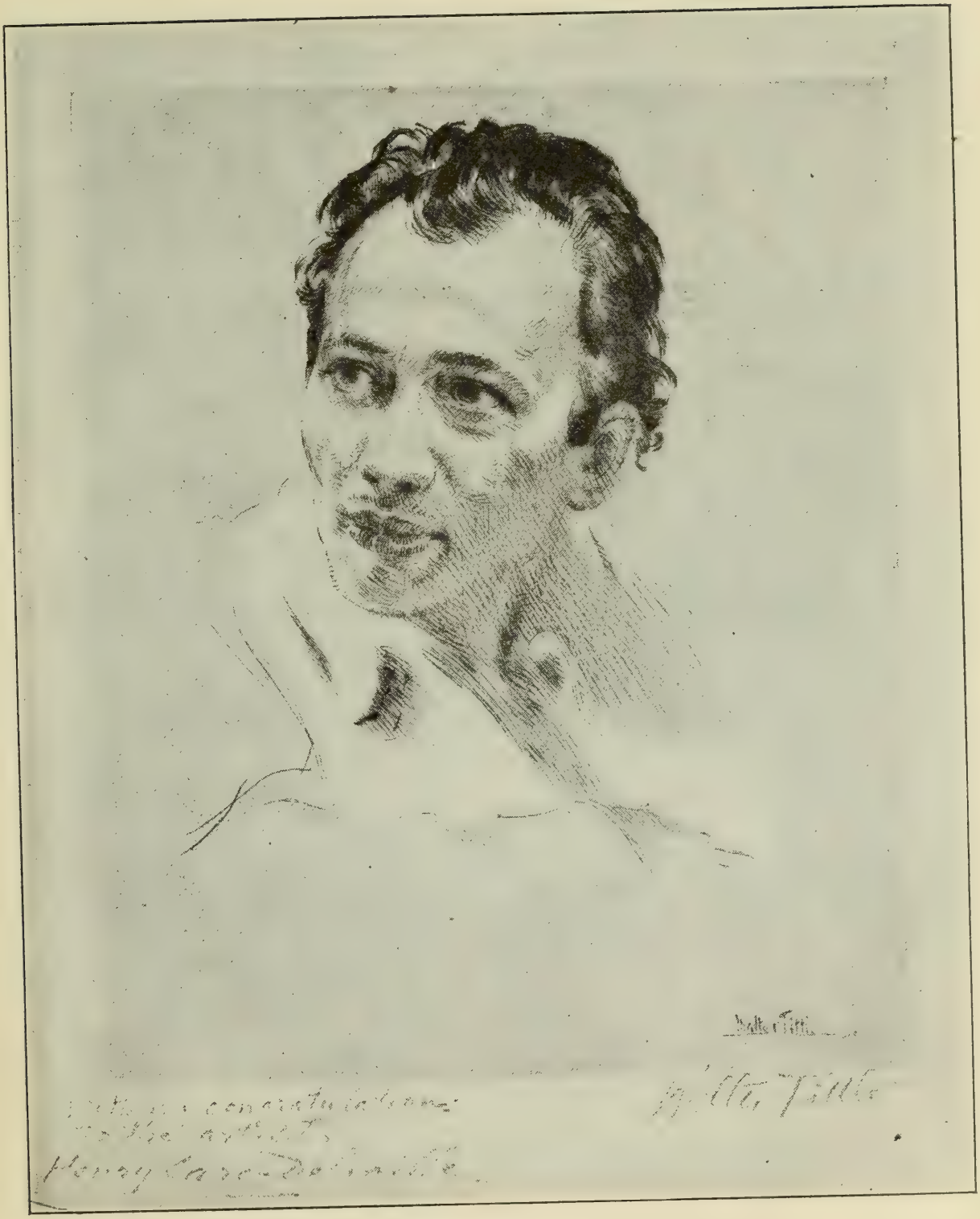
Etching has the delightful charm to the artist of many accidental effects. These are especially characteristic of the bitten line where the drawing of the artist is scratched in the surface through an etching ground that protects the copper everywhere from the acid except where these



Robert Henri.

scratches have been made. There are many unexpected things that may happen in a bitten plate, and every one at all interested or familiar with prints knows the significance of the word "states" as applied to many famous examples.

A less common use of the etching-needle and the copper-plate is in the process known as dry-point. Here there is no covering of the plate with a ground, or any use of acid—the picture is scratched directly into the copper. With this process, as will be readily understood, on each side of the line is thrown up a little ridge known to etchers as the "burr," and it is to this burr that the dry-point owes its special charm. There is a notable richness in the darks that reminds one of the



Henry Caro-Delvaille.

velvety black tones that are so characteristic of mezzotints.

Many workers in dry-point first make a sketch and then transfer this to copper by means of stencilling. In the series of portraits by Mr. Tittle, all dry-points but one, he has made his sketches directly on the copper from life. He says that the artist gains greatly by this directness in both spontaneity of expression and in truth to character. His portrait sketches are the result of two or three sittings of approximately two hours each.

To use the needle in this way calls for a thorough understanding of its possibilities as well as its limitations, a sureness of drawing, and a knowledge of the effect of every line. There is little of the



Meredith Nicholson.

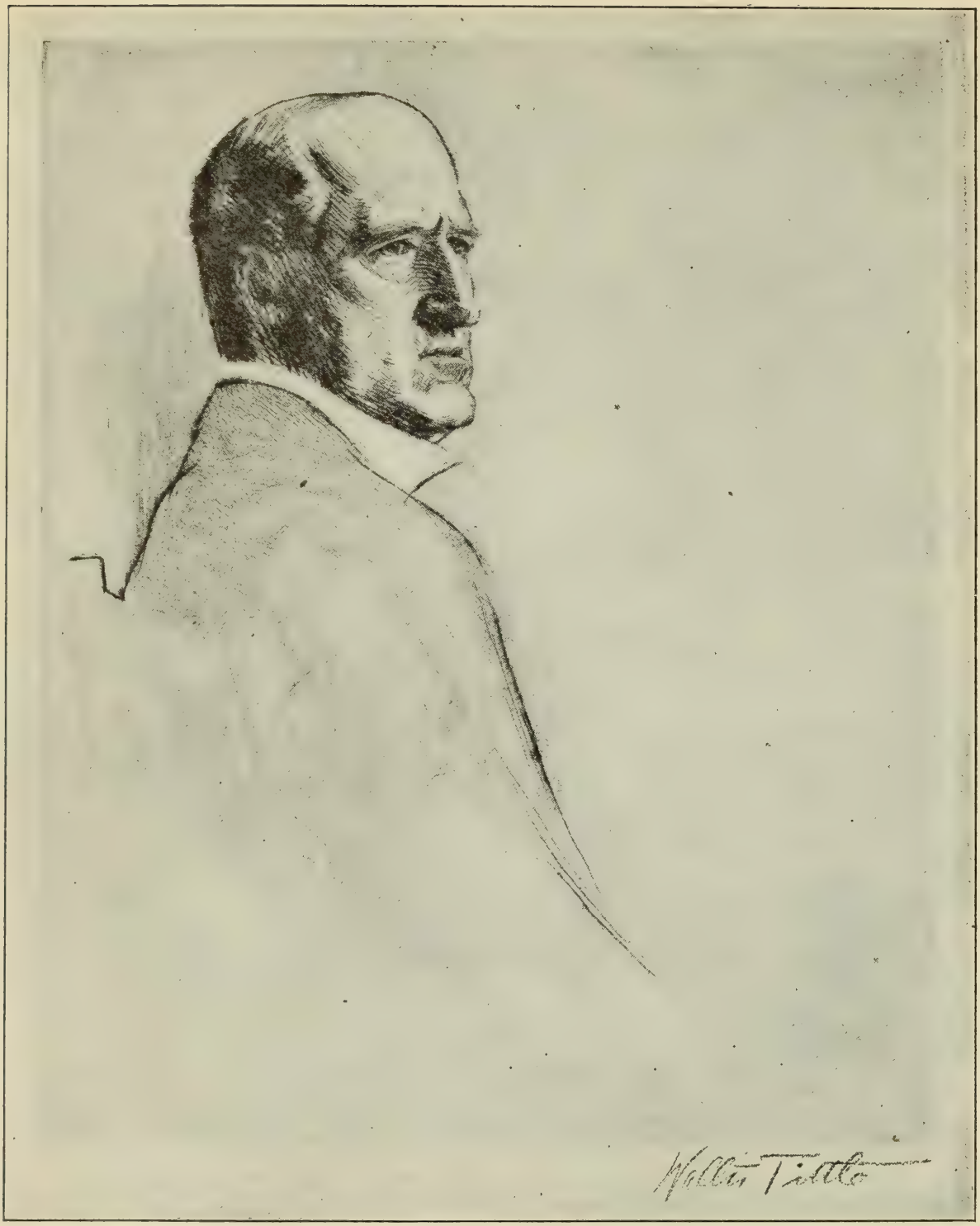
freedom of pen-and-ink drawing, and none of the flowing quality of the brush. As a matter of fact it is free-hand engraving on copper without the minuteness, precision, and insistence on the character of the line for its own sake that belong to line-engraving done with the burin. It is necessarily slow as compared with pencil, crayon, or pen, and greater care is required in choosing just the right line, for it is a somewhat laborious and tedious process to make corrections after the line is cut. There are ways, however, of modifying and altering the first impressions. Where the lines seem too heavily accented the burr may be reduced by burnishing, and an unnecessary line that destroys something



Nina.

of the delicacy of modelling can be entirely removed by rubbing the copper down with an ordinary honing-stone, then burnishing the surface. Trial proofs are made from the plate in its first state, and corrections made with them as guide.

A great deal of the charm of either a bitten plate or a dry-point is due to skilful printing—a thorough understanding of just the effects desired. Mr. Tittle does his own printing. He laid the foundation for his adventure into the etching field, as well as for the admirable work he has done as an illustrator and in painting, in the old Chase School of Art, under the teaching of Chase and Robert Henri. His pen-and-ink drawings and drawings in wash are known to readers of



Charles Dana Gibson.

this and other magazines, and some may remember that several of the illustrations that accompanied Mr. Meredith Nicholson's "The Valley of Democracy," were etchings.

There is a suggested similarity between the work of the pen-and-ink draftsman and the etcher, and yet the student will see a marked difference in technic. Mr. Tittle has made some seventy plates in all since he began etching several years ago, and they include landscapes as well as many portraits. He is now at work on a new series of portraits of well-known people of the stage. His paintings in oil have been exhibited in the National Academy, and his etchings were among others admitted for the first time to the



The Sun Hat.
An etching.

recent Academy Exhibit in the Brooklyn Institute.

The charm and vitality of the etching lies in suggestion; it is an art of leaving out non-essentials, and in using the line that expresses the feeling, temperament, and individuality of the artist.

The dry-point, with its opportunities for both boldness and delicacy of handling, is particularly well adapted for portraits, and the contrast between a vigorous masculine line and one of greater delicacy is well shown in these portraits by Mr. Tittle.

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO

By Joseph Collins
Author of "My Italian Year," "Idling in Italy," etc.

THE most conspicuous name in the annals of Italian literature of the generation now passing is that assumed by a child or a youth when the Voice first whispered to him that he had been chosen to announce the coming of a new era, to blaze the way for a new social and national life: Gabriele D'Annunzio.

He is said to have been born "somewhere in Italy," near Chieti in the Abruzzi or at Pescara in the Regno, the old kingdom of Naples, or on board ship in the Adriatic in 1863, or, as one cautious biographer puts it, "toward that date." One day of his infancy in Ferravilla-on-the-Sea suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind. From that moment the little Annunciator was filled with the gift of verbal expression. He enhanced the endowment by diligent study in the high school at Prato in Tuscany where he spent his boyhood. Thus did he acquire an unparalleled mastery of the Italian language. The gods of mythology, the Hellenic heroes and philosophers, the emperors and courtesans of Pagan Rome, were the loves of his infancy. After Carducci's "Odi Barbari" exploded his poetic magazine, he looked about to find a god and a Greek upon which to mould his conduct. The career of Dionysius offered a model ready-made and alluring, and the die was cast.

But he must have a philosophy as well. Heraclitus, whose name signifies "he who rails at the people," had formulated one that appealed to him. He taught that eternal flux and change is the only actuality; that all phenomena are in a state of continuous transition from non-existence to existence, and vice versa; that everything is and is not; that all things are and nothing remains; that all things must be reduced by way of quasi-condensation to the primary matter from which they originated. The process of quasi-reduction was to be preceded by purification through pleasure, and pleasure was to be obtained by stimulation of the senses. The more they were stimulated the greater became their potency for purification. When he looked about the world he found others had been seduced by Heraclitus. Nietzsche, whose activity preceded D'Annunzio's for a few years, was the most conspicuous exponent of the Eternal Recurrence. He too taught a master morality, a morality which says yea to life and nay to morals, rules, and conventions. Christianity is the moral code of slaves. Instinct is the true wisdom. The genesis instinct is the basis of all other instincts. Therefore cultivate it, for thus one becomes superman and begets a race of supermen.

No attempt will be made here to put an estimate upon D'Annunzio's conduct or his accomplishments of the past five years, save to say that they have been in keeping with his previous life.

Literary criticism is concerned with the genius of the writer and the way in which he makes that genius manifest. It is not concerned with the morals or immorality of his writing, and yet it has to take some cognizance of them, especially if they are at variance with that which is considered moral or approximately moral. No one who is a public figure or whose activities are concerned with the welfare of the public, whether it be their diversion, instruction, or protection, can comport himself in a way that is flagrantly offensive to the public without showing the effect of it in his writings. For instance, a writer produces a masterpiece of literature, one that has qualities of conception and construction that excite universal admiration. It has been written for one of three reasons or all of them. First, because the artist has it in him and he must externalize it, a creative craving that must be satisfied; second, he has a purpose in doing it, he wants to amuse, amaze, or instruct people; third, he wants to gain fame or money. If he is utterly oblivious to the latter two,

his writings may be as immoral or unrighteous as he wishes to make them. If the public does not wish to read them, they need not; and if they consider them injurious to others whose mental capacity does not enable them to judge whether they are proper or injurious, they may be suppressed. If, however, the writer is animated to production by either of the last two motives he must be reconciled to having an estimate made of his work not only from the point of view of literary criticism but from the point of view of the fitness of his works for literary consumption. That is, he must be reconciled with attempts to estimate whether or not the world would not have been better off without his works.

Gabriele D'Annunzio, it is generally admitted, is the most consummate master of Italian verse now living. His prose writings show that he is not a literary craftsman of the first order, but he has understood that art rises out of our primal nature and that art is instinctive. He has sung the praises of sensualism as they never have been sung in modern times, and he has panoplied the preliminaries to love's embrace with garlands made of flowers of forced blooming, artificially perfumed and colored so that the average human being does not recognize them as products of nature. He has preached and practised a moral code the antithesis of Christianity, and yet no one has sought seriously to save his soul.

In truth, D'Annunzio had tired the world of him. When he went to Paris it seemed to be content that he should disappear in that maelstrom as it had been that a contemporary, sensuous ego-centrist should disappear when he left Reading Gaol; but D'Annunzio must enter upon the final stage of his mission from the gods, and the Great War gave him the opportunity.

Although so long a conspicuous figure in the public eye, he has managed to keep certain layers of the mantle of mystery about him so closely that little is known of his origin or of the forces that contributed to the making and development of his extraordinary career. It is confidently stated by those who claim to know him that he is a Jew, but he is not claimed by Hebrew writers who are proud of enrolling Bergson and Brandes, Spinoza and Strauss, in their list. Vainly offering his life for Italy, he is not somatically, mentally, or emotionally an Italian. Knowing her history, her traditions, and her reactions as few of her sons have known them, until the war he had not sung her virtues or mirrored her wondrous accomplishments of nation-building. His face has steadily been turned, not toward the east, where the sun of her glory is arising, but toward the west, where he has revelled in the resurrected glows of sunsets of Pagan and Renaissance days. He has treated his friends disdainfully when it suited his whim; he has meted out contumely to his adulators when it pleased his fancy; he has disdained those who have accused him; he has passed unnoticed those who have sought to belittle him, and he has gone among his superiors as if he were their king. He has been called everything save Philistine and fool. He has been called the greatest literary figure of modern Italy, and it is likely that he merits it.

He is a poet, novelist, dramatist, journalist, politician, critic, propagandist, prophet, aviator, hero, dictator, and self-constituted arbiter of Italy's destinies.

Neither his peer nor his superior has ever denied him a rare imagination, an artistic intelligence of extraordinary range, depth, and exquisiteness, a stupendous versatility and productiveness, a tireless energy, a fearless daring, and a supreme contempt for the feelings, beliefs, and accomplishments of others.

There is no dearth of evidence to show that he was a precocious child and a youth of prodigious intellectual acumen and prehensileness, of boundless self-confidence, and fathomless ego-centrism. His first collection of verse, "Primo Vere" (First Truths), was published when he was fifteen years old, and two years later he published a second edition "corrected with pen and fire and augmented." From the beginning it was pointed out by critic and commentator that he plagiarized line and verse from poets of Italy—Niccolo Tommaseo, Giosue Carducci—and of other countries, but if the accusations made any impression upon him it was not evidenced in his future conduct, for later he took from Verga and Capuana, from

Nietzsche and Tolstoy, from Maeterlinck and Flaubert, from Ibsen and Dostoievsky, and from countless others that which it pleased him to take.

His fame in Italy as a poet was heralded by the poet Giuseppi Chiarini, who published an article which did for him what Octave Mirabeau's article in the *Figaro* of August 24, 1890, did for Maeterlinck. Before he had reached his maturity he was hailed as the coming poet whose originality was admirable, whose sensuality was shocking but acceptable, whose versatility was marvellous. There is nothing morbid, decadent, or blatant in his early poems. In the "Canto Novo" published in 1882 he displayed the torridity of his temperament, the splendor of his imagination, the ardency of his loves, and the implacability of his hatreds. It swept like a fire over Italy. It was a lyric of the joy of life, "the immense joy of living, of being strong, of being young, of biting with eager teeth the fruits of the earth, of looking with flaming eyes upon the divine face of the world as a lover looks upon his mistress." It was followed in quick succession by "Terra Vergine," "The Intermezzo di Rime," and "Il libro delle Vergini," which enhanced his reputation and caused the Italians to hail him intemperately.

He then went to Rome and began work as a journalist, but this did not interfere with his output of poetry, and by 1892, when he began publishing romances, he had established by the publication of "Isaotta Guttadauro," the "Elegie romane," and the "Odi navali" a reputation with the people of being the most appealing, most satisfying, poet in Italy, and the critics were not at all sure he would not surpass Carducci, who was then considered Italy's greatest poet, and whose fame has steadily increased.

His fame as a poet being established to his own satisfaction, he turned to the field of romance, and in the next five years (1893–1898) there flowed from the printing-presses a series of romances that veritably flooded literary Italy: "Il Piacere," "L'Innocente," "Giovanni Episcopo," "Il Trionfo della Morte," "Le Vergini delle Rocce," "Forse che si forse che no," and the "Novelle della Pescara." They had a quality that is not easily characterized by word or brief description. They were "sensuous," "decadent," "daring," "shocking," "brilliant." They were modelled on Flaubert, Prevost, Huysmans; they were saturated with the philosophy of Nietzsche, the psychology of Ibsen, the mysticism of Maeterlinck, the morality of Petronius; they reek of Wilde and Verlaine; they are the glorification of pagan ethics; they are apotheosis of lust. But they were read, discussed, admired, praised, not only in Italy but the world over. I doubt that praise was ever given so lavishly, so widely, and so unjustifiably as was given to this series of romances which to-day, a generation after their publication, are a constant reminder of the wayward step which Italian literature took at the end of the nineteenth century.

In these volumes the author showed that he had a marvellous capacity to depict states of exalted sensibility; that he had an extraordinary, almost superhuman sensitiveness to beauty as it is revealed in nature and in art; that he had a clairvoyant knowledge of the activity of the unconscious mind of human beings, and how it conditions their behavior under circumstances and environments fortuitous or chosen; in other words until it is revealed to them behavioristically; that he had a comprehensive familiarity with plastic and pictorial art; an intimacy with ancient history and modern literature that was stupendous and withal a capacity to externalize his visions, his emotional elaboration, and his mental content in words so linked together that the very juxtaposition of them is a pleasure to the eye and a satisfaction to the mind.

But that which he knew best of all was the history of eroticism. Not only was he familiar with its ancestry to the remotest time, but he had guarded its infant days with such solicitude that he knew every impression that worldly contact made upon its plastic consciousness, and when it got its growth he set to work to ornament it so that contact with it would be the apogee of all beauty, intimacy with it the purpose of all ambition, the object of all strife.

There are features of his romances that cannot be adequately praised; there are

features that cannot be sufficiently condemned. A poem that contains no particular thought may excite our profoundest admiration just as does a papier-mâché triumphal arch or monument, but a romance or novel depicts some phase or aspect of life, reveals man's aspirations or accomplishments, his behaviors and reactions under certain conditions, reflects his nobilities, depicts his frailties, and extols his ambitions, and what he would like to do, experience, and accomplish. In a general way it is expected that it shall be tuned to an ethical pitch that will not give offense to the man of average morality or outrage universally accepted and acceptable convention. The most successful horticulturist in the world would find no market for his roses even though they were more exquisite than those of all other florists should he impregnate them with a scent obtained from the Mustelidæ. But D'Annunzio was conscious of no such law. He revels in all kinds of perverted emotions. Unspeakable relationships which the clean-thinking northern mind refuses even to contemplate form the theme of many of his books. In the English translations of his romances these things have been largely expurgated, but in some of them, as in "L'Innocente," for example, they cannot be expurgated, for they do not occur as instances, they are the atmosphere, the essence, of the book. It narrates the conduct of a man who having wedded a superior woman of great intellectual charm and bodily attractions yields to the temptations of the life of dissipation in which he had distinguished himself previous to an ideal matrimony and a contented paternity. He realizes that his digressions are scandalous and that their frequent deliberate repetitions justify his wife in living apart from him, though her love, being beyond control, still continues. They agree to live with each other as brother and sister. The moment he succeeds in placing her in his soul as his sister an irresistible impulse seizes him to have possession of her, and the burden of the book is a description of the seduction of his own wife, who in the new covenant is his sister. He meanwhile, with consummate art, has described in the first chapter as the only true love the love that exists between brother and sister, his apostrophe of it having been called forth by recalling the sister whom death had fortunately removed.

Before he has accomplished her seduction he has precipitated her in a vulgar adventure with his own brother, a pattern of all the virtues. It is a part of his consummate art to create circumstantial evidence that will tend to put the paternity of her child upon a fellow author who in other days had been civil and courteous to his wife, and had sent a copy of his latest book with an enigmatical inscription on the fly-leaf, but in reality he succeeds in creating an atmosphere from which one senses with readiness that the real father is his brother. The book in so far as it is concerned with the nobility of Giuliana, the sweetness of life in the country, the lovability of her mother and her children, the way in which her emotions and thought after the advent of the child are shaped that she may grow to hate it as he hates it, as well as the mental elaborations that justify him in seeking to destroy it and the accomplishment of it, are done in a way that shows the author to be not only intimately familiar with the workings of the normal human mind but with the depraved human mind.

From the beginning of his literary career D'Annunzio was at no pains to conceal that he was the model from which he painted his heroes. He conceived himself a superman long before he began to write romances, and I am not one of those who believe that he got his conception from Nietzsche. He got it from the same indescribable source that that unbalanced monster of materialism got his. Its roots, if they could be traced back to the days of the Hebrew prophets, would be found to have their germinal sprouts in some descendant of Samuel or David.

D'Annunzio's romances are a mixture of materialism, sensualism, and pessimism reduced in a pagan mortar to a homogeneous consistency and then skilfully admixed with honey so that it is acceptable to the Christian palate, but once it has got beyond the taste-buds of the tongue, once it is taken into the system, its poisonous, corroding, and destructive qualities become operative. I doubt if D'Annunzio ever wrote a word or line in

his plays or romances that any one was the better for having read or heard, and by better I mean that he added to his spiritual possessions, to his inherent nobility, or to his aspirations for a moral perfection, one iota. I doubt if any normal human being, normal physically, mentally, and spiritually, can read "Il Piacere" without feeling ill and humiliated, not because of the picture that the author draws of himself in the guise of Andrea Sperelli, this finished expert in the employments of love, nor of Donna Maria, nor of the woman more infernally expert in those matters, nor the score of other characters which he paints with a master-hand, but because of the way in which he draws his bow across the overtaut strings of sensuousness until they scream and wail in frenzied fashion and then finally burst asunder. The way in which he makes an appeal to his perverted sensuality through vicarious and over stimulation of the senses with which he was endowed for self-conservation and self-preservation, the senses of smell and sight and touch and hearing, is in itself a perversion. He stimulates them until they shriek for mercy or for immersion in some benumbing balm. The true pervert is he who puts out of proportion and out of perspective the sources of æsthetic emanation and who concentrates them upon the percipient apparatus of one or other of the senses so that it may be excited to a frenzied activity.

Like Nietzsche, D'Annunzio looks upon women as creatures of an inferior race, instruments of pleasure and procreation who were created to serve. When they no longer are amusing, useful, or serviceable, they are to be brushed aside and with the same *sang-froid* as one would put aside an automobile that had broken down, worn out, or become its "corpo non è più giovane," as he kept saying of Foscarina in "Il Fuoco," who belonged to him "like the thing one holds in his fist, like the ring on one's finger, like a glove, like a garment, like a word that may be spoken or not, like a draft that may be drunk or poured on the ground." In "Vergina della Rocce" he expounds the theory that inequality is the essence of the state, and in this book as well as in "Il Trionfo della Morte" we find all the passion of language and of sentiment that one finds in Nietzsche.

In his "Life of Cola di Rienzo," D'Annunzio again took occasion to lampoon and traduce the common people, describing them as the great beast which must be crushed and annihilated. "Il Trionfo della Morte" is the very essence of Heraclitan philosophy and Dionysian ethics. The hero, who is a paragon of knowledge, which he displays for the reader's edification, meets the young and pretty wife of a business man who bores her. He is successful finally in persuading her to pass a few weeks with him in his villa by the sea. Then the reader gets a description of the gradual hatred that develops in him the outgrowth of his subjection of her. "Every human soul carries in it for love a definite quality of sensitive force. This quality is used up with time, and when it is used up no effort can prevent love from ceasing." But, unlike the animal when he is satiated, he is not content with driving her from him, he must needs mete out the same fate to her that he did to the infant in "Il Piacere," so he lures her to the edge of a sea-cliff and hurls her into space. "She would in death become for me matter of thought, pure ideality; from a precarious and imperfect existence she would enter into an existence complete and definite, forsaking forever the infirmities of her weak, luxurious flesh. Destroy to possess. There is no other way for him who seeks the absolute in love."

The reader yields to the enchantment of his style, to the seductiveness of his lyrism, to the intoxications of his descriptions of beauty; and the critic and fellow writer to his mastery of technic and consummate mastery of behavioristic psychology. From the critics' point of view "The Triumph of Death" and "The Fire" are the high-water marks of D'Annunzio as a stylist, and they mark his completest moral dissolution.

In "Il Fuoco" we get the same ethics, philosophy, æsthetics, and glorification of sensuousness that we get in all his other books. Here the two leading characters are exact replicas of himself and of the world's greatest actress of her day portrayed in an environment, Venice, that is

redolent of beauty in decay like a crushed Grecian vase overfilled with withered rose-leaves which fall from it at every puff of wind. This environment makes an ideal palette upon which he blends the colors whose pigments he has been selecting and experimenting with for a quarter of a century. The publication of it promoted his voluntary exile from Italy. His fellow countrymen could not condone the monstrous offense of depicting therein their beloved actress. And they have not yet forgiven him, nor are they likely to do so.

After D'Annunzio had established a reputation as a neoromanticist with a classical tendency he turned to drama, and the year 1897 marks his advent into that field. His first efforts, three one-act parables, "The Foolish Virgins and the Wise Virgins," "The Rich Man and Poor Lazarus," and "The Prodigal Son," were published in the *Mattino* of Naples, a newspaper controlled by the husband of his friend and fellow writer, Matilda Serao. They are noteworthy merely to show the way in which a sensuous pagan can transform simple characters into decadent, perverted proselyters of pleasure. It was not until he wrote "The Dream of a Spring Morning" and "The Dream of an Autumn Sunset" that he displayed the same measure of lascivious imagery and capacity for description of the perverse manifestations of eroticism that he revealed in his romances.

In "La Città Morta," his most successful drama, his purpose was to revive in form, structure, and unity the Greek drama, and he took occasion also to display his knowledge of the classics and archæology. The philosophy and mysticism of the play he got from Maeterlinck. The thought is poetic, the diction graceful, but the theme is of the sort abhorrent to the Anglo-Saxon mind.

His next play, "La Gioconda," is an exposition of the exemption which D'Annunzio thinks the artist of his own superman caliber should have from conforming to the laws of state or custom. The contention is a simple one. He should do anything that he pleases, which means give himself over to the pleasure of the senses and the appetites until the indulgence is followed by satiety, and thus his progress toward perfection through gratification of desires will be accomplished.

The two dramas of D'Annunzio which are best known to the English-speaking public are "La Figlia d'Jorio" and "Francesca da Rimini." "The Daughter of Jorio" is a tragedy laid in the mountains of Abruzzi. D'Annunzio knows the customs, habits, and traditions of the shepherds and mountaineers, their superstitions and emotions, as he knows art, archæology, and eroticism.

In "Francesca da Rimini," an historical play filled with erudite archæological details, he displays a knowledge of the thirteenth century and of the customs of the time which has never been excelled save by historical writers. It is a picture of war and bloodshed, of treachery and accusation. The central theme is the love of Francesca and Paolo. They may be taken as the typical human beings of the thirteenth-century Italy, fond of luxury and beautiful things, but savage in their reactions. Perhaps Francesca is one of the best feminine figures that D'Annunzio has ever drawn.

In 1904 there appeared two volumes entitled "Praises of the Sky, the Sea, the Earth, and of Heroes." After that period his tragedies, "The Light Under the Bushel," "The Ship," "Fedra," and "The Mystery of San Sebastian," appeared in French, and soon he adopted France as his home, having previously published a spiritual autobiography of 8,400 lines entitled "Laus Vitæ," in which he summarizes the motives of his past and lays the basis of his new inspiration.

D'Annunzio's war poems have all been inspired with the belief that Italy's future lies on the sea. It is much to be regretted that they have not yet been collected into a single volume. When it is done he will not unlikely be recognized as the most meritorious of Pindar's descendants. Undoubtedly he will want them to be the conspicuous, permanent wreath on his tomb. The Libyan war inspired him to the production of his noblest war poetry: "Canzoni della Gesta d'Oltremare" (Songs of Achievements across the Sea).

In the "Canzoni di Mario Bianco" he foresaw the beginning of a new era for Italy, and he forecast the aspirations and

promises of the third Italy. His "Canzone del quarnaro" describes the raid of the three Italian torpedo-boats on the Buccari, a few miles to the southeast of Fiume. It is short and forceful. The introductory "beffa" describes the raid in detail. D'Annunzio is inordinately fond of using Christian imagery and he reverts to it here in the distribution of his little tricolor flags, which has a mystic import. "It is a true eucharistic sacrament, the closest and most complete communion of the spirit with beautiful Italy. There is no need of consecrating words; the tricolor wafer was converted through our faith into the living beauty of our country. We are purified, we are sundered from the shore and from our daily habits, separated from the land and all vulgar cares, from our homes and from all useless idleness, from profane love and all base desires, we are immune from the thought of return."

The "Cantico per l'ottava della Vitoria" is a wish fulfilment for him. As the boat enters the quarnaro and runs up the coast of Istria it is for D'Annunzio the guarantor of the Treaty of London, and he sees all the cities and islands of this coast restored to Italy, and these cities and all the places hallowed by the war join in the pæan of triumph.

In "Songs of Achievements Across the Sea," D'Annunzio established an incontestable claim to be the great inspiring poet, even the prophet of his generation in Italy, and he produced work which has not been surpassed, but he was still the poet only, singer of the deeds of others, in which he had no share himself. The contrast between his pretensions and his achievements made the affectations of his early years appear ridiculous to many people and tended to obscure the true value of his work. He was still seeking, and the years that followed in Paris showed that he had discovered no new world to explore, but when Italy joined the Allies he suddenly found himself. All the brooding sense of incomplete achievement of other days vanished in a moment. The speeches and addresses that he delivered between May 4 and 25, 1915, showed that he had been preparing for what he knew would be "The Day" for him.

D'Annunzio is a poet who abounds in lyrical ecstasies. His style is the most remarkable thing about him. He describes armor, architecture, archæology, like an expert. He knows the dramatic point of view. He knows how to depict dramatic situations. His personages are all living personages. He is concerned with the neurotic, decadent, hectic, temperamental type of human beings. All his characters have a love of beauty. He is the true decadent of the nineteenth-century literature, to which the decadent French symbolists cannot hold a candle.

The last books of D'Annunzio illustrating his new attitude toward life are "La Leda senza-cigno" (Leda Without the Swan), "Per la più grande Italia" (For Greater Italy), "La beffa di Buccari" (Buccari's Joke), "La riscossa" (The Rescue), "Bestetti e Tuminelli" (Italy and Death), "Contro uno e Contro Tutti" (Against One and Against All), and a series of volumes under the title of "The Archives of Icarus" which are all concerned with incidents in the Great War.

It is too soon to attempt to guess the pedestal that posterity will allot Gabriele D'Annunzio in the Gallery of Fame. The committee that will do it will estimate his qualifications of lyric poet and Hellenic dramatist—perhaps as warrior.

It was widely believed in Italy in 1917 and 1918 that from the evening of May 4, 1915, when D'Annunzio addressed a meeting at Quadro to commemorate Garibaldi's departure with his faithful thousand to deliver Sicily and Naples from the Bourbon yoke, and from the day when he addressed an admiring, enthusiastic audience in the Costanza Theatre in Rome, and later went with the enormous crowd to ring the bell of the Campodoglio, the signal was given for the declaration of war against Austria and Germany.

After he had sucked the luscious orange of Italy dry and eaten of its pomegranates to satiety; after he had exhausted sensation in the search for sensation and he could no longer hope for stimulation from vision, from image, from sound, from color; when the nets of Eros were so lacerated and worn from having been dragged upon the rocks and crags of life; when Italian food, though appetizingly spiced and washed down

with rare vintage of the Castelli Romani, would no longer nourish him, he abandoned his native land and went to France. His writings there were like those of a man who is dominated by a dementia following protracted delirium, and as he emerged from this dementia he published a pietistic piece called "Contemplation of Death." It seems to have been suggested to him by the death of the poet Pascoli, for whom he professed admiration, but more particularly by Adolfo Bermond, whom he had met after he went to France, and who apparently had been able to depict the beauties of humility so that they were recognizable to D'Annunzio. In his fatigued, emotional, and enfeebled mental state he asked himself whether humility was not more desirable than pride, love not stronger than hate, spiritual aristocracy more ennobling than aristocracy of blood, of money, of brain, of privilege. In this state of mock humility he wrote: "I always feel above me the presence of the sacrifice of Christ. I see now that the glory of my life is not in the beauty of my possessions. I have never felt so miserable and at the same time so powerful. Never since I lived have I had within me an instinct, a need, so deep and so storming. I am aware that a part of my being, maybe the best part, is deeply asleep within me." But soon this spiritual awakening was throttled by the influence of Nietzsche. "What will become of me if I surrender wholly to the Saviour? Surely I want the world to know if in my life, filled with base instincts, there comes the moment of changing. Even if my glory be destroyed, I will not be a prisoner to the worse that speaks within me." It was from that hour that he decided to be the Garibaldi of the third Italy. He would then be another Gabriel standing in the presence of God and sent to speak to them and show them glad tidings.

It was a similar awakement that D'Annunzio had when he went to Rome in the early '90's. Perhaps it was before that time that he encountered "L'Ornement Des Noces Spirituelles de Ruysbroeck l'Admirable" and later "La Sagesse et la Destinée," and he absorbed some of its æsthetic mysticism. He realized that it was another variety of search for wisdom because it is happiness, and he began to portray it in his poetry and tragedies. The day came when the conduct of a corrupt people in a decadent fictitious world no longer sufficed to divert him; having drunk from the poisoned springs of lust not only to satiety but to disgust, he, like his prototype of Huysmans's creation, "des Esseintes," must hide himself away far from the world, in some retreat where he might deaden the sound of the loud rumblings of inflexible life, as one covers the street with straw for sick people. This retreat was Paris, and there we must leave him making scenic plays and erudite verse for a Russian ballerina, and working out his destiny in contemplation of death, and in planning the selection of warriors for Valhalla.

We are not concerned with his conduct or with his morals. We are concerned with his activities to divert and instruct us, and the influence that his efforts had upon the people of his time. He wrote artistically perfect novels. His poetry is the highest form of lyric expression. He made his dramas the revivification of the elements of Greek tragedy. He strove to prove that Eros was unconquerable by priest, sage, or warrior. Now, with the world in ferment, they are his only earnest for our acceptation of his assurance that he can shape the fate of Italy more acceptably than its statesmen.

LINKS

By Leonard Hatch

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FLORENCE MINARD

"WE meet to-night as usual, Comrade Levin!"

Hardly more than a whisper, the remark percolated through the tangled thicket of beard covering the lower face of a gigantic Slav who was wheeling a truck full of zinc disks past Levin Livotski.

Levin Livotski merely nodded, without looking up. Indeed, the huge Magaroff's customary, almost stereotyped air of mystery always bored Levin a little. He knew that the usual meeting was to take place that night. He knew also that Magaroff was perfectly well aware that he knew. Therefore the conspirator's air of the big bearded man struck him somehow as a little over-melodramatic, though Levin had never heard that word and wouldn't have known what it meant anyhow. If Levin had been able to put into words the feeling he had in his starved and groping brain, he would have told you that getting together with his fellow-workers to discuss their mutual problems and the vital things of life was too sacred to be referred to with that sort of sibilant aside, like one con man tipping off his pal.

So Levin merely grunted sourly and went on with his work like an automaton. All about him the myriad machines, manned by myriad workers like himself, shrilled and clattered and clanged and snarled in a deep bass diapason shot through with a million metallic falsettos. The Hector Truck Company did things on a big scale. They counted their output, not by dozens and scores, but by hundreds and thousands.

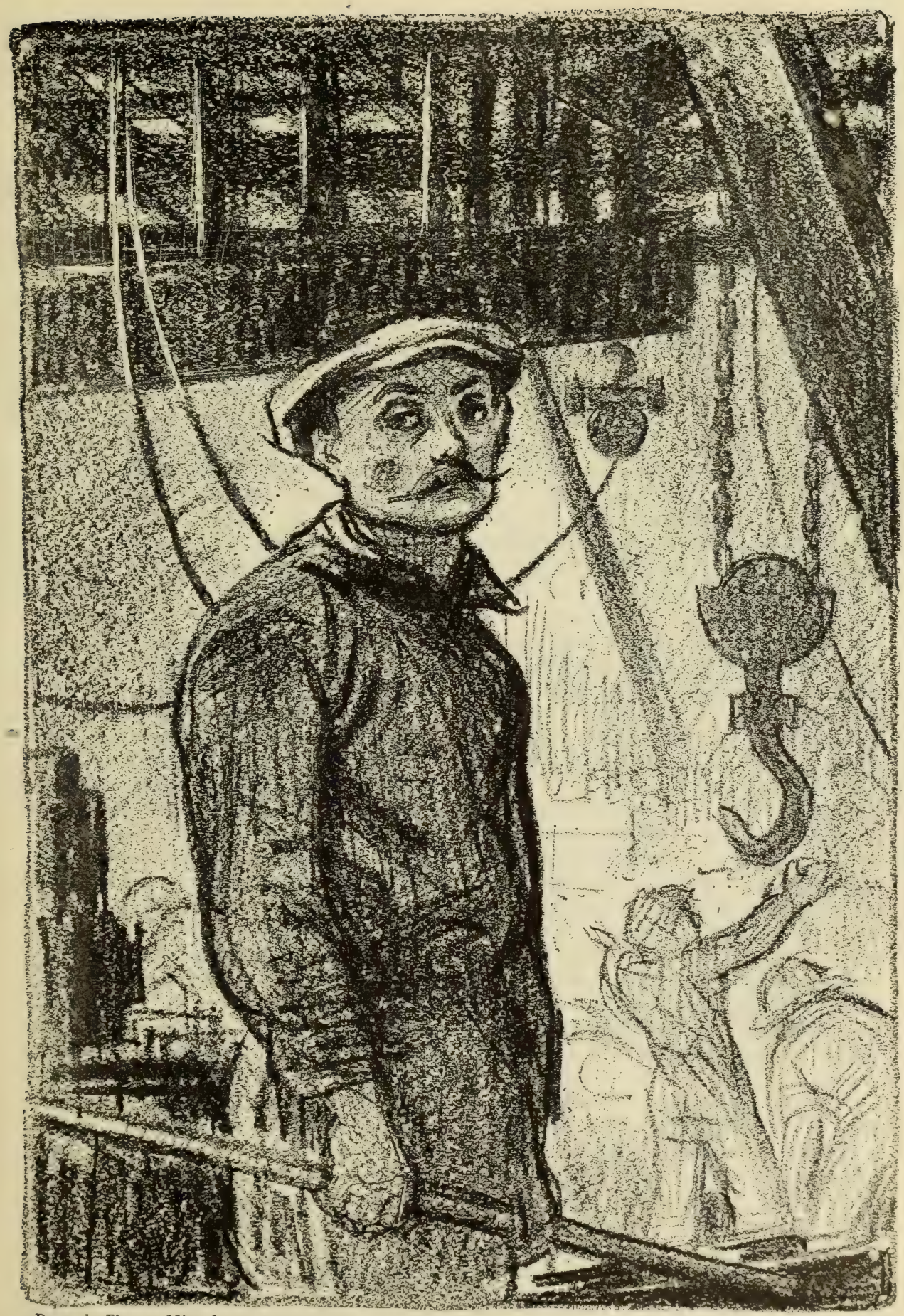
And in all these hundreds and thousands Levin had a share. It consisted in the welding of one steel link which gave just so many fractions of an inch play where demanded and then held firm. That link was a vital part in every Hector truck which had gone out from the plant. Levin had been welding their unconquerable stanchness into each ever since the earliest models had been perfected. Yet to him they signified nothing but the endless routine of Monday to Saturday.

And not merely endless, but meaningless routine. Routine that, as the months had rolled their courses into years, had brewed a bitterness in the soul of Levin Livotski. It had been six years ago that he had come from Russia. He had learned English. But he had never been naturalized. Nor had he married and raised a family. He had few friends, few ties of any sort save the ties of toil.

And as he worked year after year, he had done a deal of thinking. In spite of being an elementary and primitive animal organism, Levin had in him a generous dash of the cloister philosopher. He had grown into the way of pondering over what he considered the utter meaninglessness to himself of his work. What significance did he have in America? How did he count in the social fabric of this adopted land of his? How—in short—did he count at all?

Such was the bitter cud of his ruminations, both in the thunder of the factory and during long summer evenings when he hung about down-town pool-rooms or on the steps of his boarding-house. And far from reaching solutions of any sort, his thoughts had led him into warped and maze-like channels.

Small wonder he was easy meat for the octopus of false radicalism. It had been at the suggestion of a fellow-worker that he had gone one evening to a meeting where poison was ladled out as Truth. That evening was stamped ineffaceably on Levin's mind. The chief speaker had a curiously impotent and flaccid mouth, but an eye which smouldered and roved. Roved, yet bored whenever it settled. And it happened to settle on Levin as the eager, innocent, receptive son of the Slavs



Drawn by Florence Minard.

Meaningless routine had brewed a bitterness in the soul of Levin Livotski.—Page 312.

sat there leaning forward and gaping up at the professional malcontent as he mouthed and snarled his rubber-stamp phrases against all employers and theirs in particular.

"While we grind away the best part of our lives, sweating drops of blood," he rasped, "what are they doing? They're marketing the things we make. They-'re selling them for bags of gold. They're buying jewels and riding round in cars with silver and gold trimmings. And they're laughing at us, at us slaves, behind our backs, laughing because we're such fools. Fools because we give—give—eternally give, and never get anything back in return but a paltry wage.

"They crack the whip while we make all the luxuries of life for them. Did you—a single one of you—ever profit in any way by the things you turn out? No. Do these things you manufacture ever do *you* the slightest good? No."

He paused rhetorically. To Levin that seemed the vital point, the very pith of the whole situation. The fact that no one answered swung the scales for him. That gleaming eye and the orotund falsities masked as truths galvanized Levin from a listener to a convert. The speaker's words were as flashes of lightning to one who gropes.

Thereafter Levin missed no meeting. And his problems were transformed little by little to bitterness and animosity—especially toward that very company which gave him his pay envelope every week for his part in making the Hector truck.

After the third meeting Levin carried away in an inside pocket a blood-red card which stated that Levin Livotski belonged to the comradeship of Communal Workers.

The meetings became a fixture in Levin's life. Gradually he grew more and more the enthusiast, finally the fanatic whose eyes are fixed upon the fair vision of a roseate new era. From the evening when he was first called a slave, he came to believe that he was one. He made new acquaintances, new friends. And almost every evening found him listening to fluent lies. Meanwhile, over and over in his brain, there surged, like an inescapable refrain, the words:

"Do the things you manufacture ever do *you* the slightest good?"

And over and over the same answer assailed him: that those links he welded for the Hector truck meant nothing in his life.

So the winter passed. And the meetings became more outspoken, the imported speakers more venomous, as time went on. But their bitterness was no greater than that in Levin's heart.

It was because he was going anyhow, not because the thick-bearded Magaroff had advised it, that Levin Livotski shuffled along through the clear, star-garnished night toward the hall where their meetings were held. As he passed the freight-yards near his destination a stocky man in a stiff hat eyed him fixedly. But at the time that meant nothing to Levin.

In fact, he had forgotten all about it by the time he was seated in the ill-ventilated, second-story room where the meeting was held. The room was jammed from platform to rear wall with the flotsam and jetsam of a score of countries. There were big bearded men like Magaroff, with lowering brows and hands which seemed all knuckles. There were men who merely needed a leader to conduct them from one chronic grudge to another. There were phlegmatic men. And, not least numerous, there were high-strung men like Levin, wistful men, men with stifled souls which would have expanded had they but known how.

All these were packed in together there, arguing, commenting, snarling, cursing, or silent—in the reeking haze of threescore cigars and pipes. The room was so stuffy from the tobacco and oil lamps that Levin had seated himself at the side of the room beside a window which was a few inches open.

There was a new speaker to-night, and he began tearing up by the roots the nation with all its government, its social organization and its legal checks and balances. National habits, creeds, aspirations—all were lashed with hifalutin oratory and made to walk the plank. Levin Livotski sat enraptured as the speaker thrummed acrid variations on his theme. Levin was informed over and over that he was not being given a fair

chance to work with and for all his fellow countrymen.

Surely, thought Levin, that was the truth, if ever there was such a thing.

And then, just as the speaker took one final fling at the impotence of the government, the government itself entered.

It entered silently and swiftly, led by the man with the derby whom Levin had vaguely noticed on the street. It entered a dozen strong. It entered behind the barrels of drawn revolvers. It entered not to rebut or palaver, but to act. The speaker slunk from the rostrum. The crowd leaped up, many of them on their chairs.

All but Levin. As the audience came to its feet, he dropped to his hands and knees, so as to be effectually concealed from the officers at the door. Then, in the instant at his disposal, he slid his body through the window behind him. It was swiftly and nimbly done, and unobserved by the officers.

Outside the window, and just beside it, Levin discovered a water-spout leading from roof to ground. Clutching this, he tried to clamber down its eighteen feet. And he might have made it, too, for his fingers were like steel. But as he was half-way down, the spout became unjointed and shot him down to the earth with a crash.

On the instant an officer, who was stationed outside for just such attempted getaways, came running up. But Levin gave the official such a nicely timed and sturdy shove that in stepping back he tripped and fell. Before he could recover Levin had leaped away into the darkness.

He ran silently and swiftly, at first unnerved and without purpose, then instinctively turning his footsteps toward the railroad yards. Once there, he stopped and listened. All was quiet behind him. But he knew that the officers were picking up his comrades. And he had the fear that when the whistle of the Hector truck works blew in the morning, officers would be waiting at the gate to take him as he entered.

That decided him. Stealthily he crept along into the jungle of freight-cars. Once he caught his toe in a switch-bar and fell heavily, wrenching his leg so that he walked with a limp. But he edged his way deeper and deeper into the maze of cars, around them, alongside them, crawling under them. And finally he reached a train that was just being made up and ready to pull out. Never pausing to consider the wherefore or whither, he climbed up and perched between two of the cars, clinging to the brake-rod. And hardly was he there before the train began to move, winding its way slowly out of the labyrinth, and faster and faster on into the night.

It was an unusually warm night for winter time, else Levin must surely have frozen. But as it was, he clung there like a leaf in the crotch of a tree. And as he clung, he hummed under his breath the words and music of the song of discontent which he had chanted among his comrades earlier that evening.

It would have been better for him to have kept his mouth shut, for a brakeman passing along on top of the train heard above the roar of the wheels the wavering notes of the song rising from one of the dark canyons between cars. That brakeman noted the location of those cars in the train. And when daylight came and the engine stopped for water at a tank out in the country, the brakeman went forward and proceeded to kick Levin off the train, quite unemotionally and deftly.

And when the train trundled away, it left Levin Livotski all alone there at the edge of the track. In the dim light of morning he could see neither house nor village in his vicinity. But off toward the north he detected a persistent sibilant murmur. It appeared to belong to the animal kingdom somehow or other. So Levin turned his footsteps in that direction.

The sound grew clearer and clearer as he approached it, limping his way along. And by the time it was fully light he came up with the noise.

It rose from a hundred small shacks and wire enclosures. Mysterious as it had been from afar, it was no longer perplexing to Levin when he came out upon a knoll overlooking this poultry farm at just the identical moment that the golden sun made the morning glorious. Acres of wire enclosures behind which pullet and bantam, Plymouth Rock and Rhode

Island Red, scurry voraciously about, have never been accounted either an inspiring or a poetic spectacle. Yet so different was it from the murky smoke and vapor and turmoil of his usual morning environment, that it sent a curious thrill through the heart of Levin Livotski. Of course, he had known that there were such places, just as he had known that there were places where the wheat grew which went into bread, and other places where beeves were raised. But that he—Levin Livotski—whose sphere in life was to weld one sort of link time after time, and to carry in his pocket a card of the Communal Workers—that he should be limping along through that sunlit morning, past these acres of feathered creatures—well, it was like a scene in the movies.

Yet he was happy, despite his wrenched leg, as he plodded toward the great farmhouse he could see a quarter of a mile away.

A half-hour later he was telling his story to Homer B. Trask, the man who owned all that farm. Trask was a big, upstanding man with a clear and kindly eye and a booming voice. He was successful in producing eggs and broilers for precisely the same reasons that he would have been successful in producing mushrooms, overalls, or telescope lenses if he had switched his activities into those channels. As it was, he knew his farm as an invalid knows the pattern on his wall-paper. There was hardly a square yard of it that he did not traverse every day. In fact, he was once heard to remark that he gauged the success of any year by the number of shoes he could wear out in that year.

You can readily see why Levin had no difficulty in getting an audience—and a job. But Levin was not communicative on the way he got his limp, or, indeed, on what he had been doing. He merely said he had come from the city and knew machinery a little. Whereupon Trask had looked him over shrewdly and set him to work in helping stretch new wire for new enclosures. At which he made good from the start.

And if Levin marvelled at his employer at the outset, he marvelled still more as the days went on. For Trask, as he happened by, would stop and talk to him, which was quite foreign to all Levin's experience or understanding.

Indeed, it was on the second day he was there that Levin got a brand-new thrill, but not from his boss. To be sure, Trask happened to be standing beside him when it occurred, but the sudden quickening of Levin's pulse was due to the fact that some reels of new wire were deposited beside them by a big Hector truck. The Slav gaped. He knew that carloads of trucks left the factory for all over the world, but his imagination went no further. He had never visualized one of these trucks outside the environment of the city where they were made.

"Yours?" he asked Trask.

"Sure," the farmer made answer. "Wouldn't think of using any other truck but the Hector."

Levin fairly beamed. The light of proprietary interest leaped into his eyes. "I made him," said he, as one would say, "I made the sun, moon, and stars."

It was Trask's turn to stare. "You made it?" he repeated in bewilderment.

Levin nodded and went over to the truck. "Sure," he continued, "not all of it, but most important part," he remarked, more naïvely than with braggadocio. Down onto his knees he flopped in the road and peered up under to where his link should be—*his* link. Yes, it was there, no longer glistening as when it left his hands, but still very much on the job. He beamed again. It was literally the first time he had ever looked at his handiwork outside the factory.

Homer Trask saw the lay of the land, and—half in curiosity, half in amusement—led him on. Levin, nothing loath, went into a long monologue about the link, how it was made, its specific purpose, and how well it served that purpose. Before he knew it, Levin was the artist, boldly proclaiming the merit of his art. Had he been in the Sales Department of the Hector Truck instead of a mere factory hand, he could not have sung the praises of the truck more eloquently or with more personal enthusiasm.

Trask could not help wondering how an artisan with so much pride in his handicraft should leave it to stretch chicken

netting. But he asked nothing. He knew a good worker when he saw one, and thanked his luck.

Meanwhile the days passed on out of February, the bottle-neck of the winter, and occasionally a mild, sunshiny day would hint of the coming spring. Such days made Levin restless. He thought at first that it was because he missed the radical powwows at night. And it occurred to him to try to make converts out of his "fellow-workers" on the farm. The old rubber-stamp phrases still ran glibly off his tongue. But when he tried out young Dick Sprague with some remarks about bondage, Dick thought Levin was trying to sell him one of his old Liberty Bonds.

"Nothin' doin'," said he. "I've got three of my own, and I've a mind to sell them and get a motor-cycle."

Levin gave him up as an ignoramus. But he had little better luck with George West, a grizzled old countryman who had spent almost his entire life inside a fifty-mile circumference.

"Don't you realize you're a slave?" began Levin one day.

"Sure I am," said old George. "Always have been. But say—ain't ol' man Trask a damn fine feller to work for?"

Upon which Levin decided that this was stony soil for proselyting. He dropped it. Yet he was not without a haunting suspicion that his failure to impress Dick Sprague and old George was perhaps not altogether due to their lack of receptivity. Somehow the old feverish discontent within him had cooled, though he tried to fan it to its former flame. But the serenity of the country was stealing surreptitiously into his soul, seeping through and through him. The breath of April, the calm sunrise and sunset, the incredible silence of the nights, all these had a reassuring and sedative effect on him.

His work was altogether outdoors, with the single exception of one occasion when Trask had to set him to helping mark eggs. For many years it had been a whim of Trask's to mark his name in indelible purple ink upon each egg in a number of choice crates which he shipped every day. His business had passed the stage where it needed the stimulus of this publicity, but he kept up the old practice for sentiment's sake.

But Levin, naturally enough, had no pleasure in that kind of dainty-fingered work. He was glad to get back to his fence-posts and meshed wire. The country had endowed him with such restless vigor that only labor which gave him that comfortable slackness of muscle when nightfall came, could appease him.

That thrill when he saw the Hector truck—his truck—for the first time, was not repeated. Nevertheless, every time he caught sight of the truck on its round of daily routine tasks—chiefly that of carrying egg-crates to the Junction—he got the most curious sensation of somehow being responsible for its sturdy service. As it wound its way off with a load of crates for shipment, or came careening homeward ready for a new cargo, he felt an impression akin to paternal pride. It worried him a little to feel that way. Here was a Hector, a truck which he had assisted in building, obviously helping in Trask's business. In that sense his handiwork was serving Trask, the "damn fine feller." Yet only a few weeks ago it had been laid down to Levin by those strident, gesticulating speakers as an absolute law that to work in the Hector plant was to be a useless slave, serving only to swell the already swollen bank-accounts of the company's officials.

And here was a seeming contradiction of this, demonstrated afresh before his eyes every day. The work he had done beside the roaring forges was now aiding Trask to carry on a successful business. There was something queer about this, something that failed to dovetail with the speeches he had thought so convincing. He mulled and mulled over it with his childlike brain. The only decision he could arrive at was that those radical orators hadn't understood very well that these trucks were a good many of them bought by men like Trask—good fellows, not a bit tyrannical, deserving of the kind of first-rate service which a truck like the Hector could give them.

He decided that some time in the future, when he heard one of his favorite speakers, he would buttonhole him after the meeting and explain to him about Trask and what a fine fellow he was. He would

tell the orator that at least the "tyrants" should be given credit when they did anything so praiseworthy as to provide trucks for men like that.

But he had not forgotten that stinging question which had first converted him: "Do the things you manufacture ever do *you* the slightest good?" And he had to admit to himself that the answer was still "No."

Nevertheless, he became obsessed with a desire to discuss the matter with Trask. And one day, when the opportunity came, he poured out the whole story: how he worked on Hector trucks for a lot of tyrants, how he did the work while they got the big money, how the radicals had shown him the light and given him a ticket admitting him to the Communal Workers, how he had slipped through the coils of a government raid, and, finally, how he had come to Trask's farm.

Trask took it all in in silence, with no signs of interest or emotion except an occasional grunt or the relighting of his pipe. And he did not speak for some time after Levin was through. Then he pointed to the nearest group of fowls and boomed:

"See those chickens!"

"Yes."

"I'm a tyrant over 'em, eh? They're slaves to me, aren't they?"

"Yes," faltered the Russian.

"No, they're not—anything of the sort," roared Trask, louder than before. "They've got a certain gift—accomplishment—call it anything you like. It's layin' eggs. They do that job—do it well. And all I do is to see that those eggs move along to where they're wanted. If I make some money out of 'em, it's a fifty-fifty proposition, for they make their board an' lodging out o' me. And we're both of us working for others and for ourselves at the same time.

"That's the way you were working before you went and got yourself pie-eyed on a lot of hot air from a bunch who don't know a motor-truck from a bowl of spinach. Why, you poor fried carrot, as a worker nowadays my chickens can give you big and little casino and five aces, and then lick you."

Levin defended himself. "Until a month ago I had made that big link on every truck."

"Sure you had. You were the real succotash then. You were as big as any man in the company. The trucks you helped make carried clothes and food to your fellow citizens. Those trucks brought food and clothes to you."

Levin interrupted vehemently. "Never. I always carried my own clothes back from the store. And no food ever came to me on a truck. I eat at Felsener's boarding-house."

Trask gave it up. There's nothing else to do when arguing with a literalist. But he shot a final round:

"Go back. Do your job. You're fired from here, anyhow. And remember this: We're all in the game together, here in America. When you do your job, and do it right, and stop worrying for fear somebody else is a tyrant, you help the men below you, and the men with you, and the men above you. And they help you. And you help yourself.

"'S I've said, I'm firin' you, because you're not doing your real job here with me. But, just the same, if you go back to work you an' me are partners. Try it on, son; do your job, keep things moving, and you'll find you're an active partner with every man in this whole country. As long as we all pull together, we'll make the grade. An', by Jasper, *when* we all pull together in this country, there ain't any grade we *can't* make."

So Levin Livotski went back, somewhat awed by the thunderbolts of Trask, a little chastened in spirit, but still rebellious at heart.

No Vice-Presidents met him at the factory gate with outstretched hands and a beaming welcome to tell him that in reality he was their partner. No Sales Manager greeted him with the tidings that their dealers across the country had been clamoring for his return. No Factory Manager fell on his neck and told him that his pay was to be doubled. The world doesn't wag that way. Instead, the foreman of his shop department objurgated him roundly and told him that he was being taken back on his old job only because the new man on it was no good. In short, his welcome was no welcome at all, merely a new clock number.

The only special cordiality he met was



Nora would tell him that "he had a face as long as Shamus Patch the day they told him he was to be hanged."—Page 320.

from the remnants of the shattered group of Communal Workers. They hailed him as one more member of their depleted band. They still held meetings, but nowadays Magaroff's secrecy was warranted. In spite of Trask's fulminations and his own doubts, Levin attended these meetings. But something was wrong. The old-time invective and venom were there, but they left him cold. He was in the meetings, but not of them. Nevertheless, he was no backslider. He believed in the doctrines propounded and the dynamic projects for a new era. And he should continue so to believe as long as no proof ever seemed to reach him that the work he did day by day played any direct part in his life. Even Trask became but a hazy memory.

Indeed, from his former fanaticism he now drifted into an almost worse cold inertia and state of indifference to everything.

Until—the third Saturday in May.

On that day Levin Livotski was walking alone and glum through a public park on the outskirts of the city. The pathway on which he walked was sunk about eight feet below the boulevard which ran parallel to it. It was a busy road, filled with the unceasing onrush of passenger-cars, motor-cycles, and trucks.

Ahead of Levin was walking a young woman. She was quietly dressed and he could not see her face, but something about the steady swing of her stride made him look with admiration. And then, in a flash, came a shout from the roadway above and the thunder of wheels and machinery. A huge Hector truck, loaded with massive packing-cases, was rushing down the roadway beyond all

control. (It later turned out that the man who was driving it had stopped to sample a friend's home-made brew, and that had totally incapacitated him for driving purposes.) The runaway truck rushed down a grade in the road. The road curved just at the point above where the girl with the swinging stride was walking. The vast machine could not make the turn, kept straight ahead, and crashed into a stout tree just above where the girl walked.

Levin stared with horror, though it was not till later in the day that he realized just what happened and what missed happening. At the moment all he thought of was the fear that the body of the truck would be torn from the chassis by the impact. In which case the crates and boxes must inevitably have been hurled down upon the girl. But—though he did not realize at that time that the truck was a Hector—all the strain of that impact failed to snap the steel link which he had fastened into place months before. It had held, and that fact had prevented the fatal tilting of the truck floor which would have precipitated the boxes down upon the girl. It had held, and a life had been saved.

Levin sprang to the girl expecting to have her collapse. It is true that she was quivering, but instead of some stereotyped expression of terror wrung from her lips, he heard a rippling Galway brogue say, "Shurely, 'tis wan sad thing that the lapin' baste should so set upon a young gurl what has done it no manner of harrm."

He led her to the nearest bench. After she was seated and he was about to pass on, came the soft purling flow of speech again: "You must be an American, to be so in a hurry."

Whereupon he had paused and lingered. And before he knew it he was sitting beside her. And also before he knew it he was explaining to her his part in making the truck that had threatened her, intimating with not too great subtlety, that had he done his work less well the collapse of the truck might inevitably have meant her death.

And it was within a fortnight, and on that very bench, that he realized what the incident had brought into his life.

Nora, it turned out, was as alone in this country as he. She was the presiding culinary genius of a boarding-house where many workmen lived because of its reputation for serving good food. And it was not long before Levin had pulled up stakes from his old abode and moved to live in her domain. And that doubly clinched the matter. It was no mere lover's blindness that made him think her biscuit featherweight and her pie-crust the most toothsome in the world. She had cooked from the cradle up.

Every warm evening found them together on the bench where they had first met, making love as openly as the glaring arc-lights permitted. And so used had Levin grown to indulging in self-pity that he even talked to her about his "slavery" and the "tyrants." Whereat Nora would laugh and tell him that "he had a face as long as Shamus Patch the day they told him he was to be hanged." And she had not the slightest compunctions in making sport of his meetings and the Communal Workers. (She called them the Comical Workers.)

But even love cannot break down the stubbornness of a Levin Livotski. And he still clung doggedly to that notion that he worked solely for others, and that his daily task never played the slightest part in his own life and welfare. Even the fact that his rigid craftsmanship had saved the life of Nora for him did not reach his inner consciousness. It would be very beautiful and romantic to be able to record that the way Nora came into his life worked his regeneration. Such an eventuation would have been both highly dramatic and moving. But nothing of the sort happened to Levin Livotski. The strident-voiced trouble-makers had sowed their nettles too deep.

One morning late in June, after Levin had breakfasted on ham and eggs which Nora had fried to a marvellous shade of golden brown, he went off to work past the back of the house, where he could fling Nora a farewell message. Nothing direct, for he was afraid of being laughed at. This morning it was a message about the supreme excellence of her fried eggs.

And Nora had made answer: "'Tis not the cook, but the eggs thimselves

that are good. Here are the shells. You kin ate thim too." And she had flung out of the window at Levin an eggshell which he had caught deftly as he passed on.

He happened to glance at it before throwing it away, and there stared up at him from the shell the indelible purple inscription: "Homer B. Trask."

Psychologists tell us that it is not the big things of life that most irresistibly impel us, but the unexpected impingement of trifles. And in this case one eggshell did for Levin Livotski what the propaganda of employers, the thundered truths of Trask, and the ridicule of a sweetheart had never done. The cure was both instantaneous and complete. He knew that his breakfast had seemed to him surpassingly good; he now knew by what vehicle of transportation an essential part of that breakfast had left the farm of Trask. Finally, he knew that he had constructed a vital portion of that vehicle. The circle was complete. He had helped provide his own breakfast. He had profited by the thing he made. To him the whole network of problems was settled for all time by one fragile eggshell.

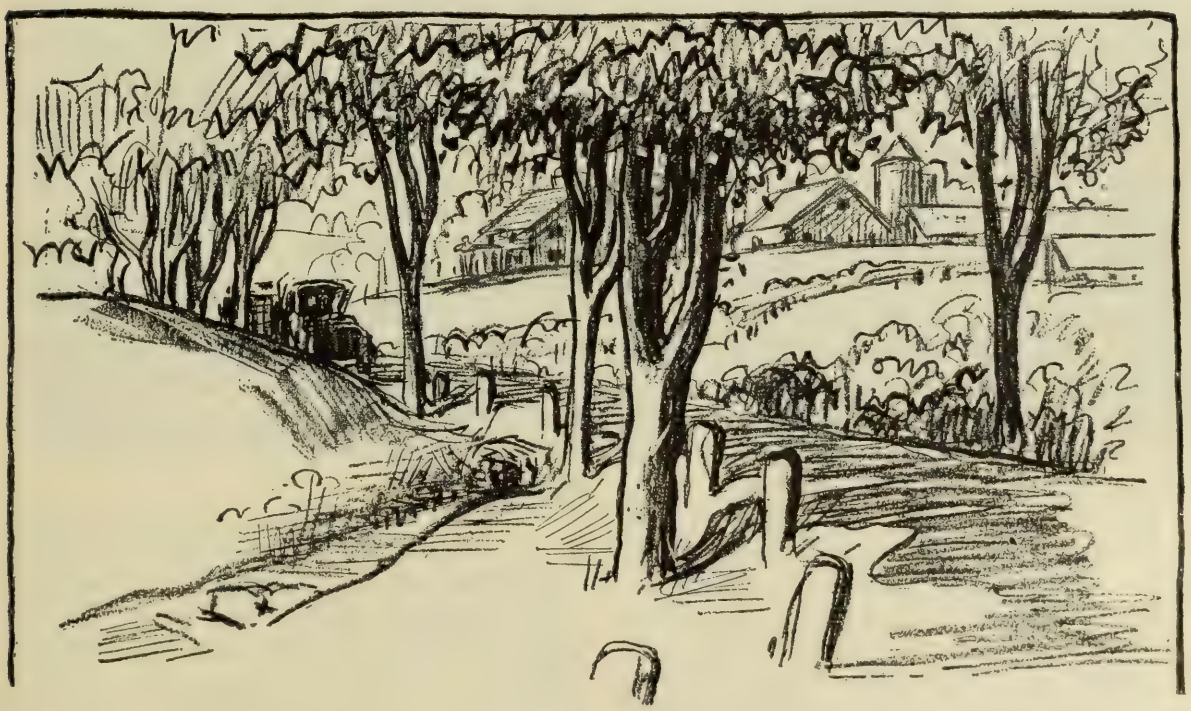
All of which seems to justify the erudite psychologists in their theories about the importance of little things as links to eternal verities.

While Levin was crossing the canal on the way to the factory he was overtaken by Magaroff. As on a previous occasion, the giant Slav whispered through his beard: "We meet to-night, Comrade Livotski."

Livotski answered but one word: "Wait!"

He drew from his pocket the blood-red card certifying his membership among the Communal Workers. He tore it across—once—twice—three times. He dropped its fragments into the sluggish yellow water beneath. Astonished and sullen, Magaroff passed along.

As Levin Livotski squared his shoulders and strode onward to the day's task of making his unending links, he began to hum a little folk-song which his mother used to sing to him when he was a boy. But the words which he improvised to it were American.



TRAILING STATISTICS ON AN AMERICAN FRONTIER

By Viola I. Paradise

Recently of the Children's Bureau, Department of Labor

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS, BY PERMISSION OF THE CHILDREN'S BUREAU

THE "special agents" were importunate:

"Aren't you going to put Hell-Buster in the report?

"Or Geraldine and Jiminy? Or the bachelors?

"Or us? You can't leave us out!"

"Well," I parried, "you know the government. There are things no government report would publish. Of course Hell-Buster on infant mortality *is* illuminating— Perhaps a magazine——"

The government had sent five of us out into the plains and bad lands of eastern Montana for statistics and other information about children in new homesteading country. The warning in Washington of probable hardships presaged adventure.

When we left the train in the Western railroad town and found, not an old-fashioned covered wagon to take us to our headquarters, but instead an automobile stage, our first feeling was disappointment. Our second glance at the "outfit" reassured us. Battered, gray with alkali dust, the wind-shield opaque except for a small patch in front of the driver, it had an encouraging air of rakish late middle age. Anything might happen in such a car. It carried an equally reckless trailer for baggage, furniture, foodstuffs, lumber, and other things.

We set out on the ninety-mile trip to our headquarters, leaving behind us railroads, telephones, electricity, bathtubs, and other stigmata of what is sometimes called civilization, and we were soon plunging along a rough twisting trail, across the hot, sear, rolling, treeless plains, in and out among fantastic buttes, past grotesque wind-sculptured rocks, through coulées and dry creek beds. I sat next to the driver, a weathered young giant, whose casual manner of driving grew out of intimacy with every rut in the road. Without slacking his speed, he would, every now and then, take out a cigarette, strike a match on the wheel, and get a light, the rushing air to the contrary notwithstanding.

"Why are the roads ploughed and not the fields?" I asked him after a while, puzzled at the deep furrows through which we were twisting.

"Not ploughed at all," he laughed. "It's like this. The cars and the freighting outfits gouge 'em out. When the ruts get so deep that we stick on high centres, we move over a little, and start some new ones."

It was clear that we were new to the country, but he seemed quite without scorn for our ignorance and other characteristics as tenderfeet. When one of us exclaimed after a harder bump than usual, he "guessed the tall dark lady didn't like the roads." He commented that "the lady who burns was getting a good one this time." This gave the lady who burned courage to plaster her vivid suffering countenance with cold-cream. "If you're a sight you might as well be a comfortable sight," was her philosophy. By this time we were all so covered with alkali dust that after her applications she looked only a little whiter than the rest of us.

We went on and on, past small herds of cattle and horses, and now and then great flocks of sheep, grazing on the wild sparse buffalo-grass that grew on the sage-brush mottled prairies. The smell of sage-brush took something of the curse off the dusty air. Now and then we would see a bleached-white buffalo skull, reminder of days not so long ago, when bison and Indians ranged undisputed on these plains.

From time to time our driver would

point out a sheep-herder's monument—a pile of narrow flat stones, topping a butte like a chimney, built to while away the tedious hours of sheep-herding.

We passed no villages on our way; only now and then a lonely dwelling—a sod house, or a clay-gumbo house, or a dugout in the side of a hill; or more often a small tar-paper shack. The chimneys stuck out of the curving roofs at unintended angles. The tar-paper shacks wore theirs at an especially jaunty slant. Frequently a buffalo skull adorned the roof, above the door.

How generously this rugged country lends itself to varying lights and changing moods of weather—to the dramatic sunsets and sunrises with their cumulus clouds, to the incredibly white moonlight, to the dazzling snow, to an eerie dust-storm, we were to learn in the next three months.



A typical tar-paper shack.

Shortly before dark we reached Alibi, a little town with a main street and a cross street, and a number of small white painted stores and houses. The stores presented to the world square false fronts, built up above their gable, to simulate second stories. A school, a butcher-shop, three drug stores—one of which contained the post-office—two or three general stores, a hotel, a restaurant, two boarding-

houses—one of which advertised "table-board and livery," and was kept by a man named Hash—a saloon, a barber-shop kept by an ex-sheep-shearer, the newspaper office, and the town pump were the leading features of Main Street. The side street boasted a garage, a small bright-blue jail, a blacksmith-shop, and the Grand Hotel. Back a short distance on the prairie stood Alibi's amusement hall. A few houses were scattered about.



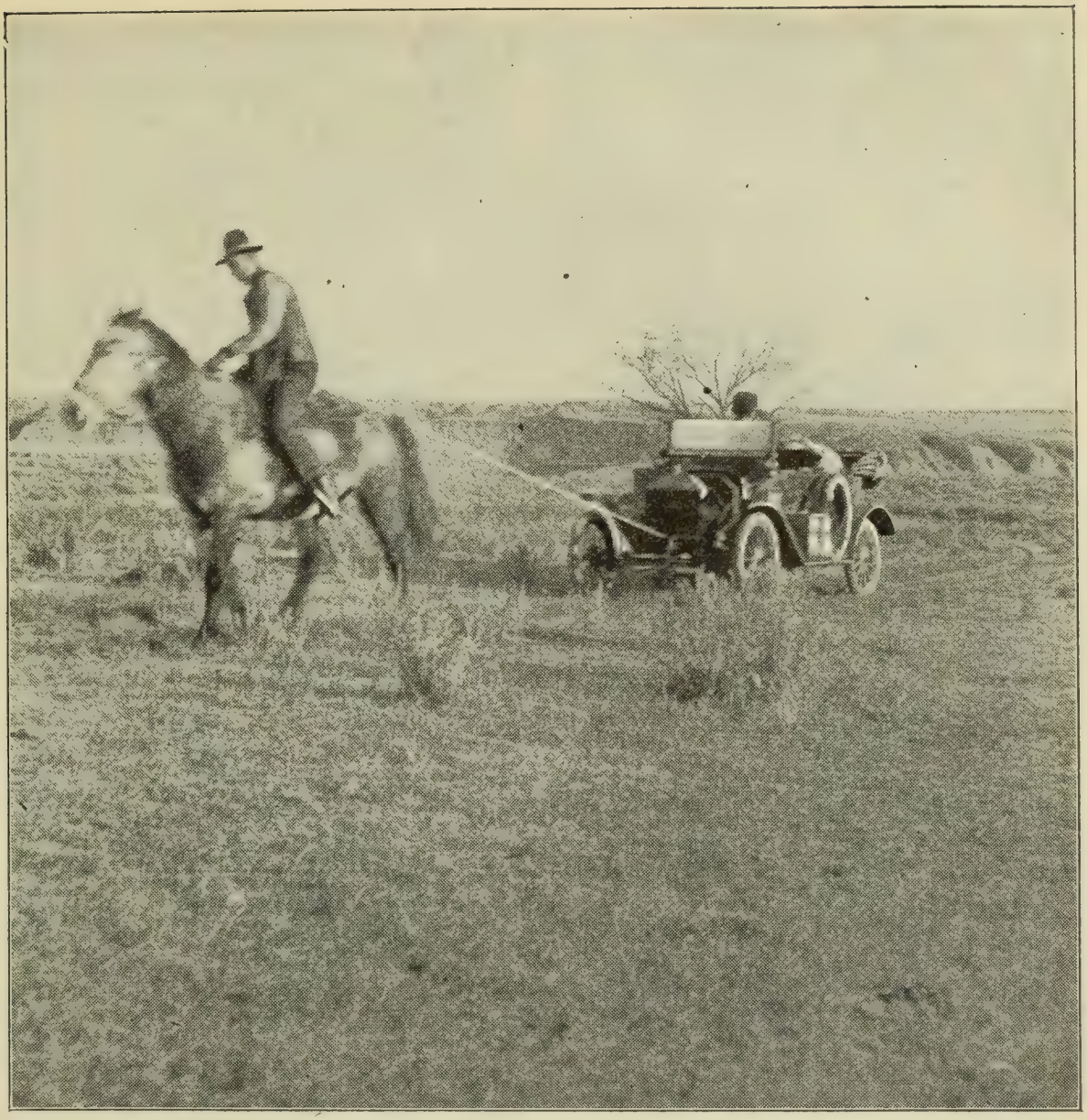
Our headquarters in Alibi.

It was a dry, dusty-looking town, with its unpaved roads. Sometimes a bit of wooden sidewalk, now and then a plank or two, interrupted the paths in front of the buildings. After our long ride, however, this little village, set down haphazard on the plains, had for us a metropolitan aspect. Indeed the weekly newspaper boasted in large letters across the front page of each issue, "Alibi is the Metropolis of Western Blank County."

"What is the population?" we asked a local official.

"Well, let's see. At the hotel there's Mr. and Mrs. Coburn—that's two; and next door at the Brants' there's four—that makes six—" He continued a verbal census of the town, and concluded that in summer there were about fifty, and in winter, when some people came in from their homesteads, about two hundred and fifty.

We "located" at the Grand Hotel, a small clean new building, with no modern conveniences except a pump in the "lobby," which was attached to a sink, which drained into a pail beneath. The five of us almost but not quite filled the hotel.



Geraldine reluctant.

Having plumbed the depths of the little white-painted tin basins and pitchers in room, and having achieved a simulation of cleanliness, we went down to the dining-room, to hear that the hotel did not serve meals, but that a restaurant on Main Street served "short orders." The short orders we quickly learned by heart, and by another organ more immediately concerned. Then we went to the garage, in search of two autos with which we planned to cover such parts of the county as were accessible by car.

A dark-haired, blue-eyed man named Steve informed us that the garage had only one car at the time, but that he might be able to get another for us "as an accommodation." His partner, an even younger man called Jack, thought that Wallace's car might be used. The rates were twenty-five dollars a day for each car. We gasped a bit at the price, thinking that their extreme youth might be responsible for exaggeration, but we were told that gasolene cost fifty-five cents a gallon and had to be hauled ninety miles by stage; but since the cars were wanted by the government, a special price might be made. "How 'bout that, Jack?" "Just as you say, Steve." "Well, what do you think, Jack?" "Well, anything you say will be all right with me, Steve." After more preliminary hesitations they decided that "fifteen

dollars a day, and you to feed the drivers" would be a fair price. "You see," continued Jack, "the drivers' food won't cost you anything. Anybody'll give you a meal in this country, unless it's an Easterner. And there ain't many of those that won't. Why, if a driver's food ever cost you as much as a dollar a day, I'd give it back to you!" We compromised on sixteen dollars a day for each car, and the drivers to feed themselves.

The next morning the sky was black with clouds, and I hastened to the garage to say that if it was going to rain, we'd postpone our first trip until the next day.

Came the astonishing reply: "Oh, quit your kiddin'!"

"Beg pardon?" I was puzzled.

"Don't kid us about rain," he went on laughing. And then seeing that I had not stopped in for a little chat, but really meant what I said, he explained: "When any one talks about rain out here, we think they're kiddin' us. Why, it hasn't rained since it snowed, and that was Decoration Day. And to-day's the 15th of August. Clouds don't mean nothing out here." Which we found true. Indeed it was not until late in September that we had any rain.

We had planned our course on an impressive if somewhat inaccurate map, and at eight o'clock the two cars were at our door. The tall dark lady, remembering the roads, braved our scorn and brought a pillow. We explained the purpose of our work to the drivers, and told them we wished to make a homestead-to-homestead canvass, in order to find every home in which a baby had been born in the last five years. It soon became clear that Wallace, the driver of our car, had got the point.

We had been driving for about fifteen minutes, when one of us spied a house off the road some little distance. We exclaimed.

"Guess only a bachelor lives there," responded Wallace, driving on. But he was very good-natured when we insisted on making sure. We turned off the road, and churned through a rough field toward the house. A man came out with a gaze of frank curiosity.

"Mornin'," spoke up Wallace, before we could say anything. "These ladies are doin' a round-up on babies. Got any here?"

After roars of laughter, the bachelor wanted to know just what we were doing and why we were doing it, and what good would come of it, and whether we liked the job, and what we thought of the roads. We answered to his satisfaction. He concluded that it was "about time that the government was doing something for kids. Back in Iowa where I come from they were gettin' busy about pigs. But this kid idea is all right, too. Now there was a baby over at Stubbins's died about six months ago. Suppose you want to know about the dead ones as well as the live ones?"

As we were leaving, he called after us: "Say, go to Mart's place, and ask him about babies. I'll give you anything you like if—" Laughter got the better of him.

Our driver stopped the car to have his laugh out, and then called back: "Guess we've wasted enough government time on bachelors to-day." Then he turned to us: "I *thought* he was the man that lived there. Of course, you could tell by the look of the shack that it was a bachelor's outfit." (Everything was called an outfit out here.) We asked the identifying marks, but Wallace could not say. "Just the look of the place."

We soon learned to recognize bachelors' outfits. "No clothes-line and no chickens is the sign," said Hungry (who had earned the nickname). "That ought to be put on file somewhere, because some day some one might come to these parts hunting not babies but bachelors!"

By this time, for some unknown reason, our car had got the name of Geraldine. That night when we returned to Alibi we learned that the other car had been christened Jimmy early in the day, but had soon been renamed Jiminy, for cause.

Soon we began arguing about the top of the car. The lady who burns had just persuaded the tall dark lady that the top served to keep one from bouncing out. The t. d. l. had replied that though the top might keep one in, and probably would save a delicate skin from burning, it was unfortunately so near the rest of the car, that it was likely to knock one into a state of coma. Hungry, who didn't mind the jolts, advised the t. d. l. to bind

her cushion to the top of her head, to break the impact, instead of using it in the status quo, where there was just as much chance of missing as of hitting it, as she came down.

Even this much conversation did not run along smoothly. There were illustrative bumps and jars to point the remarks—a sudden swerve out of the road to avoid contact with a cogitating cow.

Then, suddenly, every one saw the critical moment coming along. We tried to look calm, and to conceal our perturbation from the tranquil driver, Geraldine sniffed and snorted, and dug her front teeth into the cut bank up which we were climbing. With short grinding bites she slowly and convulsively ate her way up the twisting climb. We dared not look back, and thought hopefully of the brake, which, considering Geraldine's temperament, was not always to be relied upon. In case it failed us now, would Geraldine have the hind sight to steer herself down the curved cut bank, or— We shuddered at the alternative. Some one, trying to lighten the strain, remarked: "You can't make these snaking turns on high, even in a Ford, can you?" Hungry, whose swiftly developed faith in Geraldine regarded as a personal affront any insinuation of limitations, commented with dignity that Geraldine was equal to any emergency. The lady who burns said indiscreetly: "If she sneezes, we are lost!"



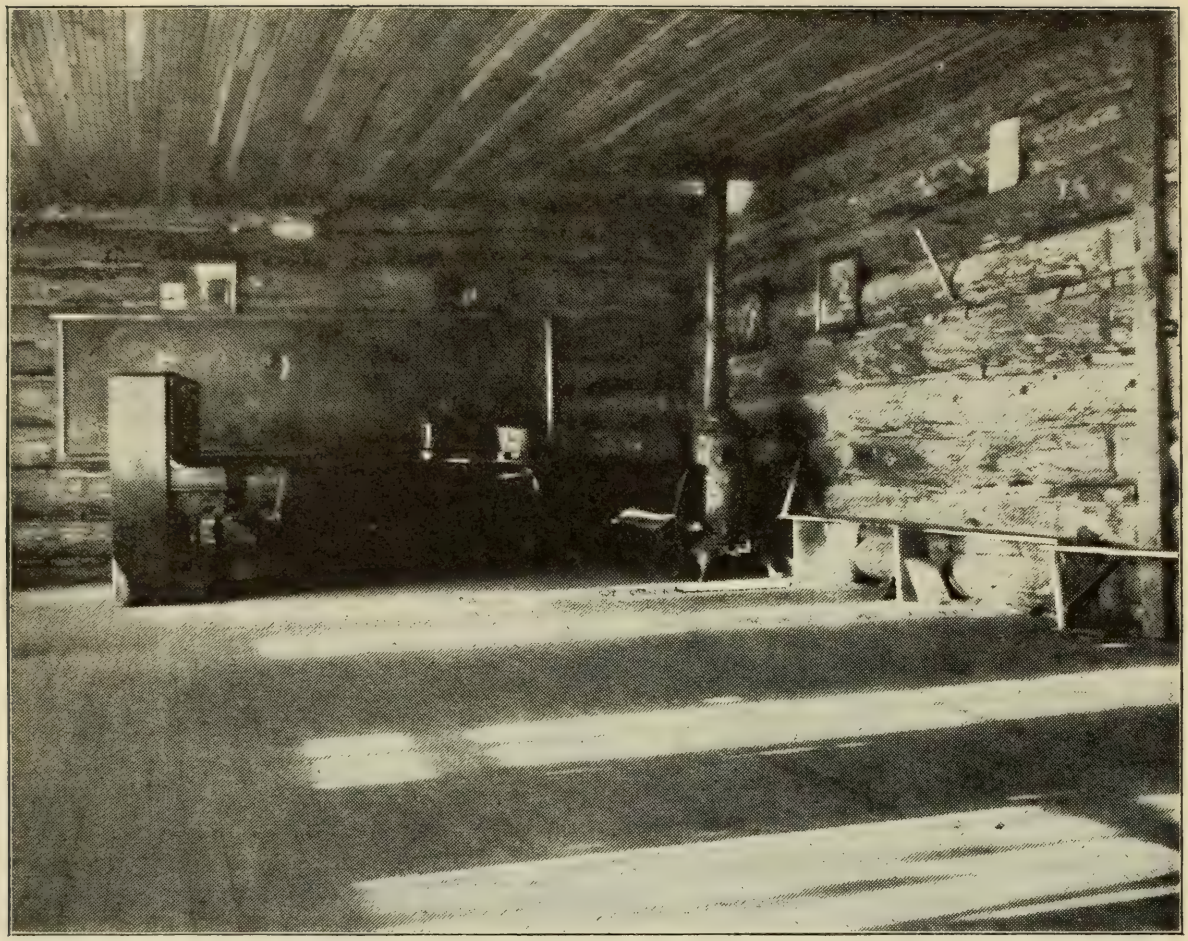
Sod house.

Note water-barrels on wagon. Three agents slept on the floor here one night, as the haystack was occupied.

At that moment we were approaching the top of the cut bank. Could she do it? With a final sprint, her little heart chugging fast, she leaped to the top, getting all four feet on the ground at once. We were safe at last, and could breathe freely—for a while.

This experience was repeated every fifteen minutes.

At the next stop we found a baby, and



Interior of log schoolhouse.

Note the meagre equipment. The piano, however, makes this school available for dances and other community affairs.

the driver dropped one of us to interview the mother, and took the other two on to the next places. When he had deposited us, he went back for the first. Relaying in this way saved time.

It was noon when we had each finished a "schedule." The driver, calling for me, said that the neighboring family was getting dinner for all of us. When we arrived the mother was taking the dinner off the stove. A five-year-old youngster was amusing himself on the floor cutting out fashion-plates from the pages of a mail-order catalogue. We were cordially welcomed. The mother said that dinner was ready. The father took the catalogue from the little boy and put it on a chair to elevate the youngest child, aged three, to eating height. There were not enough chairs, but we sat cheerfully on boxes. There were no napkins. "Ma's ashamed to give you the kind we use," said the father, "but I'm not." He lifted the baby from the catalogue and tore out enough pages to go around. "Water's so scarce that we left our napkins packed away. But I don't know what we'd do without our homesteader's bible. A man who couldn't run a homestead with a mail-order catalogue, some gunny-sacking, and some baling wire ain't much account out in this country."

"No more account than a woman who can't keep house and raise a family and chickens on a hairpin!" laughed the mother.

We ate ravenously of the salt pork, potatoes, hot biscuits, and pie; and talked of the children, the weather, the crops, and the war. "I hated to see my oldest enlist," said the mother, "but we can't have the Dutch romping all over us."

This family had come to homestead six years previous, and had been the first family to settle in its neighborhood. The

young soldier, then a boy of fifteen, had been sent on ahead to pick out the homestead. He had done a good job, too, said the father, for there was water on the place and all the land was tillable, except one corner. The rest of the family came on, their household goods piled high on a wagon, which they drove eighty miles from the railroad. The mother walked, pushing the baby-carriage, or carrying the baby in her arms the whole distance, except the last two miles.

When they arrived they lived in a tent until their one-room sod house was built. "And it rained every day of that time. Queer," said the father; "I suppose there's enough rain in the world, only it ain't well distributed. Here we are, our crops dying of thirst, our cattle getting poor, and sure to die on us, if we have another winter like the last. Now if there was some way of ordering the weather by mail—but even so, I suppose we'd be complaining of the mail service. 'Bout the only thing we can't get out of the homesteaders bible is weather." He then returned to his story. "When the house was finished, we had three sheep, five dollars in cash, and provisions for one month. We managed somehow, but it was a long pull. There were times when we thought we'd have to relinquish, but we had some luck, and by and by added two rooms to our house. We got most of our winter clothes, from stockings to a suit of clothes, by sending the wool from our sheep to a mail-order house that takes your own wool and makes your clothes from it, taking a part of the wool in payment. Well, now we're proved up, and getting on our feet. And along comes this drought!"

When we reached Alibi at eight o'clock that evening we decided to modify our method of work. Distances were too great for single-day trips. So we provided ourselves with tarpaulin and blankets, prepared to sleep wherever night found us, and to return to the "metropolis" only for the week-ends.

During the summer we made it a point to select our camp before dark, to avoid



An attractive group of homesteaders.

snakes, cactus, and other untoward features. But as autumn progressed, dark came before supper-time, and we had to take our chances. Nothing more serious ever happened than an occasional scare from a more or less domestic animal, when we made the mistake of stopping too near a house.

The first night we slept out we had some difficulty selecting a place, but finally came upon a comfortable-looking coulée.

"This will be bully!" exclaimed Hungry.

"I hope not too bully," some one replied, with a gesture toward a not-far-distant herd of cattle. The lady who burns insisted on stopping up twenty possible snake holes. This rite performed, we went back to the car for bedding. Wallace, hearing of the treatment of the snake holes, drawled reassuringly: "All I can say is there'll be twenty pretty mad snakes coming home late to-night, and not able to get into their houses." He preferred his own way of sleeping—on auto-cushions spread in the shelter of Geraldine.

It seemed extravagant to waste the stars and the sweet-scented night air, but sleepiness was stronger upon us than a sense of beauty. From time to time, in the night, when we did wake up, it was not to commune with stars, but to comment on the inelasticity of the human frame, with special reference to the protuberance known as the hip; or to struggle with the bedclothes. It takes a night or two to learn how to sleep on the ground. But for all that we slept well, and daylight came upon us suddenly.

We awoke to see the cattle, formed in a semicircle at a not-quite-respectful distance, staring curiously at us. But no snakes had intruded on our privacy.

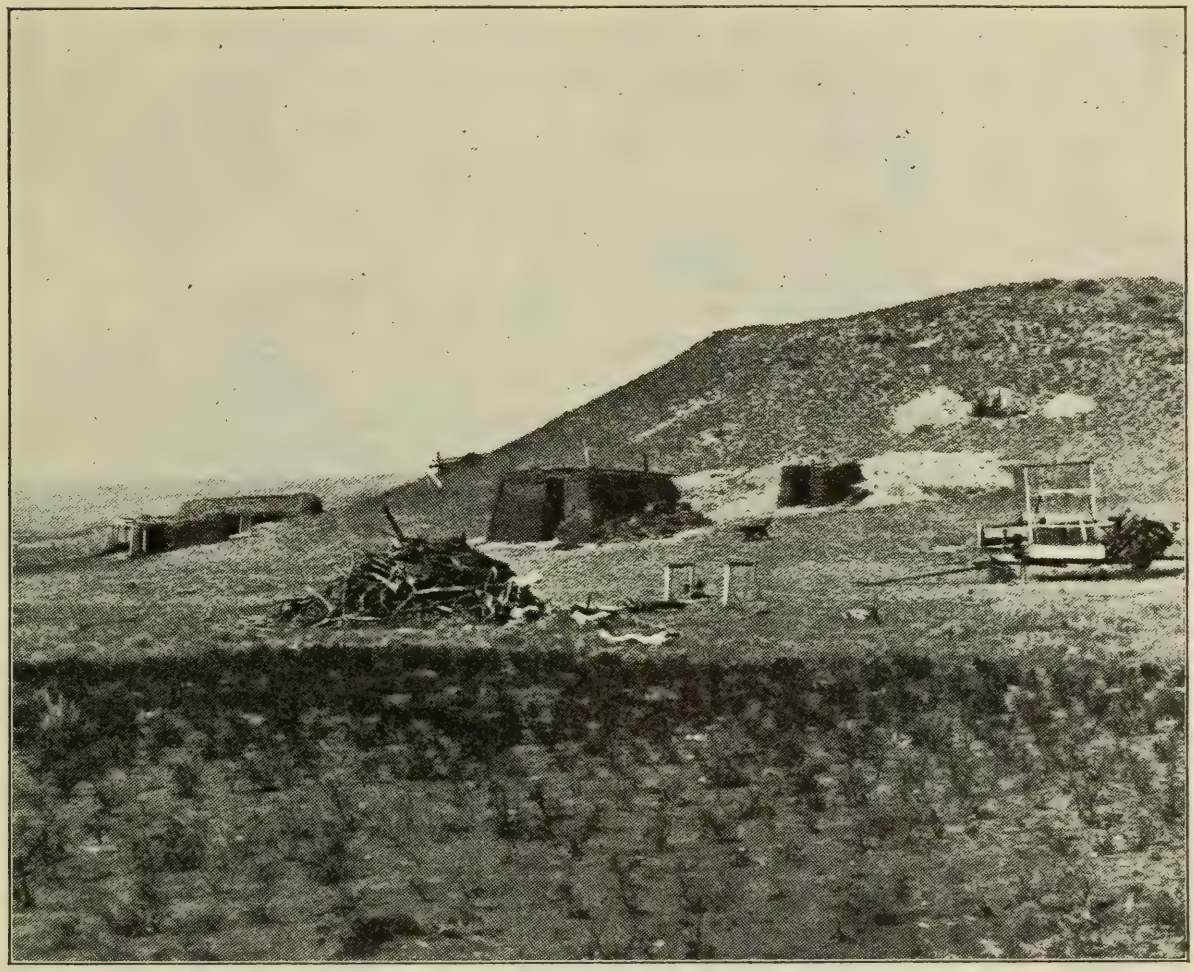
Dressing in the chilly morning consisted of combing our hair, taking off the extra clothes we had added for the night—for even in August and September the nights are cold, though the days may scorch—and washing our hands and faces in a few drops of water poured grudgingly from the water-bag, drop by drop, into our greedy hands. Water was hard to carry, and scarce, and our bag had to last for coffee, and until we found another well. A clean handkerchief completed our toilet, and we were ready for breakfast.

We usually took enough coffee, bread, bacon, canned milk, and other canned food to last us for our trip. For fruit we munched raw prunes and raisins. When we were invited to meals the food was usually salt pork, potatoes, and canned food like our own. Sometimes we had eggs, and rarely the luxury of a fresh vegetable. The scarcity of water and rain made gardens practically impossible. Many families had to haul water over half a mile, having none on their homesteads. And there was no milk but canned milk, for the cattle were raised for beef, not for dairy products. Although we seemed to gain flesh on the limited diet of our "tin-can trail," we were always hungry, and food was always prominent in our conversation. Sometimes at night we would lie awake and discourse at length on what we would order if ever we reached a real hotel. The thought of food pursued us.

Physical hardships were almost the only ones we had to contend with. The quick comprehension and easy humor of the homesteaders made the work itself fairly easy. They grasped very quickly the purpose and importance of our investigation, and gave a genuine co-operation. They understood, too, something of the fun and romance which we, as investigators, were enjoying in collecting our data. It had happened to most of us, in city studies, to be pitied by a work-worn, weary woman because we had to go about asking people questions. Not so in Montana. One man exclaimed: "And they pay you for this yet!"

It should not, however, be supposed that we met everywhere a happy and cheerful situation. Indeed there were many homes where we heard tales of distress and disaster and struggle. The lot of these new pioneers is no less hard than that of America's early Western frontiersmen—barring the struggle with Indians. It is only a few years since the prairies which now pasture "bronco" and cattle were the stamping-ground of buffaloes. Three or four families, it is true, came out fifteen or twenty years ago; but the great majority have come West within the last

five years. The isolation, the lack of physicians, of schools, and other phases of community life, are often terrible factors in the lives of the homesteaders. Often we heard of women and children who died because a physician could not be secured in time, and there were other cases of miraculous escapes from death. At the time of our study there were only three registered physicians in an area of 5,500 square miles, and not a single hospital. Most of the women had to depend on the unskilled aid of their husbands or neighbors in childbirth. In some instances we learned that women had been entirely alone in childbirth. A young woman of nineteen, for instance, was alone when her first baby was born. Her confinement came before she expected it, during her husband's absence. She had no one to send for a doctor or a neighbor. Frightened, without any one to nurse her, or prepare food for her, or to look after the baby, or to help her in any way, she went through the ordeal of childbirth alone. She dragged herself out of bed to get what little food she ate for two days. At the end of this time her husband returned, chagrined to find what his wife had endured. Fortunately this mother recovered, although the experience left her in a weakened condition for many months.



A homestead near nowhere: the whole outfit—sod house, outbuildings, and sage-brush.

Perhaps as urgent as the need for physicians and hospitals and public health nurses was the need for schools. The homesteaders again and again bewailed the fact that schools were so few and far between, and so inaccessible, that the school terms were so short, that many children were being compelled to grow up in ignorance. Often the people in a neighborhood would get together and erect a school-building out of private funds, looking to the school district to supply a teacher, and desks and benches.

In one instance a group of neighbors built a school, but the district supplied only four benches and desks for the nineteen children. "After much complaint," said one woman, "we succeeded in getting a few more benches, but some of the children still have to sit on boxes or logs. For a while there was no blackboard, but the school supervisor finally took one from the school six miles south of here, that had two blackboards." Families often made great sacrifices to get schools, and often were unsuccessful. A homesteader commented:

"Funny how the government spends time and money keeping illiterate foreigners out of the country, and all the while manufactures illiterates from our own native stock." In one neighborhood grouped about a school-building were several empty shacks and dugouts, and a white-covered sheep-herder's wagon. Families had camped in these during the school term, so that their children could go to school. We were told that five or six children had lived in the sheep-wagon during the previous winter, the older children caring for the younger, with no adult supervision.

The chief reason for the lack of schools, and for other wants of this Western area, was the newness and the poverty of the country. Most of the families were homesteading, and therefore paying no land taxes.

But despite the struggle which most of the homesteaders were having against poverty and other unyielding factors of frontier life, we met everywhere with warm hospitality. The custom of the country seems to be to take in the stranger and share roof and meal with him. We often had difficulty inducing families to take payment from us—even those families who were in the hardest straits. Sometimes the mention of pay was an insult. Again and again we were invited to "spend the night," and though we were usually quite comfortable sleeping out of doors on the ground, we often accepted invitations to sleep in. There were times when a bed could hardly be resisted, and when the chance to get a good wash was tempting beyond refusal. And frequently invitations were so proffered as to be hard to refuse. "What are you afraid of?" asked the father of a family of five persons who lived in one room, partitioned by a scant curtain. (Few houses have more than three rooms, and most of them consist of only one or two rooms. And the size of the family is usually in inverse ratio to the size of the dwelling.) "Nothing here'll hurt you, unless it might be a bedbug, and they don't bite hard this time of the year. And you aren't afraid of a little bedbug, are you?" The agent who had protested that she could be quite comfortable in the haystack felt challenged to show her lack of fear, and slept comfortably with the mother and baby, while the father and the boys occupied the floor on the other side of the curtain.

Another night three of us stayed at "Hell-Buster's" ranch. His real name we never could learn. The nickname he had earned at bronco-busting on an occasion when a wild "bronc" had thrown him, and stepped on his face. He had "been given up for gone," when he surprised the onlookers by regaining consciousness suddenly, making at once for the "bronc," and succeeding in subduing the animal. Hell-Buster's ranch was unusually prosperous for that country, owning a victrola and some excellent records. After playing a Tetrazzini, he turned to us with the comment:

"There ain't no coyote got nothin' on that gal!"

Hell-Buster had interesting views on infant mortality. "I know why babies die. Ain't handled horses and cattle all my life for nothin'. It's because their mothers go to the movies so much!" We could not quite follow his reasoning, but I suppose he may have argued that the infant-mortality rate among colts and calves was much lower than among children, and that it was an incontrovertible fact that cows and mares did not go to movies. But, for that matter, neither did the mothers out in this homesteading country, for there was no movie to go to. However, even though we could not always keep up with Hell-Buster's logic we enjoyed and appreciated his hospitality.

Sometimes even at houses where there were no children we were urged to stay. "I haven't seen a woman for a month," said one homesteader's wife; "can't you

stay a few days and just talk?" The country is so sparsely settled and the homesteaders are so long at grips with loneliness and isolation, that human relations take on a peculiar value. One old man who had known the country in the days of Indians and buffaloes, said: "Every human contact is precious to us on these plains." We were much tempted to stay and hear him tell "of sights around Smoky Butte that would curdle your blood, and sights that would thrill a wooden man," but we were on the trail of statistics, and could not tarry.



An agent leans up against the roof to write down the directions to the next homestead.

In October and November, as the winter drew on, the joys of sleeping out began to dwindle. True, one night as we pulled the tarp up over our heads to keep out the chilly rain, Hungry announced her intention of writing a poem with the refrain,

"The patter of the rain-drops on the tarp, tarp,
tarp,
The patter of the rain-drops on the tarp!"

but the masterpiece grew no longer. When the thermometer performed such a drop that our water-bag froze solid, we began to accept all invitations to spend the night; and one cold night, when darkness found us far from any place, we found a deserted shack, and crept in through the window; and learned that wooden floors are harder than frozen ground, and almost as cold.

Frequently we were lost. Except for the main-travelled trails, the roads were highly impressionistic, and locating homesteads required a real technic. Many

homes were off the trails, and directions were hard to follow, especially in neighborhoods with which our drivers were unfamiliar. There were few landmarks. "This is the country where you can look the farthest and see the least," ran a local proverb. Once we were lost between Hell Creek and Crooked Creek, and we had experiences on Sage Hen Creek, on Calf Creek, on the Lodgepole, and others with equally engaging names. Once after pursuing a trail for three hours along Hungry Creek without seeing a single dwelling, we finally spied a crooked stovepipe, which guided us to a family living in a tar-paper shack, where we received the following directions:

"You follow the trail till you pass a big butte; not the biggest, but one of the big ones. You'll know it when you come to it. Then you leave the trail and go through a coulée where there's a dead horse—ain't been dead so very long: skin's still on. After a ways you turn to the right, and you'll see a log house. That's it. You can't miss it." The fact that there were many buttes to be passed, and that a coulée in September is a mere depression in the ground, not always recognizable to the naked eye, left the direction quite incomprehensible to me. But to the driver, whom we sometimes suspected of second sight in these matters, it seemed to convey a distinct idea. Such a direction as "keep going due west. You'll lose the trail, and find yourself in some pretty rough sage-brush, but if you keep due west you'll find it again," had no horror for Wallace. All directions ended with "You can't miss it." But sometimes we could.

Especially in the "breaks," along the Missouri and Musselshell Rivers. Here the bad lands were rougher, with their steep rocky hills, sparsely dotted with cedar and juniper, and cut by myriad streams and creeks. In these neighborhoods we deserted our faithful Geraldine, and sometimes on borrowed horses, sometimes on foot, we climbed and slid down the steep, narrow, twisting trails. Although we had a few frights, we always managed to find ourselves. The horses, when they got tired of grazing, could sometimes be depended upon to make for home.

About Thursday of each week, a passion for civilization would seize us. We would begin to long for Saturday, when we should get back to Alibi, to the tin pitcher and basin at the Grand Hotel, and to our mail. Mail came twice a week, weather permitting, and Saturday was one of the mail days. Each time we returned, Alibi seemed larger and more imposing. Each time our "plunge," which was really no more than a bird bath, seemed more refreshing. Each time we raised our voices in praise of the "real meal" which we consumed at the boarding-house (we had long since given up the "short order" restaurant) in company with the postmaster—who wore a silk thread around his neck to ward off throat trouble—and the "boys from the garage," who stopped to wash up at the kitchen-pump, and to make themselves further presentable before a mirror on the dining-room wall, to which hung a comb, securely chained. At that moment in the week, we should have voted unanimously that food was the second best thing in life, the first being mail.

Watching the cowboys, riding in on "broncs" for their mail, inspired "Hungry" to comment: "Travel is so broadening: it makes the movies seem so lifelike!"

THE PARADOX OF THOREAU

By Odell Shepard

AMONG the belongings of Henry David Thoreau which are shown to the visitor in Concord—his bed, his chair and writing-desk, his quill, and the buckskin suit given him by an Indian friend—is a curious walking-stick which was cut from a cherry-tree seventy years ago by a man who knew how to use a jack-knife. There are few pieces of dead wood that one would give more to possess. It has gone walking with Emerson and Hawthorne; it has "travelled much in Concord," as also in Sudbury, Lincoln, Acton, and Billerica; it may have climbed Monadnock or tapped its way through the Tuckerman Ravine; it has been intimate with a man who allowed few intimacies, and that in his best moments, when he was alone in swamp or forest or out with the moon at midnight listening to the baying of dogs in distant farmsteads.

Despite these noble memories, however, it is a very ordinary walking-stick except in the particular that it has been whittled flat along one side and notched to the length of twenty-four inches. Here, indeed, is a peculiarity. Usually, when one takes his walking-stick from the corner, he slams the door on mathematics and cuts across lots, content to measure distances by simple fatigue and hunger and thirst. But here is a stick which combines rambling with routine. It can measure a mountain or a field-mouse. It can either ignore boundaries or make them. In short, it is a most self-contradictory, paradoxical stick, and a perfect representative, therefore, of the vagabond-surveyor who cut and carried it.

What were the gods about when they condemned this dreamer, this leaper of fences, this scorner of property, to earn his living by surveying other men's woodlots? Hear the man whose name is set down on one of the best maps of Concord as "H. D. Thoreau, Civ. Engr." sighing for "a people who would burn the fences and let the forest stand"! And yet, although the fact has not been recognized by those who can see in him only a misanthropic lover of the wild, Thoreau was quite as much interested in fences as in forests. It was no condemnation of the gods, but just the conflict of two deadly opposites deep-rooted in his mind, which drove him from forests to fences, from dreams to mathematics, from walking-sticks to measuring-rods, and back again. Finally he learned to combine the two. In that strange combination lies the secret of his genius.

All that may be charged against the gods in the case of Thoreau is that they confined a Yogee and a Yankee, a mystic and a mathematician, a seer and a surveyor, in one human skin—and then prepared themselves for amusement. Undoubtedly there was something grandly humorous in the combination—

> "Yet half a beast is the great god Pan
> To laugh as he sits by the river,
> Making a poet out of a man"!

Up from the struggle thus foreordained in Thoreau rose the bubbles of his perennial paradox. Thence came his weather-cock moods and fancies. All his life long the surveyor kept up with the seer in him an endless colloquy, of which the twenty volumes of his published works are a stenographic report. Thoreau the seer rambled about all his life long with a walking-stick, but Thoreau the surveyor used it as a measuring-rod.

How much can be done with a measuring-rod two feet in length depends upon the man who carries it. Holding his at arm's length, Thoreau saw that it seemed taller than Monadnock and longer than the Milky Way. Thus he learned perspective. What was near at hand always bulked huge and momentous to him, but the distances dwindled swiftly to a point. He sedulously kept this naïve

innocence of the eye, allowing no intrusion of the abstract intelligence to correct its simple verdict. The central and most remarkable thing about him, indeed, was a sort of inspired frugality, an ability to make a very little go a very great way, to make what he had suffice. New England thrift found in this man whose "greatest wealth was to want but little" its most shining example. No man ever scanned his pennyworth more narrowly, no man ever drove a shrewder Yankee bargain with the world, no man was ever framed to get better service out of a two-foot measure than he.

Concord itself was a two-foot measuring-rod, as Thoreau well enough knew, but he held it up against Babylon and Rome and dwarfed them to a speck. Thus he became the very apotheosis of the provincial. All his triangulations were calculated with the main street of his village as a base; the centre of all his circles was just the village spire. This meant, at the least, that in the midst of a nomadic and deracinated generation Thoreau *had* a centre, and that his triangles had one fixed and certain term. His provincialism was not without elements of humor and whim, but it had much of wisdom also. Concord was a small enough part of the world for one to learn something about it in a lifetime, but it was typical of all the rest. The man who had studied religion in its meeting-house, law in its town hall, commerce on the Musketaquid, trade on Main Street, and society in its parlors, had not much to learn from wider travels. He had seen the elements. The great world could offer him nothing but repetition.

Thoreau made such use of his opportunities that nothing Concordian, at last, was alien to him. In order to become a true citizen of the world, then, he had only to learn that nothing was alien to Concord, whether it happened in Main Street or Texas, at Walden Pond or on the Congo. It may fairly be said that he did learn this. The John Brown episode and the ever-increasing pressure of the slave question taught him that even the tiny creek on which he lived must feel the tides of the sea. So long as the influence of slavery came no nearer than Boston he was not much concerned; for Boston, fifteen miles away, had always been a semi-foreign city to him, concerning which he was cheerfully prepared to believe the worst. But when he saw that his own town could not escape this evil thing, he was instantly on the alert. Despite his hatred of newspapers, he suddenly found that no man can afford to neglect *The Times* in favor of the Eternities, for the reason that there is no clear division between the two. Despite his hatred of politics, he astonished the townsfolk with two of the most passionate political speeches that came out of the war—"Civil Disobedience" and "Slavery in Massachusetts." These speeches reveal a mind suddenly made aware that no little town liveth unto itself alone and show how expansile a true provincialism may be at need. Provincial they are, however, for all their wide purview, illustrating a phase of patriotic feeling in comparison with which our present federalism and our incipient internationalism are in their infancy. In the last analysis, they urge nothing less than the secession of Concord from the Union. But if Concord would not secede, Thoreau would—and did. It is worthy of note that when he went to jail rather than pay a small tax to the national government which he thought was supporting slavery, he cheerfully paid a larger one for the maintenance of town roads.

Thoreau's boastful provincialism and professed contempt for travel may seem to some readers a mere crying of sour grapes. From Lowell's essay on Thoreau—which some one has called, a bit too harshly, "the work of an extraordinarily brilliant snob"—one gets the idea that the man's limitations were first imposed upon him and then glorified by his egotism. Lowell states the view, plausible enough in Boston, which assumes that all men really want the same things and that every man must be bitterly chagrined who does not get these things. But this has never been the Concord view, and it was not Thoreau's. What all men are supposed to want he was unusually well equipped to get, had he not thought the price too high. "It takes a man of genius," he says, "to travel in his own country, in his native village—to make progress between his door and his gate.

But such a traveller will make the distances which Hanno and Marco Polo and Cook and Ledyard went over seem ridiculous." Always thus, with a courageous and admiring eye upon his own limitations, he makes them shine with the lustre of special advantages. Nothing in Fate's quiver can harm such a man.

Thoreau was armed in triple bronze by the stern delight he took in the very meagreness of his resources. In his lucid intervals, which were frequent enough, he must have seen that Concord was not in fact exceptionally favored by the gods. "But what a faculty must that be," he says, "which can paint the most barren landscape and humblest life in glorious colors! It is pure invigorated senses reacting upon a sound and strong imagination. Is not that the poet's case?" Precisely. And was it not his own? The less there was of promise in his raw material, the greater was the challenge to the artist's passion in him—to that passion which always strives to achieve maximum results with the minimum of means. Thus he strove to find each day a new significance and beauty in that which he saw for the millionth time, setting himself to such severe ascetic training that he became, in the dew-clear delicacy of his five senses, a sort of Spartan Keats.

No one need hope to understand Thoreau who does not see that his limitations were, for the most part, self-imposed. How cheerfully, at all events, he speaks of them! "The old coat that I wear is Concord," he writes to a friend. "It is my morning robe and study gown, my working dress and suit of ceremony. And it will be my nightgown after all." In the case of so complete a devotion it was natural that the environment should powerfully mould the man, and there is, in fact, scarcely any major quality of Thoreau's thought or style which is not referable, at least remotely, to the fact of his lifelong residence in a New England village. Of this man who might so easily have been a dull philosopher, Concord made almost a poet by teaching him the uses and beauty of the actual, by providing a firm soil of the concrete for the anchors of his transcendentalism to grapple in. His desire to make a complete inventory of the town's resources may have been antecedent even to that passion for Nature for which he is chiefly known—and this may be the reason why he "spoke of Nature as though she had been born and brought up in Concord." Firm grip upon reality was what the transcendentalists most needed. The fact that Thoreau had it seems due in no small degree to the influence of his native town. He begs his friend Ricketson, who is writing a history of New Bedford, to "let it be a local and villageous book. That is the good old-fashioned way of writing, as if you actually lived where you wrote." Working on this sound theory, Thoreau himself often makes us hear almost the very throb of his pulse. He writes in his Journal: "I am living this 27th of June, 1847—a dull cloudy day and no sun shining. The clink of the smith's hammer sounds feebly over the roofs, and the wind is sighing gently. The farmer is ploughing in yonder fields, craftsmen are busy in the shops, the trader stands up in the counter, and all works go steadily forward." Is there not a startling actuality in these words, as though the dead man were whispering in one's ear? Such sentences, like a few in Samuel Pepys, seem to crumple time and space.

Concord did other important things for Thoreau. Consider, for example, his persistent trick, amounting almost to a vice, of likening small things to great and great to small. It is not fanciful to attribute even this, his habitual exaggeration, to the influence of his village life. If you live in a microcosm, you will have to exaggerate enormously to make others see what it means to you. If you survey the universe with a two-foot rod, you will have to use it as though it were a slide-rule. Thus every trifle became tremendous to Thoreau. For the almost pathetic poverty of his materials he made himself a rich amends in the gorgeous uses he put them to. Extraordinarily frugal in other matters, he was a spendthrift in his thought and style, reminding one of Carlyle's remark: "Sense can support herself handsomely for eighteenpence a day; but for Fantasy planets and solar systems will not suffice." The minute changes of scene noticeable in dropping down the Musketaquid from

Concord to Lowell were to Thoreau's eyes like a panorama of foreign lands. He speaks of the men of Bedford and Billerica, two or three miles over the hills from where he sits writing, as of strange and unaccountable dwellers in Ultima Thule. Thus he gets his romantic distances, both of space and time, on remarkably cheap terms, making a little go a great way. The results of this magnifying habit of mind often border the grotesque, as where he speaks of the raindrop which struck the right slope of his nose and ran down the ravine there, remarking: "Such is the origin of rivers." But this is the source, too, of some of his best things: "Ever and anon the lightning filled the damp air with light, like some vast glow-worm in the fields of ether, opening its wings"—a simile which it would be hard to better, except for the negligible detail that the glow-worm has no wings.

It is still the general impression that Thoreau made next to nothing of the fact that the little town in which he spent his life was inhabited by human beings. Mr. John Burroughs, in his essay on "Thoreau's Wildness," says that he appears to have been as stoical and indifferent and unsympathetic as a veritable Indian. This is the view which was given currency by Emerson's essay and which his selection of Thoreau's letters seemed to corroborate. It was unhesitatingly accepted by Robert Louis Stevenson and was spread broadcast by his paper on Thoreau. Nevertheless, this opinion will not stand against the almost universal testimony of those who knew the man best—and it is worthy of notice that he had throughout his life an unusual number of close friends. It is staggered by his essays on Friendship and on Love, in comparison with which those of Emerson seem cold and formal. It becomes grotesque in the light of certain letters—say those to Mrs. Lydian Emerson—which were published by Mr. Frank Sanborn.

Undoubtedly there was too much ego in Thoreau's cosmos. He liked to think himself the sole spectator for whom Nature's pictures were painted, and he would have understood the sharp twinge of jealousy with which Wordsworth always heard any other person make mention of mountains. If his neighbors had obeyed his denunciatory exhortations and taken to living in the woods and fields, that, if anything, would have made him leave Concord. Yet he had by no means the qualities necessary to a successful hermit. The source of his chronic irritation at mankind was not misanthropy. It was, perhaps, even the reverse. He had hoped more from human nature than it could give, habitually forgetting our frame that we are dust. He was always on the lookout for better bread than is made of good wheat flour, having in his mind's eye some Platonic loaf which had soured, for him, all others. Ten miles down the river, he could think most lovingly of his fellows, but in the parlor at Emerson's house the demon of negation so ruled his members that even the master of that house once said, with well-nigh paternal forbearance: "Henry is with difficulty sweet." The perfect motto for Thoreau would have been *Noli me tangere.* Both for better and for worse, he never learned to say "Yes."

Toward the world outside of Concord and the whole question of his social duty, also, Thoreau seemed indifferent, but was not. He had been in that breathless audience which heard Emerson's address on the "American Scholar" at Harvard in the year of Thoreau's graduation—one of those young men who listened "as if a prophet were proclaiming to them 'Thus saith the Lord,'" and who resolved that they too should be, in the noble phrase of the speaker, "delegated minds." No man went from that room, not even the speaker himself, who adhered more closely in later life to the spirit and letter of the address than did Thoreau. While the merchants of Concord bought and sold, while the farmers ploughed and reaped, he sat in the doorway of his cabin, thinking. Diogenes in his tub personified no more exasperating challenge and rebuke. In that very place where, as it is written, a prophet is without honor, there Thoreau deliberately sat down and stayed—"in his own country, and among his own kin, and in his own house." The moral courage, the hardening of purpose, the stiffening of character, which this involved must be

evident enough. Not ten men in America could have fully understood what he was about, and not even many women. Margaret Fuller damned his manuscripts with faint praise, Elizabeth Hoar edged the scalpel of her wit upon him, the grocers of Concord sent him on errands. It was very hard to explain to a world which had not felt the need of such a thing that he was a "delegated mind." He made no explanations whatever, but went on thinking at the rate of a volume of Journal notes per year, keeping in the midst of the crowd, although not with perfect sweetness, the independence of solitude.

What did it all come to in the end, this experiment of Thoreau's in vigorous independence and intensive self-culture, these forty-five years of devotion to lofty ideals, of high thinking, of living "as delicately as one plucks a flower"? He gave up in his pursuit of happiness nearly all that other men cared for—wealth, fame, ease, and pleasure. The crucial question is: Was he happy? Now, although he asserts that he was so with almost damnable iteration, one cannot finally stifle a doubt. One wishes that the high color which he always wears were more certainly the glow of health. He often felt the rare joy of mere passive being, he had his "ecstatic moments" and his hours of transfiguration, but one fears that he seldom knew the sober and durable pleasure that comes of pulling one's full weight in the world's united effort. Moreover, he was a reformer without a programme, a worshipper of the deed who never began to act. Here, one would say, is a formula for misery. But when we conclude that a given man cannot be anything but miserable, we are likely to overlook the prevalence of hope. As a matter of fact, Thoreau came near to a steady radiance of joy through his invincible expectation of better things. He always felt it possible that to-morrow's dawn might broaden over paradise, and all that he ever said of the actual grovelling of men is atoned for by his hopes of what men might become. He loved to think that the life in us, like the water in the river, might rise higher this year than ever before, and drown out all the muskrats. "Give me the old familiar walk," said he, "post-office and all—and this ever-new self, this infinite expectation and faith which does not know when it is beaten." With this one weapon of hope he fended off unweariedly "that defeat which the present always seems," and it was only this which made him able to say that he loved his fate to the very core and rind. Concerning his final success in life we have his own words, perhaps the most memorable that he ever penned: "If the day and the night are such that you greet them with joy, and life emits a fragrance like flowers and sweet-scented herbs, is more elastic, more starry, more immortal—that is your success."

Two things must be done for Thoreau before he can take his due place as one of the three or four most original men of letters America has produced. The first of these is to get him out of the Emersonian shadow. Superficial readers, learning that both the Concord writers were "transcendentalists," but that Emerson was in some vague way the American leader of the school, remembering that Thoreau was Emerson's junior by fourteen years, that he lived some time in Emerson's house, and built his Walden cabin on Emerson's land, that in his youth he resembled Emerson even in voice and manner, have drawn the natural conclusion that Thoreau shone with only a lunar light. It is as impossible to confute as it is to justify this specious conclusion on *a priori* grounds. The two men read the same books, walked the same streets, talked to the same persons, for many years—and that at a time when Concord practised a sort of communism in the realm of ideas. Moreover, the two men talked interminably with each other. Who can say that Emerson was less likely to appropriate a flashing thought or sentence from the younger man, whose agile and germinal intelligence he greatly admired, than Thoreau was to give the lie to all his proud boast of independence by servile imitation of the master? The fact is, as Moncure Conway says in his absorbing "Autobiography," that "Thoreau was an imitator of no mortal." But the minds of critics and of the public are now so finally made up on this subject that

perhaps no mere statement of facts can change them. We have here simply another example of that injustice whereby the towering protagonist of epic or romance slowly gathers into his own cycle all the exploits of lesser heroes. "To him that hath shall be given."

Turning to the writings of the two men, one finds, amid much similarity of thought and expression which is easily explicable as the result of common influences playing upon them both, a difference in philosophy which is radical and wide-spreading. "Trust the instinct to the end," says Emerson, "though you can render no reason." This is strongly countered by Thoreau's sentence: "Man's life consists not in his obedience but in his opposition to his instincts." Says Emerson: "Place yourself in the middle of the stream of power and wisdom which animates all whom it floats, and you are without effort impelled to truth and right, and to a perfect contentment." Thoreau's words on the same general topic have not the sound of a feeble echolalia: "I cannot afford to relax discipline because God is on my side, for He is on the side of discipline." Even in these contrasted quotations we catch a glimpse of one good reason for the fact that while Emerson has been widely popular for eighty years, Thoreau, in his deeper and more significant pages, has scarcely been read. Thoreau does not flatter the sluggard in us. He could not float with any stream. Wherever he found a current, he began to swim against it. As Emerson wistfully pointed out, he had *muscle*—mental and moral muscle as well as physical. Emerson seems to have lived upon celestial capital stored for him by the supererogatory virtue of his ancestors. Thoreau earned his way. He laid an uncomfortable and unpopular emphasis upon practice, being chiefly remarkable among the Concord philosophers for the fact that he lived his philosophy. "To be a philosopher," he says, voicing a truth which has been largely forgotten since the time of Socrates, "is to solve some of the problems of life not only theoretically but practically." That was a significant scene which was enacted one morning at Concord jail, in which Thoreau had spent the night after refusing to pay his poll-tax. Deeply shocked and grieved, Emerson peered through the bars and said: "Henry, why are you here?" Instantly came back the Yankee reply: "Waldo, why are you *not* here?"

It is hard to do full justice to Thoreau without some appearance of injustice to the man who was unquestionably, in almost all respects, his superior. If it seems that Thoreau was in some ways a better exponent of Emersonianism than Emerson was himself, that may be due to the fact that he travelled with lighter luggage. The simple fact is that Emerson rendered Thoreau the highest service any teacher can give by setting the young man free—to go his own way. For this, and for the lifelong stimulus of Emerson's presence, Thoreau gave his friend the loving reverence which all men gave, and which was inevitable. "One needs must love the highest when one sees it."

The second thing to be done for Thoreau is to make it clear that he was not a naturalist, and did not even wish to be one. He was afraid that the scientist in him might starve out the poet, that the fences might overcome the forest. "I fear," he says, "that my knowledge is from year to year becoming more exact and scientific; that, in exchange for views as wide as heaven's cope, I am being narrowed down to the microscope." There is nothing here of that self-immolating devotion of the scientist which enabled Charles Darwin to sit quietly by and watch the slow atrophy of one whole side of his nature. Neither is there anything resembling the method of the modern scientist in Thoreau's choice of field. He seems to have been about equally interested in birds and fishes, turtles and lichens, flowers and rocks, weather and ants, mountains and woodchucks. The very range of his study, most of which was necessarily superficial, shows that his heart was not in that patient accumulation of fact by which science was in his time plodding toward its unknown goal. He would be more in sympathy with the biology of our own day, which more and more subordinates description and classification of species to the quest of ultimate laws and principles. When he was asked by a certain society what

branch of science he was especially interested in, he wrote in his Journal: "I felt that it would be to make myself a laughing-stock to describe to them that branch which especially interests me, inasmuch as they do not believe in a science which deals with the higher law. . . . How absurd that though I probably stand as near to Nature as any of them, and am by constitution as good an observer as most, yet a true account of my relation to Nature should excite their ridicule only."

What, then, was his real relation to Nature? Fundamentally, it was a religious one. He saw the material world more clearly than the mystics, but far more imaginatively, also, and under a holier light, than the ordinary scientist. Nature was to him chiefly "a means and a symbol." It was less a scientific than a religious impulse which kept him pressing on, chiefly by the way of intuition, toward the final Mystery of Things and the innermost Holy of Holies. He was always on the trail of his famous Horse and Hound.

In roving tirelessly about the woods and fields on this high quest, he picked up large stores of information and misinformation concerning matters to which scarcely any one in America had paid any attention. It was natural that his woodcraft and powers of observation should be exaggerated by the bookish persons about him who had neither the one nor the other, and that a legend should grow about his name in this way which could not sustain the attacks even of those who have followed precisely the trails he blazed. His instruments were few and poor, he had no guides and few competitors, he had never known what we understand by scientific training. The result has been no little innocent amusement to professional and amateur scientists in correcting his many blunders and in wondering that he did not know this and that. But they attack a straw man. The real Thoreau wrote in his Journal: "Man cannot afford to be a naturalist, to look at Nature directly, but only with the side of his eye. He must look through and beyond her."

Doubtless Thoreau would have been glad to solve the mystery of his "night-warbler." Once he had done so, however, he would have moved on at once into some other parish of the Infinite. His ignorance was really more useful to him than his knowledge. One can imagine him smiling benignly at the ladies and gentlemen who scramble through thicket and swamp, opera-glass in hand, and complacently set down in their field-books at the end of a weary chase: "*Siurus auricapillus*, unknown to Thoreau." One can almost hear him murmur those helpful words of his friend's: "When me they fly, I am the wings."

But if Thoreau was not a naturalist, then what was he? He was a practical philosopher, constantly asking and trying to answer the most important question of all: how to live. This fact, patent enough to one who reads him without prepossession, has been neglected in our idle gossip about his knowledge or ignorance of Nature. It has been obscured by the malign sarcasms of Lowell's essay. Even in the brilliant biographical sketch which Emerson wrote shortly after Thoreau's death we see the man already fading swiftly into myth. The result is that certain words of that sketch are as true to-day, and in a double sense, as they were when written: "The country knows not yet, or in the least part, how great a son it has lost."

Thoreau is still lost to us. We have been bemused these sixty years by a mere legend about him. The country has yet to learn that it had in him not merely an amusing eccentric, not merely a shining target for the arrows of critical wit, but one of the few primary thinkers and teachers we have produced. For here was a man who stood with his head in the clouds, perhaps, but with his feet firmly planted on actual rubble and grit. He was "true to the kindred points of Heaven and Home." Here was a mind with a most unusual combination of accuracy with range, of audacious fancy with severe fidelity to fact—a mind that brought telescopic findings to bear upon the most microscopic field and took soundings of the Infinite from a cockboat. Here was a life in which the physical daring of our earlier frontiersmen turned inward and became a sort of spiritual pioneering. Of this man and mind and life we have made chiefly a spectacle and

a laughing-stock, ignoring the fact that Thoreau's eminently practical thought was really concerned, in the last analysis, solely with definite human problems. The major question, how to live, was at the end of all his vistas. He learned something about the woods and fields and something about books, becoming probably the best read man in Concord at a time when that was a distinction; but these studies were always ancillary to his study of man's life. And when he turns upon the human animal those eyes which have grown so keen in watching woodchucks, he can see mankind to the quick with his searching sidelong gaze. It is when he forgets the woodchuck, concerning which others now know more than he did, and begins to speak of men, that it behooves us to listen. We have talked and written more than enough about his misanthropy, his wildness, his solitude, his egoism. The real man, in whom these qualities were superficial and secondary, the man Thoreau whose main business was the application of shrewd common sense to the actual facts of life, has been very generally ignored. For who does not prefer amusement to instruction and, still more, to admonition? Too clearly for our comfort Thoreau saw what ails us, and he prescribed a cure which still seems worse than the disease. Accordingly, we have crunched the mere husk of him and thrown away the kernel.

Much of the blame, however, for the fact that we still regard Thoreau as a mere transcendental wild man must be borne by the man himself. It cannot be denied that he was deliberately "queer," or that, in the midst of solitude, he adjusted his pose with a keen eye for the picturesque, thereby reminding even his admirers of what was said of Châteaubriand, that he "would have liked to live in a hermit's hut upon a public stage." Thoreau never learned, moreover, that self-expression is a social act. He wrote for an audience of one, taking little pains to be clear and still less to be ingratiating. The "celestial homespun" of his style, accordingly, shows many a woful patch and thrum. In a strict sense, he never learned to write, but only to exclaim—his genius, as Emerson said, being better than his talent. If he could always have chosen definite and manageable subjects, as he did in that crisp, compact, and witty paper on "The Landlord," of which Stevenson would have been proud; if he could have taken as models the great French masters of style instead of Hindu visionaries and Teutonizing Englishmen; if he could have made his sentences flow more like a river and less like a moraine of boulders—then he might have been not only a great writer but a *good* one as well.

Even such as he was, with all his faults and foibles upon him, this odd-choresman of Concord looms higher year by year on the horizon of our literature, and is "still loftier than the world suspects." We may yet learn that he was neither a naturalist nor an Emersonian echo; he may yet teach us something regarding the sources of a sound and enduring patriotism, something about economy, something of contentment; but even to-day, imperfectly understood as he still is, he must be considered as rather more than a picturesque figure. That ancient warfare of forests and fences, which is all the past of America, is brought to a vivid and powerful focus in him. He draws the mystery of the wilderness about our very doors. In the rude boat which he has made with his own hands he drops quietly down the River of Commonplace which flows through our own tame little town, he doubles strange cliffs which are after all only over the hill, and brings back shining wares from the next township as though from foreign and almost fabulous lands. He helps us to be content with what we have by making us see the glory of the near and familiar. He shows us what can be done with even a two-foot measuring-rod when it is carved on a walking-stick.

SEA GINGER

By J. Edward Macy

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY GORDON STEVENSON

FOR five days the bark *Rita* had wallowed in an utter calm. This afternoon especially the air seemed as motionless as the blazing sunshine, as the blue zenith. The pitch was softening in the deck-seams, the sails flapped, the helmsman lolled over the wheel and dozed, the hands napped in the shadows. The only sound was the long, monotonous, alternating groans of the shrouds—first starboard, then port—as the vessel swayed in its tireless seesaw on the low ground swell. The only human activity was that of the captain's fourteen-year-old son, Ernie, fishing over the starboard rail. Occasionally the boy's line would jerk mightily and he would sing out in his high-keyed voice that he had had a bite; but the big fish was only the lad's father, lying in his bunk below, reaching out a hand through the porthole.

Presently the practical joker himself rose out of the cabin companionway. Captain Dick Brand was lean, big-boned, bearded, with small eyes so pleasantly blue against the bronze of his face that they resembled twin turquoises set in leather. He yawned, looked across at his son, and winked at me; then he strolled over to the port rail to gaze at the one diverting object in that entire circle of glassy azure sea, a three-masted schooner, headed—so far as heading was possible—on the same course as the *Rita*.

She was only an every-day, ordinary schooner. If Captain Brand had passed her somewhere up the coast he would scarcely have glanced at her. But in this desert of silent, tedious immobility, she was something curious, something alive though motionless, something fraught with life and purpose and destiny, like ourselves. And the familiarity of her distant presence as the days passed, had clothed her with the interest of a neighbor. We had talked her over fore and aft and 'thwartships; guessed at her tonnage, her length, her cargo; speculated whether she was homeward bound from Porto Rico or from farther south. For a whole half-hour we had argued from her cut where she was built; and Captain Brand had even conjectured how much she had cost; until I compared ourselves to two old women, busy with the affairs of a new family next door. I had sailed three trips with Brand as mate of the *Rita*, was better read than he, and felt on easy terms. And so now, while the lad at the starboard taffrail mourned over the loss of his gigantic nibbler, I sauntered over to the captain's side.

"She bears a little farther aft," he observed, "though a man may wonder how two vessels can ever stay so still. It's as though they were both anchored. A picture, ain't she?"

"But she looks nearer!" I exclaimed.

He straightened and peered at her. "By Jove, she does! She is nearer! We've drifted in quite a bit!"

A leisurely descent to the cabin for his binoculars and the next minute he was eying the motionless craft through them, his great bare brown elbows resting on the rail. "Curious, ain't it?" he said, after a long silence. "No motion ahead or astern, and yet we've floated in sidewise. Making leeway in a dead calm, so to speak. You can see her real well now. That canvas hickey aft there is an old sail hung by ropes and shored up—by oars, I guess likely—for shade. They're stylish, with their awnings."

He handed the glasses to me and I focussed them idly on the craft. Things on her deck could be made out clearly. A figure leaning against her taffrail caught my eye. "That explains their tony ideas," I said; "there's a woman aboard," and I returned the glasses.

"I see her," said he. "Green waist. But why don't she stay under the awn-

ing? What's she want to cruise round out thar by the poop rail for?"

"She must have jumped like a flea, capt'n," I said. "She was aft against the taffrail when I sighted her."

He focussed for another moment, then laughed. "Well, if thar ain't a couple of them! Two women aboard a long-distance, cargo-carryin' windjammer. Never heard tell before of ary woman aboard a ship but the skipper's wife. Two petticoats in the same cabin!"

"Maybe the other's his daughter."

"Mebbe; we'll say so anyhow"—and our old-wives' gossip was ended by his abruptly turning away and lounging round to the starboard quarter to poohoo at Ernie's wide-eyed description of those awful bites, which must have been a whale.

That evening the sunset was like all the others. Void of clouds as had been the blue welkin throughout the day, white downy clumps now rose, piled by magic hands, to receive the sun. The magnificence that followed, the splendor of gold and pink and rose that veiled the sublime bed-going, is known only to those of nature's votaries who have sailed within the trades. Afterward the ocean lost its gleaming blue and became a darksome underworld, beneath fluid glass, peopled by ghosts of stars, with here and there a darting dragon of phosphorescent light. But the night brought little other change, only the cool melancholy of a shaded peace instead of the glaring laziness of a sunlit calm.

Morning renewed the scene—the endless rocking of the ship, the alternate stretching of the shrouds and stays, the rattle of swaying sheet-blocks, the occasional whang of the spanker-gaff. During the day the schooner drifted a little forward of the beam. She looked even nearer than before. The fling of her booms against their sheets could be clearly heard. The two women, with sometimes the figure of captain or mate, could be plainly watched idling separately about the after-deck. Toward night she was farther forward but still nearer. Voices could be heard. Her name could be made out—*Venus*, New York. Again the night fell—softly, like the dimming of lights on a staged extravaganza.

At midnight when I relieved Braley, the second mate, I found Captain Brand on deck, leaning back against the taffrail, smoking his pipe, gazing contemplatively off to port. Directly abreast of us, almost within talking distance, loomed the object of his interest, the dusky form of the *Venus*, silhouetted against the stars.

"The whole tropic zone to drift in," he sputtered, after a few quick puffs, "and yet here be these two craft sidling up together like they callated to pick each other's pockets. You'll have to heave over a drag if it keeps up much longer. Give me a call if things look too close."

After he had gone below I fetched a stick of firewood from the galley and dropped it a few feet astern. For a half-hour I watched it rise and fall in the starlight. But not a foot—not a perceptible inch—did the *Rita* shift her position. Clearly it was our neighbor who was moving. A little later I hailed her.

A voice answered, not from aft, as was to be expected, but from amidships, and indifferently: "Hello."

"You're drifting down on us; lower a boat and tow her ahead."

The reply was clear, though low and surly: "Lower a boat yourself."

Now the *Rita* was much the heavier vessel. I had not imagined that as between the two, we should be the ones to tow. But I went forward, roused out the watch, and cleared away the starboard cutter for lowering. We then laid out the oars and a hawser.

It was not the trick of a minute, and when I went back to look at the unmannerly stranger, she had become a swift and immediate menace. She was close aboard. There was no time to lower a boat and tow; I doubt if there would have been time before. After a roar at the watch to call all hands and to break out fenders, and another down the cabin companionway to turn out the skipper, I fell to bawling at the aggressor to lower quickly and tow. Captain Brand came to my side, and Braley ran aft buttoning his flannel shirt as he came.

"These two vessels seem bound to scrape an acquaintance, don't they now?" said the captain, who was always most composed and whimsical in emergencies.

"Scrape is right."

I described my efforts to get action, and told him how I had proven the schooner to be the sociable one.

"Well now," he said, "if she's much like the Venus I read about once in a long piece o' poetry by that fellow Shakespeare, cuttin' up with a chap named Adonis, she ain't fit company for our modest *Rita*."

But while he spoke his brain was working. "You stay right here and bawl her out, look to the wheel, and stand by the fending," he ordered. "Braley, you man and lower the cutter. I'll clear away another boat."

"Better get the yards braced round, sir, for fear she'll foul," I said.

"Righto." And the next moment the hands were scampering about in the starlit dusk, blocks creaked, hawsers thumped.

But the stranger was almost alongside. After another futile hail at her I scanned her shadowy deck. It was lower than ours, of course, and except when the low swell lifted or canted her, it was in clear view from the awning forward. On it not a human form was visible.

The grating together of the two rising and falling hulls, with damage to stays, bulwarks, spars, and what-not, seemed imminent. Judging that Braley's boat would soon begin to tug a little at the *Rita's* bow, I ordered the helm astarboard and summoned several of the crew with fenders. Then my attention was caught by the fling of the schooner's long booms as she rocked. They were hauled out loosely on the port tack, and with every roll swung far over to starboard, bringing up against the tautened sheets with a whang. Our yards had been braced round in the nick of time. But the thought flashed on me that it was the continual jerk of those booms to starboard that caused the schooner's lateral drift. "Take in the slack of your sheets, you lubbers! Haul your booms amidships," I bellowed.

From under the festooned edge of the improvised awning of sail appeared a pair of heads. They were within the length of an oar. I repeated my harangue; they vanished; in a moment several dark figures appeared on deck and sped through the gloom to the main-sheets.

Under the cover they had left, a lantern was burning. As the schooner swayed and the side heaved up, the light glowed on a circle of feet and legs; sounds came as of scuffling; there was a snarled "Sacré!" Then the view was lost. I sprang over the rail and down into the mizzen-chains for a better look. Another lift of the sea brought the picture nearer. At last what had suspended all seamanship aboard that craft could be clearly made out.

On the farther side, facing me, picturesque in the dim yellow light, was a black-mustached, leather-skinned, barefooted Spaniard, in trousers and undershirt, with a scarlet handkerchief round his neck; he was stooping and fiercely glaring. His teeth were bared in hate; his right hand clutched a knife; his knees were flexed in cat-like readiness. Opposing him, with back toward me, was a thick-shouldered, stolid, light-haired fellow, armed with an iron stanchion. It was the scuffling of his heavy shoes I had heard. No wonder the deck was abandoned, with the captain and the mate in mortal combat. As the dark one advanced with crouching, panther-like swiftness, and the blond one raised an impassable barrage of rapid sweeps with his murderous stanchion, the schooner sank back, and the scene was again cut off. Evidently just then some one tried to stop the fight, for the Spaniard's guttural tones smote the air: "You keep away! I keel da first man dat interfere!"

Behind me a seaman spoke: "Look out for yourself, sir! You might get jammed!"

The two sterns were swinging together. Braley's boat had begun to tow and the first motion of the bow was to starboard, swerving the stern to port. I sprang back into the shrouds as the hulls grazed and the fenders creaked. Then below me at the schooner's rail appeared a woman.

"Queek, Eric! Come queek!" she was calling back over her shoulder. The voice and accent were those of West India Spanish. She raised herself and stood on the rail.

The feet and legs of Eric were now visible backing to the side, swinging his weapon. There he paused. If he turned to climb over he was lost; if he flung his

club at his foe a successful dodge would bring the knife to his vitals.

"Ss!" hissed the woman. "Queek, Eric, queek!"

Supporting herself by holding to a backstay, she turned and brushed aside a propping oar; then she stepped nimbly along the rail and pulled out the knot of a lashing on the shroud. This let down the awning over the mêlée like a carpet over a fire—except that the Swede was free.

Springing into the shrouds, Eric seized the woman's arm. "Yump! Yump!" he shouted, and into the *Rita's* mizzen-chains and scrambling up the ratlines they came.

As the two vessels were now drawing apart, the leap was just in time to make the distance. But as the Spaniard appeared at the schooner's rail, Eric stopped, drew a sharp breath, and reached to his shoulder. The knife fell on our deck. It had been thrown with true Iberian dexterity, but without enough accuracy to do more than wound the fugitive.

"Ya!" yelled back the Swede as he dropped to the deck with the woman and turned. "Ya, ya! You no goot anyvay! Good-by, captain, good-by!" waving his hand derisively.

The bloodthirsty master of the *Venus* started into the rigging as though bent on pursuit, but thought better of it. Holding to the shrouds he stood shaking his fist and cursing venomously. "I keel you both when I ketch you—you see!" he vowed. Near him appeared the still form of the second woman; but the starlight was not bright enough to show her features.

"You stop your fighting and take better care of your vessel," Captain Brand called across to him.

"Taka care my vessel, you say? Ha! You talk about vessel! How you tink you lika to have your mate taka your wife away? Leave his own wife, too. But I ketch 'em! I keel her! Him too! By God, you see!"

II

The silver sparkle of sunrise found the two ships at a safe distance from each other, the *Venus* a mile off the *Rita's* quarter, and both embarking on another day of lazy seesawing. The midnight session had been ended by Captain Brand's realization that to send the señora back to her furious husband then and there would be to risk murder, and that to leave Eric's shoulder without attention would bring serious consequences. "Wall, I guess we'll adjourn till mawnin'," he had said; after which the señora had been stowed in the spare saloon stateroom. Eric's wound had been stitched and dressed in the saloon by the light of a sea lamp, Captain Brand bending his bushy eyebrows fiercely when Eric cringed under his needle; the boats had been hoisted in, the yards squared, the watch below consigned to the brief sleep which remained their due. And now, under the first polished darts of the new day, Captain Brand and I were pacing the deck together, with Ernie trying in vain to keep step beside his father.

"Whar's the lady-killer now?" asked the captain, his eyes atwinkle.

"Still slumbering serenely on the cushioned seat in the cabin," I told him.

"The woman was up and dressed when I came on deck. I mentioned she'd ought to go back aboard her ship, but she began to carry on like a young typhoon. Did ye ever see such eyes before? No wonder the big squarehead lost his helm."

A little later a period of murmuring below in the cabin was ended by Eric's thumping up the companion ladder and out on deck. Moving stiffly in tribute to his wound, he sauntered round the cabin skylight and toward us.

He was about twenty-five and a typical son of the northland; six feet in height, sturdy, slow-moving, with thick tow hair, plump, good-natured, boyish face, solid chest showing brown at the break of his blue cambric jumper, massive brown forearms bared below his rolled-up sleeves. As he approached, his mild eyes from under their flaxen lashes seemed to reflect the azure of the sea, his half-bashful smile to symbolize the simplicity of its life.

"Good morning," said Captain Brand coldly, when he stopped before us.

The smile broadened a little foolishly; then the blue eyes darkened with trouble like a tropic bay ruffled by a whiff of wind. "Captain, sir"—he hesitated.

"Well," said the skipper, still coldly. "Shall we lower away that boat?"

"Captain, no! You vould not send Carlota back to be killed, sir. Yoost take us with you to Boston. Ve vill be no trouble. I vill turn to with the hands; she vill vork, help cook, anyting, sir. Und she does not like that oder man."

The veteran mariner pulled his beard and gazed at the supplicant curiously. "And what about the nice little Swedish wife you've cast adrift over yonder?" he said at last.

Eric's smile was somewhat sheepish. "She von't care at all. She'll forget. I'll give her money; she go back to Sveden."

"But I guess the news ain't reached you yet that polygamy's been abolished."

The other looked blank till the allusion was interpreted in simpler words; then the big body straightened and the blue eyes cleared. "That's all right, captain," he smiled. "Ve vill yoost do right; Captain Parrata he vill get divorce; und Hulda, she vants to go back to Sveden; she vill say yes und ve vill get a divorce. Yoost take us to Boston, sir. I'll be up for'ards in the crew und stay dere all da time."

But the master was still fingering his beard debatively. As he told me afterward, the fellow was so whole-souled about it, so boyishly enthusiastic, so crystal-clear of guile, he was "kind o' taken flat aback." The fact was that Dick Brand was tender-hearted. "Waal, we don't want you stove in with a stiletto, anyway," he said presently. "And I go by the rule, Judge not lest ye be judged; as the sculpin said to the polecat. Suppose we go below to Carlota and have a gam about it."

While we followed the captain's long strides to the companionway I chanced to look astern at the distant *Venus;* on her forecastle-head the form of a woman could be made out gazing mutely toward us.

A few minutes later, after sending the wide-eyed Ernie back on deck to fish, the *Rita's* master and mate were seated in the cabin before their uninvited passengers, like a pair of judges hearing a cause.

It required but little divination to piece out the story. It was a tale of child-like naïveté and simplicity. Captain Felipe Parrata, with capital furnished by his brother, a Porto Rican planter, went to New York and bought a schooner. The name "Venus," he kept because the letters were so tastily done on the stern. That was the only reason, safe to say, unless the cost of relettering entered in; assuredly there was no sentimental motive in him, although in fact he had been recently married. The dark-faced islander sailed his prize south. On the return trip northward, moved by pride in his command and in his sumptuous cabin, he took his pining young wife with him. In New York he was obliged to replace his mate. As mates were scarce he was delighted in securing a genuine Scandinavian seaman. But Eric was young. Not that this lessened in the least his prospective value as first officer; that was assured by his experience; but Parrata's wife was young also—much younger than himself; much livelier and more romantic. To make his jealous spirit easier on this score, he suggested that Eric take along his own young wife to keep the señora company. Did not rich men take ladies in their yachts? Was not the *Venus's* cabin outfitted like a yacht's? Why not all be merry together? The captain shrugged his Latin shrug and Eric beamed his broad norland smile, and the antipodal pair of optimists, unlearned in the idiosyncrasies of femininity, set sail for Porto Rico with their wives aboard.

What contrasts were there: the smouldering fire of the Spaniard's soul, the deep cool well of the Swede's, the warm dazzling sparkle of Carlota's nature, the pale glow of Hulda's. No more remote was the light hay color of Eric's hair from the black of Parrata's than were the personalities of one pair from those of the other. Yet this very antithesis may have been what led to the trouble. It began with Carlota, no doubt—perhaps with the young girl's coveting of the rare and new in preference to the common and stale of her past; for Eric was a big, steady, masculine novelty. Or perhaps it followed a temptation to the beautiful and lively southern girl—having nothing else to occupy herself with—to match her attractions against her soberer sister's. Carlota coquetted with Eric behind Parrata's back. Eric was delighted with

her. By the time the *Venus* settled into this calm, on the homeward trip, they felt themselves so deeply in love that unless they could somehow get free from these others and marry each other, the bottom of the sea must receive them both. The waywardness had gone no farther; Eric was a good Lutheran and his thoughts were pure, if slightly intoxicated. On the second day of the calm, Parrata began to suspect; the Spaniard became darkly, gloomily watchful. Under the stars of this last night he had surprised them on deck, Eric with his broad arms about the young woman's shoulders, looking down into her eyes. Ensued the fight.

And that fight was no child's play. Apparently it had lasted an hour and a quarter when we interrupted it. "I vould not kill him," said Eric. "I ban yoost keep him off. Him and his knife."

"Ah, he mucha big! Mucha strong! He maka my Felipe dance laka da monkey," and Carlota, lounging negligently back on the cushioned stern seat, patted the bare arm beside her and laughed. Her dark eyes justified Brand's tribute. One moment they seemed to expand and glow intimately, the next to recede and sparkle; one moment they swelled with earnestness, the next relaxed into lazy voluptuousness, or crouched watchfully. Beside her Eric sagged a little, nursing his shoulder, which had begun to pain keenly with the intense soreness of first knitting.

"But what about Hulda out yonder?" the captain said to him.

"She don't care. She vants to go back to Sveden."

"She never would have left you, though, to go back."

Eric did not reply.

"And don't you think a lot of Hulda?"

At this question Eric shook his bowed head and was for some time silent. Suddenly he looked up at us with a frank, boyish, fetching grin. "Hulda—she's too dead," he declared; then laying a hand on Carlota's—"I like more yinyer."

"More ginger!" repeated the captain. He stared a moment, then burst into an immense roar of laughter, in which we all —even Eric himself—joined.

"Well, we'll keep you aboard for the present," he concluded. "But, Eric, you needn't go for'ard. You're an officer; and besides, your shoulder wouldn't let you work for a time; then, too, we don't want Romeo and Juliet scenes goin' on over the poop rail. You stay aft and bunk with the steward."

The captain and I returned to our walk on deck, which we pursued in silence until Ernie, coiling up his fish-line disconsolately, joined us.

"Any more of those big bites?" asked his father.

"Not a bite," said the boy. "What kind of fish do you think that was, papa, yesterday?"

"That fish, sonny? Oh, that was a fish about six feet long with a kind o' beard-like on his chin; a stupid sort o' fish that flaps his tail and takes hold of a thing as though he meant business, then slacks off and stands by, puzzling what to do."

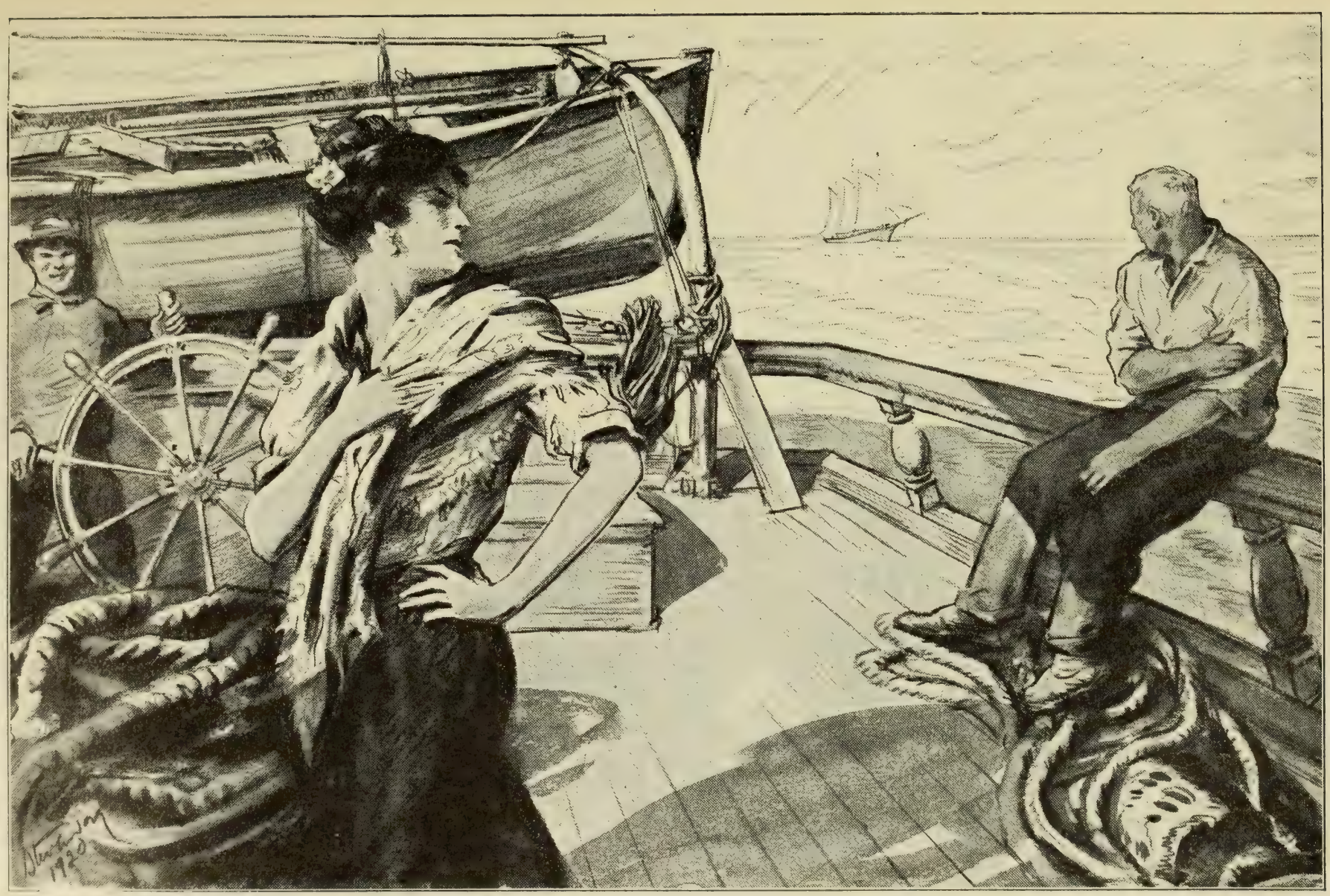
The boy looked up at us doubtfully, but soon scampered away.

An hour later as I wandered to the taff-rail I again noticed in the bow of the Spaniard's schooner the still figure of Hulda, as she stood gazing spectrally, like the brooding spirit of reproach, after her departed lord. She was still there when Eric came on deck. He was drooping a little, dismally, with pain, aggravated by the heat below decks. As he looked off across the shining water toward the *Venus* the figure of the woman caught his eye. At that mutely appealing image he stood gazing soberly for a long time. Carlota came up the companionway and approached him. Seeing his absorption and the object of it, a gleam entered her eye and a curl touched her pretty lip. She turned, tossed her head, and walked away.

At four bells, ten o'clock, a sizable breeze came sweeping up from the starboard quarter. As though with the wave of a wand it awoke the sleepy realm to life. The ocean smiled, waves danced and sparkled, the *Rita* leaped forward like a steed. To leeward the schooner spread her wings and coursed ahead, passing us foot by foot as the hours glided on. By evening she lay well down on the horizon.

III

UNDER another nocturne of stars the *Rita* swayed to the heave of the sea. The



From a drawing by Gordon Stevenson.

She turned, tossed her head, and walked away.—Page 348.

peace of the previous night was varied by the vast rustle of wavelets, the whirr of the wind in the rigging, the shadowy immobility of the sails, the realization of motion. The rough clang of the ship's bell making eleven o'clock rose faintly, dispelled by the wind. But the gloom of the deck, the sense of living in a dream, the appallingness of stygian solitude, were there—as in all night watches at sea.

A cry sounded from the ship's bow: "Red light, two points off the port bow!" It seemed to come from nowhere, like a voice in the air.

The sighting of the light was no novelty and required no attention; but anything is a diversion in these long hours, and I strolled forward through the shadows.

"It looked like a port side-light when I sang out, sir," said the seaman on watch; "but it seems to change somehow-nuther. Can't quite make it out, sir."

The tiny glow was farther away than I had expected, and unsteady—first bright then red; after disappearing for a time it suddenly flared; then it died uncertainly away. But at sea distances will play these tricks, and I went aft expecting that in due time the port light of a steamer would float distantly past us.

Before long, however, while I drowsed on the after-deck with mind far away among the night memories that every mariner knows, I chanced to see the light again, rising and falling beneath the arc of the mainsail. It was much nearer. But it was no steamer's light. It wavered like the glare of a torch. I went down into the cabin to fetch the skipper's night-glasses.

As I returned with the glasses to the foot of the companion-ladder, I saw by the glow of the low-burning sea-lamp, Eric sitting up on his cushion seat, fully dressed, his brow in his hand.

"Does the wound keep you awake?" I asked him in the appropriate undertone.

"Aye. But it vill be better to-morrow, I tink."

"Couldn't we put a salve on it, or something?"

"I don't know." His voice grew a shade dismal. "I don't know. I vas yoost tinking if Hulda was here she vould know what to do." The utter ingenuousness of it saved it from being actually grotesque.

I left the big fellow leaning forward on his elbows, immersed in the broodiness that had been stealing over him throughout the day.

On deck a seaman was waiting for me. "Rockets have gone up, sir, where that light is off the bow."

"That settles it," I muttered, and made my way forward to the forecastle-head.

What had appeared a wavering spark had now expanded into a definite gleam, which was broadened by the glasses into a persistent glow, now brilliantly lambent, now dully lurid. Another rocket went up. The sky became flushed with an ominous crimson stain.

"It's a ship on fire," said Eric, who had followed me up from the cabin. The explanation was needless.

"We raised it about where that thar dago schooner would 'a' been, sir," said a veteran voice from among the seamen now grouping round us.

In a very few minutes Captain Brand had been turned out, the yards had been braced round, and the *Rita* was coursing swiftly toward the conflagration. Slowly it rose nearer. In an hour or so the heart of it had dissolved into leaping flames, and the red aurora seemed to overhang and engulf us. Then the call for all hands shattered the silence, and soon the deck was alive with the dark forms of seamen.

"Better clear away the starboard boats, Mr. Sturgis," the captain called to me from the poop, "and make ready to lower if necessary. Swing out the port davits free, with the falls ready; we may have to hoist in their boats instead."

After all had been made ready to give what aid was possible, master and mate and passengers collected on the after-deck, including Carlota, who had heard the captain called and sensed excitement, and Ernie whom his father had roused to see the spectacle. Eric had just come back from up forward.

"I have made out the masts with the glasses," he announced soberly, "und once I saw the shape of the hull. It is the *Venus*."

This was only what had been presumed, and so for a time we stood gazing forward silently, interrupted only by the captain's

occasional questions to Eric as to the cargo, the gasolene aboard, the number in the crew. The upper line of the schooner's hull grew distinct, black against the glow; over the whole length from stem to stern flames leaped and played, like demons dancing and flinging showers of sparks into the air in some whirling fandango.

At last, within the red circle of this inferno, surrounded by a sea of liquid fire, the *Rita* swung into the wind, her mainsails aback, her fore-and-aft sails tugging and flapping petulantly as though in fear. Feet scampered to the clew-lines and downhauls; the air filled with the cries of the mates and the whirr of descending staysails.

As I returned to the after-deck for orders, the group of figures staring into the glare looked uncanny, like spectres transfigured with a hellish lustre. "All ready to lower away, sir," I said.

"Small need," muttered the captain. "They'll have taken to their own boats by this."

Eric spoke. He had forgotten his wound and was standing erect and attentive beside his inamorata: "I heard of a ship once where the fire it crept along under the deck then burst out all over her."

"Aye, there have been some cases where they couldn't even reach the boats," said Captain Brand in a matter-of-fact tone.

A long breath escaped Eric, as though his breathing had been delayed by mental tension. He took several steps toward the rail and stood scanning the water. The captain gazed at him.

Carlota turned to me, her eyes agleam with the reflection. "Oh, but Felipe," she said with her Spanish shrug, "he is queek; he know what to do."

But the situation required decision. "Even if they're not in the boats," I said, "there may be some one afloat."

"Aye, lower away."

The order was forestalled. Out of the lurid shadows a dark object was creeping in on the port side. A short distance behind was a second. Braley's voice bawled from 'midships: "Two boats abeam, sir."

"Stand by to take them aboard; lower away the boat-falls; see they're well manned."

I stationed Braley in charge at the forward davits; I took those amidships. The tackle-blocks were swung down just as the first boat hove alongside, almost in position, but manœuvring against the wash of the heaving vessel. It was peopled with black figures, the two boats evidently containing the entire crew.

Even in a quiet sea such as that, it is a sizable trick to get a boat-load aboard and a boat hooked to the falls and hoisted in. Upon its being accomplished eight grateful men, one of them the schooner's second mate, piled over the rail and grouped round me. They had been an hour lying on their oars, they said, after three hours of futile fire-fighting. I told their officer to muster them aft.

Starting forward to meet the second boat-load, which Braley had by now taken safely aboard, I met the massive form of Eric.

"She is not in that boat, either," he said in a high, strained voice.

"Who?" I asked thoughtlessly, having forgotten for a time the pathetic watcher on the schooner's forecastle.

"Hulda! She is not here! All da hands are here but she is not! She is left behind!"

In the van of the second batch of refugees, now flocking aft, came Captain Parrata, one side of his figure ruddy in the flame-light, the other invisible in the shadow. For an instant I feared a collision, but he hurried past silently without more than a glance at the invader of his felicity.

Of the others as they came along I inquired: "Where is the Swedish woman?"

In a few graphic sentences they explained. Fearful of Parrata's wrathful mood, Hulda had fled to the very bow of the ship and clung to the remoteness of the forecastle-head from hour to hour, grieving in silence, eating nothing. The fire had risen suddenly from the region of the forecastle hatch; almost before they could begin their frantic fight with the pumps the forecastle-deck had burst into flames, and the smoulder was working aft under the planks so rapidly as to grill their feet and put all hands in peril of some sudden upburst of flame. Hulda, in the bow, had been cut off. One of the crew was sure he had seen her trying to

rush through to them when it was too late. Upon taking to the boats the captain had circled the blazing ship twice; no human life was visible, none seemed possible, on the forward deck.

"The woman might have jumped overboard," I conjectured.

"She couldn't svim," said Eric in his strained voice.

A big mulatto, speaking in the light, slurring modulations of the Antilles, spoke up:

"I don't reckon she had much chance to try, suh. She was caught in the fiah, I reckon. You ain't my mate no mo'"—turning to Eric—"I can say right what I tink to you now; and if ma wife 'a' been burned up in them flames ovah theah"—pointing dramatically into the glare—"an' I was to blame fo' it, I would drop right down on ma knees, suh, an' pray to God he fo'give me." Others murmured assent.

They passed on to muster and I turned to the big Swede. His face was ghastly, staring, his stony cheeks tinted by the light into a marble rosiness. Again his long exhalation confessed the tension. I left him there and hurried aft to Captain Brand.

"Aye," answered the latter, "you'd better take one of the boats and cruise about. The woman may have gone overboard with something to buoy her up. Still, their boats covered the ground. Oh, well, I callate we wouldn't feel just right to set sail without a look."

A careful lowering, a swish of the boat as she met the seas, a quick heave at the oars to clear the vessel, and we were under way—six rowers on the thwarts and the big Swede beside me in the stern sheets.

We neared the long black hull, now resembling a gigantic dish of flame, the waters round us shining like a lake of seething blood, the heat growing with every stroke of the oars. The prospect seemed utterly void. On circling the stern the first whiff of wind brought us a scorching that made the oarsmen cry out sharply, and back water without orders. We ran out to a greater distance to leeward, and circled toward her bow. There the flames, having devoured the head-sails, were licking along the boom. To imagine a mortal still living there was to revive the miracle of the fiery furnace.

Again and again, as we floated slowly on, Eric peered at the impossible and groaned. Then the big fellow stood up in the lurching boat and shouted through his cupped hands at the top of his voice: "Hulda! Hulda!"

I pulled him down. It was useless. "There's only one chance," I told him, "that Hulda went overboard and is afloat on something."

Up and down in the hellish light we rowed, scanning the colored billows. Again Eric stood up. His wound had opened; a dark stain was forming on his back. Again his cry rose above the swish of foam and the whirr of flame. "Hulda! Hulda!" The call rose above the roar of the fire and the wash of the brilliant waters like that of a lost seraph on the burning lake. Far and wide we carried it through the night. It became plaintive, like the cry of a strong man anguished.

At last he sat down, and I headed for the *Rita*. "Once more, please, sir—only once more," he begged; and to humor him I wore around. We were far from the *Venus* now.

"Yoost run in close again, please," he said. It was but the protest of a sore heart against leaving the spot of its lost hope. Somewhere there—perhaps now a mere scintillation—was the stanch girl from the old country, the sweetheart of his boyhood, the simple peasant lass who had left home and people and crossed the ocean in silent joy to become his wife; only to be ruthlessly, mortifyingly betrayed and abandoned. Straight into the heat I drove as far as we could go, then round the bow. Eric stood up, peering at the black heaving hull and into the adjacent dark margin of shaded water.

Suddenly he started. "Nearer! nearer! Oh, yoost a little nearer. Dere is something white. Ya! Look! Look!"

I rose, holding the tiller ropes in my hands, and followed his pointing. On the surface of the water, deep under the blur of the bow and against the very cutwater of the hulk, was a gleam of white, resembling a deathly human face.

"Nearer—ve moost row nearer."

But the heat was stinging us already. "Are you good for it, lads?" I asked the men.

"We'll go as far as you will, sir," answered a squat oarsman rowing stroke-oar. "Aye aye, sir, all o' that," came from the others.

"Give way slowly, then," I ordered, steering straight for the hull.

At a hundred feet the bow oarsman squirmed and groaned. "Hold water," I ordered. The heat was blistering; a sudden veer of the wind would be calamitous.

Then Eric cried out with a great shout of joy: "Ya! Ya! Dere is a rope"—and with a great splash went overboard.

"Throw water on each other; we'll follow him in as far as we can," I directed.

Gently we floated in, dashing ourselves with the brine. We could see Eric threshing along with powerful strokes, unmindful of the salt in his wound, ducking his head to avoid the heat. Above us the fire roared like a forge; the foremast, a mere column of incandescence, toppled and collapsed, the sparks spouting upward like a display of fireworks and coming down about us in a rain of tiny hisses. Eric had reached the spot of white, and was working with the rope. Luckily there was less heat under that shelter. A moment more and he was struggling back with a burden.

It did not seem that we drew the woman into the boat, so much as that the powerful swing of Eric's shoulders, the sheer impetus of his eagerness, forced her over the gunwale. Shifting to the stern, he heaved himself in with a single effort. Silently he lifted her from the bottom where we had laid her and, sitting in the stern beside me, drew her into his dripping arms, her wet ivory-white face upturned and rigid.

So he sat until we were out of the intense heat and headed for the *Rita*, when, at my urging, but moving as though hypnotized or in a dream, he lowered Hulda's lifeless head and shoulders and tried to clear her lungs of water.

"It may have been the exposure, though," I felt forced to say, after a time.

With a speed born of the goodness of seamen's hearts, we approached the bark where she floated, a colossal phœnix, in the flare. The falls were successfully hooked on, and the boat hoisted. With a sigh of attainment we found ourselves again on board. Eric carried Hulda aft, with the blood staining his wet shirt from a wound that must have opened painfully under the strain of her weight, and laid her on the cabin skylight.

The scene of the next twenty minutes was memorable. At full length on the level window lay the plump-faced buxom Swedish girl, corpsy still and pale. Over her bent the bearded skipper, his sleeves rolled up, working as energetically as any surgeon. Beside him, crowding him, stooped the tow-headed viking husband, rubbing her hands and feet, fussing frantically, now and then emitting a faint moaning sound like the whine of an eager animal. About them crowded the group of watchers, and over the whole tableau played the baleful light of the gigantic fire.

At last Eric's voice broke the silence in a yelp of joy. "Ya! Ya! Dere she comes! More brandy, yoost a little! Ya! Ya!"

Hulda's blue lips quivered, her white eyelids fluttered. She opened her eyes, closed them, opened them again on Eric's face. A faint smile touched her lips; she lifted a weak arm and placed it half round his neck, then sighed and closed her eyes.

"There! Now take her below and put her to bed," smiled Captain Brand, rubbing his hands together.

Carlota was not there during this. Chancing to go forward on the starboard side to oversee the setting of the clewed-up topgallants—for we were rapidly getting under way—I came on her walking stiffly up and down alone. She curled her lip. "He no good; he big baby," she sneered.

"A steamer is bearing down off the starboard bow," Braley reported, meeting me at the break of the poop. "She has seen the fire, probably, and come up. If she should be a West India liner now—perhaps Captain Parrata and his men would rather go south——"

This proposal Captain Parrata and his men met with glee. We hove to again and signalled. The new arrival proved to be a fruiter bound for Haiti and Ja-

maica, and her captain promptly consented to take the southerners south; so, while the vast illumination was waning on the port side and dawn was kindling on the starboard, the dusky master and crew clambered back into their boats.

"You'd better get in, too," I mumbled to Carlota as the boat was about to be lowered. Without a word, but as though suddenly deciding on her course, she climbed into the after boat and sat down resolutely beside her Spanish husband. Amid jests and cheers the two boats took the water. Soon they were but a shadow of jet fading toward the long ebony bulk of the steamer, symbolical of the shadow that was vanishing from the two simple hearts in the cabin.

IV

On the afternoon of the next day the breeze had reached its height. The hour was one of bulging sails, sparkling whitecaps, slanting decks. The ship seemed a live thing, fleeing relievedly from the horror of the night.

"It's a great day for that young couple yonder," said Captain Brand, as we walked the after-deck together.

At the port taffrail Eric was helping Ernie fish. The big Swede was pale from loss of blood, but looked happy as never before. Beside them in the sunshine Hulda was leaning convalescently back in a steamer-chair, brought from the cabin.

"She told me the story this noon," he went on between puffs at his pipe. "After she tried to beat through the smoke and fire, and gave it up, she ran back to the fo'c'stle all choked and blinded, likely all panicky too. There she fell over the jib-sheet and struck her head on the bitts; doesn't know how long she lay stunned, but when she came to, the flames were almost on her. She unrove a rope—one of the head-sheets, likely—tied the end of it round under her arms, and let herself down onto the bobstays. There she recollected that the fire would soon cast off her line from above, so she stopped, gathered in the bight of the rope, and looped it over the bobstays. Then she dropped into the water and hauled the rope taut. Self-reliant as a man, these country-bred Scandinavian women. She thinks she must have fainted several times afterward, though, for whenever it was that Parrata's boat went round the bow looking for her, she didn't know it. When Eric reached her she was unconscious from the exhaustion of trying to keep her head above the wash, and from exposure."

"But why did she wait so long before trying to get aft?"

He was silent for a long time. Eventually, "I might 'a' figured you'd ask that question," he mused, "and by Jove I'll answer it for you. Fact is—she set the fire. She fired the for'ard cargo through the fo'c'stle hatch, which had been opened to air it out."

At my astonishment he smiled gravely. "Made up her mind to bring us back to them," he explained. "Then she was afraid they'd suspect her of setting it, and waited too long; whole fo'c'stle-deck suddenly exploded in flame from the pressure of the fire below."

For a time we continued our alternating walk in the same reflective silence as before. It was interrupted by a glad hullabaloo from Ernie. They had caught a fish.

"Ya, pull it in," grinned Eric.

We attained the rail in time to see a fine bonito—caught by trailing the hook on the surface, baited with a scrap of white canvas—come wriggling upward. But just as the boy was about to swing it gleefully in, it dropped off and splashed away.

A scene of disappointment followed.

"Waal, my lad," drawled the father, quizzically, "a bonito is one o' them pretty, lively, Spanish fishes that grabs and tussles, but don't hold on."

"Too much ginger," I suggested.

"Aye, that's it," he chuckled. "I prefer a good sober codfish, myself."

We left them and strolled back to the weather side. Captain Brand was still smiling at his own wit. "Thar's yinyer and then again thar's yinyer," he finally muttered.

"As the sculpin said to the polecat," I suggested, adopting his pet allegory.

"*As* the sculpin said to the polecat," he agreed, and fell again to musing as he smoked.



Skin of the Chinese tiger.

THE CAVE TIGER OF CHINA

By William Lord Smith

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

WHEN I first learned the truth about the Chinese tigers, that they were all man-eaters and lived in caves, nothing could hold me at home. There was a picturesqueness in following a tiger into his den far below ground and meeting him face to face, which no other sport in the world offered. It was an opportunity for adventure not to be denied, and the desire to become acquainted with these cave-dwellers finally drove me to Amoy, in southern China, as the best port for entering the tiger country.

A few days in Kulangzu—the small island near Amoy given over to white residents—put me on a good footing with the hospitable Europeans living there, and assisted by them I soon made all necessary arrangements. I engaged a remarkable Chinese hunter named Taikoff, who proved to be the key to the situation. Taikoff was brave, resourceful, patient. By an intimate knowledge of his countrymen and a fund of good humor he kept the hunters and coolies well in hand and roused their enthusiasm again and again when they began to tire of our continued hard luck and wished to return home. By rare tact he soon won the favor of the headmen of the villages and chief priests in the monasteries, and with their aid smoothed my pathway through the country. Taikoff was "boy" (he was really fifty years old, but a boy in the East may be any age) and cook in the home of a resident Englishman and was loaned me for a month's trip —an example of the kindliness one finds throughout the East.

There were tigers enough in the immediate neighborhood of Amoy. I was told that the townspeople frequently saw the smoke of fires built by the Chinese upcountry to drive these animals from their villages and in a day's journey one might come across fresh tiger tracks.

Our provisions were packed up at the hotel, somebody lent me a cot-bed, and with Taikoff and five coolies I sailed, one afternoon, across the narrow straits which separate Kulangzu from the mainland and

started briskly for the hunting-ground. The coolies, with their loads hung from the ends of pliant rods nicely balanced on one shoulder, stepped along at a swinging trot. The loads swung up and down in exact time with the gait and the perfect rhythm made work a pleasure. Everything was carried in this way from the heaviest packages to my fragile cameras, and if the weights did not balance, a stone or two in the right place squared the account.

In two hours' walk we came to the small village of Ken-ai, where some famous Chinese hunters lived and a good base for exploring the coast country. The village, a collection of some twenty houses, was placed under a hill and typical of this part of China. The houses were well built of hewn stone, the only material available since the forests were cut down years ago, and were serviceable enough, but they were badly lighted and squalid with dirt and searching odors.

As I passed along the filthy cobbled alleys, the drowsy smell of opium steamed out of many doorways. It saturated everything and told a sad story of Chinese dissipation. My way was disputed by hens, ducks, pigs, and goats. Unwashed people watched me with idle curiosity, their clothes hanging in rags and their faces pinched and yellow from fever.

The wretched conditions in the village were sharply contrasted by the view which greeted me at the end of the main street. Here in the foreground my eyes swept fields of beautiful white poppies in full blossom and waving rice-fields swimming in the spring floods behind their dams. An occasional cherry-tree bursting into bloom colored the air with a generous pink. The fertile lowlands smiled back at me in peaceful plenty. But at the edge of the valleys, where the hills rose from the level, peace gave up its rule and confusion reigned. Along the slopes and ridges huge masses of rough granite were scattered about, sometimes gathered together in great mounds, sometimes standing alone as solitary sentinels. They were little changed since the ice age, when the glaciers, driven back by the heat, had been forced to open their cold grasp and drop these possessions in their northern retreat. These masses of gigantic rocks roofed in empty spaces, large and small, beneath their crushing weight, and it is in these deeply lying caverns that the cave tiger lives.

The best caves for hunting and the only ones the men like to explore have but one opening, the same for entrance and exit. These openings lead through bottle-necked burrows to the caves below. To hunt the cave tiger you must crawl in on all fours through these winding tunnels, with rifle in hand and guided by the flash of torches carried by the hunters, one of whom goes ahead. You may worm yourself along through the tunnel in this manner ten, twenty, even fifty yards, into the hillside, your path so narrow at times that you are compelled to squeeze yourself between the rocks. At length you see a black space ahead. When this is lit up by the torches a cave opens into view, and then if lucky you will see a tiger crouched against the opposite rock wall within ten or fifteen feet, his white whiskers bristling in a snarl of rage as he blinks at the bright torches through narrowed eyes. If the tiger is at home your work is simple and you are not bothered by choice of action. Retreat is impossible and you have but one thing on hand: to kill the tiger.

A religious festival was absorbing all the interests of Ken-ai on my arrival and the little temple of the village where guests usually put up was being used for joss pidgin, so I was quartered in an ordinary house. Taikoff promptly engaged seven hunters and, though at first sight they appeared to be only good-natured and unenthusiastic, they were better conditioned than their comrades and the older ones bore a reputation for skill and bravery.

Each man was equipped with a spear and torch. The spear is armed with three strong iron prongs, the outer points being sixteen inches apart. This trident is fitted firmly on the end of a stout pole three feet long. The torch, which is even a greater protection than the spear, is made from a slender piece of bamboo longer than the spear, so that the lighted end projects well beyond the trident when the torch and spear are held together in the hands of a hunter. The smaller end of the bamboo shoot is gashed with a knife and old rags woven in and out among the splinters. When this wad is soaked with linseed-oil it is ready for the match. Five of these torches light up a cave sufficiently well for shooting, and with spears make a

formidable barrier, in the hands of determined men, which the tiger will seldom charge unless wounded. Even so, you must always reckon with one danger. When you shoot, the concussion often snuffs out the torches, and if your tiger is still alive, or his mate happens to be in the cave with him, the situation may become serious. Fighting by feel alone in a confined space is not good hunting.



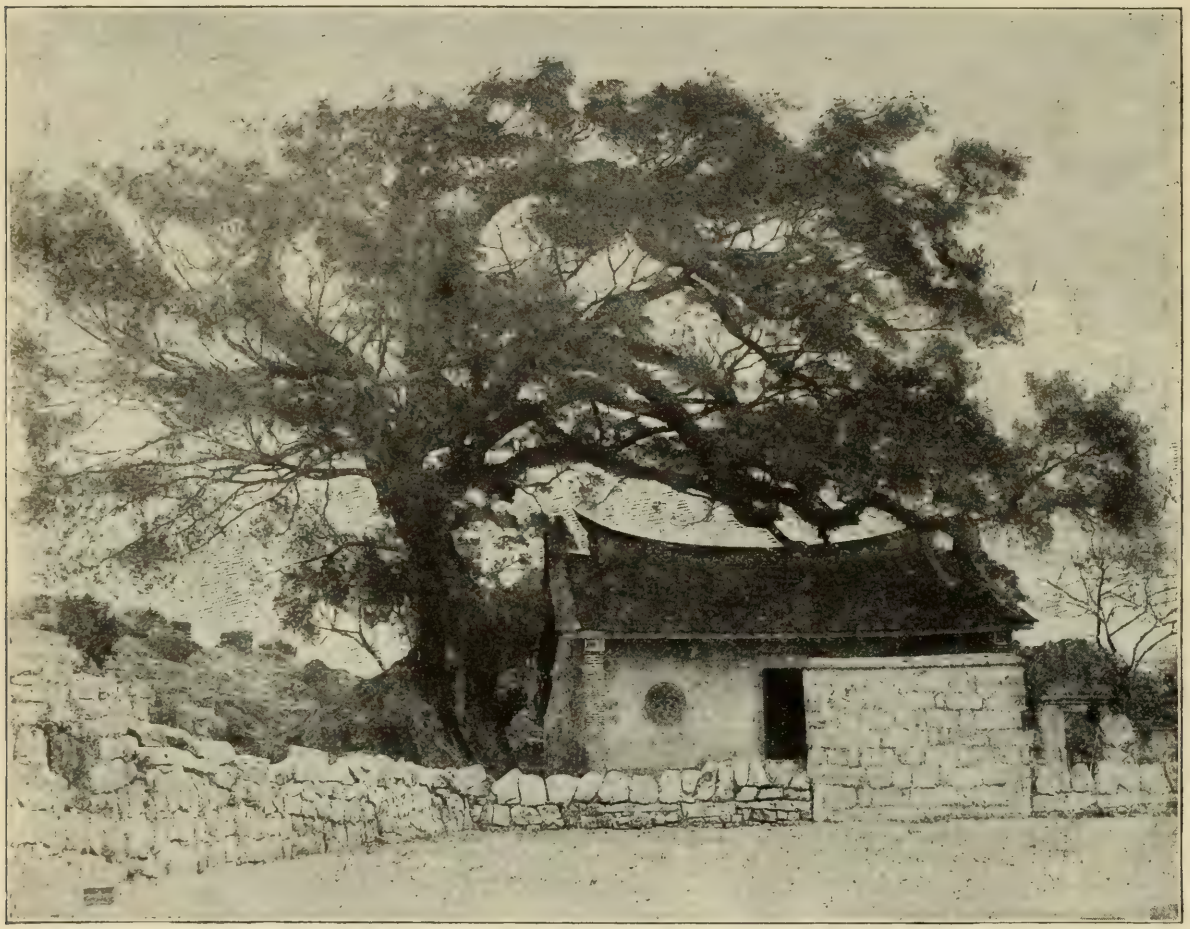
The coolies, with their loads hung from the ends of pliant rods nicely balanced on one shoulder, stepped along at a swinging trot.—Page 356.

Ken-ai was suffering from a tiger famine at the time of our visit, and after a few uneventful days there we tried fresh fields. News was brought to us from time to time and we constantly changed our base, chasing rumors about the country. The information was often proved true by fresh footprints near well-known caves, but our goats were never killed and the tigers always decamped the very night we came to a village in the neighborhood of a cave they frequented. This happened so often that the hunters became discouraged. They said it was fate—the tigers avoided me—"Mas-kee." What great matter whether I killed a tiger or not? Why did I not go home? They could not realize that just then a tiger meant everything to me. The idea that I was unlucky so filled their minds that it required the full swing of Taikoff's persuasive tongue to hold our party together.

We tried country still farther from the coast and were again unsuccessful, but our blood was up by this time and each fresh disappointment drove us on the harder. Already we were beyond the region known to Taikoff and the hunters. The country was wilder, the people less friendly. Warfare was in progress between two small villages, and we could hear the guns and we saw some of the skirmishers. Tigers were plentiful if one could believe half we heard. "Twenty pieces man have been killed here in three years." One word came up repeatedly in answer to our questions—Pu-lau-kuo: monastery—that was the place we ought to try. According to the talk, it was the breeding-place of all these pests.

As we came nearer Pu-lau-kuo we found the village streets deserted after dark, a sure sign of tigers, and were still further encouraged when we were shown a field where a man stealing sweet potatoes after dark a few days before had been killed by

a tiger. We pushed on and after a tiring, hot day learned we were within a few hours of our goal. We fell in with the headman of the country, who was friendly, and followed him into a land determined by nature for the home of tigers. Rock ridges cropped out of the ground on every hand, terminating often in stone shafts which leaned over as if listening to our approach. It was little wonder the cave-dwellers felt secure in these fastnesses.



The houses were well built of hewn stone.—Page 356.

Our path wound always upward toward the sunset, and in a long line we silently followed our guide into the very heart of the tiger land. The brown sides and stained tiled roof of the monastery so painted it into the natural surroundings that we were within stone's throw when it came into view, and though it was a wretched hovel we were glad to get to any resting-place. Hot, tired, and thirsty, we sat about on the ground and sucked delicious stalks of sugar-cane grown on the flats far below.

While we rested and cooled our parched throats with the satisfying juice, we asked the people of the monastery about the tiger situation. For answer they pointed to a hill of towering rocks a quarter of a mile to the west and said that underneath this mass was a famous cave much frequented by tigers. My men immediately picketed two goats near the cave and returned to the monastery, where we all sat down together, every eye fastened on the hill. If a tiger were living there, the bleating of the goats might draw him out before dark. Half an hour passed and the hill was beginning to fade into an overcast sky, when the hunters sprang excitedly to their feet, exclaiming that they saw a tiger lying on a rock above one of the goats. I could not make the animal out and while I was stalking his position he disappeared. It was now past the time for accurate shooting and, not wishing to spoil our chances for the next day, we beat a retreat and packed ourselves away in the small building for the night.

In the morning we found the two goats lying dead near the crest of the hill. It was clear they had been killed the previous evening, but finding them did not help us in the least, for a heavy rain which came on after midnight had washed away all tracks. The hunters believed the tiger was in the main cave, but they first looked into all the likely hiding-places among the outlying rocks to eliminate every other possibility. With spear and lighted torch they stole in crouching line through the broken labyrinths, while Taikoff and I, perched on the top of a boulder, covered a good portion of the scene with our rifles.



These masses of gigantic rocks roofed in empty spaces, large and small . . . and it is in these deeply lying caverns that the cave tiger lives.—Page 356.

While waiting with little expectation I was startled by the shout of "Tiger!" from the slope above, and hunters' arms appeared waving me to the right. The tiger was escaping. I ran through passages and over boulders to cut him off. He easily distanced me, however, and though he dashed by within forty feet, the intervening boulders hid him completely from my view. I was serious for a moment as I looked at the widely spread claw marks where he had gripped the earth in his long bounds; forty feet nearer and there would have been a fight, with heavy odds on the tiger. Among the big boulders I would have had barely time for one snap shot at the infuriated beast flying at me. We took up the trail which led us down the slope, but there was little earth to hold the tracks and very soon all traces of these ceased. Our tiger was evidently at large and the hunters worked persistently to find him, until a heavy shower came on, which stopped the hunt.

The following night another tiger came to our hill. He killed a goat we had tied out, and no doubt would have settled down for some time, had we not thoroughly torched the likely caves and tunnels on the previous day. The suspicious smell of burnt oil and rags drove him away. The deeply printed pugs led toward our temple, passed close by it, and entirely disappeared on a rocky hill beyond. This brought us to a halt. The hunters scattered right and left, searching in vain for the slightest trail.

We moved slowly forward and inside of half a mile came to the abrupt edge of a



The Chinese from a near-by village had heard of our hunt and had flocked out to enjoy themselves.—Page 362.

ravine which cut through the rolling country at right angles to our line of march. The ravine was twenty-five feet deep; its floor was covered with big boulders and the sides wrenched apart into cracks and caves. It was lonely and desolate enough to suit the most particular tiger.

The hunters explored the ravine while I paced the edge above, and it could not have been more than ten minutes when a voice suddenly shot up at me, "Big tiger have got! Come!" I climbed quickly down and joined Taikoff and the hunters by a large-mouthed tunnel which made back into the rock wall. A ragged overhanging shelf closed us in above and huge fragments of rock and dirt which had split away from the main mass and fallen a few feet back from the base of the cliff hemmed us in on the back and sides. The daylight filtered in doubtfully through chinks in the débris, and the light of the torches travelled up the tunnel, flaring back from its rough sides and striking forward until lost in the solid darkness. The place was damp, evil-looking, and gloomy as a tomb. One smelt danger in the air coming from the cave's mouth. But the hunters were used to such places and were not outwardly affected. On the contrary, they were transformed into new people and were all eagerness for the attack.

Taikoff stood coolly by and explained. On discovering the tunnel the men had made their way far inside to a cave and there their torches lit up an inspiring sight: a big tiger was crouched down at the end of the cave and scattered about in front of him were three human skulls and a pile of bones. The cave seemed absolutely tight except the tunnel entrance and Taikoff said to me: "The tiger have very fear; he savvee he allee samee dead." I hoped he was right, but was not so positive. Taikoff continued: "Must be make secure—hunters get bushes—make line of fire inside."

The men left me and their soft footfalls quickly died away in the ravine. I retreated a little from the opening to gain freer play with my rifle. I confess I did not like the position of sentinel, with my back against a wall of fallen débris, and the mouth of the tunnel staring me in the face; but I thought I could probably count on one thing in my favor. Should

the tiger dash out of the tunnel, his feline caution might hold him still for one second on seeing me, and that second was mine. The silence and gloom made the danger oppressive. Time seemed held in between the rock walls, so slowly did it pass through the solitude. From the continued silence, however, I soon felt that anticipation was likely to be my only reward.

The hunters returned and I followed them into the tunnel. I was ten feet inside when a hunter (Mantella) came running out toward me shouting, "Tiger gone!" We had lost our tiger; I could not imagine how. The hunters said he had escaped through an impossibly narrow crack in the rocks and was somewhere in the open country outside. Rifle in hand, I climbed out of the ravine and ran along the tiger's line back toward the monastery. In a few minutes I reached the top of a ridge and there in front of me, seventy-five yards away, stood the tiger!

For a second he held me fascinated. He was splendid—his big bulk tense in anger; his deep flanks scarcely moving under their black stripes; his long tail switching with indecision. With snarling mouth he challenged me and measured his chances. The little rifle slipped firmly against my shoulder and I pulled the trigger. No explosion followed. At that instant the tiger felt the odds too great and made away to my left. Again and again I pulled the trigger with no result. A glance at the breech showed the safety bolt was locked! I pushed back the bolt and caught the tiger with the sights again as he galloped along a rocky ridge one hundred and fifty yards away. Two shots spat sharply on the rocks close to him; the third chipped the skin of a hind leg and brought out a sharp roar; but he continued bounding along out of sight in a hesitating way as if half a mind to turn back and fight.

Mantella and I followed at full speed, making straight for the hill where the tiger had killed the goat. Running on past the monastery, we came to a cupped-out piece of very wet ground covered with sod and picked up the tracks bedded deep in the soft earth, the claw-marks showing distinctly where the tiger had bounded



The result of the shot was instantaneous. . . . With one convulsive shudder he lay still.—Page 363.

with tremendous strides up an incline to reach his shelter of the night before. We approached the stronghold with great care, for here, below the level of the ground, the rocks made a gigantic honeycomb in which our tiger lay in wait.

Our party had now reassembled, but all the ingenuity and craft of the hunters were useless. There was but one thing to do: to wait quietly and keep the tiger guessing until he should make a move and put us in touch.

At this moment all our plans were upset by an unforeseen invasion. The Chinese from a near-by village had heard of our hunt and had flocked out to enjoy themselves. Their enjoyment consisted chiefly in interfering with the hunt and in bothering me. In both they succeeded to exasperation. They perched themselves in squads on the top of the highest boulders and began talking together and calling to their friends at a distance. I do not know whether they saw the tiger or not, but they shouted constantly in howling chorus: "Hor li! Hor li! The tiger is here! The tiger is coming!" Others, hearing the cry, ran to their lucky comrades, leaping from rock to rock.

The whole place was in movement and uproar. I sat down powerless, discouraged. It was almost humorous, but I could not see it then.

While the upper air was full of discordant cries, the hunters apathetic, Taikoff wrapt in calm, I mad to desperation—the situation changed in a second. One of my hunters cried "Tiger," and through a horizontal cleft of rock in front I caught sight of a flat head, with bristling whiskers, deep down below the surface débris, within twenty feet. It vanished instantly. The little band remained rigid, all eyes concentrated over the steady spear-points on the opening.

Suddenly, with a shattering roar that terrified all for an instant, the tiger leaped from below like a demon unchained. It was grand! He could see his enemies at last, and came on like a thunderbolt. It seemed incredible that men without firearms could stand firm under such a charge, but they knew if the tiger escaped into the open he would kill right and left, and in desperation they sprang before me into the very mouth of danger. The sharp roars of the tiger clashed with the cries of the hunters who, fighting for their lives, drove their tridents with smashing force into his face. It was hand-to-hand work; claws and teeth against iron tines. The glory of the fight was roused in man and the beast; primitive instincts in each lashed to a blind fury. And it was good to be present at this fight which belonged to the caveman's age, when man and beast measured their strength at quarters so close they could feel each other's breath.

For a moment the result hung in the balance, but even the tiger's volcanic fury could not withstand the odds. The heavy tines cut his face and broke his teeth; he lost his footing and drew back into the cave. The hunters went wild with excitement. Shouting, and gesticulating with their spears, they showed how they had driven their strokes home and beat the tiger back.

When we had cooled off, the men sat about passively and refused absolutely to hunt any more. They said the tiger was mad and the fact admitted of no discussion. All depended on Taikoff. Could his persuasive tongue whip into control the quivering nerves of the men and dam up their energy which was running out like water? Froglike in posture and face, he sat a little apart, as if he had no thought or care in the world. There was a faith about the man that claimed my respect as I watched him during the trying moments that followed. He did not fail me. The condition was purely psychical. Taikoff's strong personality, centred on cupidity, drew to itself the shattered forces of the hunters and made him dominant. When the right moment came he talked in an even voice of command. Exactly how he managed it I never knew, but in twenty minutes the men lit their torches and let themselves down into the cave. Mantella alone held back. Better than his comrades in former days, he now lost his nerve, and I could not blame him for refusing to crawl into these tunnels, running aimlessly in all directions, where any turn might hold the infuriated beast.

Taikoff and I made down-hill for a big rock stranded by itself, where the débris trailed off into the open country and which commanded an extensive view. Circling the cliffs, we kept a sharp lookout, knowing the tiger, maddened by wounds and defeat, might charge us at



When I stood before the beautiful beast the many discouragements were forgotten.

any moment. My eyes, busy elsewhere, did not notice the rough ground ahead, and I slipped on a rolling stone. I could not recover my balance, the ligaments of the ankle snapped, and I came down with a bad sprain.

This was the last straw! We had worked hard for a month and never come to shot, and now I would be laid up for ten days. At such a time you find out what is in the back of your head. The accident put me in a frightful rage with fate. I was a mere brute, on a level with the tiger. Then I became cool as ice on the outside and nothing bothered me any more as I crawled upon the boulder. There is no surer weapon to carry death than controlled rage, and I held the destiny of everything in sight within my grasp. My confidence in the result was absolute, given a fraction of a chance.

In the meantime the hunt was going on below ground—the tiger sneaking ahead of his pursuers, who crept slowly after him with their torches blazing the way through the maze.

Something moving in a narrow fissure caught my eye. The movement became a flame of color, and for an instant the bright orange coat of the tiger flashed back at me between the black bars on his sides. He was surely on the move and, with rifle nicely balanced in my hands, I waited. A few noiseless seconds followed; then, with a rasping roar, the tiger burst into view near the crest of the hill and bounded up the slope. I laid on the sights as the length of his body came into line, and fired. The result of the shot was instantaneous. Struck in the back of the head, he fell in a heap and, with one convulsive shudder, lay still. With nerves strung to the breaking-point, I did not realize my success until a hearty handshake from Taikoff brought me to myself.

I hobbled up the steep slope, and, when I stood before the beautiful beast, the thousands of miles travelled, the many discouragements, all were forgotten in this moment of victory.

Cave hunting can be summed up best in the pidgin English of Taikoff. "When man catchy wifey he no more hunt tiger so fashion."

THE TECHNIQUE OF LYING AWAKE

By Mrs. Winfield Scott Moody

A WISE physician once defined insomnia as nothing but sleeplessness plus worry, thus robbing the idea, to begin with, of the worst of its terrors. For once to realize that worry is not only a part of this nightly tragedy, but literally the plus part, is to shake the mischief out of it as readily as the prestidigitator shakes rabbits out of his handkerchief. Perhaps, too, to carry on the figure, we may concede that to do this as readily and successfully as the conjurer does demands a technical skill which, like his, must be learned. It is in the hope of offering to others some suggestions for acquiring the technique of lying awake successfully that I am gathering together in this paper the results of my own extended and most unenviable experience.

I believe that the first step is the elimination of the mental distress that almost always attends upon sleeplessness. This is of a peculiarly poignant kind and often amounts to actual despair, rooted in a firm belief that much loss of sleep is bound to result in a mental and physical breakdown. There is no warrant whatever for this fear. One who, I believe, has put the matter to an ultimate test, is able to be quite certain that a nightly average of four hours' sleep, *supplemented by four hours of real rest*, is sufficient not only for fairly comfortable living but that it will also leave a margin for a slow gain in health. It is, to be sure, not affluence—one might easily wish to have more; but, like a narrow income, it can be made to cover one's needs if one is willing to be prudent. And there are few, if any, sleepless persons, even among the most afflicted, who get less than this amount of sleep in twenty-four hours, though it is common enough to find many who are quite honestly sure they do not. No testimony should be more implicitly distrusted than that of the sleepless. Some of us sleep more than we think we do, and some of us lend ourselves to a loose exaggeration of speech simply because we are too tired to knit up our mental processes into more exact form, or because the sleepless person subconsciously always craves interest and pity for his condition. This is probably more innocent than appears on the surface; because the desire for sleep, like the desire for food and drink, is so primitive, so compelling, that it reduces the victim of it to the most childish emotions and allows him to indulge in a self-concern and self-pity of which he would be heartily ashamed in a normal state.

To go back to the matter of a sufficiency of sleep, I believe that nature herself takes a hand in the matter, as if she looks upon the average of four hours as the irreducible minimum and leaves it to us to give her the help she needs for the gain in health of which I have spoken. The secret of this helpfulness lies in acquiring the technique of lying awake, quietly, calmly, restfully, with fear and worry eliminated, realizing deeply that it is these disturbing emotions, and not lack of sleep, which is depleting the "sum of our substance." To do this successfully requires a certain amount of psychic reeducation, in which we shall need to call up all our reserves, not only of mental equipment but of spiritual graces as well. To accomplish it one must have courage, resolution, patience, and faith. We sleepless are the ones in whom these virtues have long been neglected; for those who were happily endowed with them at birth, or who have acquired them in the discipline of early life, are never to be found among the disinherited of the kingdom of sleep. To admonish a sleepless person to hold a serene temper and an exhaustless patience, at four o'clock in the morning of a white night, does indeed seem a counsel of perfection. Men have achieved heaven, no doubt, on less than this. And yet there is no other way. It is like boxing—if one loses the finest edge of his temper, he loses his advantage.

Here, then, is a great and gallant game,

in which we may not only exercise such small virtues as we have, but may also add to the sum of them, if we are so thriftily disposed as to let no opportunity go to waste of getting the most out of a rather bad bargain. The surest method of winning it is the simplest—to turn squarely about on our old conception of sleeplessness as a tragedy of deprivation, and think of it simply as "lying awake," as an adventure unsought and somewhat unpleasant, to be sure, but inescapable; therefore to be taken as philosophically, even as negligently, as possible. Particularly the latter, for there is no method of tolerating sleeplessness, and finally of routing it, so effective as entire indifference. Sleep is like happiness; it comes quickest to those who do not catch anxiously at its skirts. Contrary to the opinion of most doctors, who tell us to go to bed expecting to sleep, I cultivate a nonchalant acceptance of the fact that I shall probably not get enough sleep to satisfy me, because I find that the desire to fulfil a preconceived expectation of sleep arouses too great an interest in the situation, and I therefore lie awake in order to see if I am going to go to sleep!

The preparations for one's physical comfort in lying awake successfully are naturally a matter largely of personal prepossession. But some necessary details may be mentioned—the cool room, the comfortable bed with a reading-lamp at its head, and on an adjacent table within easy reach, some light food such as one prefers, a few books, tobacco, if one is self-indulgently accustomed to this for solace or diversion, and an electric warming-pad, if possible, for sleepless people chill easily. No hypnotics and no timepiece of any kind. No wise and careful physician prescribes hypnotics for those who habitually lie awake, for even the least harmful ones are habit-forming psychically, if not physically, and the mere presence of a means of relief from a difficult situation often proves a temptation too strong to be overcome at a time when one's mental and moral resistance is at its lowest. As for the timepiece, that too has dangers. Nothing is easier than for the subconscious mind to set up habits of waking one at a fixed time, or of postponing sleep until a definitely known hour. Any reference to the passing of time helps to fix this unpleasant habit. To count the hours as they slip by, carrying with them the chances for the sleep one needs against the tasks of the coming day, contributes also to the mental distress one wishes most to avoid. There is an immense restfulness to be gained by voluntarily slipping the leash of time as one seeks one's bed, and sending the mind out to dwell, as it were, in eternity.

A final bit of preparation which some persons have found very helpful is to bind the eyelids down lightly with silk pads to prevent the stark staring of open eyes, and to give them the light pressure which often soothes the nerves. If one is troubled by insistent noises, or even with the fear of them, one may take refuge in the classic ingenuity of the crafty Ulysses and put a small bit of wax in the ears, the best for the purpose being the ordinary paraffin used by housewives to cover their jams. It softens readily at the temperature of the closed hand and conforms perfectly to the convolutions of the ear. I am assured that it can in no way injure the hearing; and thus to be able to "go into the silence" at one's will is an inestimable boon to the nervous person, who often finds his sense of hearing acutely sharpened.

"And so," as our friend Pepys has it, "to bed." It were well if we could speak the words as casually as he. The ideal thing, of course, is to throw oneself at night upon the bosom of sleep with a quiet body and a confident, care-free mind, but many of us find that the mere act of inviting repose by lying down seems to beget a restlessness that defies it. Since the first step in the technique of rest is the ease of a relaxed body, one must give early attention to getting it. The only way of doing this is by mental control, treating the restless body as one would an unruly child. Sometimes direct command is effective. To say to one's rebellious body quietly, with authority, over and over, "I forbid you to disturb me," "I will not let you interfere with my comfort," often acts with the magic of an exorcism. It is difficult to believe how effective this can be until one has tried it.

Again, filling the mind with pictured suggestions of relaxation and repose will

best bring about that state. There are many such pictures in my gallery. I once saw a beautiful painting by Arthur Davies called "Sleep"—figures of women exquisitely resting in a meadow starred with flowers. By recalling each figure and line of this poem of relaxation, filling my mind with its spirit of repose, I have sometimes loosened the tense muscles and nerves and brought deep quiet both to mind and body. A striking bit of physical relaxation which I once saw at a play often comes serviceably back to me. The actress, in an emotional crisis, dropped suddenly, with subtle art, at full length at the top of a long, wide stairway, and rolled slowly, thudding softly down each padded step to the bottom of the flight. This feat I rehearse over and over—the gentle release of the body, the involuntary sidewise sway and the quiet drop from step to step, as the figure moves slowly downward—until I am as relaxed as the actress was. Any vivid picture of relaxation will answer as well as these less commonplace ones. A tired child lying asleep on its mother's shoulder, its head hanging heavily over its resting-place, the limp body adding weight to her arms as she lifts it; the house-cat asleep beside the fire, or even a child's doll thrown carelessly on the nursery floor in a huddled disarray of arms and legs—any of these, vividly recalled, will bring about the desired result. Usually. But there will still be times, particularly at the start, when neither command nor suggestion will suffice to overcome these devils of unease. Then and only then it is well to get up and move slowly, *slowly* about the room, as heavily as possible, following this with some light gymnastics, again slowly, with deep breathing, and once more lying down to the task of keeping perfectly still. The final attainment of complete bodily rest is not so difficult as it may seem. For one's nerves are more biddable than is commonly believed, and respond with increasing obedience as one learns to command them. As I have said, they behave exactly like naughty children, taking every advantage that is offered them but always obeying the note of authority. Very soon the muscular relaxation will come of itself, with the lying posture, without effort or suggestion, if the mind be kept free from disturbing emotions.

The mind, ay, there's the rub! For it is the unquiet mind that has been the real culprit from the start, and this must be brought back to normal methods of functioning. One must learn carefully to shepherd one's thoughts so that all unwelcome visitors may be wholly shut out. My own experience leads me to believe that the best method of inhibiting nighttime obsessions is to pick up some mildly diverting mental game for the mind to busy itself upon—a game that is simple enough to need little mental exertion and yet has sufficient interest to hold the attention from more exigent matters. To illustrate: for some time one of my favorite diversions was to recount in alphabetical order the names of the cities or towns in my native State, thus: Akron, Bucyrus, Chillicothe. When I had quite completed the list (and I may add that I did complete it, Ohio being blest with Xenia, Youngstown, and Zanesville!) I turned my attention to the names of women and men. The possibilities of this game are many, and occasionally I found more diversion than was helpful to the mental tranquillity I was trying to cultivate. Think of the rapture of discovering such names as Wilhelmina Wigglesworth and Juanita Jellaby! I began with the simplest method of following the alphabet downward with the names of women; after that, with the names of men. Then I made a point of selecting the longest possible given name, and after I had completed this list, I added a long family name beginning with the same letter. That was how I came to make the joyful acquaintance of WilhelminaWigglesworth and Juanita Jellaby. This game was most helpful during the early stages of my self-discipline, when my mind was a whirl of ungoverned emotions and unwelcome thoughts; because it was pleasantly interesting without being in any way taxing, and moreover it kept the mind constantly moving—a great help when the disturbing force is a special worry or problem to which the mind tenaciously clings, returning over and over to gnaw at it as a dog does a bone.

At such times as this, also, I found a book a most friendly refuge. To pull up

the reading-lamp and pick up a book, to adjust the pillows comfortably, perhaps to nibble at a biscuit and drink a glass of milk, these often bring a vague sense of comfort and thankfulness (as if one had found an escape from a horrible dream) which the diversion of the book sometimes deepens into the desired tranquillity of mind. But the book must be carefully chosen. Clearly this is neither the time nor the place for the new detective story, for the book of a thousand thrills, or even for the newest work of genius if one's interest or admiration is thereby too greatly captured. Rather, the old and well-loved leisurely novel, the thumbed book of poetry, the calm and uplifting counsel of the early philosophers, all these come trippingly to the pen as I write, and I sincerely recommend them—to anybody else. But for myself, for diversion without excitement, for ease of mind without ennui, for downright happiness in the dead of night, give me the huge mail-order catalogues with their beguiling pictures and inexhaustible lists of things offered for sale, from plumbing to playing-cards, from voiles to viaticums; give me the record catalogue of the phonograph-makers, rich in biographic and photographic interest and fruitful in musical recollections, or even let me sit with "those who warm themselves at the Social Register!" Nothing like these to produce in my mind an idle, speculative habit and pry loose the demon's grip of an obsessing thought!

There are other quite artless and simple methods of diverting one's mind—what miles of imagined crochet have I not accomplished, choosing the most intricate stitches and following closely each movement of the needle; how many half-forgotten songs of my childhood and youth have I recaptured, both words and music, with no sense of mental effort but only a happy recognition! And then there is the last device of all, and one most magical to relieve the whirling of a hard-pressed and over-active brain—the one that I call "taking the mind apart." If you have ever noticed how, when one is slipping easily and naturally into the outer chambers of sleep, one becomes aware of disjointed fragments of thought, just brushing the understanding as they flit, you will see how it is done—constantly to break up the train of thought into illogical snatches, the more whimsical and insignificant the better. Thus: "I saw a pink hat." "Did you go to the circus?" "What did he say?" "Peter Piper picked a peck." And so, carried on an irresistible stream of irresponsible nonsense, an anxious and over-tired brain will often drift out sleepward without knowing it.

But what if we do not? What if we still find the "dusky hours" unfriendly to sleep and its comforting presence afar off?

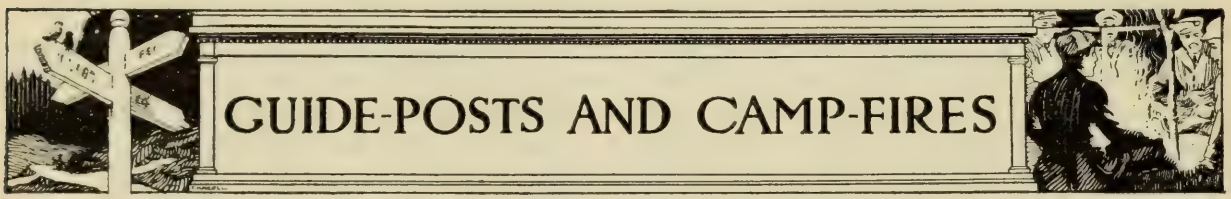
Believe this: if we have learned these lessons of courage and resolution and patience, we have a right to the faith that no real harm is done to the body. If we can lie quietly and content till sleep does come, that rest will be half as refreshing as sleep itself. And, indeed, if one is resolute to have it so, these hours need not be dreary and barren of rewards. They may even be made to seem occasionally a green oasis in the somewhat arid desert of daily living, a choice space in which to count over one's treasures, and perhaps to find new ones.

What precious recollections of things seen and heard at early dawn my mind holds and cherishes! Such riches of sunrise—such unbelievably beautiful sights have I looked upon, as the panorama of the stars slid slowly away from the rising sun, leaving only the "white fire" of Venus quite undimmed, even though she "flamed in the forehead of the morning sky." And I have listened to the tremulous troubles of the young quails learning to whistle, as they stuttered and stumbled over that last tremendous note. "Bob White," would sound the parents' crisp call. "Bob, bob, bob," the young one would stammer, and then break down; but, in no wise daunted, pick it up again; and surely it was worth a whole night's sleep just to feel the triumph as there came, at last, the fumbled, reedy, childish, but completed call, "Bob bob White." The young roosters, taking their morning lesson in crowing in my neighbor's poultry-yard, were no less worth while. Sometimes they grew very discouraged and cross, and their tones whimpered and

snarled like tired children, or broke on their big high note like the voice of a growing boy. And then, as their voices grew stronger, and they finally caught the trick of managing them, how confidently, how superbly, they threw out that last long parabola of sound, exactly as Caruso tosses the final triumphant note of "Celeste Aïda" up to the applauding top gallery, at the opera!

"Far away and long ago" I lay awake in Florence—gladly too, I remember, because I knew that by and by I should hear the beautiful blue-and-gold officers swinging up the Via Montebello on their way to their quarters, their clear tenor voices ringing in the song of youth and love, "Toujours amour, amour toujours." And if, in the early morning I still lay sleepless, I was comforted by the lark-like soprano of the baker's boy bringing the breakfast rolls, and singing his *mattinata* "Ave Maria, stella maris."

But of all the privileges of the sleepless, the one most to be cherished is that of meditation and prayer. Prayer is the most tranquillizing and restful experience the mind can practise or the soul can know. To one who has learned that sweet surrender of the soul, the still spaces of the night offer an effectual approach to God which no hour of the day can give. It is then that our deepest aspirations stir upward toward him who hath made us, and then, too, comes down, with nothing to turn it aside, the answering happy assurance of the presence of God in fullest measure. When the soul is at rest the body is calmed and refreshed as by an inner fountain of peace, and the nights, though wakeful, can never be so long or so weary as to do the body harm. For one learns at last how true for oneself also is St. Augustine's cry: "Thou hast framed us for Thyself, and unquiet is the heart until it rests in Thee."



BY HENRY VAN DYKE

JAPONICA

[THE NINTH OF TWELVE PAPERS]

THE plan was to take Paula to Japan, in fulfilment of a promise I made her when she was a little tiny daughter; to have a brief, glorious vacation there, with some collateral trout-fishing; and then to come home and write a luminous, comprehensive, conclusive monograph on the Japanese Problem.

This well-laid plan went "a-gley." The first part of the programme rolled off splendidly. But now I come to the second part and find it can't be done. I know too much and too little. Japan is no longer a mere name to me: it is a real country, a wonderful land, a great nation. Its very simplicity makes it hard to comprehend and explain. The Far Eastern Question is too large to be solved by an anthropological dogma, or settled by a snappy phrase. "The Yellow Peril" is an invention worthy of the yellow press. The writers who deal with this nightmare kind of stuff, like Houston Chamberlain and Karl Pearson and the rest, are intellectual neurotics, very jumpy and with a subconscious homicidal tendency. You would not trust them to run a mowing-machine or a trading-schooner. Rudyard Kipling was right in saying,

> "Oh, East is East, and West is West";

but was he right (except by metrics), in adding,

> "And never the twain shall meet"?

In fact they have met already. The temporal reduction of the spatial globe, the commercial ambition of the West, the overflow of the crowded populations of the East, have already brought them

together on a long line of contacts. The question now is how shall they live and work together so as to promote the welfare and true happiness of the world.

This is not a question to be decided offhand, even by the youngest and most cocksure of anthropologists. It must be worked out slowly, with patient goodwill, and careful application of old, general, well-tried principles of reason and justice. *Solvitur ambulando.*

So I have joyfully jettisoned the idea of that convincing monograph on the Japanese Problem. Sitting here at the wide window of my little bungalow on the Maine coast, looking out over fir-clad islands, blue sea, and mountain-shores (which remind me vividly of Japan), I shall only try to sketch a few memories of our journey in that delectable island. The title of the rambling paper is *Japonica*, which means, "things of or pertaining to Japan."

TOKYO IN THE RAIN

Coming into Yokohama in one of the fine Toyo Kisen ships, on a gray dripping day, we saw little to interest us, except the home-coming joy of our Japanese fellow passengers, children and all. We wondered why they should love such a wet, drab country.

Tokyo did not enlighten us. It is big without grandeur: a wide-spread, flat, confused city, with interesting and even picturesque spots in it, art treasures hidden in museums and private houses, some fifteen hundred Buddhist temples and Shinto shrines a few of which are noteworthy, a hundred and twenty-five Christian churches, and many gardens lovely even in the rain. The warm hospitality of the accomplished American Ambassador, the Japanese Foreign Minister, the cordial missionaries of the great Methodist schools at Aoyama Gakuin, Doctor and Mrs. Corell of the Episcopal Church, and many other friends old and new; the comfort of the Imperial Hotel and the intelligent and informing conversation of its manager Mr. Hayashi, whom I had known years ago as a student in New York; the amusement of an expedition through the crowded, many-colored street called the Ginza; the pathetic interest of a visit to the huge shabby-splendid temple of Asakusa Kwannon, most popular of city fanes—these were consolations and entertainments for which we were grateful. But they did not quite lift us out of the depression of a rainy week in Tokyo. The air was dead, streets mud, cherry-blossoms fallen. So we determined to cut loose from the capital and go up to Nikko, weather permitting or not.

We went in company with a few other Americans, among whom were Mr. Benjamin Strong of the Federal Reserve Bank, and Mr. Thomas W. Lamont, who had come to the Orient to promote the co-operation of Japan in the *consortium* with Great Britain, France, and the United States for a loan to struggling China. He succeeded. I have an impression that the work of men like these, quiet, friendly, observant, does more for good Americo-Japanese relations, than the official joy-rides in which the visitors see what is arranged for them, and spend much time in exchanging compliments through an interpreter at public banquets.

RED TEMPLES AND TALL TREES

Five hours on a comfortable railway brought us northward through a coastal plain of small square fields of rice and wheat, barley and millet, rape, radishes, onions, and taro, all carefully brought up by hand; then eastward, through a country of rising foot-hills with horizontal villages and farmhouses tucked away among the trees and every inch of valley-bottom cultivated to the limit; and so at last, through copses of cherry and maple and pine, splashed with rose-pink of wild azaleas, to the famous avenue of tall *Cryptomeria Japonica* leading up to the scarlet shrines of Nikko.

It is a small mountain town, whose name means "sunny splendor," but whose glory is nested in coverts of evergreen shade. The red-lacquered bridge that springs with a delicate, effortless curve across the rushing Daiya-gawa at the upper end of the village, is too sacred for common use. Only Imperial Envoys and High Priests and Holy Pilgrimages twice a year may tread it. But they say that bold village boys on dark nights climb the secluding gates and scamper swiftly over the forbidden arch.

The temples are all on the north side of

the stream; terraced on the steep hillside that rises toward the snow-capped range of Nantai-san: embowered in a sacred grove more majestic than Dodona. The stately *sugi*, sisters to the giant sequoia of California, are the pillars of the green roof. Russet-trunked *hinoki*, with cypress-like foliage, and plumy *retinosporas*, are scattered through the forest. In the more open spaces are budding maples and birches. In the court-yards double-cherries are in radiant bloom. Far and wide the ground is spread with soft moss and feathery ferns. Amid all this natural splendor, so tranquil and so rich, the temples stand on their gray stone terraces, adorned with opulence of art and man's device.

The prevailing color is a deep Indian red. But there is not a hue of the rainbow that is not lavished somewhere on carved rafter or columned gateway, pierced screen or panelled ceiling, treasure-house, baldachin, drum-tower or bell-tower. The spirit of the grotesque runs riot in the portrayal of unknown animals and supernatural beings. But realism has its turn in graphic portraits of familiar birds and beasts, like Sakai's twelve hawks, and the "sleeping cat" of Hidari Jingoro, which makes you drowsy to look at it.

Nothing "towers" at Nikko, except the trees and the one stately vermeil pagoda. The temples are more broad than lofty. Their green-bronze roofs, curving gently outward, project in wide eaves. Their doors and beams and ridge-poles are adorned with bosses, rosettes, and hinges of gold or gleaming black metal. They have the effect of immense jewel-boxes, covered with decoration and crammed with treasures.

God made the forest. Then man said, "Let us see what I can do." So he made the shrines.

They are in effect the mausolea of two famous Japanese warriors and rulers. The eastern and more elaborate group is dedicated to Ieyasu, the first Shogun of the Tokugawa clan, a great general, mighty hunter, and patron of the fine arts. He pacified Japan by killing his enemies in 1600, and began that long régime of seclusion and comparative tranquillity which lasted until the downfall of the Shogunate in 1867. The western group belongs to Iemitsu, his grandson, and is considered less important. To us it seemed no less attractive, perhaps because we went there on a sunshine day, when the double-cherries were in glory around the old Futa-ara shrine, and the clear mountain rivulets were sparkling through the temple compound and overflowing the granite water-basins in thin sheets like liquid glass.

Three days we spent in roaming up and down these terraces, through rain and shine; and all the time thousands of Japanese men, women, and children, pilgrims or excursionists, were coming and going, gazing and wondering, listening devoutly to the discourse of their guides. The holy of holies of the Ieyasu temples was opened to us by special permit from the Abbot. It was so rich that I can't remember much of it. But I remember that outside the Honden was a little pavilion tenanted by an old-maidenish priestess, very small and dainty in crimson kirtle and snowy cap and surplice. At the request of visitors she would rise from her meditative seat on the floor and perform a quaint, decorous, graceful dance "to drive away the evil spirits." She was of an inscrutable age; but a youthful soul smiled through the lattice of her gravity; her steps and motions were sure and supple. She carried a fan in one hand and a softly, silverly tinkling instrument in the other. These she waved toward us thrice at certain turns in the performance. It was fascinating. We came back when no one was looking and persuaded her without words to do it again and again. Each time her smile was a little brighter. "I don't feel any evil spirits coming or going," said Paula, "but I simply *must* get the steps of that dance."

HIGHLAND WATERS

All around Nikko there are fine waterfalls,—a score of them within easy walking distance. In the mountains beyond there are many lakes, two of which have a certain renown. Chusenji, the larger, nearly 4,500 feet above the sea, is a modest summer resort. Yumoto, more than 5,000 feet up, is smaller and hardly frequented at all except for the hot sulphur baths at the head of the lake. To these highland waters we resolved to go.

The motor road for some three miles followed the broad stony bed of the Daiya-gawa. There had been a spate a few days before, which carried away the smaller bridges. Gangs of coolies were deftly rebuilding them with bamboo as we passed. Presently the valley narrowed, the road gave out, and we began to foot it on the 'rickshaw path. Steep cliffs overshadowed us. Cascades on tributary streams trailed their white scarves from shoulders of the hills. The path zigzagged up the mountainside. Three or four rustic tea-houses, perched at convenient distances, commanded gorgeous views down the valley. The main river roared far below.

But the memorable beauty of that breath-taking climb was the flood of wild azaleas streaming down every hillside through the lace-leafy woods of early spring. From pale rose to deep flame, from rich mauve to faintest pink, their color shaded and shimmered, now massed along a level ridge, now pouring down a rocky slope—a glory no more wonderful, but more delicate and entrancing than the giant rhododendrons blooming along a Pennsylvania brook, or the high laurels beside a little river of South Jersey. Useless plants, all of them, except to the soul of man.

Finally topping the crest, we came through a level wood of birch and maple, to the head of the famous Kegon Cataract where the Daiya-gawa rushes from the lake through a ten-foot rift in the rock, and plunges straight down 250 feet into the churning pool below. The clouds of spray, the ceaseless thunder, the dizzying change of the fall from swift motion to seeming immobility, were bewildering and benumbing. No wonder that hapless Japanese lovers, bent on suicide, have thought this a fitting place to leap out of life into Nirvana.

Chusenji is a lovely lake. High hills embrace it. Nantai-san soars above it. Bird-peopled woods encircle it, except at the outlet, where there is a small village with half a dozen big Japanese inns on one bank of the stream and the Lakeside Hotel on the other. It is a comfortable hostelry—Japanese exterior, European furnishing. We were the only staying guests, and well cared for by the landlord and his whole family—including two little Breathless Boys, who did everything on the full run, and made up for their blunders by smiling good-will.

Yumoto is a very different lake, more Alpine, more surprising. It lies on the knees of the mountain-gods, like a beautiful fairy child. Primeval pine-trees form a dense grove round the lower part of the lake; steaming sulphur springs issue from the bare slopes at the upper end. At the very foot there is a tiny islet, dividing the clear green water, which drops straight-away over the cliff in a broad, wrinkled, rippling curtain, like white watered-silk, two hundred feet long.

In the green dell below, perhaps a hundred yards from the fall, a fine pool has formed, with a large foam-covered backwater on the opposite side of the stream. Arriving there at twilight one evening in mid-May, after a seven-mile tramp, Paula and I could not bear to push on without trying our luck. The three-ounce rod sent the tiny "Queen of the Water" and "Royal Coachman" fifty feet across the stream, to the edge of the *brou*. The white sheet was broken by the tail of a fish. A quick strike made the hook fast in him. He rushed gamely down the rapids, played hard for a good quarter of an hour, and then came to the net,—*a plump, American brook-trout* of a pound and a quarter weight. Thrice the performance was repeated before the night fell. Then we climbed the steep ascent, and trudged over snow-drifts in the dark pine-wood, and through the sulphur-scented moorland, to the little Nanma Inn, where we found a warm Japanese welcome and had the whole doll-house at our disposal.

Three days we fished that stream between Yumoto and Chusenji, winding along the edge of a wild Alpine plain covered with reeds and bamboo-grass. The fish were plentiful,—rainbows, and *fontinalis*, and pink-finned native trout; but the water was too high and drumlie for fly-fishing. My average was fifteen fish a day. Our guide was a cheerful Japanese boatman named Ochiai, or something like that. He knew ten or twelve words of English, and was a passionate bait-fisher and a thorough gentleman. I remember the night when we arrived at the hamlet of Shobu-no-hama in a pelting storm. He introduced us to the humble

cottage of a friend, where we sheltered beside the family-fire of charcoal while the boat was being prepared to take us down the lake. Hot tea was served, quite simply and of course. When we scrambled down to the skiff, Ochiai brought up a dripping, apologetic peddler with a huge pack, and explained politely,—"Zis gent'-man wet,—Chusenji?" We took him in, and the boatman sculled slowly down to the foot of the lake, while we sang college songs to keep ourselves warm.

THE HEART'S CAPITAL OF JAPAN

Kyoto, with its 450,000 inhabitants, lies in the fertile Yamashiro plain, ringed by green and lofty hills. For many centuries it was the seat of the Imperial Court, until Tokyo displaced it in 1868. But it still remains, I think, the chief city in the heart of Japan. Here the ancient arts and ways are more purely preserved; here the old traditions centre; here a visitor does not have to witness, as Lafcadio Hearn said in his last days of Tokyo, "the sorry sight of one civilization trampling the life out of another." Mind you, I don't say that what is taking place in Tokyo and other great seaport towns is wrong or evitable. I only say that if you want the flavor and the tone of the original Japan, you must see Kyoto, and smaller cities of that type, and, above all, the countryside.

We spent a fortnight in and around Kyoto, with headquarters at the Miyako Hotel, where the conversation of the manager, Mr. Hamaguchi, was delightful and illuminating. He told us the meaning of many things in Japanese life and philosophy, and best of all he advised us what to skip in our sightseeing.

All kinds of pictures from that fortnight are stored in memory's "go-down." I can take out one after another and hang it on the wall, as a Japanese would do with his *kakemonos*.

There is the famous Cherry Blossom Dance, in the biggest tea-house on the Kamo-gawa, where forty *geishas* weave intricate, slow designs of color and movement on the stage, while a double-dozen of women musicians twang *samisens*, slap drums, and chant weird nasal songs. There is the stately Noh Drama, performed on the century-old stage of the Nishi Hongwanji temple, by actors who have inherited their calling and traditions through generations,—gorgeous costumes, symbolic action, classic dialogue, mostly tragic themes, with some consecrated comic episodes, the chorus intoning a running commentary, the absorbed audience following the play with their books,—it is a highly intellectual and at the same time eye-appealing performance, something like the revival of a Greek play at Oxford or Harvard, yet different as the East differs from the West. There are visits to a few well-chosen temples. The golden splendor of the great Chion-in. The tranquil charm of Kurodani on its shady hill, with its long inner corridors where the "nightingale floors" twitter beneath your stockinged feet, its rooms adorned with rare paintings and silken broideries, and its secluded garden where the iris is in bloom around the pond. The delicate beauty of the Golden Pavilion and the Silver Pavilion in their landscape setting; and one little temple among the trees, whose name I never knew, but which Paula said she loved "because it seemed so lonely, and nobody told us to go there."

Certain scenes and incidents are vivid in my mind. Visits to workshops, where deft Japanese fingers are busy with delicate work of tapestry, damascene, lacquer, and carving. Preaching in the little Union Church, and lecturing to a thousand eager students at Doshisha University. Luncheon with Miss Denton of the Girls' School, that wonderful American lady who knows Kyoto better than the Japanese and whom they all love. "Ceremonial tea" at Dr. Saiki's house, where the gentle daughter of Nippon who performs the gracious ritual is the mother of nine and looks no older than one of her own children. Of all Kyoto days none was brighter than that on which we walked with the Shivelys over the sacred mountain of Hiei-san. The long trail up through the steep, stately forest; the ancient temples and monasteries hidden on the heights where the fighting monks of Buddha used to assemble their bands to raid the capital; the basket lunch beside a cold streamlet in a glen below the summit; the rapid descent to Lake Biwa, with rapturous views on the way; the boat-ride home on the swift canal, half through a dark tunnel, half in broad evening sunlight, high on the hillside

among wild azaleas,—that was a memorable day. But a single hour in another day stands out as clear. It was when I climbed with a Japanese friend to visit the Christian cemetery on the hillside above Nanzen-ji. The only approach is by a steep footpath. Here, with others of like faith, confessed or secret, is buried Joseph Neesima, the father of Doshisha. From this quiet hillside no doubt he often looked down upon the great city spread out below him, and, like his Master, longed and yearned for its peace. Here he sleeps quietly, while his work goes on.

TO THE CITY OF LANTERNS

This was a roundabout journey which we made with a Japanese friend and scholar, Dr. Harada, as our genial comrade to guide us in the ways of Japanese inns and explain things seen and heard on the road.

First we spent a day and night in Yamada-Isé, visiting the two chief shrines of the Shinto religion. Like almost all sacred places in Japan they have a splendid natural setting. Unlike Buddhist temples, however, the shrines are very simple, even austere. Built of plain wood, completely renewed every twenty years, without painting or ornament (except some brass fastenings with crests), they are distinguished by primitive features of their architecture, such as the crossing of the end-rafters, which project above the roof like the poles of a wigwam. In the centre of the inner shrine hangs a mirror, the symbol of Amaterasu, the sun-goddess, worshipped as the progenitor of the first Mikado and of the pure Japanese race. Shintoism is the old national religion of Japan, though there are many more Buddhists than Shintoists, and the two faiths have been strangely crossed. The core of Shinto is ancestor-worship and patriotism. Mr. Hamaguchi said to me one night: "In China they worship their ancestors dead. In Japan we worship our ancestors through our children. Suppose you want to move a graveyard to make way for needed railroad. Chinese say, 'Never, our ancestors forbid!' Japanese say, 'Yes, move it carefully, with reverence; railroad good for our children.'" You will usually find chickens kept at Shinto shrines, because of the cock that crows to make the sun rise.

Next we went to Toba, a picturesque seashore town, known for its shipbuilders, fishermen, and women pearl-divers. We took two of the divers, plump, good-humored little creatures, out to the fishing grounds. They put on white caps and huge water-goggles, stood up and dropped their kimonos, and then slipped quietly overboard in their white cotton shirts and drawers, taking their floating tubs with them. After a little wheezing and many curious noises, they gave a sharp, indrawn whistle, turned over, and went down like small white seals. They brought up no pearls, but many lobsters, star-fish, sea-urchins and other marine curios. The best pearl-fishing is at Mikimoto's place, a few miles farther along the coast. In the afternoon we climbed Weather Hill and had a view finer than that from Pemetic on Mt. Desert: eastward, Isé Bay and the swarm of islands and the blue Pacific; westward, a far-rolling sea of wild mountains and forests.

Our last point was Gifu, the city of lanterns. Here they make delicious persimmon *confitures*, delicate silk-crepe, the strongest paper in the world, fans, umbrellas, and paper lanterns light as soap-bubbles and lovely as campanula bells. We stayed at the "Well of Jewels Inn," and went out at night to see the celebrated cormorant fishing, a craft which has been practised here for more than ten centuries.

The moon was rising behind the mountains. The swift, clear river ran half glittering and half dark. Our barge was covered with an awning and lit with lanterns. We poled two or three miles up the river and found five other lanterned barges waiting beside a gravelly bank between two rapids. I began to think it would be a "tourist show," a fake. But a little before ten o'clock we saw moving lights up the river. Six fishing-boats came sweeping down with the current, an iron cresset full of blazing pine-knots projecting from the bow of each. We joined one of them and drifted with it. In front stood the master fisherman, a tall, bronzed youth, naked to the waist, with a long skirt of straw girt about his loins. The ungainly cormorants,—black bodies, white throats, and hooked bills,—stood along the gunwale, six on a side. A ring of fibre around the lower part of

the neck prevents the bird from swallowing fish irrecoverably, and a fibre rein twelve feet long serves to guide and retrieve him. The fisherman pushes them off in order, the captain of the team last. Then they dive, swim under water with feet and wings, dart hither and thither ahead of the boat, come up again and again with a six or seven inch trout held crosswise in the bill, gulp it down, dive again, and keep on till their pouches are full. Then the master, clucking and whistling to his team, lifts one bird after another to the gunwale, taps him on the throat to make him give up his catch, and drops him over once more. So we drifted on with splashing, shouting, singing, the torches flaring, the birds eager and skilful, the master deft and imperturbable, until we came to the end of the fishing grounds. Then the birds had their collars taken off and were plentifully fed with the smaller fishes, and we all went home. The catch that night must have run well up in the thousands. We had some the next morning for breakfast,—delicious. Paula said, —well, no matter what she said. They were perfectly good pink fish.

TOKYO REVISITED

Our second week in Tokyo was more serious and joyful than the first. The sun was shining, the air revived. There were social engagements of a real pleasure. A snug tiffin with Secretary Hofer in his new bachelor house; a fine banquet (with theatrical entertainment), given me by six of my former Japanese students at Princeton, in the Maple Club; an academic luncheon presided over by Baron Yamagawa, President of the Imperial University, in the Botanical Gardens; a delightful, friendly feast made for us by Madame Yukio Ozaki (wife of the eloquent parliamentary leader, and author of those delightful English volumes, "The Japanese Fairy Book" and "Romances of Old Japan"), at the "Inn of Ten Thousand Pines," by the Sumida-gawa; a brilliant dinner with Mrs. Charles Burnett, a gifted American lady who lives very close to the heart of Japan, and whose charm brought to meet us a choice group of scholars and statesmen, men of letters and affairs. In such company one has glimpses of what Japan really desires and seeks. I am convinced that it is not war, but peaceful, orderly development, and that Japan is a natural leader for this work in the Far East.

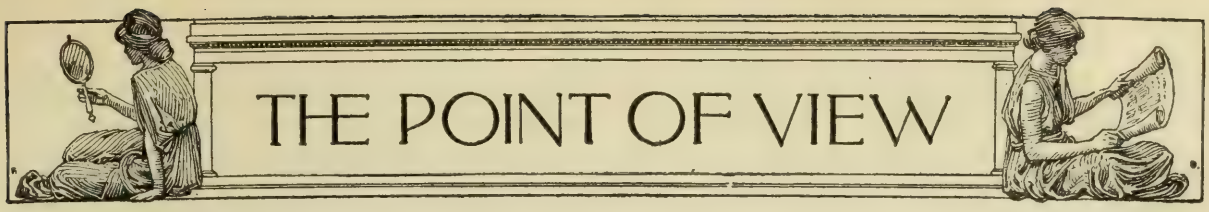
There were also academic engagements which involved work. A lecture at Waseda University, founded by Japan's "grand old man," the Marquis Okuma; an address at the fortieth anniversary of the Tokyo Y. M. C. A.; two lectures at the Imperial University, the first to be given on the "House Foundation"; a luncheon and lecture at the Woman's University, where we had a hearty welcome from the president and all the staff and students.

The attitude of the Japanese toward education is fine. In the public schools the enrolment and attendance are 95 per cent. You see the well-trained children on excursions with their teachers everywhere, learning to see and know Japan first. In the universities the eagerness for knowledge is keen,—so keen that perhaps it sometimes turns its own edge. Know-it-all is a good dog, but Know-it-well is a better. The Japanese, in fact, have many of the American virtues,—and faults. To think or talk of them as "brown monkeys" is distinctly asinine. They have an ancient civilization; a wonderful art and literature; a unified race whose spirit has never been broken by foreign conquest or domination; a habit of industry and great gifts of manual skill; endurance, ambition, versatility, and a sensitive temper. They laugh much, love their numerous and delightful children, and have a firm and passionate faith in the future of their country. They are almost as political-minded as Americans, and quite as honest as any other commercial people.

One word more. What about the Pacific Coast and Japanese Immigration?

Only this!

It is a difficult question. Within limits, I think the Pacific Coasters must settle it for themselves. If they do not want Japanese labor they need not have it. If they want it they must treat it on the principle of "the square deal." They should remember that the Pacific has two Coasts. The friendly co-operation of Great Britain, the United States, and Japan is essential to peace and order in the Far East, where our nation has some possessions and many interests.



FOR no particular reason, the other day, I was reading in Gibbon's "Memoirs" his account of his college days and his condemnation of the universities of his time. Strange, I reflected, that practically every condition he found fault with has been reformed, universities on totally different principles have sprung up in another hemisphere, and yet the poor old colleges are still under fire. Gundelfinger finds as much scandal as did "Terrae Filius" Amhurst, and Henry Adams looks back on his undergraduate days with hardly more satisfaction than did the sceptic of Lausanne. "Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose."

Then and Now

Except for this dissatisfaction on the part of the graduate, it is hard to recognize much in common between the Oxford of 1752 and the Harvard or Wisconsin of the present day. In Gibbon's time, the English universities were considered much more refined than the Continental, for at the former the students lived like gentlemen in residential halls, on the whole drank less grossly, and carrying no swords, were involved in fewer bloody duels! Indeed, Oxford in mid-eighteenth century must have been a happy hunting-ground for the gilded youth, when the gentleman-commoner, set apart from ordinary students by his silk gown and velvet cap, shared the common-room with the dons and enjoyed the privileges of residence with the least possible "controul." The professors of that time, in the words of one of them, had nothing to do, and they did it; with honorable exceptions, they neither gave lectures nor wrote books nor thought nor even talked anything but "shop," politics, or gossip. The tutors, even the best of them, were content to let a young gentleman cut his hour a day of reading, provided he paid his annual twenty-guinea fee.

So Gibbon could go up to town four times in one winter, no slight jaunt in those days, and pay two substantial visits in the country without endangering his academic standing, and could contract heavy debts without official cognizance. His undergraduate friends who remained in Oxford could fill up their abundant leisure with sports, unlimited carousing, and "schemes"—in modern slang, "parties"—to neighboring towns with ladies more sprightly in their conversation than strict in their conduct, without censure from the faculty.

But if there was such wide liberty in these matters of wine, women, and attendance, in which American universities assume so much responsibility, there were other points where our modern freedom was not even thought of. Gibbon's truancy and extravagance might not affect his academic standing, but he only escaped subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles through his youth and the slackness of the authorities; and his conversion to the Roman Church had the same result as Shelley's declaration of atheism—a termination of his university connection so sudden and so much a matter of course as to be automatic. Moreover, he and the priest who confirmed him were by the letter of the law liable to prosecution for high treason, with its well-known gruesome penalty. To be sure, the "humanity of the age" made it likely that only perpetual imprisonment and distrainment of the worldly goods of priest and proselyte would have ensued, if the affair had come to public prosecution.

How different (as Gulliver would say) are things in our own dear country! Catholics, Jews, pagans, infidels, alike are admitted without question into our universities, and only the port and brandy that enlivened the common-rooms and coffee-houses of Gibbon's Oxford are proscribed. It seems probable that we Americans think the eighteenth-century English less mad and topsy-turvy than they would think us, could they know that we prohibit drink, the good creature, and throw wide the door to heresy and atheism. What a man drinks, they would say, is his own affairs; what he thinks and believes is of immediate concern to the State. Thus have our social values danced the Sir Roger de Coverley in the last century and a half.

Our universities no longer confine instruction to Latin and Greek and metaphysics, but rather, neglecting those, teach book-

keeping, dentistry, and electric insulation. Now we pride ourselves on being democratic, with one law and one degree for gentleman-commoner and poor scholar alike. Now our professors are always lecturing, and leisure for either drinking port or scholarly research is the exception rather than the rule among them. All our instruction is oriented on practicality and efficiency in an attempt, doomed to be futile, to satisfy captious graduates who accuse the universities of failing in their trust.

Perhaps the universities, like the man with the boy and the ass, in the fable, can never succeed in pleasing all their critics all the time. Perhaps they are like barometers, recording, with some "lag," it is true, the conscience and social ideals of their average public. If this be so, there is no use in worrying because that institution which suits the greatest number receives the abuse of malcontents like Nicholas Amhurst and the impatient scorn of exceptional geniuses like Gibbon. The universities must accept the reproach and glory of the middle course.

IT may be said without fear of contradiction that a given man's ideal of a woman, and that same woman's ideal of herself, are two absolutely different things. For as regards themselves the sexes vision differently. So general masculine ideals of femininity, and femininity's ideals of itself, are most unlike. We have John's John, and Mary's John; Mary's Mary, and John's Mary; and this square is far more difficult even to apprehend, much less resolve, than is the squaring of the circle, or any mental glimpsing of the fourth dimension of space. Yet if the eternal two ever did really understand each other, interest would immediately cease; for what you understand you appropriate, in a sense you become that thing. In creating them male and female, therefore, so like yet unlike, Providence constituted a distinction and difference that should prove a perennial source of interest and joy; with incidental exasperations, it may be, and perpetual wonder. "Just like a man," "just like a woman," are the commonest of phrases—but what it is to be "just like a man," or "just like a woman," who can truly say? That changeless "central core of identity," without which neither manhood nor womanhood can grow, was fixed in the beginning and, on the physical side, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, altereth never. What has grown, does grow, and must grow, are the mental and spiritual possibilities inherent in man and woman, the continuous development of which means civilization, and all that that connotes both for the individual and the race. Man has always had some notion of himself and some ideal for himself, a goal to work toward, an excellence to embody. To be strong and brave, to be capable of the day's work be it chase or battle, to go a breadth beyond the need of the moment, gain headway, save something so that the next day's work may be eased or lessened—for man always works with the thought of eventual rest—this is the skeleton history of the ages. First enough for to-day, then enough for to-day and to-morrow, so through labor to wealth, which is another name for stored-up labor or assured possession—such is man's, the toiler's, life. And what of man's ideal of woman during all these centuries? Why, as his supreme helper, of course; and as man's helper woman has had to play a very diversified rôle. She must be at once pleasing and useful—somewhat difficult co-ordinates—must turn her hand swiftly and deftly to any and every need. In primitive times when man was hunter only, woman was everything else. Woman must be elephant for use, and butterfly for charm, as occasion demanded. And to this day, woe betide the woman that cannot be something of both. Meanwhile, the four ideals doubtless reacted favorably upon one another. John's John was agreeably modified by Mary's John; and Mary's Mary was agreeably modified by John's Mary. This constant interaction assured an ever-widening common standing-ground of mutual interest and attraction. In ascending stages, through the patriarchal family, tribe, polis, state, nation—woman often insensibly passed from man's adjunct or helper into the accepted and acceptable delegate. Man found that he could leave to her certain activities while he was more profitably engaged elsewhere. Woman rose to the occasion, and man, according to his convenience, accepted the adaptation, and both profited by it. Owing to the rapid development of the mechanic arts, and man's tremendously increased powers over nature, the changes of the past one hundred years have come with incredible swiftness. Yet these changes differ only in degree, not in kind. From

Changing Feminine Ideals

earliest times exceptional women are seen in parity with men, doing a "man's job," and often leaders. Deborah, wife of Lapidoth, judged Israel, and went forth to battle with the cautious and gainsaying Barak. Semiramis reigned brilliantly at Babylon. In default of heirs male, daughters inherited possessions, be it castle or crown, and women have shown themselves no mean sovereigns. The conditions of modern life have insensibly forced woman—lovely woman—to become an economic and political factor, but what then? No matter what happens she can never be anything but "just a woman," man's coefficient rather than his equal—even as man along the ages has always been "just a man." Neither may pass the bounds of his and her respective limitations. Then why be afraid? The "central core of identity" can never change, it is the fixed value which alone has made, and will continue to make, all this complex development called civilization possible. Is there a haunting fear at the bottom of man's and woman's hearts that they may grow less mutually interesting and attractive? How can they? Does man understand woman any better to-day than he did in the stone age, or woman understand man? Between the two is forever fixed the enchanting bridge—not chasm—of a perpetual why. The "central core of identity," in each may be trusted to keep its secret—the secret of a delightful and God-given attraction. When Nicolette votes, Aucassin will simply have an added wonder to the perpetual riddle as to why she did just that thing. Why, when John Doe is the regular party candidate, did she waste her perfectly good ballot on Richard Roe the independent, or vice versa. But the mutual attraction is absolutely safe; nature takes care of that. The question "up to" all of us is, how do we individually and collectively use it as part of that "central core" which is the earnest and secret of all social development and growth. And as woman becomes more and more an economic and political factor, is there any valid reason why the old ideals *should* change? "She looketh well to the ways of her household, and her hands eat not the bread of idleness." What is to prevent woman from looking "well to the ways" of her political household—they sadly need it—and of helping to institute and execute those methods and that thrift now so vital to us all? And Chaucer's ideal of woman, the Aurora of Anglo-Saxon literature, is truly timeless, and may be set forth to-day as the model upon which all women should fashion themselves. In a somewhat modern guise the lovely lines may run:

> "In her is high beauty withouten pride,
> Youthe without greenhead or folie;
> To all her works Virtue is her guide,
> Gentleness hath slain in her tyrannie;
> She is mirrour of all courtoisie;
> Her heart is very chamber of holiness;
> Her hand the minister of freedom for almesse."

Let the doubting and timorous take courage. Ideals remain very much the same, while ephemeral circumstances change, and may be changed, into the likeness of noble ideals.

A Poor Man's Game

THE other night I went to an auction. Among the items on which the bidding was lively was a tiny book—half a dozen yellowed pages of highly illegible writing bound between two boards of ivory—a modest little volume which, when I held it in my hand, seemed quite tempted to slip into my waistcoat pocket. It finally brought $16,250.

On its withered brown pages, long ago when they were white and young, Shelley had written a poem. Though I've read at Shelley, I confess I had no memory for this poem, and when the bids rose above ten thousand dollars, I decided my ignorance must be very great indeed. Surely, here was a message of incomparable beauty for mankind—a tale of unequalled splendor which should be told always, gayly up and down the world. Or else, within its lines must lie some tragedy deep enough to break a nation's heart—the twilight of the gods—a second Troy. To-morrow, I thought, the story will be revived. The newspapers will be full of it; barren magazine pages will borrow its eloquence. Once more a careless world will wear this jewel. But no—what the papers said was: "Shelley manuscript brings rare price—'Julian and Maddalo' surprises dealers at sale." And the magazines that noticed it at all had articles on the brisk business book-buyers were doing in association relics. "Julian and Maddalo" found a place only in the dizzy list of prices.

So it was not the poem but the man—the lingering, crumbling evidence of his person—they were buying. These last mute wit-

nesses of a too, too mortal flesh are grown monstrously in fashion. No more might Charles Lamb by wearing his brown suit until it was threadbare lug home a folio of Beaumont and Fletcher. (How he would gape to know his own manuscript of "A Dissertation on Roast Pig" recently sold for over twelve thousand dollars.) Doubtful first editions for whose fate the author trembled have taken on a glory from their first adventurous years. No longer dusty, but in state—they stand waiting a king's ransom.

Never was there a lover of books but felt tenderly toward these venerable tokens—but felt a thrill at coming into their presence, and that is the trouble. Authors and book-lovers, under their spell, have written too riotously of the delights that lie in finding them on musty shelves of dingy shops or coming upon them in some forgotten attic.

We in America have no ancestral castles—no houses respectably old when Shakespeare walked in London, where extraordinary treasures might be lurking. We have not made our home among the sleeping ghosts of the Middle Ages or even the healthy beef and port spectres of the eighteenth century. Fond would be the gentleman of Bangor, Maine, or St. Louis, Missouri, or Dallas, Texas, who fared forth into a neighboring shop with hopes for a discerning eye to be rewarded by the sight of some forgotten volume that had once been pressed in the hands of Coleridge or reeked with the smell of tavern ale from keeping company with Fielding or Kit Marlowe.

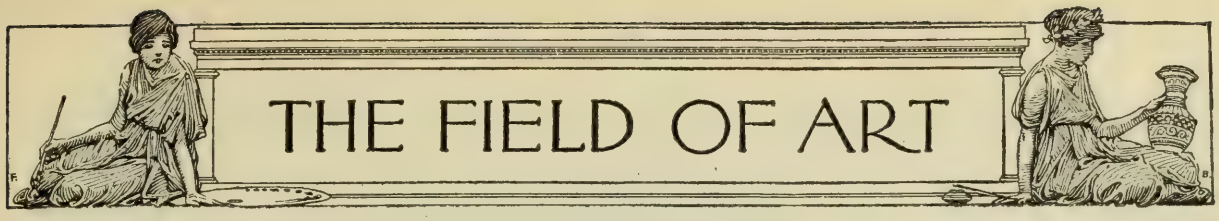
Even yet the tower of our native literature has not risen, and as for the stray volumes that find their way from older lands to us to-day, their interest and charm is equalled only by the canniness of the dealer who brings them. Surely book-collecting must be a fascinating sport for a Morgan or a Frick, if he have a taste for letters. It is a game that may be played with delight and profit by one of lesser shadow in Bradstreet, if he have hours to meditate catalogues and days of holiday to travel to auctions—but collecting, say what you will, has become a rich man's game.

And, somehow, it were ever a convention of the profession of letters to be poor. And those who love it most, even though they cannot practise it themselves, seem to achieve this perquisite with monotonous success. The man who loves literature, but congratulates himself when the four mouths who look to him have had their fill, must feel out of it, indeed, when he reads of auctions. The woman who feels a kinship with Mrs. Browning or Jane Austen, but who lives in Four-Corners-out-of-the-way and for whom a new dress is an event, though she be ever so resolute, must wonder if life has not passed her by when she compares the prices of the items with their provenance.

There is a game—writers of late seem to have forgotten it. It needs another Lamb or another Stevenson to make it popular. It might be called a poor man's game, for it is not played with golden pawns and its rewards are as shining as gold ever purchased. You who must look to your pennies to pay the piper, is not Keats's sonnet "Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art" as real a part of him as any unpublished letter he dashed off in the everydayness of his life, carefully laid into some book of his poems? If you had to choose dramatically between them, would it be to know the contents of the letter? Are the sonnet's lines, there in the book on the second shelf of your bookcase, any less beautiful than in the fading ink that served to give them to the world? Becky Sharp lived as keenly for you when you read that old "Vanity Fair" you tossed about so carelessly as ever she lived in Thackeray's own copy. If you have a taste for Meredith, Richard and Diana have lost nothing of their subtle complex passions, none of their burning spirit, in the journey from the fierce energy of his autograph to the cool legibility of the printed page. His epigrams do not sparkle less in your humble room than in the little study at Box Hill.

I think, perhaps, it is the wise order of Providence that keeps writers (and their brothers in spirit) poor. Their birthright is of other coin. It lies in a true democracy. A dream in a king's head encircled by a golden crown is no more gorgeous, no more real, than a dream beneath some tattered hat. The stuff of dreams—the true boon of writers—is "a fairy gift that cannot be worn out by using." On the hill of literature the miracle of the loaves and fishes happens every day.

Have you read of auctions where you could not buy—of old shops whose fragrant dusted air you may never breathe, till your own brown bookcase has become a dull and stolid thing? Look at it again.



THE ART COLLECTION OF JOHN G. JOHNSON

By Harrison S. Morris

HOW could any one put all there is to say about the John G. Johnson collection into a handful of words? It is impossible! And yet there is much that can be conveyed: facts, theories, fundamentals.

About three years ago the celebrated collection, gathered through a long period by the late Mr. Johnson, a noted lawyer of Philadelphia, was bequeathed to the city, with the spacious mansion in which he had installed it, "to be maintained as a museum —a public museum—to stand pretty much as it will be at my decease." He further directs "that it shall be forever kept up and maintained as such museum in which my art objects shall be exhibited."

Through the disintegrating political conditions in Philadelphia, which he tried to forestall in his will, the collection has been sleeping in a storehouse, until a new and advancing mayor has caused a part of it—about sixty Italian pictures—to be exhibited at Memorial Hall in Fairmount Park. It is this artistic incident which makes timely these brief notes.

The collection consists of one thousand one hundred and eighty-nine catalogued works of art, nearly all of them paintings. There is no excuse for a want of learning in the discussion of its value, as two experienced pundits have set down in three large volumes of text and reproductions all that is known, and much besides. To the Italian paintings Mr. Bernhard Berenson has addressed his knowledge and his grace of statement; to the Flemish, Dutch, German, French, Spanish, and English, Mr. W. R. Valentiner brings abundance of illumination. Quarrelling with their ascriptions would cause only pain to the fatigued reader, and discomfiture, perhaps, to the critic.

But there are remarks that may be ventured. It is no sin to hint that traditions exist in Philadelphia which will have their vent. The echoes linger of visitors who years ago took away many dollars and left behind many "old masters." There is recollection of these episodes in comment on a painting "at one time in the Widener collection at Elkins Park, Philadelphia." Here is a divergence. Mr. Widener disposed of some seventy examples when he secured his magnificent Van Dycks; Mr. Johnson presumably held much of what he had acquired. Thus his collection is uneven, though rich and brilliant, and a great possession for Philadelphia—or for the Metropolitan Museum of New York, to which it reverts if Philadelphia allows Mr. Johnson's will to be broken or his princely bequest too long to linger unembraced.

The conspicuous merit of Mr. Johnson's collection is the immense reach of its inclusiveness in representing the history of European art. It begins with the origins, and in deliberate steps, pausing in one age, hurrying in another, it marches down to our day. From the pupils of Giotto to Whistler is a span of seven centuries. The mind hardly grasps the riches of endeavor, the expression of the soul in art, the physical effort encompassed by that vast period. And yet, with deviations, here they are, shown in examples more or less perfect, more or less authentic, for the eye to enjoy and the brain to grasp that has learned the deep lesson of beauty.

An axiom of criticism which is sound, though not always followed, is, that nothing counts in art that is not beautiful. Beauty may lurk in age, or pathos, or sentiment, or it may lie in the charm of the artist's genius, even in his technic. Without such sources of attraction works of art are rubbish. The Johnson collection wins its excellence, its celebrity, from the possession of much that includes or illustrates these essentials. There are no monumental canvases by the



View of Canal.
By Meindert Hobbema. Seventeenth-century Dutch.

greatest masters—no overwhelming Rembrandts, or Hals, or Raphaels, or Rubens, or Van Dycks, or Velasquezs; no Giorgione of immortal beauty, no Mantegna that emulates Florence. And yet examples of all these, resting on proof of more or less convincing attribution, take their place in the historic procession, and mark the points where art has reached an ideal or paused over an enduring name.

Nor are there any very large canvases. Mr. Johnson designed his works as household adornments. He filled up the house he had long occupied: there were old masters on both sides of the doors, on the stairways, high on every wall, and even over his bathtub and above the rows of his shoes in his dressing-closet. They overflowed on to the floor, and so many thus accumulated that it became imperative to find more hanging-space. The large mansion next door, long inhabited by Mr. Darley, a descendant of both Sully and F. O. C. Darley, fell vacant, and Mr. Johnson was quick to buy it. He erected a temporary bridge from the rear of one house to the other, and apparently enjoyed the transfer of the collection. The hanging he directed himself, and the work was done with taste and a large sort of elegance which made the new house, equally overflowing with pictures in every corner, a rich treasury of art, mingled, as is proper, with domestic comforts and a look of use, where the warm shadows from side-lights serve as enhancements to the color and form of the old masters. Costly rugs and furniture, silver and glass, lent their charm to an arrangement that was infinitely luxurious and beautiful.

Thus the group of restricted dimensions, not a few of them parts of predellas from under altar-pieces, or other diminutive studies, was installed as its owner wished to have it, as he intended by his will that it should remain. And in this way placed, which he shrewdly knew was the way best for its collective enrichment, it was unique. There was nothing like it in the country, nor elsewhere, so far as I know, except in the larger museums, many of which lack the historic continuity of the Johnson list, and none of which can equal in charm the abundance and elegance, the glow and shadow, that resided in that interior.

If there are no distinguishing master-

pieces, such as those of the Altman or the Frick collections, there is, I repeat, a more numerous constellation of lesser stars than in any of the private catalogues. To begin with, the Florentine primitives abound in names of the first order—Giotto, Fra Angelico, Agnolo Gaddi, Masaccio, Domenico Veneziano, Pesellino, Benozzo Gozzoli, Botticelli, Sellajo, Botticini, Cosimo Rosselli, David Domenico and Ridolfo Ghirlandajo, Mainardi, Piero di Cosimo, Fra Bartolommeo, Andrea del Sarto, Correggio, and Pontormo. Were these all originals of warranted authenticity and artistic beauty, they would outrank in value any group in our museums, both as old masters and in the value of the market. But in many instances there is doubt on both these counts, though in beauty of color and design and in the charm of antiquity most of the examples stand as characteristic types of the period and of the masters to whom they are assigned.

The same thing is true of the Sienese, Venetian, and other Italian schools. The painters who formed them — Lorenzetti, Barna, Domenico di Bartolo, of the Siena; and Crivelli, the Bellinis, Montagna, Carpaccio, Palma Vecchio, Tintoretto, Lorenzo Lotto, Marco Basiati, of the early Venetian group—are, with many more obscure contemporaries, all in their historic niches. Their works would be priceless treasures could they be substantiated in origin or accepted for impeccable beauty. But there are many gaps in the pedigree; here and there a bar sinister; and the test of beauty often fails. Equally so with specimens of Mantegna, Francesco Benaglio, Brusasorci, Paul Veronese, Moroni, of the school of Padua, of Verona and Brescia; or Cosimo Tura, Lorenzo Costa, Dosso Dossi of Ferrara and Bologna; of Foppa, Bernardino di Conti, Solario, Defendente Ferrari and Sodoma of the Milanese region; and of examples of the late Bolognese school.

The learned critic who classed them just before Mr. Johnson's death, who changed many of the existing labels, and who lays down his *obiter dicta* with winning grace, if perhaps now and then a twinkle in the eye, has to us often confused, rather than



Halt at an Inn.

By Aelbert Cuyp. Seventeenth-century Dutch.

solved, doubtful problems. In truth, the business of attribution is always a sort of inspired guessing, as is shown by the following paragraph from a letter of Mr. Johnson. It relates to a rich canvas assigned to David and Domenico Ghirlandajo, which was to serve as illustration to an article I was preparing:



Margaret, Duchess of Parma.
By Antonis Mor of Utrecht and Antwerp, 1512-82.

"I called your attention to what Mr. Berenson said because I think his remarks were influenced by the fact that it came through Dr. Bode, who had originally bought it for the Kaiser Friederich Museum and gave it up only because of lack of funds. For myself, I have not the slightest doubt that it is entirely by Domenico Ghirlandajo, and that is also the opinion of a great many other very well qualified critics."

I have dealt so far only with the Italian masters, which number about three hundred. But the larger body of the collection, though perhaps not the richer, is formed of the Flemish and Dutch, French, English, Spanish, and German schools. There are only fifteen American canvases: the valuable "Lange Lijsen" and a Nocturne by Whistler, a "Luxembourg Garden" and a Venetian Interior by Sargent, and a significant Thomas Eakins, "Landscape, Gloucester," as though Mr. Johnson early divined the coming position of that great American painter. There are four Alexander and one Birge Harrisons, a Winslow Homer, and four George Innesses.

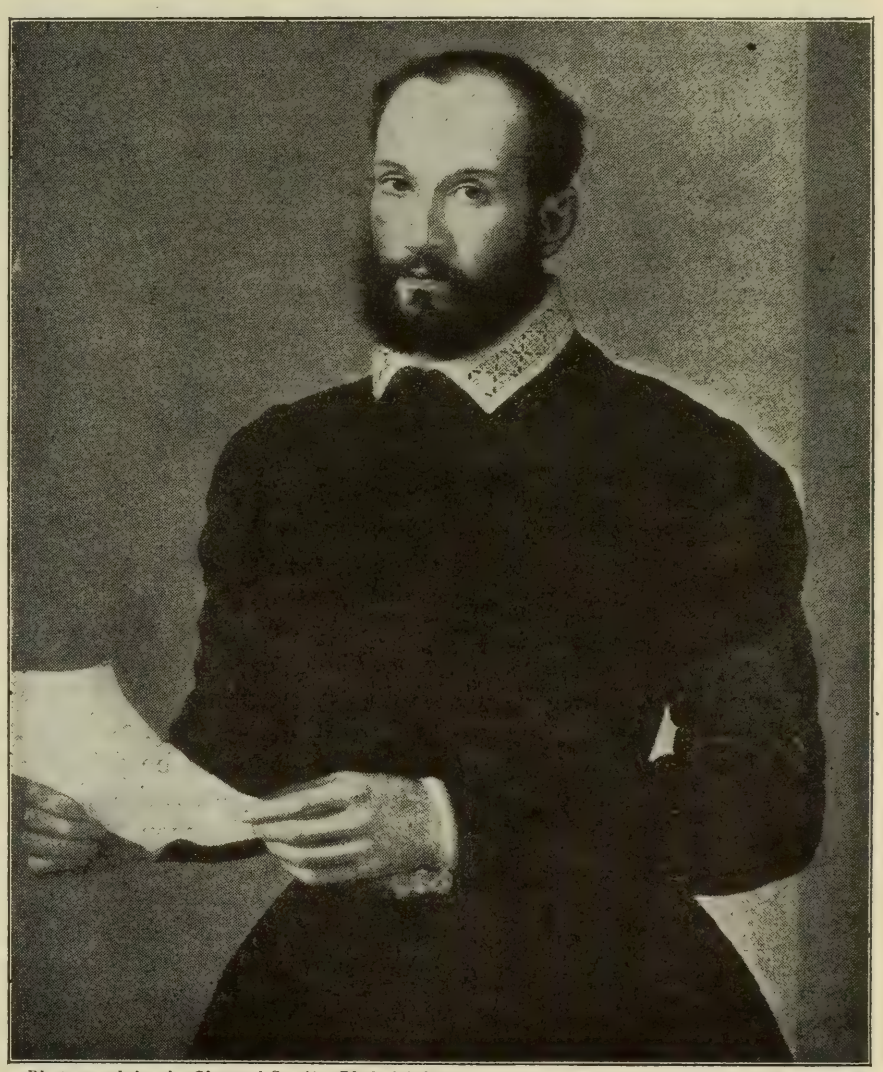
To attempt in so limited a space anything but a quick survey of the continental schools, numbering well over four hundred pictures, is clearly futile; but it can be premised that their great value lies in their embracing historic fulness, in which some masterworks of note are included, and many panels and canvases of little cost but of interest as steps in the chronological pathway.

Thus it is vain to look for Rembrandts or Hals, or Van Eycks, Rubens, or Van Dycks of the first water. The somewhat notable Rembrandt called the "Finding of Moses" is a small oval which has been in and out of many collections, yet has its elements of doubtfulness; and there is a little panel which I have heard Chase dilate on, entitled "Slaughtered Ox." The rest are not important. There is no Franz Hals, and the others of that family of painters are not brilliantly represented. The two Van Eycks are small and open to dispute, and Van Dyck is indifferently shown. But there is a Ver Meer of historic value and much beauty, and Van der Helst, Ferdinand Bol, Nicholas Maes are exhibited in portraits of arresting aspect.

There are a dozen rather insignificant works attributed to Rubens, with one of

which I had an amusing association. Years ago Chase came hurriedly into the Pennsylvania Academy and insisted on carrying me off to see a Rubens sketch in an auction-room. Though very busy, I went with him and saw a small panel of figures high on the wall. Yes, it looked like a Rubens sketch; and Chase was much excited at his discovery. He left me to go to lunch, where he found Mr. John G. Johnson, and sat down at his table, instantly bubbling over about his "find." Mr. Johnson expressed the most lofty indifference, and pretended to know all about it. The result was that he, and not Chase, bought the slender little sketch, which now forms part of the Johnson collection as a "Rubens."

And this marks the method of acquisition which has brought together much of the historically great collection. Other men of taste had the same ability to run over Europe summer after summer; the same chance to pick up the neglected pieces that are here assembled into a survey of continental art. There was no secret about it. All it required was knowledge, enthusiasm, taste, and money, and these Mr. Johnson possessed in abundance.



Photograph by the Chappel Studio, Philadelphia.

A Portrait.
By Ridolfo Ghirlandajo.

It was not so difficult to find the lesser Dutch and Flemish masters. There are, of course, many unassigned works among the primitives of the low countries, with some plausibly attributed to Gerard David, Van der Weyden, Dirk and Albrecht Bouts, Bosch, and Quintin Massys. This holds good with the rollicking school of Pieter Bruegel, elder and younger, Van Cleve, Jan Steen and Van Ostade, with the landscapists, van Goyen, Ruysdael, Porcellis, van der Neer, Camphuysen, Hobbema, Koninck, and their kin the marinists, like Dubbels, Bellevois, Van de Velde, Van de Capelle, Verschuier, Cuyp, and all that crowd.

There are so many more that really cry out for mention that I accuse myself for failing to touch upon them; but the early German, the English, French, and Spanish schools must not be denied. Most of the German group is attributed, and holds only historic value, with much antique beauty. There is a small head on paper assigned to Dürer, and a Luther given to Lucas Cranach, the elder; there are two votive panels by Bartholomæus Bruyn, the elder, that arrest the eye. The French primitives are



Portrait of Lord Ashburton
By Sir Joshua Reynolds, 1723–1792.

of the same genre, heads, religious compositions, and altar-pieces, named for François Clouet, Poussin, and lastly a group of ten Chardins, one of the clous of the collection. There are also moderns, like Fragonard, Ingres, Gèricault, and an array of the 1830 school which in both beauty and price would make any collector of that period covetous. The Corots alone number about twenty five or six, and add vastly to the market value of the collection. Besides the eight or nine Spaniards of the fifteenth century, there are several El Grecos of minor quality and two or three doubtful Velasquez portraits, but the Goyas, three of them, are more striking.

Beginning with Hogarth and closing with Bonington, the English list is confined to the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—to the older class who lifted British art to the pinnacle. Sir Joshua is seen in a portrait of Lord Ashburton and three others, with a sketch for the larger work in the Hermitage; Gainsborough in two heads and two landscapes; Romney in a slight sketch of Lady Hamilton; Raeburn in a character study; Morland in appropriate works; Constable in six fine canvases, and Old Crome and Nasmyth in landscapes. There are two Turners: an early Savoy mountain scene and a deep handsome courtyard in shadowy browns.

From even so slight an outline it will perhaps be possible for the reader to form a just estimate of the claims of the John G. Johnson collection. That he will thus penetrate to the validity of some of the canvases is less certain. There is always a large selvage of doubt in this exciting game, and one of its fascinations is the more or less learned argument it excites. But even the simple layman may wonder, as he views the names now attached to canvases in Memorial Hall, why, if "Portrait Bust of a Venetian Gentleman" is by Basiati, how "Portrait Bust of a Gentleman" or "Madonna with St. Liberale" are by that artist; and also how, for further instance, can "Portrait of a Gentleman" by Palma Vecchio be by the same painter as another portrait of that same title? And how could "St. Jerome in the Desert" be wished on the same master who painted "Christ Taking Leave of His Mother"?

All this makes for mystery and the exhilaration of the game; but it counts for little in the valuation of pictures as Art, Beauty.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

"DEFLATION"

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

IF, as seems not improbable from the course of events, the process of what is nowadays called "deflation" has begun, there can be no doubt that we are on the threshold of a peculiarly interesting episode in economic history. There has been a good deal of talk about that question in the past twelve months, but without giving much light to the popular conception of it. During and immediately after the war, the expected fall in prices of commodities was discussed with undoubted misgiving. The high prices and the active production and trade which came along with them were the evidence of our national prosperity. The unprecedentedly rapid expansion of American bank loans was accepted as a proof of that prosperity, equally with the unprecedented increase in the country's export trade. When business activity halted and prices began to decline in the markets for merchandise, two or three months after the armistice, the question which primarily occurred to mind, even with ordinary people, was how the violence of the coming reaction could be checked.

"Inflation" and "Deflation"

One of the executive departments of the government tried to set the machinery in motion for stopping it by ordering the purchasing bureaus at Washington to buy in quantity at a given level and thereby to prevent any further fall in prices. But the point of view has changed rather completely during the year and a half since that proposal of the Department of Commerce. The Washington plan turned out to be altogether superfluous. The whole manufacturing and trading community discovered that it had misjudged the situation. Middlemen, retailers, and consumers, who had been postponing purchases for their everyday trade because of the prospect of the "perpendicular decline" in prices, at once began to place their orders in unprecedented quantity as soon as they found that no such decline was occurring. When they reappeared as purchasers they found the supply of goods to be inadequate for the demand; partly because of the greatly diminished production of ordinary goods while the mills were at work on war material, partly because of the misgivings of producers after the armistice.

DEALERS are notoriously willing to buy on a visibly rising market; so, up to a given point, are consumers. The sequel is a matter of recent experience—expansion of trade and a rise in prices greater than had occurred even in war-time; purchases by consumers, lavish enough to far more than counterbalance the economies of 1917 and 1918 and the hesitation of the early months of 1919; production and accumulation of goods with borrowed money, on a scale which absorbed the resources of bank credit as they had not been absorbed even in the days of the billion-dollar war loans. The absolute reversal of the general public's attitude towards the high prices, after ten or twelve months of this new and unexpected turn in the situation, hardly needs to be described.

The Story of 1919

Yet it is quite as true at the present moment as it was in the period of apprehension in February and March of 1919, that the process of "deflation" will be a difficult and complicated process, with frequent interruptions, with many unexpected incidents and with some unpleasant aspects. A good deal of the recent talk about "deflation" has appeared to regard the process as a simple matter which could be arranged, through

legislation or common consent, in such a way as to benefit every one concerned.

This seemed especially to be the common conception when it was proposed, in economic treatises or in political declarations, to compel an abrupt, immediate, and arbitrary reduction of outstanding credit or currency. But the process is not simple. When prices have been advancing in connection with active business, credit engagements will necessarily have been contracted on an extensive scale to conduct the trade on the new or anticipated basis of values. But if prices fall heavily, some of the merchants whose goods on hand are now worth much less than the face of the indebtedness will incur very formidable losses, at the moment when the plain consumer is getting the benefit of the lower cost of living.

Reasoning from Economic Precedent

IT is never possible to foresee the way in which "deflation," even in its preliminary stages, will operate on prices and cost of living. What has already happened during the present year has unquestionably upset the expectations of experienced merchants. It is not easy to get much light on the matter from the course of events in other similar periods of the past. The phenomena of large overdrafts on the world's accumulated capital or of overstrain on the world's credit facilities are familiar enough; every great war has produced them sooner or later; but the minor incidents, which may really be a determining influence on the character of the period, are not so easily recalled.

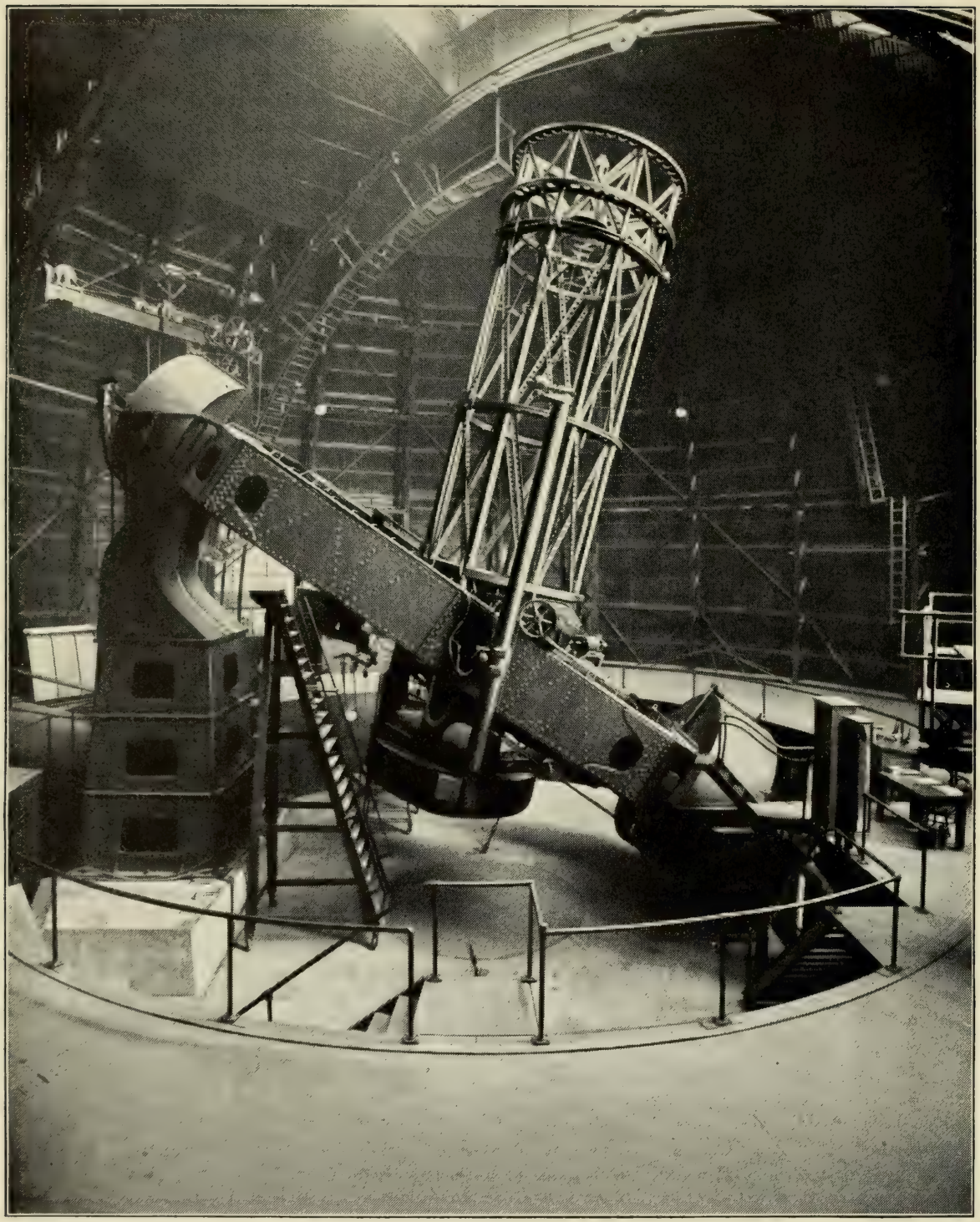
It long ago became an old story that the European war, in its military and political and economic aspects, was reproducing in our individual experience events and phenomena of which we had read in its text-books of history but which we never expected to witness with our own eyes. With all the far-reaching changes brought about in the scope and methods of war by the railroad, the motor-car, the aeroplane, the submarine, the accumulated wealth and the organized industry of the twentieth century, the impressive fact was the closeness with which the underlying phenomena duplicated those of a hundred years ago. But to draw the parallel with the political and economic aftermath of the great wars of the past was another matter; indeed, we are only beginning reluctantly to admit that the sequel to such a conflict nowadays must follow the general lines laid down in the similar periods of the very distant past.

The Histories and Present Experience

IF this truth is even now imperfectly recognized—if the delusion of a short cut to economic rehabilitation has been abandoned reluctantly—the reason probably is that the histories of those older periods were seldom written from the viewpoint of the plain citizen's experiences, and were infinitely less interested in such dry details as harvests, foreign trade, or prices of food and clothing than in the intrigues of cabinet ministers or diplomats. The result is very much what it would be if the histories of the present decade, accessible to the reader of a hundred years from now, were to devote their narrative of the period since 1918 entirely to the conferences at San Remo, Brussels, and Spa, the Sinn Fein uprising in Ireland, the dispute over Fiume, and the war between Poland and the Bolsheviki. But we may be sure, human nature being to-day very much what it was in 1865 and 1815 and 1763 and 1648, that the people even in those days found many considerations of far more vital and personal interest in the cost of living and the movement of the markets than they found in the high political negotiations.

Two facts become apparent, nevertheless, from even the most superficial survey of any such chapter of past economic history. One, and in all respects the more important, is that whatever may have been the inflation of currency, credit, and prices during such a period, it was never permanent. Sooner or later—usually after a considerable lapse of years—the artificial structure built up by the necessities or the extravagances of war was brought down again to normal proportions, and the inflated cost of living came down with it. The second and equally invariable lesson of the past is that arduous and trying experiences stood in the path of markets of every country where deflation was following inflation.

(Continued on page 59, *following*)



THE ONE-HUNDRED-INCH HOOKER TELESCOPE.

[Fig. 1.]

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXVIII OCTOBER, 1920 NO. 4

THE NEW HEAVENS

BY GEORGE ELLERY HALE

Director of the Mount Wilson Observatory of the Carnegie Institution of Washington

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

GO out under the open sky, on a clear and moonless night, and try to count the stars. If your station lies well beyond the glare of cities, which is often strong enough to conceal all but the brighter objects, you will find the task a difficult one. Ranging through the six magnitudes of the Greek astronomers, from the brilliant Sirius to the faintest perceptible points of light, the stars are scattered in great profusion over the celestial vault. Their number seems limitless, yet actual count will show that the eye has been deceived. In a survey of the entire heavens, from pole to pole, it would not be possible to detect more than from six to seven thousand stars with the naked eye. From a single view-point, even with the keenest vision, only two or three thousand can be seen. So many of these are at the limit of visibility that Ptolemy's "Almagest," a catalogue of all the stars whose places were measured with the simple instruments of the Greek astronomers, contains only 1,022 stars.

Back of Ptolemy, through the speculations of the Greek philosophers, the mysteries of the Egyptian sun-god, and the observations of the ancient Chaldeans, the rich and varied traditions of astronomy stretch far away into a shadowy past. All peoples, in the first stirrings of their intellectual youth, drawn by the nightly splendor of the skies and the ceaseless motions of the planets, have set up some system of the heavens, in which the sense of wonder and the desire for knowledge were no less concerned than the practical necessities of life. The measurement of time and the needs of navigation have always stimulated astronomical research, but the intellectual demand has been keen from the first. Hipparchus and the Greek astronomers of the Alexandrian school, shaking off the vagaries of magic and divination, placed astronomy on a scientific basis, though the reaction of the Middle Ages caused even such a great astronomer as Tycho Brahe himself to revert for a time to the practice of astrology.

The terraced temple of Serapis, near the Canopic mouth of the Nile, was the reputed scene of Ptolemy's observations. Here was prepared his great star catalogue, based upon the earlier observations of Hipparchus, and destined to remain alone in its field for more than twelve centuries, until Ulugh Bey, Prince of Samarcand, repeated the work of his Greek predecessor. Throughout this period the stars were looked upon mainly as points of reference for the observation of planetary motions, and the instruments of observation underwent little change. The astrolabe, which consists of a circle divided into degrees, with a rotating diametral arm for sighting purposes, embodies their essential principle. In its simple form, the astrolabe was suspended in a vertical plane, and the stars were observed by bringing the sights on the movable diam-

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eter to bear upon them. Their altitude was then read off on the circle. Ultimately, the circle of the astrolabe, mounted with one of its diameters parallel to the earth's axis, became the armillary sphere, the precursor of our modern equatorial telescope. Great stone quadrants fixed in the meridian were also employed from very early times. Out of such furnishings, little modified by the lapse of centuries, was provided the elaborate instrumental equipment of Uranibourg, the great observatory built by Tycho Brahe on the Danish island of Huen in 1576. In this "City of the Heavens," still dependent solely upon the unaided eye as a collector of starlight, Tycho made those invaluable observations that enabled Kepler to deduce the true laws of planetary motion. But after all these centuries the sidereal world embraced no objects, barring an occasional comet or temporary star, that lay beyond the vision of the earliest astronomers. The conceptions of the stellar universe, except those that ignored the solid ground of observation,



Fig. 2. The constellation of Orion.

Photographed with a small camera lens of one inch aperture and five inches focal length. The three bright stars in the centre of the picture form the belt of Orion. Just below, in the sword handle, is an irregular white patch about one-eighth of an inch in diameter. This is a small-scale image of the great nebula in Orion, shown on a large scale in Fig. 3.



Fig. 3. The Great Nebula in Orion.

Photographed with the one-hundred-inch telescope. This short-exposure photograph shows only the bright central part of the nebula. A longer exposure reveals a vast outlying region.

were limited by the small aperture of the human eye. But the dawn of another age was at hand.

The dominance of the sun as the central body of the solar system, recognized by Aristarchus of Samos nearly three centuries before the Christian era, but subsequently denied under the authority of Ptolemy and the teachings of the Church, was reaffirmed by the Polish monk Copernicus in 1543. Kepler's laws of the motions of the planets, showing them to revolve in ellipses instead of circles, removed the last defect of the Copernican system, and left no room for its rejection. But both the world and the Church clung to tradition, and some visible demonstration was urgently needed. This was supplied by Galileo through his invention of the telescope.

The crystalline lens of the human eye, which has a maximum opening of about one-quarter of an inch in diameter, was the only collector of starlight available to the Greek and Arabian astronomers. Galileo's telescope, which in 1610 suddenly pushed out the boundaries of the known stellar universe and brought many thousands of stars into range, had a lens about 2¼ inches in diameter. The area of this lens, proportional to the square of its diameter, was about eighty-one times that of the eye. This great increase in the amount of light collected should bring to view stars down to magnitude 10.5, of which nearly half a million are known to exist.

It is not too much to say that Galileo's telescope revolutionized human thought. Turned to the moon, it revealed mountains, plains, and valleys, while the sun, previously supposed immaculate in its

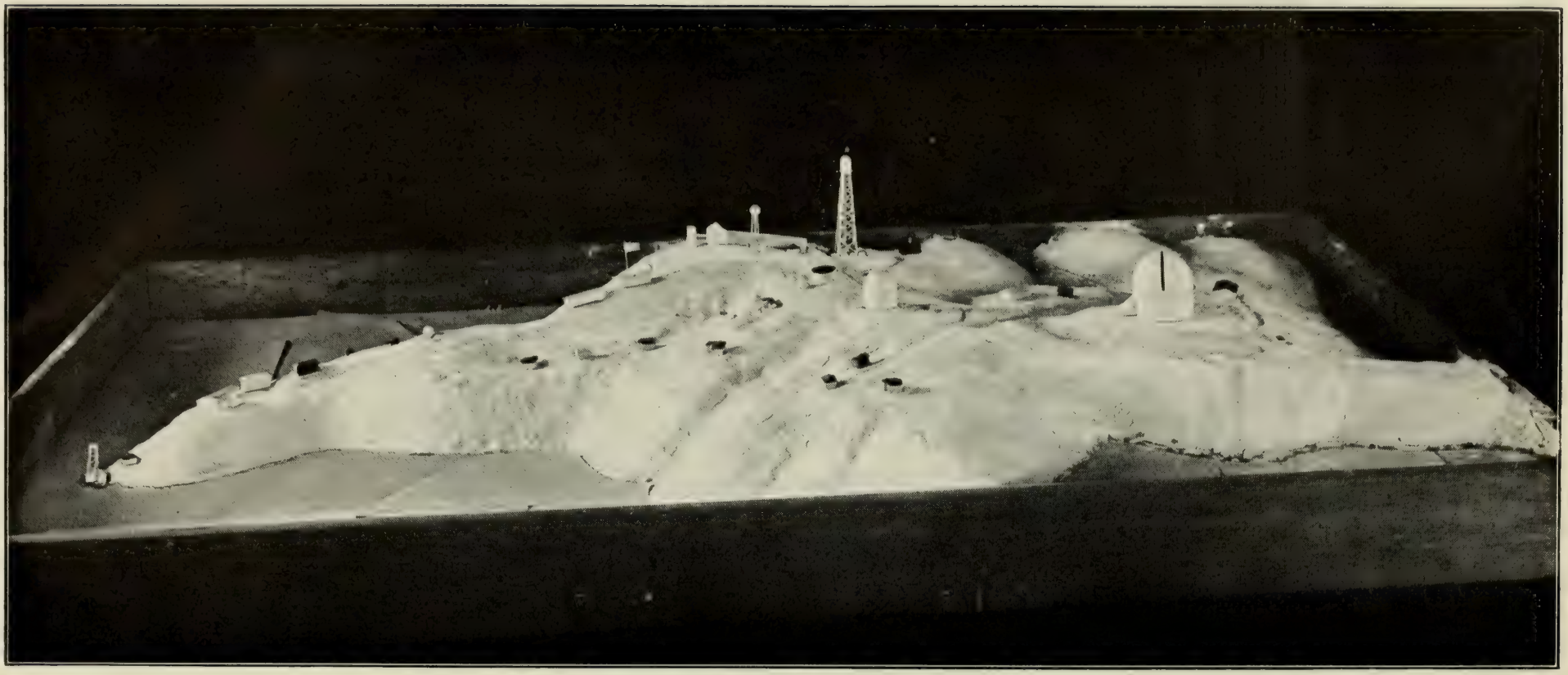


Fig. 4. Model of summit of Mount Wilson, showing the observatory buildings.

The sixty-foot tower on the extreme left, which is at the edge of a precipitous cañon one thousand five hundred feet deep is the vertical telescope of the Smithsonian Astro-physical Observatory. Above it are the "Monastery" and other buildings used as quarters by the astronomers of the Mount Wilson Observatory while at work on the mountain. (The offices, computing-rooms, laboratories, and shops are in Pasadena.) Following the ridge, we come successively to the dome of the ten-inch photographic telescope, the power-house, laboratory. Snow horizontal telescope, sixty-foot-tower telescope, and one-hundred-and-fifty-foot-tower telescope, these last three used for the study of the sun. The dome of the sixty-inch reflecting telescope is just below the one-hundred-and-fifty-foot tower, while that of the one-hundred-inch telescope is farther to the right. The altitude of Mount Wilson is about five thousand nine hundred feet.

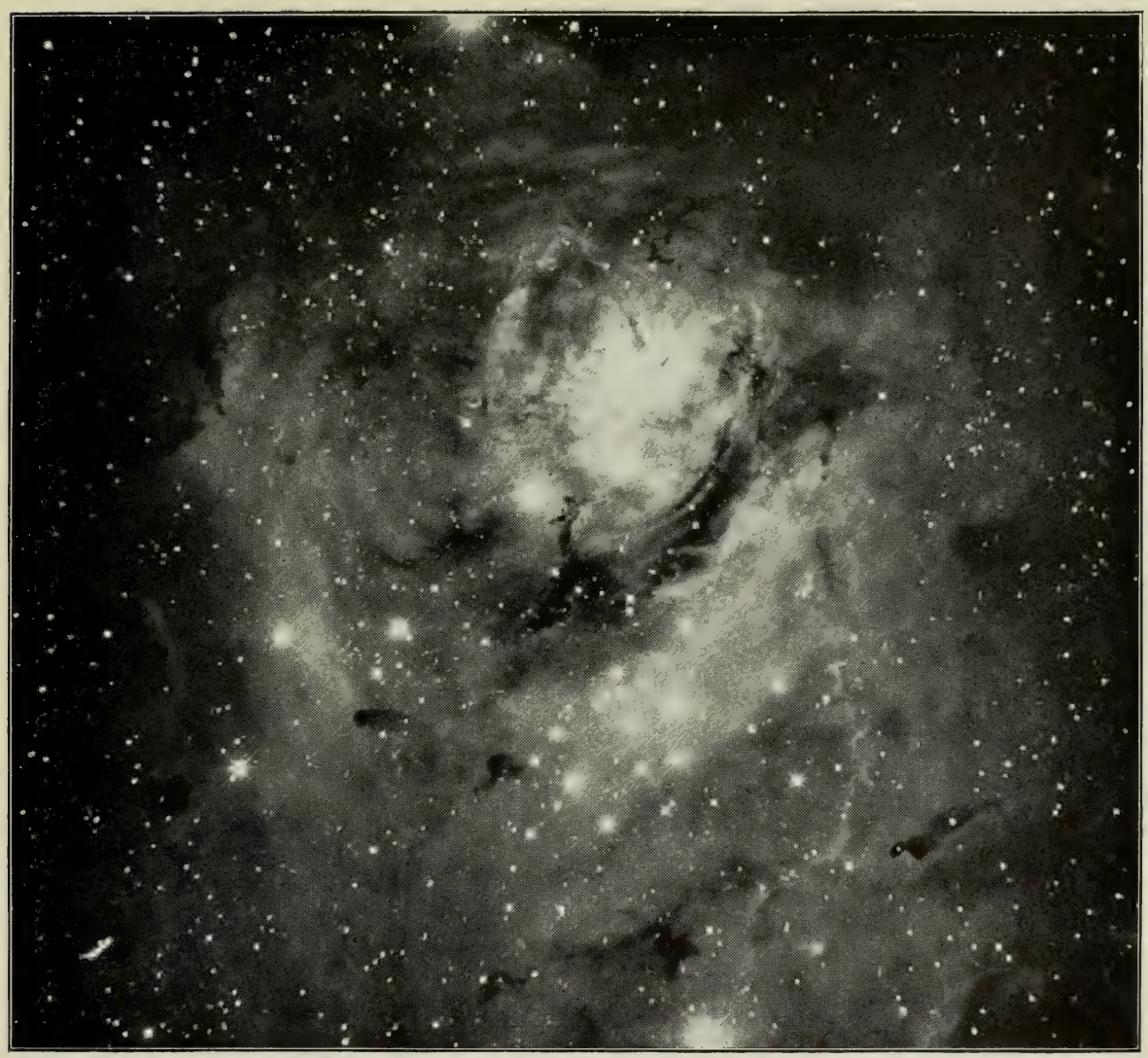


Fig. 5. Large irregular nebula and star cluster in Sagittarius.
Photographed with the Mount Wilson sixty-inch telescope.

perfection, was seen to be blemished with dark spots changing from day to day. Jupiter, shown to be accompanied by four encircling satellites, afforded a picture in miniature of the solar system, and strongly supported the Copernican view of its organization, which was conclusively demonstrated by Galileo's discovery of the changing phases of Venus and the variation of its apparent diameter during its revolution about the sun. Galileo's proof of the Copernican theory marked the downfall of mediævalism and established astronomy on a firm foundation. But while his telescope multiplied a hundredfold the number of visible stars, more than a century elapsed before the true possibilities of sidereal astronomy were perceived.

Sir William Herschel was the first astronomer to make a serious attack upon the problem of the structure of the stellar universe. In his first memoir on the "Construction of the Heavens," read before the Royal Society in 1784, he wrote as follows:

"Hitherto the sidereal heavens have, not inadequately for the purpose designed, been represented by the concave surface of a sphere in the centre of which the eye of an observer might be supposed to be placed. . . . In future we shall look upon those regions into which we may now penetrate by means of such large telescopes, as a naturalist regards a rich extent of ground or chain of mountains containing strata variously inclined and directed as well as consisting of very different materials."

On turning his 18-inch reflecting tele-

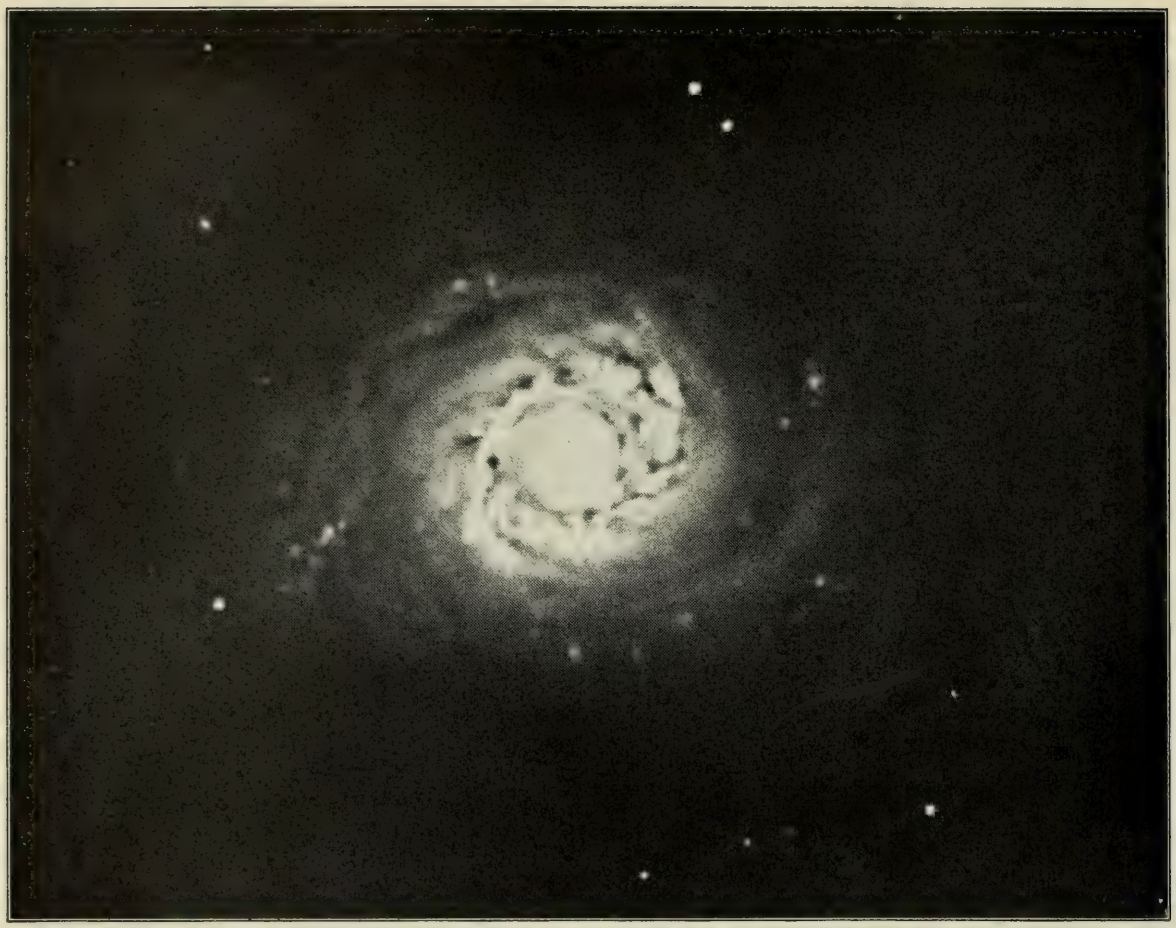


Fig. 6. Faint spiral nebula in the constellation of the Hunting Dogs.
Photographed with the Mount Wilson sixty-inch telescope.



Fig. 7. Spiral nebula in Andromeda, seen edge on.
Photographed with the Mount Wilson sixty-inch telescope.

scope to a part of the Milky Way in Orion, he found its whitish appearance to be completely resolved into small stars, not separately seen with his former telescopes. "The glorious multitude of stars of all possible sizes that presented themselves here to my view are truly astonishing; but as the dazzling brightness of

schel found that the average number of stars increased toward the great circle which most nearly conforms with the course of the Milky Way. Ninety degrees from this plane, at the pole of the Milky Way, only four stars, on the average, were seen in the field of the telescope. In approaching the Milky Way this num-



Fig. 8. Building and revolving dome, one hundred feet in diameter, covering the one-hundred-inch Hooker telescope.

Photographed from the summit of the one-hundred-and-fifty-foot-tower telescope.

glittering stars may easily mislead us so far as to estimate their number greater than it really is, I endeavored to ascertain this point by counting many fields, and computing from a mean of them, what a certain given portion of the Milky Way might contain." By this means, applied not only to the Milky Way but to all parts of the heavens, Herschel determined the approximate number and distribution of all the stars within reach of his instrument.

By comparing many hundred gauges or counts of stars visible in a field of about one-quarter of the area of the moon, Herber increased slowly at first, and then more and more rapidly, until it rose to an average of 122 stars per field.

These observations were made in the northern hemisphere, and subsequently Sir John Herschel, using his father's telescope at the Cape of Good Hope, found an almost exactly similar increase of apparent star density for the southern hemisphere. According to his estimates, the total number of stars in both hemispheres that could be seen distinctly enough to be counted in this telescope would probably be about five and one-half millions.

The Herschels concluded that "the

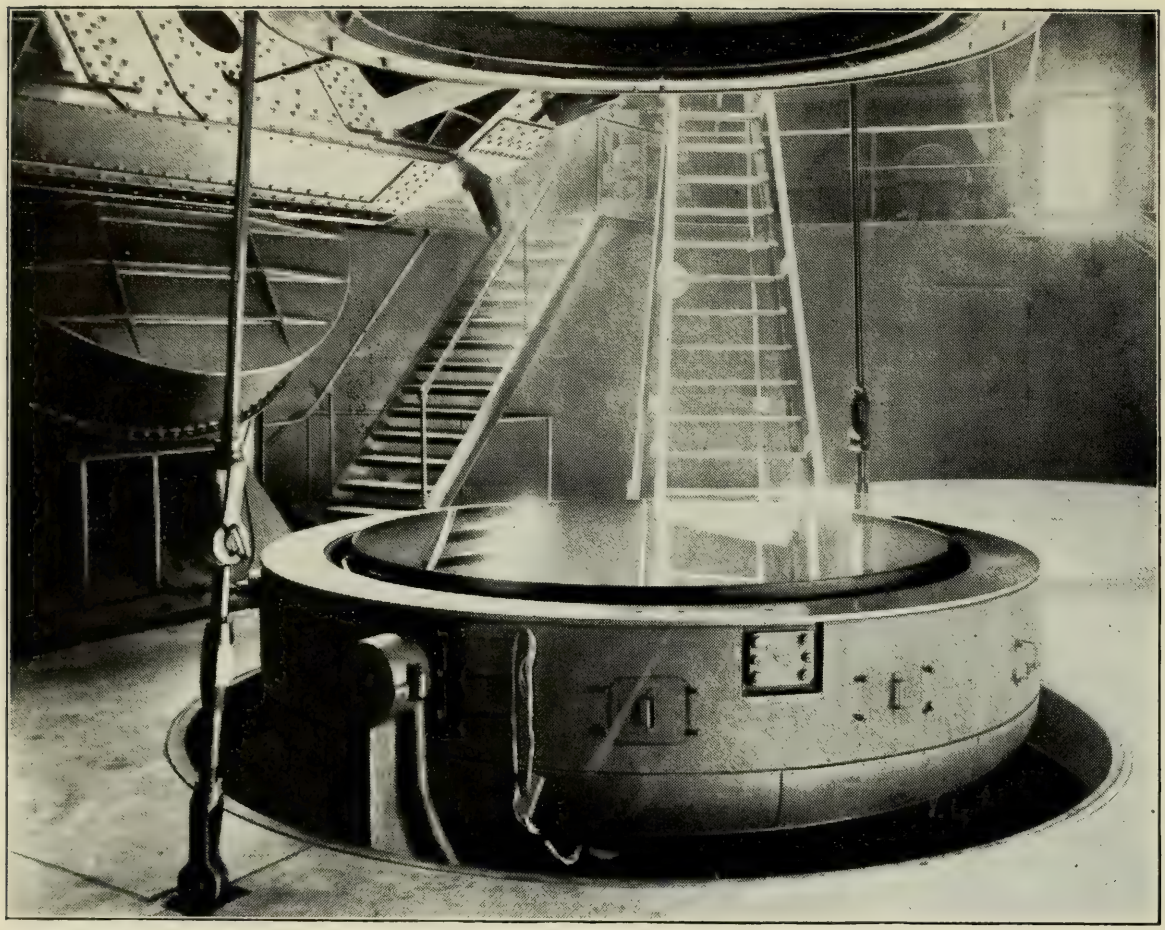


Fig. 9. One-hundred-inch mirror, just silvered, rising out of the silvering-room in pier before attachment to lower end of telescope tube. (Seen above.)

stars of our firmament, instead of being scattered in all directions indifferently through space, form a stratum of which the thickness is small, in comparison with its length and breadth; and in which the earth occupies a place somewhere about the middle of its thickness, between the point where it subdivides into two principal laminæ, inclined at a small angle to each other." This view does not differ essentially from our modern conception of the form of the Galaxy; but as the Herschels were unable to see stars fainter than the fifteenth magnitude, it is evident that their conclusions apply only to a restricted region surrounding the solar system, in the midst of the enormously extended sidereal universe which modern instruments have brought within our range.

The remarkable progress of modern astronomy is mainly due to two great instrumental advances: the rise and development of the photographic telescope, and the application of the spectroscope to the study of celestial objects. These new and powerful instruments, supplemented by many accessories which have completely revolutionized observatory equipment, have not only revealed a vastly greater number of stars and nebulæ: they have also rendered feasible observations of a type formerly regarded as impossible. The chemical analysis of a faint star is now so easy that it can be accomplished in a very short time—as quickly, in fact, as an equally complex substance can be analyzed in the laboratory. The spectroscope also measures a star's velocity, the pressure at different levels in its atmosphere, its approximate temperature, and now, by a new and ingenious method, its distance from the earth. It determines the velocity of rotation of the sun and of nebulæ, the existence and periods of orbital revolution of binary stars too close to be separated by any telescope, the presence of magnetic fields in sun-spots, and the fact that the entire sun, like the earth, is a magnet.

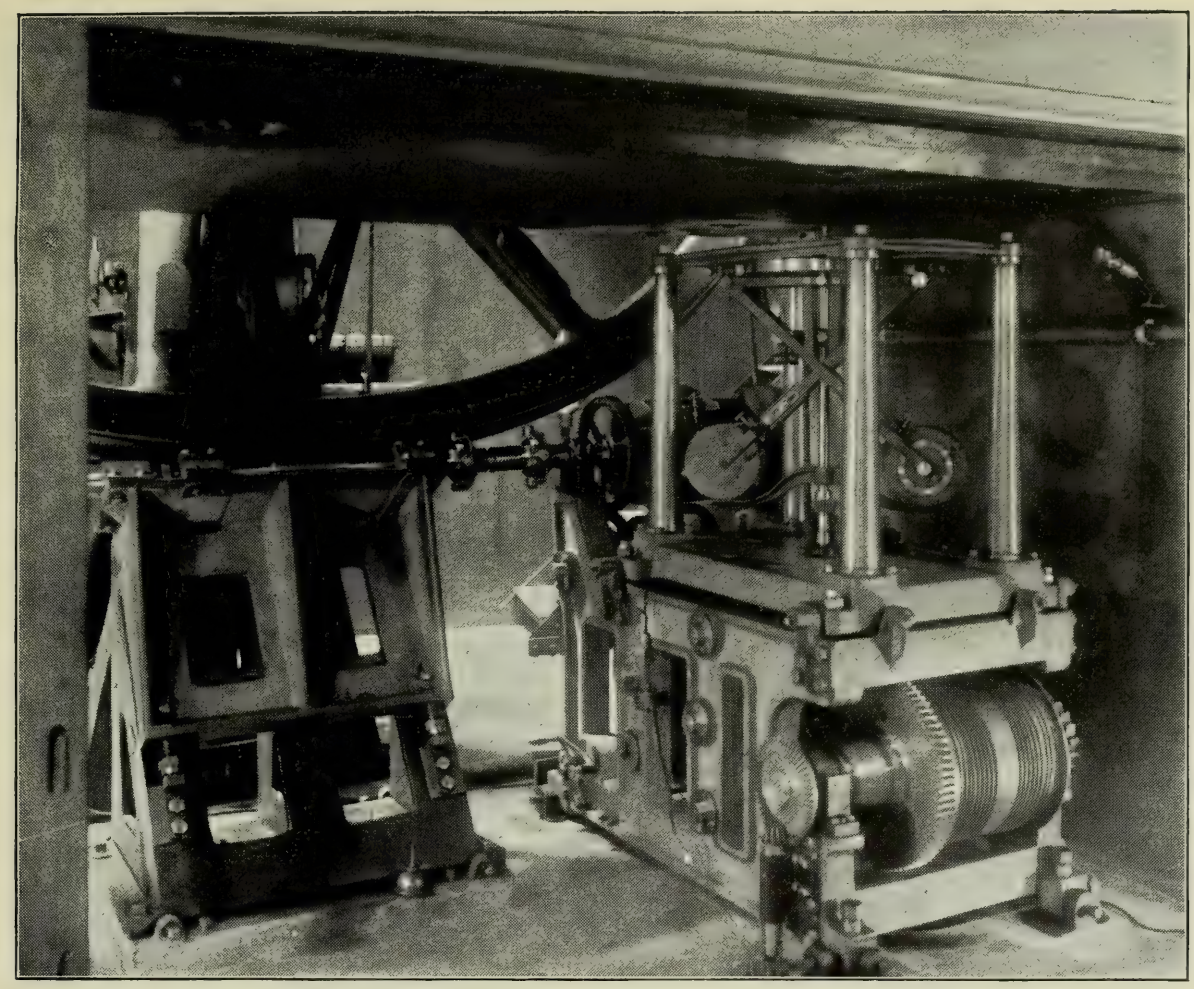


Fig. 10. The driving-clock and worm-gear that cause the one-hundred-inch Hooker telescope to follow the stars.

Such new possibilities, with many others resulting from the application of physical methods of the most diverse character, have greatly enlarged the astronomer's outlook. He may now attack two great problems: (1) The structure of the universe and the motions of its constituent bodies, and (2) the evolution of the stars: their nature, origin, growth, and decline. These two problems are intimately related and must be studied as one.

If space permitted, it would be interesting to survey the progress already accomplished by modern methods of astronomical research. Hundreds of millions of stars have been photographed, and the boundaries of the stellar universe have been pushed far into space, but have not been attained. Globular star clusters, containing tens of thousands of stars, are on so great a scale (according to Shapley) that light, travelling at the rate of 186,000 miles per second, may take 500 years to cross one of them, while the most distant of these objects may be as much as 180,000 light-years from the earth. The spiral nebulæ, more than 100,000 in number, are vast whirling masses in process of development, but we are not yet sure whether they should be regarded as "island universes" or as subordinate to the stellar system which includes our minute group of sun and planets, the great star clouds of the Milky Way, and the distant globular star clusters.

These few particulars may give a slight conception of the scale of the known universe, but a word must be added regarding some of its most striking phenomena. The great majority of the stars whose motions have been determined belong to one or the other of two great star streams, but the part played by these streams in the sidereal system as a whole is still obscure. The stars have been grouped in classes,

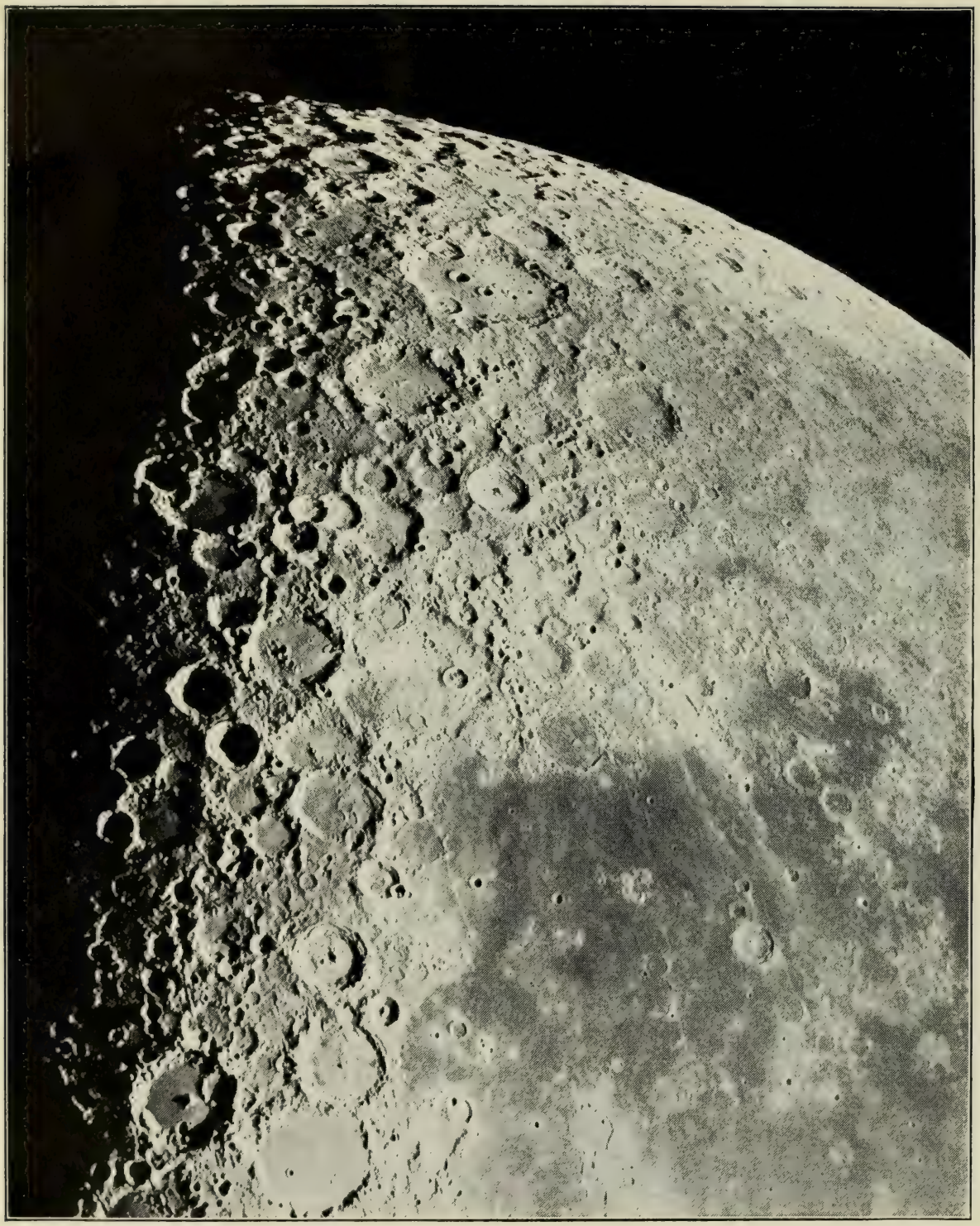


Fig. 11. Photograph of the moon made on September 15, 1919, with the one-hundred-inch Hooker telescope.

The ring-like formations are the so-called craters, most of them far larger than anything similar on the earth. That in the lower left corner with an isolated mountain in the centre is Albategnius, sixty-four miles in diameter. Peaks in the ring rise to a height of fifteen thousand feet above the central plain. Note the long sunset shadows cast by the mountains on the left. The level region below on the right is an extensive plain, the Mare Nubium.

presumably in the order of their evolutional development, as they pass from the early state of gaseous masses, of low density, through the successive stages resulting from loss of heat by radiation and increased density due to shrinkage. Strangely enough, their velocities in space show a corresponding change, increasing as they grow older or perhaps depending upon their mass.

It is impossible within these limits to do more than to give some indication of

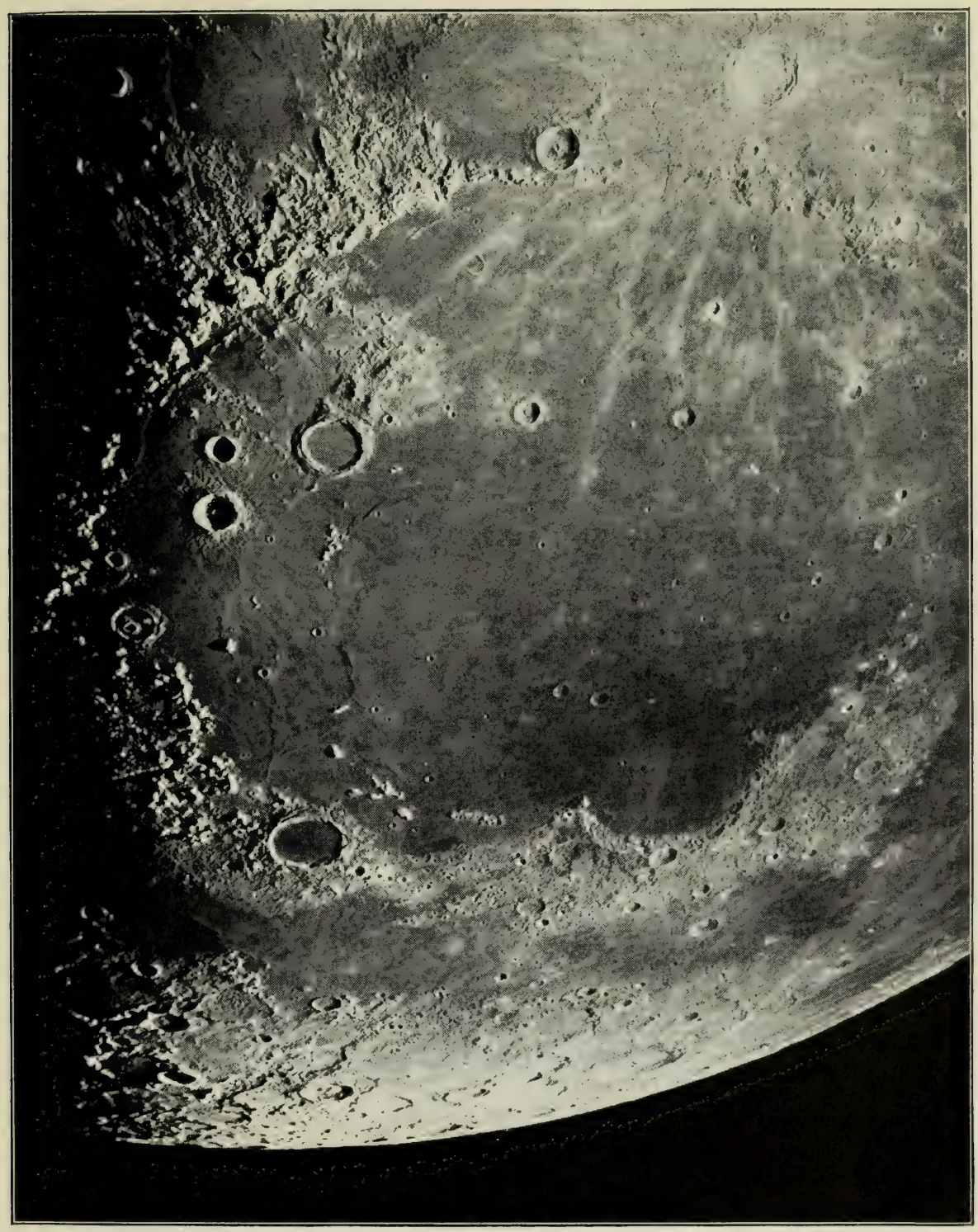


Fig. 12. Photograph of the moon made on September 15, 1919, with the one-hundred-inch Hooker telescope.

The mountains above and to the left are the lunar Apennines; those on the left just below the centre are the Alps. Both ranges include peaks from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand feet in height. In the upper right corner is Copernicus, about fifty miles in diameter. The largest of the conspicuous group of three just below the Apennines is Archimedes and at the lower end of the Alps is Plato. Note the long sunset shadows cast by the isolated peaks on the left. The central portion of the picture is a vast plain, the Mare Imbrium.

the scope of the new astronomy. Enough has been said, however, to assist in appreciating the increased opportunity for investigation, and the nature of the heavy demands made upon the modern observatory. But before passing on to describe one of the latest additions to the astronomer's instrumental equipment, a word should be added regarding the chief classes of telescopes.

Astronomical telescopes are of two types: refractors and reflectors. A refracting telescope consists of an object-glass composed of two or more lenses, mounted at the upper end of a tube, which is pointed at the celestial object.



Fig. 13. Hubble's Variable Nebula. One of the three nebulæ known to vary in brightness and form.

Photographed with the one-hundred-inch telescope.

The light, after passing through the lenses, is brought to a focus at the lower end of the tube, where the image is examined visually with an eyepiece, or photographed upon a sensitive plate. The largest instruments of this type are the 36-inch Lick telescope and the 40-inch refractor of the Yerkes Observatory.

Reflecting telescopes, which are particularly adapted for photographic work, though also excellent for visual observations, are very differently constructed. No lens is used. The telescope tube is usually built in skeleton form, open at its upper end, and with a large concave mirror supported at its base. This mirror serves in place of a lens. Its upper surface is paraboloidal in shape, as a spherical surface will not unite in a sharp focus the rays coming from a distant object. The light passes through no glass—a great advantage, especially for photography, as the absorption in lenses cuts out much of the blue and violet light, to which photographic plates are most sensitive. The reflection occurs on the *upper* surface of the mirror, which is covered with a coat of pure silver, renewed several times a year and always kept highly burnished. Silvered glass is better than metals or other substances for telescope mirrors, chiefly because of the perfection with which glass can be ground and polished, and the ease of renewing its silvered surface when tarnished.

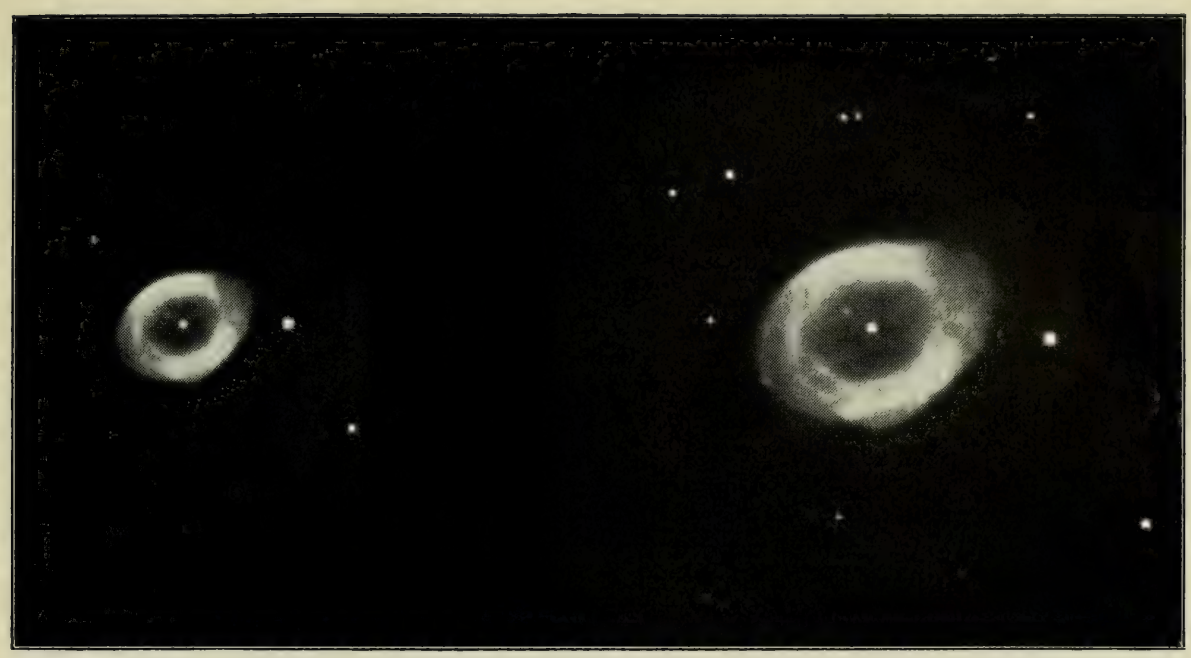


Fig. 14. Ring Nebula in Lyra, photographed with the sixty-inch and one-hundred-inch telescopes. Showing the increased scale of the images given by the larger instrument.

The great reflectors of Herschel and Lord Rosse, which were provided with mirrors of speculum metal, were far inferior to much smaller telescopes of the present day. With these instruments the star images were watched as they were carried through the field of view by the earth's rotation, or kept roughly in place by moving the telescope with ropes or chains. Photographic plates, which reveal invisible stars and nebulæ when exposed for hours in modern instruments, were not then available. In any case they could not have been used, in the absence of the perfect mechanism required to keep the star images accurately fixed in place upon the sensitive film.

It would be interesting to trace the long contest for supremacy between refracting and reflecting telescopes, each of which, at certain stages in its development, appeared to be unrivalled. In modern observatories both types are used, each for the purpose for which it is best adapted. For the photography of nebulæ and the study of the fainter stars, the reflector has special advantages, illustrated by the work of such instruments as the Crossley and Mills reflectors of the Lick Observatory; the great 72-inch reflector, recently brought into effective service at the Dominion Observatory in Canada; and the 60-inch and 100-inch reflectors of the Mount Wilson Observatory.

The unaided eye, with an available area of one-twentieth of a square inch, permits us to see stars of the sixth magnitude. Herschel's 18-inch reflector, with an area 5,000 times as great, rendered visible stars of the fifteenth magnitude. The 60-inch reflector, with an area 57,600 times that of the eye, renders visible stars of the eighteenth magnitude, while to reach stars of about the twentieth magnitude, photographic exposures of four or five hours suffice with this instrument.

Every gain of a magnitude means a great gain in the number of stars rendered visible. Stars of the second magnitude are 3.4 times as numerous as those of the first, those of the eighth magnitude are three times as numerous as those of the seventh, while the sixteenth magnitude stars are only 1.7 as numerous as those of the fifteenth magnitude. This steadily decreasing ratio is probably due to an actual thinning out of the stars toward the boundaries of the stellar universe, as the most exhaustive tests have failed to give any evidence of absorption of light in its passage through space. But in spite of this decrease, the gain of a single additional magnitude may mean the addition of many millions of stars to the total of those already shown by the 60-inch reflector. Here is one of the chief sources of interest in the possibilities of a 100-inch reflecting telescope.

Thirteen years ago the late John D.

Hooker, of Los Angeles, gave the Carnegie Institution of Washington, a sum sufficient to construct a telescope mirror 100 inches in diameter, and thus large enough to collect 160,000 times the light received by the eye. (Fig. 9.) The casting and annealing of a suitable glass disk, 101 inches in diameter and 13 inches thick, weighing four and one-half tons, was a most difficult operation, finally accomplished by a great French glass company at their factory in the Forest of St. Gobain. A special optical laboratory was erected at the Pasadena headquarters of the Mount Wilson Observatory, and here the long task of grinding, figuring, and testing the mirror was successfully carried out by the observatory opticians. This operation, which is one of great delicacy, required years for its completion. Meanwhile the building, dome, and mounting for the telescope were designed by members of the observatory staff, and the working drawings were prepared. An opportune addition by Mr. Carnegie to the endowment of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, of which the observatory is a branch, permitted the necessary appropriations to be made for the completion and erection of the telescope. Though delayed by the war, during which the mechanical and optical facilities of the observatory shops were utilized for military and naval purposes, the telescope is now in regular use on Mount Wilson.

The instrument is mounted on a massive pier of reinforced concrete, 33 feet high and 52 feet in diameter at the top. A solid wall extends south from this pier a distance of 50 feet, on the west side of which a very powerful spectrograph, for photographing the spectra of the brightest stars, will be mounted. Within the pier are the tanks and pumps for circulating the water used to maintain the large mirror at the night temperature throughout the day, together with photographic dark rooms, a room for silvering the large mirror (which can be lowered into the pier), and the clock-room, where stands the powerful driving-clock, with which the telescope is caused to follow the motion of the stars. (Fig. 10.)

The telescope mounting is of the English type, in which the telescope tube is supported by the declination trunnions between the arms of the polar axis, built in the form of a rectangular yoke carried by bearings on massive pedestals to the north and south. These bearings must be aligned exactly parallel to the axis of the earth, and must support the polar axis so freely that it can be rotated with perfect precision by the driving-clock, which turns a worm-wheel 17 feet in diameter, clamped to the lower end of the axis. As this motion must be sufficiently uniform to counteract exactly the rotation of the earth on its axis, and thus to maintain the star images accurately in position in the field of view, the greatest care had to be taken in the construction of the driving-clock and in the spacing and cutting of the teeth in the large worm-wheel. Here, as in the case of all of the more refined parts of the instrument, the work was done by skilled machinists in the observatory shops in Pasadena or on Mount Wilson after the assembling of the telescope. The massive sections of the instrument, some of which weigh as much as ten tons each, were constructed at Quincy, Mass., where machinery sufficiently large to build battleships was available. They were then shipped to California, and transported to the summit of Mount Wilson over a road built for this purpose by the Construction Division of the Observatory, which also built the pier on which the telescope stands, and erected the steel building and dome that cover it.

The parts of the telescope which are moved by the driving-clock weigh about 100 tons, and it was necessary to provide means of reducing the great friction on the bearings of the polar axis. To accomplish this, large hollow steel cylinders, floating in mercury held in cast-iron tanks, were provided at the upper and lower ends of the polar axis. Almost the entire weight of the instrument is thus floated in mercury, and in this way the friction is so greatly reduced that the driving-clock moves the instrument with perfect ease and smoothness.

The 100-inch mirror rests at the bottom of the telescope tube on a special support system, so designed as to prevent any bending of the glass under its own weight. Electric motors, forty in number, are provided to move the telescope rapidly or slowly in right ascension (east or west)

and in declination (north or south); for focussing the mirrors, and for many other purposes. They are also used for rotating the dome, 100 feet in diameter, under which the telescope is mounted, and for opening the shutter, 20 feet wide, through which the observations are made.

A telescope of this kind can be used in several different ways. The 100-inch mirror has a focal length of about 42 feet, and in one of the arrangements of the instrument, the photographic plate is mounted at the centre of the telescope tube near its upper end, where it receives directly the image formed by the large mirror. In another arrangement, a silvered glass mirror, with plane surface, is supported near the upper end of the tube at an angle of 45°, so as to form the image at the side of the tube, where the photographic plate can be placed. In this case, the observer stands on a platform, which is moved up and down by electric motors in front of the opening in the dome through which the observations are made.

Other arrangements of the telescope, for which auxiliary convex mirrors carried near the upper end of the tube are required, permit the image to be photographed at the side of the tube near its lower end, either with or without a spectrograph; or with a very powerful spectrograph mounted within a constant-temperature chamber south of the telescope pier. In this last case, the light of a star is so reflected by auxiliary mirrors that it passes down through a hole in the south end of the polar axis and brings the star to a focus on the slit of the fixed spectrograph.

The huge dimensions of such a powerful engine of research as the Hooker telescope are not in themselves a source of satisfaction to the astronomer, for they involve a decided increase in the labor of observation and entail very heavy expense, justifiable only in case important results, beyond the reach of other instruments, can be secured. The construction of a telescope of these dimensions was necessarily an experiment, for it was by no means certain, after the optical and mechanical difficulties had been overcome, that even the favorable atmosphere of California would be sufficiently tranquil to permit sharply defined celestial images to be obtained with so large an aperture. It is therefore important to learn what the telescope will actually accomplish under customary observing conditions.

Fortunately we are able to measure the performance of the instrument with certainty. Close beside it on Mount Wilson stands the 60-inch reflector, of similar type, erected in 1908. The two telescopes can thus be rigorously compared under identical atmospheric conditions.

The large mirror of the 100-inch telescope has an area about 2.8 times that of the 60-inch, and therefore receives nearly three times as much light from a star. Under atmospheric conditions perfect enough to allow all of this light to be concentrated in a point, it should be capable of recording on a photographic plate, with a given exposure, stars about one magnitude fainter than the faintest stars within reach of the 60-inch. The increased focal length, permitting such objects as the moon to be photographed on a larger scale, should also reveal smaller details of structure and render possible higher accuracy of measurement. Finally, the greater theoretical resolving power of the larger aperture, providing it can be utilized, should permit the separation of the members of close double stars beyond the range of the smaller instrument.

The tests thus far made indicate that the advantages expected of the new telescope will be realized in practice. The increased light-gathering power will mean the addition of many millions of stars to those already known. Spectroscopic observations now in regular progress have carried the range of these investigations far beyond the possibilities of the 60-inch telescope. A great class of red stars, for example, almost all the members of which were inaccessible to the 60-inch, are now being made the subject of special study. The discovery, in one of the brighter of these stars, of nebulium, the tenuous gas, unknown on the earth, which is characteristic of the nebulæ, is an earnest of other results to follow. The possible significance of this observation in the study of stellar evolution arises from the fact that no trace of this gas has previously been detected in any of the fixed stars.

The increase in the scale of the images over those given by the 60-inch telescope is illustrated by two photographs of the Ring Nebula in Lyra, reproduced in Fig. 14. The Great Nebula in Orion, photographed with the 100-inch telescope with a comparatively short exposure, sufficient to bring out the brighter regions, is reproduced in Fig. 3. It is interesting to compare this picture with the small-scale image of the same nebula shown in Fig. 2.

The sharpness of the images given by the new telescope may be illustrated by some recent photographs of the moon, obtained with an equivalent focal length of 134 feet. In Fig. 11 is shown a rugged region of the moon, containing many ring-like mountains or craters. Fig. 12 shows the great arc of the lunar Apennines (above) and the Alps (below), to the left of the broad plain of the Mare Imbrium. The starlike points along the moon's terminator, which separates the dark area from the region upon which the sun (on the right) shines, are the mountain peaks, about to disappear at sunset. The long shadows cast by the mountains just within the illuminated area are plainly seen. Some of the peaks of the lunar Apennines attain a height of 20,000 feet.

In less powerful telescopes the stars at the centre of the great globular clusters are so closely crowded together that they cannot be studied separately with the spectrograph. Moreover, most of them are much too faint for examination with this instrument. At the 134-foot focus the 100-inch telescope gives a large-scale image of such clusters, and permits the spectra of stars as faint as the fifteenth magnitude to be separately photographed.

A remarkable use of the 100-inch telescope, which permits its full theoretical resolving power to be not merely attained but to be doubled, has just been made possible by the first application of Michelson's interference method to the measurement of very close double stars. When employing this, the 100-inch mirror is completely covered, except for two slits. Beams of light from a star, entering by the slits, unite at the focus of the telescope, where the image is examined by an eyepiece magnifying about five thousand diameters. Across the enlarged star image a series of fine, sharp fringes is seen, even when the atmospheric conditions are poor. If the star is single the fringes remain visible, whatever the distance between the slits. But in the case of a star like Capella, previously inferred to be double from the periodic displacement of the lines in its spectrum, but with components too close together to be distinguished separately, the fringes behave differently. As the slits are moved apart a point is reached where the fringes completely disappear, only to reappear as the separation is continued. This effect is obtained when the slits are at right angles to the line joining the two stars of the pair, found by this method to be 0.0418 seconds of arc apart (on December 30, 1919). Subsequent measures, of far greater precision than those obtainable by other methods in the case of easily separated double stars, show the rapid orbital motion of the components of the system. This device will be applied to other close binaries, hitherto beyond the reach of measurement.

Without entering into further details of the tests, which are still in progress, it is evident that the new telescope will afford boundless possibilities for the study of the stellar universe.* The structure and extent of the galactic system, and the motions of the stars comprising it; the distribution, distances, and dimensions of the spiral nebulæ, their motions, rotation, and mode of development; the origin of the stars and the successive stages in their life history: these are some of the great questions which the new telescope must help to answer. In such an embarrassment of riches the chief difficulty is to withstand the temptation toward scattering of effort, and to form an observing programme directed toward the solution of crucial problems rather than the accumulation of vast stores of miscellaneous data. This programme will be supplemented by an extensive study of the sun, the only star near enough the earth to be examined in detail, and by a series of laboratory investigations involving the experimental imitation of solar and stellar conditions, thus aiding in the interpretation of celestial phenomena.

* It is not adapted for work on the sun, as the mirrors would be distorted by its heat. Three other telescopes, especially designed for solar observations, are in use on Mount Wilson.

MR. CHOATE IN ENGLAND

EXTRACTS FROM HIS LETTERS SHOWING HIS ACTIVITIES WHILE AMBASSADOR

EDITED BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

MR. JOSEPH HODGES CHOATE was appointed ambassador to England by President McKinley on January 11, 1899. He sailed for Southampton on February 22, duly arrived there on March 1, proceeded to London, and presently leased Lord Curzon's house there, No. 1 Carlton House Terrace. On the 6th of March he went to Windsor with Mrs. Choate and was presented to the Queen, for that year was still the nineteenth century and belonged to the Victorian age. His first considerable speech was at the dinner of the Associated Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom. Of this discourse a London commentator said:

"Since Lord Dufferin left the diplomatic service, it would be hard to find a single member of the diplomatic corps who could be relied on to make such an impression on a mixed and critical audience as Mr. Choate produced apparently without an effort on his first public appearance in London. He was speaking to the nation as well as to the Chambers of Commerce. There is a rational frankness and lucid unconventionality about the American Ambassador's style which is found to be extremely attractive, especially by those who are sorely wearied by the rounded periods and studied impromptus of average British eloquence. Mr. Choate was boldly and successfully outspoken about the very things on which educated Englishmen think much but say little in public and he expressed average opinion here quite as much as that of his own country. To refer in a maiden speech to the War of 1812, to the international disputes on the Oregon and north-eastern boundary questions, the Confederate cruisers, the *Trent* seizure, and the Venezuelan message required no less magnetism than diplomacy —if these topics were to be successfully employed by Mr. Choate as stepping stones to the goal of international understanding. There was thus more to be found in the speech than the racy adroitness of a trained advocate. It was the utterance of a clear and sagacious mind speaking for two great nations; a mind more intent on the reality of things than the glitter and grace of words, and yet with finished mastery of style that hid the art concealed."

In April Mrs. Choate and her daughter were away in Paris, and he wrote to them:

To His Wife

"American Embassy, London,
15 April, 1899.

"To begin at the point where you left me. I went 'round to St. Michael's Church in Chester Square and heard my old friend Bishop Whipple preach a most animated discourse on Indians and such to a very crowded audience. His pretty young wife was with him, and 34 and 74 seem to get along well together. After tomorrow they are to be at Lady Ashburton's Kent House until May 13th, when they sail.

"Mr. Morgan came to lunch and seemed to enjoy it and approved the house very much."

(April 18.) "Yesterday I devoted the afternoon to personal calls and succeeded in making thirteen—only getting in at Sir Henry Irving's lodgings and the girl soon found that he was out after all. Today Jo is to take the carriage and do the like. I object to going out in so much style and greatly prefer a hansom, but I suppose must submit to being an Ambassador. . . . "

(April 27.) "Last night I took Judge Andrews to the Eastern Dinner at Gray's Inn and we both enjoyed it immensely. They have a grand old hall which dates back over 500 years, one of the few real pieces of antiquity spared by the great fire, and ornamented with old portraits, among them Queen Elizabeth and Francis Bacon, both of whom are said to have

danced there. Then they had a lot of quaint old customs which have come down through the same half century, and are continued just for that reason, and no other. Before we sat down little pellets of bread were passed round and a loving cup of punch to wash them down with through the whole company, for all the world like an old fashioned Presbyterian communion. There were a lot of young Indians at the students' table some of whom had white turbans and some black. Four of the students including one Indian were 'called to the bar' in the midst of the feast, and their healths drunk. For dessert we moved into another room to a new table and there was a new shuffle of the company. . . . "

To the Same

"American Embassy, London,
21 Septr., 1899.

"The talk is still of war, but the delay confirms my belief that there will be no war. Krüger will yield enough to enable the English to avoid such a catastrophe.

"The tide of home-going Americans still continues, and many of them come to the office. Today Admiral Walker and Colonel Hines called to see me; they are on the Commission to examine and report on the whole subject of an interoceanic canal and have been in Paris to see what remains of the Panama Canal, of which as the result, they seem to think very well.

"London is perfectly delightful—cool and bracing and absolutely clear, so that the sunshine and moonlight are as good as you have."

He and Mrs. Choate went to Windsor on November 21 to dine and to meet the Kaiser, who was a guest there. On the 30th he went to the Thanksgiving Day dinner of the Americans in London. He spoke, of course; very interesting words, containing what his Edinburgh speech contained and what in all his speeches he managed to include—the message of British-American friendship. "Truly," he said in Edinburgh in starting his discourse, "your country, Mr. President, and mine are connected by bonds of sympathy, which were never stronger and closer than at this very hour. When Dandie Dinmont had listened to the reading of Mrs. Margaret Bertram's will, he threw himself back and gave utterance to that great saying: 'Blood is thicker than water.' Little did he dream that he was giving to two great nations a watchword for the exchange of their love and greetings eighty years afterwards."

To His Wife

"Dunraven Castle, Bridgend, Glamorgan.
27 November, 1899.

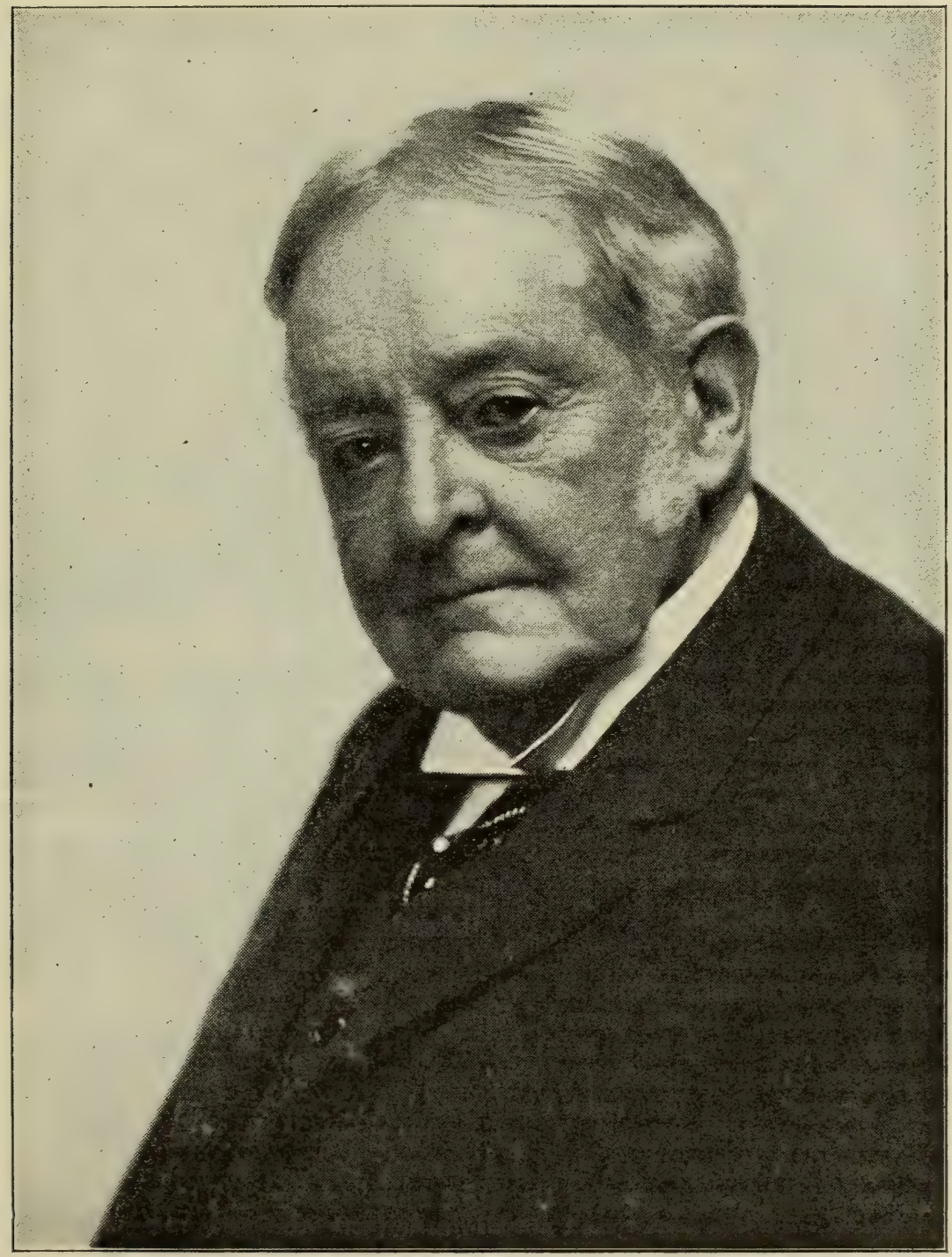
"If I had thought there was any possibility of your being well enough I should have telegraphed you this morning to be sure and come tomorrow morning, for the air here would cure anything. The castle looks right out upon the sea, and this morning we looked out upon bright sunshine and blue water, very near the house, and in a few minutes a great herd of deer came running over the downs and stopped under the windows as if to be admired, as you may be sure they were. We look out west upon the ocean with nothing between us and New York, but to the south through a mist the coast of North Devon is dimly seen. The air is very bracing and I have been walking all day—in the forenoon with Mrs. Skeffington-Smith, whose husband is a captain in the Cold Stream Guards and was in the battle of Belmont only last week. In the afternoon I went alone while the rest were on the golf grounds. The party is very small—six that were invited having failed like you. Lord and Lady Dunraven and Lady Ailleen, their unmarried daughter, are most cordial and hospitable and make every thing go well."

Mr. Choate had been counsel for the New York Yacht Club in a case where Lord Dunraven was concerned, but apparently no hard feelings had survived the hearing.

To the Same

"London,
20 December, 1899.

"Tonight Mr. Hay will arrive and I have invited him to lunch tomorrow and to dinner on Friday. He will be set upon apparently by all the people in town who have relatives prisoners in Pretoria, and who are all anxious to send out by him letters, money, clothes, chocolates, and other good things to their imprisoned



From a photograph by Hollinger.

Joseph Hodges Choate.

[December, 1914.]

friends. Just now seems to be the darkest hour that England has known for many years, and I see that even such pro-Boer sheets as the New York *Sun* and *World* are beginning to relent of their hostility.

"It will be a most dull Christmas in London. All who are not gone to the country are overwhelmed with anxiety and distress about their friends at the front.

"There is no news today from the war, but everybody seems much encouraged by the appointment of Generals Roberts and Kitchener to go to the Cape."

To the Same

"Coombe Abbey, Coventry.
26 Dec. 1899.

"You certainly have lost a visit to one of the loveliest old houses in England—a veritable old Abbey, with the cloisters turned into galleries and but for the 'new wing' it would be most unique. . . . The house is full of interesting pictures—Vandykes & Lelys, and a Charles I. or II. by Vandyke would pass for a portrait of the present Earl. I have a big room which was intended for you, covered with tapestries of fine quality. The company consists of the Bradley Martins & Mrs. Sherman, Lady Strafford & her daughter, Mrs. Keppel, Lady Violet Finch, Hon. Mr. St. Aubyn, and Mr. Fredk. Martin, a brother of Bradley, & Mr. Bishop."

To the Same

(January 25, 1900.) ". . . The war news doesn't come and everybody is very much on the strain. It still looks as if Buller hadn't force enough to do what he has undertaken, but if he does it it will be a famous victory. Did you read Lord Rosebery's speech at Chatham? Much the best speech yet delivered on the Liberal side or perhaps on any side since the war began. Unless some good news comes before Parliament meets there will be a great to-do there. Some scapegoat must be found, but it seems to me that the ministry are all equally responsible for the situation and they will stand by each other like men. . . . "

(January 26.) "London is down again today upon the report of the loss of Spion Kop. I fear it will greatly prolong the war, and entail a vast amount of suffering on both sides. . . .

"Today I had Sir Chicken Lo-fen-luh, the Chinese Minister to lunch, as he wanted to talk over some business with me. He is very good company indeed and was splendidly dressed. He had heard nothing of the deposition of the Chinese Emperor of which the papers are full, and says the real power in China is the Dowager Empress. . . . "

To the Same

"Terling Place, Witham, Essex.
28 Jan'y, 1900.

"You would have been delighted with this place and party. Lady Rayleigh is delightful, very like her brother Arthur Balfour & I think infinitely proud of him. Lord Rayleigh took us 'round his laboratory and showed us all his apparatus for the most delicate chemical experiments. He had some 'liquid air' there, and though it was some hundred degrees below zero in temperature, when he poured it from one glass to another it was set violently boiling by contact with the warm air.

"Lord Rayleigh has a great landed estate—several thousand acres—has more than 500 cows to be milked every day and sends the product to the London market. Hatfield Peverel is right in the heart of the County of Essex, and as Lady R. has a great quantity of books of history of the country I looked them over. I was interested to find my own name (Joseph Choate) on the poll lists in various parts of the country scattered along anywhere in the last hundred years.

"The news today is the worst since the war began—this second defeat of Buller and the retreat across the Ingela in spite of his promise that there should be 'no turning back' is a bitter pill for people here to swallow. The opening of the Parliament tomorrow promises to be most interesting. . . . "

To the Same

"1, Carlton House Terrace, S. W.
31 Jany, 1900.

" . . . Yesterday I attended the opening of Parliament, which seems to have disappointed everybody. The Government people had an uphill road, and to judge from what all the papers say have failed to satisfy public expectations

by their explanations. But it seems to me that little good comes from that sort of talk. If the war must be fought to a finish, better to drop all criminations & agree upon the best mode of doing it. As long as the quarrel with the enemy lasts, quarreling among themselves should be postponed. But of course you won't quote me about this unhappy business. Sir Stafford Northcote was inducted with all the ancient ceremonies. Both houses were packed above & below—peeresses invaded the diplomatic gallery and I found myself seated between Lady Londonderry and Lady Gwendolen Cecil. Tonight I am to work out your dinner at Lady C. Beresford's—a send off for Lord Charles, who starts tomorrow for the Mediterranean Squadron. The Queen telegraphed me yesterday to know how Mr. Phelps was—of course through Sir Arthur Bigge. She seems much interested in his illness."

(February 16.) "I came up from the Locker-Lampsons' this morning to attend to some business, and go down again this afternoon to return again for good tomorrow morning. I find it a very delightful place and am sorry that you and Mabel could not be there to enjoy it. It stormed hard all day yesterday so that we didn't step foot out doors, but there was plenty in the house to enjoy. In the first place there was a very pleasant company, Sir Henry Fowler, the Batterseas, the Grant Duffs, Col. Durand who wrote 'The Making of a Frontier' and who is now on furlough, and quite a lot of young people. The house is a most attractive one with many large rooms opening into one another. It looks as though it might have been originally an Abbey—grand oak beams and oak arches dating back to Elizabeth's time, splendid oak panelling all over the house, iron fire backs dated 1584, etc., etc. They have been great collectors—etchings by Michael Angelo, Titian, Raphael—pretty much all the old masters; books everywhere and one brick vaulted and brick arched room containing rare old editions—first editions of Spenser, Shakespeare and almost all the great men of letters. The L.L.'s are specially sympathetic with America and Americans as her father, Sir Curtis Lampson, was a Vermont Boy. He had a great deal to do with the first Atlantic cable and was knighted I believe for that. One of the sons is in the Foreign office and the other at Cambridge. Today is a most brilliant day—bright and warm and soft —quite equal I think to any of your days on the Riviera, which Jo describes in most glowing colors. . . .

"I am to go to the Foreign office at 3:30 to exchange ratifications of the Samoan Treaty, which has at last been agreed on. Do you remember the black Wedgewood bust of Washington (life size) which we saw at Bournemouth? Mr. Cotes now presents it to the President. . . ."

To His Daughter

"1, Carlton House Terrace.
February 17, 1900.

" . . . Yesterday I went to the Foreign Office to exchange the final ratification of the Samoa Treaty. I expected to receive a slip of paper to that effect from Lord Salisbury—instead of which he handed me a large box containing the parchment Treaty signed by the Queen herself, bound in the richest Morocco covers, very handsomely tooled and decorated with gold & colors, and resting upon the great seal of England in wax of khaki color—as big as a dessert plate and this encased in a silver box with the arms of England upon it. The Lord Chancellor, by the way, has to carry the great seal from which this impression is made about with him wherever he goes. Even when he goes to a country house party this huge seal has to go with him—the traditional theory, I suppose, being that he wears it round his neck or somewhere on his person wherever he goes.

"The last *Life* has a cartoon of Mark Hanna's Dream of Imperialism. It represents him with the Queen prostrate before him, Lord Salisbury and myself holding up her train, while he is putting her crown on his own head, with all the magnates of both realms looking on in admiration. Jo is so captivated with it that he won't let me send it to you 'yet awhile.'"

To His Wife

(February 23.) "Yesterday being our national holiday, I closed the office and we all went away. I went out to Slough and

over the ground, or a part of the ground that we traversed together in 1879—Stoke Pogis, Burnham Beeches, Eton & Windsor. I had quite lost all recollection of the beeches and certainly it is a wonderful place. The trees must be many hundred years old, and are scattered over 300 acres and more which the City of London has now purchased and made a public park, which will preserve these relics of a remote past for a long time yet. The walk from Slough, where I lunched at the Crown Hotel was most interesting. The Road passes right through Eton and it happening to be the play hours I must have seen pretty much the whole of the school. One great group, the principal one, stood in the road across a field which soon opened and out came the dogs—the Eton beagles—and boys and dogs were all off together hare-hunting. Another lot were at foot ball and still another practising some other game. The country all the way from Slough to Windsor was under water on both sides of the road from the freshet in the Thames which was very remarkable, giving the whole the appearance of the Lake country, with Windsor Castle rising out of the water. . . . "

To His Daughter

"American Embassy, London.
26 Feb. 1900.

" . . . I am inquiring about those Messagerie Steamers. . . . As the time approaches I find I hate to go away. London is just now the one interesting place.

"I have just received notice from the University of Edinburgh that they have resolved to offer me the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws, and inviting me to come to Edinburgh on the 14th of April to receive it, or if that should not be possible, then at the end of July. . . ."

(March 8.) "At last I see a clear prospect of getting off tomorrow morning which I believe will bring me to Cannes on Saturday about 1. . . . I have had to hustle today as there were no end of last things to do, and I gave a lunch party at 2 to the Sangers consisting of the Bryces, Trevelyans, Carters, Lady Dorothy Nevill and Mrs. Jack Gordon. Lady Dorothy was great fun. She and Mr. Bryce, utter antipodes in everything, sat together and harmonized at every point.

"Tonight I have Bishop Potter, Percy Grant and Mr. White for dinner. The Bishop and Grant, his chaplain, are on their way from a voyage 'round the world, and sail on Saturday morning.

"The Queen has arrived and the whole town is wide awake, great crowds everywhere, and much enthusiasm. Her announced trip to Ireland is thought to be a grand coup."

He got duly to Cannes, and wrote from there (Hotel Bellevue) on April 3 to his son:

" . . . I have written to 'Middleman' of Edinburgh to have my gown, hood and mortar board ready for the 14th, and to Rapkine to send him my measure. Those are prescribed requisites. Think of me in a *scarlet* gown."

To His Wife

"Howick, Lesbury, Northumberland.
16 April 1900.

"I was kept so constantly on the run in Edinburgh that I really didn't find time to write and was obliged to finish 'Red Pottage' which I happened to take up on my first arrival. A strange book for a young girl to write. There was an immoral strain about it I thought, which seemed to leave a bad taste behind. As I found to my surprise that there was no day train to Scotland on Good Friday, I took the Thursday night train up, which gave me just three days in Edinburgh, and every hour was pleasantly spent. Only there is a disposition everywhere to see and exhibit an Ambassador and so I was kept going. Sir William Muir, the head of the College, entertained me most hospitably at Dean Park House, and his daughter, Mrs. Arbuthnot was most charming. She is the sister of Genl. Wauchope's widow, and of course the General's recent and tragic death has subdued the entire household very much. They seem to be as much in the dark as everybody else as to what passed between him and General Methuen just before his last fight. Sir William is a remarkable man, 81 years old this month, and yet he is out every morning on his bicycle at half past seven, then back to his bath and breakfast, and after that on horseback to the University where he is busy all day. He is an old Indian vet-

eran of the Civil Service, was shut up for five months with his wife and four of his children in Fort Agra during the great Rebellion of 1857, and has survived to write many books about India, Mahomet, the Mamelukes, etc., etc., etc., one of which he has given with an inscription to 'H. E. the Right Honorable Mrs. Choate, in token of regret that she could not accompany' etc., etc., etc. He is Principal of the University, and Lord Dufferin the 'Lord Rector' came over from Ireland for the occasion; then we had Lord Leven who is again in Edinburgh getting ready for his brief reign again as Lord High Commissioner next month, and Prof. Masson, the author of the great 'Life of Milton,' came over from his home in the country to spend the Sunday with me.

"The function at the conferring of the degrees was very orderly and interesting, and I was specially pleased that there were no expectations or call for a 'speech' and no salutations from the boys. I was arrayed in a scarlet robe with blue facings—a black velvet square cap—and when I had been summoned to the platform, before a crowded house, a master of ceremonies related on the part of the Senators all the virtues I had and a great many more, and at the conclusion of the speech at his request the President laid another cap on my head, I kneeling, and pronounced me a Doctor of Laws; then another official in light uniform put the Doctor's Hood, black silk with blue lining, over my head—and having signed the roll of Honorary Graduates, I gave place to the next. This was very interesting, as the lady, Miss Ormerod (pronounced in two syllables *Orme-Rod*) was the first woman on whom the University had ever conferred this degree. She hadn't slept a wink the night before—poor thing—being so nervous in anticipation of the function, but she went through it very well and was received with great applause, as indeed I was myself, as Edinburgh seems to be very partial to me. Among the graduates of the year who received their first degree in course there were a great many young women, about a fifth part of all I should think, and as each degree was indicated by a different color the scene was quite spirited. In the evening Sir William gave a big dinner to the Honorary Graduates at his house, at which besides those I have already mentioned, there were many other dignitaries of the University. I see that the London papers of today give the substance of the day's doings, but as you will probably want all 'the particulars' I enclose cuttings from to-day's *Scotsman* which will probably interest you. Miss Ormerod is a very celebrated entomologist and does great services throughout England and Scotland in advising farmers and gardeners how to resist the ravages of the various insects against whom you are constantly waging war, just as the Department of Agriculture does for us in America.

"Sunday is kept very strictly in Edinburgh and a vast deal of church going is done. I heard a young enthusiast, Mr. Black,* who is making a great sensation there. He has worked his way by dint of brains at a very early age to the head of one of the principal churches. A long queue of expectant hearers forms before the church whenever he is to preach to get admission to the free seats, and yet he is not at all a revivalist, so far as I could judge at one hearing. As my departure from the house of the 'principal' on Sunday would have been regarded as Sabbath breaking of the worst kind, I did not leave until this morning, and reached here about noon.

"This is a most interesting house, having been the home of Earl Grey of the Reform Bill, 1832—the grandfather of the present Earl, and is full of historical reminiscences. Lord and Lady Grey are most agreeable and hospitable. Lord Howick, 20, is at Cambridge, home for the holidays—a part of them only for he is reading for honors. Lady Victoria, 22, a god-daughter of the Queen, Lady Sybil, 18, and Lady Evelyn, 14, make up the family. Then there is a Miss Pease, of Alnmouth, not far from here, whose father and mother we met at Fulham last spring when we visited the Bishop."

The *Scotsman*, April 16, 1900, said:

"Howick Hall, where the American Ambassador is at present staying, is the beautiful seat of the Earl Greys, one of

* Hugh Black, who has preached so much in America and is a professor in the Union Theological Seminary of New York.

the notable Northumberland mansions. It occupies a site near the Turris de Howyke, which was one of the fourteenth century castles of Northumbria. In its situation, Howick Hall is matchless, buried in a dene of great natural beauty, and with a prospect seaward towards the blue North Sea. The mansion was built in 1792, from the designs of Mr. Newton of Newcastle. The internal decorations are of classic interest, and the pictures and statuary are of great historical import. Here is a canvas of Dr. Franklin,* taken from his house in Philadelphia, during the War of Independence by Major Andre, the 'amiable spy' of Charles Lamb; another of the Emperor Napoleon, painted during the Hundred Days, the bees on the frame of which were taken from the Emperor's throne. Family heirlooms are notable everywhere. In the library is the gold timepiece given to Mr. Albert Grey by the Queen on the occasion of his marriage. Howick derives much of its present charm from the care and interest bestowed on it by the distinguished earl, who settled here in the early days of the century. Almost every tree he himself planted during his long lifetime, and the flower gardens today are things of beauty. In the family church near at hand a beautiful marble tomb is erected to his memory and that of the countess. A former chaplain of Charles I is said to have been at one time Rector of Howick. We might mention that in the hall of the mansion the fame of the second earl is recalled by the statue of him by Campbell, which was presented to the countess by the friends of the earl on the occasion of his retirement from office in 1834."

On the 9th of June Mr. Choate went to a dinner given at the Savoy Hotel to Sir Henry Irving, celebrating his return to his country from the profitable wilds of the United States. Mr. Choate was a speaker along with the Lord Chief Justice, Sir Henry Irving, Mark Twain, Mr. Pinero, and others. Toward the end of his remarks he said:

"I would like to put Sir Henry 'on the stand' and hear his view as to the relative capacity of these two great peoples for enthusiasm. When I first came to reside among the English people I had supposed from the account they gave of themselves that they were a cold and unimpassioned people, unwilling to give way to their feelings, and that when an occasional ebullition of enthusiasm broke out on our side of the water they said, 'That is quite American, you know,' but that was before certain recent events which have shown them in their true colors—before the relief of Ladysmith and of Mafeking; in other words, before the relief of London. When these wonderful events happened they went as wild as human nature could let them go. Never do I recollect, never have I heard in our history of such a wild outbreak of the human spirit as occurred on those two nights in London. It recalled the enthusiasm on the other side of the water when events made our experiment in self-government a final, an absolute, and a perpetual success."

On the 14th of June he went to the Leys School speech day at Cambridge and distributed the prizes. The discourse that he made there was addressed partly to the boys and partly to the five hundred guests who were present. About prizes, he expressed his conviction that the boys who got them were those who had determined to have them. It was so, he thought, with the prizes of life. The men who had the will to get them, got them. He said he had known all the leading lawyers in America and many in England for forty years. "No two of them were alike in mental, moral, physical, and natural endowments except in one, and that was an absolute tenacity of purpose, striving like grim death for the object they had before them, ignoring everything but attaining that object by all the honorable means in their power." What prizes were worth the effort to get them, he did not discuss.

To His Daughter

"The Pleasaunce, Overstrand, Cromer.
Sunday, 2 Sept. 1900.

" . . . Here I am on the sea shore, on the northern coast of Norfolk, and the Batterseas have a most charming house, as you might suppose, full of beautiful things, each perfect in its kind. Paintings, water colors, engravings, photo-

*This portrait was presented to the United States by Earl Grey in 1906, and now hangs in the White House.

graphs, a library of 5,000 books, many of them in the finest bindings, and a wonderful garden, where, although on the sea shore and exposed to the most bleak winds, yet the air is so soft that everything flourishes with the greatest luxuriance. I was mortified to think of our own poor orchard in Stockbridge—to see dwarf apple trees set out only last year, already bearing big apples. Climate is everything. . . .

"As I write, in a huge room beautifully equipped (occupied by the Princess Louise last week) I am looking out upon the North Sea, and see the ships go sailing by, and men, women and children wandering about the beach. Right before me overhanging the beach is the cliff which serves as a promenade for the whole neighborhood. I am quite sure you would like it."

To the Same

"American Embassy, London.
Monday, 8 Septr. 1900.

"I enclose a letter for you from the Hotel Metropole, Folkestone—also, the only piece of Italian paper which I had left, 5 lire.

"By the way, will you go *the next time you go out* to that little store where we bought the stamps and pay the man that .75¾ of a lira which he overpaid me in making change. I meant to have done this before I left and it has been on my conscience ever since. It's a small thing to us, but no doubt of great importance to him. . . . "

To His Son

"Hotel Victoria, Menaggio,
Lac de Como, 27 Sept. 1900.

" . . . As I expected when I left, nothing of importance seems to have happened in my absence. Anybody who expects any particular progress to be made in this China business in any particular time is bound to be mistaken. Too many cooks may not spoil this broth but they will give it plenty of time to cool. I have not seen or heard anything yet which commits our government to a wholly separate settlement on the points which concern all the powers alike. Has any such thing come from Washington? I am too far out of the world to know much that is going on. The papers when we get them are always two days old and sometimes three. . . . "

To His Daughter

" American Embassy, London.
12 Octr. 1900.

"I spend most of the time these few days at the house, at work on my address for Edinburgh which I must finish by Sunday night, as it's very irksome to have such a thing hanging over one, and then the more I work upon it the more interested I get. But these days are quite too fine to spend in doors. . . .

"Nothing new about China, except that the French note seems to suit everybody but our people, whose views upon it you will see in today's papers."

To His Wife

"I have just returned from Lord James's. . . . My visit was most pleasant. The Halsburys were there and full of kind inquiries about you. Winston Churchill went up and returned with us—talked all the time and was most amusing. He is brimming over with the enthusiasm of youth, knows it all on every subject, and seemed to think his opinion entitled to weight as against us all. But he was great fun. The Cuttings and the Grews and the Holmeses all sail on Wednesday, and I went to bid them good bye this afternoon."

To the Same

"American Embassy, London.
15 October, 1900.

"I can't get on with that address. There is nothing so hard as to sit down in cold blood and get up such a thing before it is absolutely necessary, but I do want to get it out of the way. Perhaps as Mabel has been reading up about Lincoln she can give me some ideas, but the great difficulty is what *not* to say.

"You have all been invited to the American Society's Thanksgiving Dinner for Nov. 29th and are requested to make a note of it."

(October 16.) "Most of today I have given to Sir Henry Irving's matinee for the relief of the Galveston sufferers. Drury Lane Theatre was packed from floor to ceiling and the programme was

four hours long, *three* of which I endured and enjoyed. I had taken four tickets, one for each member of my family, but as none of them appeared likely to go, I invited Mr. Coolidge and his two granddaughters. . . . The performances were very good, but I quite agree with Mrs. Delafield that 2 hours are enough for any entertainment. . . . "

(October 18.) "I didn't write to you yesterday because I was bound to finish my Edinburgh address and devoted every minute to that. Fortunately it is finished and will trouble me no more.

"Mr. Bryan seems to be making a great noise and stir in New York, but there isn't the least symptom that he is making any impression on the voters, so I look upon the election as being practically settled already. . . . "

(October 24.) " . . . Today I have had charge of Senator Manderson and his wife, of Nebraska. He did me a good turn by preparing and delivering an address in my place before the American Bar Association when I came away, and so I wanted to do what I could for them. I took him to the Lord Chancellor's lunch, to the Judges and Queen's Counsel in the House of Lords, and then we picked up Mrs. M. at the Metropole and went to the Law Courts to see the procession, same that we saw last year, and after that to hear the remarks on Lord Russell by the Lord Chancellor and the Attorney General, all of which pleased him exceedingly. The new Lord Chief Justice looked splendidly on his first appearance in his new robes, and he got a great deal of applause. We were in the same gallery as last year. There I saw Lady Barnes quite recovered, and that dear old soul Lady Matthew, the wife of Mr. Justice Matthew, with whom we dined last year. They all ask for you and I tell them you are *very well*, taking no note of your late set back.

"All London is looking forward to Saturday—the reception of the C. I. V's. Windows to see the procession are selling at fabulous prices. . . . "

(October 29.) " . . . I wish you could have seen the crowd today that welcomed the C. I. V's home from the war. I have seen no such masses of people since that April morning when we looked down on that crowd in Wall St. that was called out by the news of Lincoln's assassination. I stood on the upper balcony of the Athenæum Club, and as far as you see the crowd was solid. It was with the greatest difficulty that mounted soldiers could open a way for the little band of heroes.—Fourteen hundred, marching four abreast, dressed in khaki, worming their way through the black crowd—they were cheered at every point, but the greatest enthusiasm was reserved for the wounded and invalids who brought up the rear in carriages. All other parts of London seemed to be deserted for the line of procession from Paddington to the Mansion House. . . . "

(October 30.) " . . . Lady George Hamilton was full of inquiries about you and hopes that when I next come to Deal, you will come too. Deal Castle is a delightful old place, the simplest in the world, but a veritable medieval affair with a moat all about it, portcullis gate & big guns, and Lord George is Captain for life, as Lord Salisbury is of Walmer Castle, 1½ miles away. . . . "

(October 31.) " . . . The announcement has just come out that Lord Salisbury retires from the Foreign Office to remain Premier only and that Lord Lansdowne takes his place as Secretary for Foreign Affairs. I am very sorry to lose Lord Salisbury for he is a most pleasant man to do business with, and was always just & fair and well disposed to us. Of course Lord Lansdowne will also be a good man to deal with."

To His Daughter

"Hatfield House, Hatfield, Herts.
Sunday 11 Nov. 1900.

"Not half the glories of Hatfield House have been told. I wish that you and Mama could have been here with me today. The house itself is one of the most beautifully preserved of the old houses of England, and close by is the old palace of Henry VII. where Elizabeth lived during bloody Mary's reign—a prisoner part of the time—and this house is full of most interesting pictures, tapestries, armor, etc., etc. Lord Salisbury under his own roof is even more delightful than at the Foreign Office and that is saying a good

deal. The party included Eustace Balfour & his daughter Baffie, Lord Rowton, Lord Percy—'Harry Percy' as they call him, recalling Shakespeare's 'Harry to Harry shall hot horse to horse,' etc., etc., Lady Ampthill, Eric Barrington & Mrs. B.—great friends of the Dunham's, several Cecils besides Lord Robert and Lord Hugh—about 20 at table.

"My speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet seems to have been the talk of the town for 24 hours. It seems that nobody knew the origin and history of the name Downing St. till I told it, and my demonstration that it was an American Street* took everybody by surprise, it being the sacred centre of the British Empire. . . . "

Mr. Choate's address on Abraham Lincoln, delivered in the Music Hall at Edinburgh on the 13th of November, is one of his most ambitious and notable speeches. Lincoln was a fresher subject to average English minds in 1900 than he would be now since Lord Charnwood has written his life and Drinkwater's play about him has had so remarkable a success. Lord Rosebery, in introducing Mr. Choate, spoke of his selecting for his discourse "the most interesting subject, I think, that was within the range of possibility—the great man whom he personally knew and saw in the flesh." The address is the leading one in the volume that contains the more finished discourses that Mr. Choate made while Ambassador.

To His Daughter

"Dalmeny House, Edinburgh.
14 Nov. 1900.

"I am much obliged for your letter of Sunday—and as you give us no idea of your future movements I continue to write to you at Luzerne, although I have more than half an idea that I shall find you at home when I get there on Friday night. The 'address' came off very satisfactorily last night. Lord Rosebery and I went in 'à la postilion,' and Jo drove in with the other young men—the secretary, the agricultural agent, and Mr. C. P. Trevelyan, M.P., who came up along with us. The audience was closely packed and was most responsive and enthusiastic, seeming to take every point as quickly and sympathetically as a New York audience would have done. I think the Scotch are a little closer to the Americans than any other people. Lord Rosebery lives like a prince, and Dalmeny looking out upon the Firth of Forth, and within a stone's throw of it, is most charmingly situated. Then close by, right at the edge of the water is his old 13th Century Castle where he sleeps and I guess spends most of his time here. There he keeps many most interesting treasures. The entire family consists of himself and Lady Sybil who since the marriage of her sister must have many lonely hours. They are most cordial and hospitable."

To His Daughter

"American Embassy, London.
3 April 1901.

"Our little dinner last night for Professor Agassiz was very successful. It was fun to hear Sir Martin Conway describing to Lord Kelvin & Professor Agassiz his ascent of the 23000 feet peak in the Himalayas, most of the time cutting steps up the face of glaciers almost perpendicular like cataracts. The two others drinking it in as school boys would a new Arabian Nights story."

To His Son

"American Embassy, London.
3 April 1901.

" . . . Tomorrow I go to Dorking to lunch with George Meredith. I am sure you would like to go with me, and discuss 'The Egoist'—to which I hardly feel equal—although fairly up in 'Richard Feverel' and 'Diana of the Crossways.' . . . "

(April 6.) " . . . I had a most interesting day with George Meredith. He lives in a cunning little cottage with a fine garden, an ideal place for a poet and a purely literary man, he is deaf and disabled in the legs, but as clear in the head as ever. He talks just like his books, is immensely devoted to French poetry and novels, speaks French, German, Greek and English apparently with equal facil-

*Sir George Downing, from whom Downing Street derives its name, emigrated with his parents from England to New England in 1638. He was the first pupil at the first school organized in Massachusetts, and graduated in the first class at Harvard College, 1642. He returned to England, held various offices, and was created a baronet in 1663.

ity, thinks 'Beauchamp's Career' his best book, says that when he wrote 'Diana' it was currently believed, and he was told positively, that Sidney Herbert (Dacier) gave Mrs. Norton (Diana) the secret from the minister (Sir Robert Peel) which was sold to *The Times*, but that subsequently it was all disproved.

"I asked him whether if he had to write 'Richard Feverel' again he would not rewrite the last chapter, and save the life of that dear young wife. He said 'no,' that 'the decrees of fate fall alike on the innocent and the guilty,' that Leslie Stephen had often asked him the same question and had stamped up and down his room declaring her death to be wilful murder on his part. He had a deal to say about Napoleon, of whom he was a great admirer, had studied his campaigns and could have pointed out to him many mistakes. . . . "

To His Wife

"Blythswood, Renfrew, N. B.
Sunday, 4 Augt. 1901.

"I reached here at half past seven, an hour late, and as Lady Blythswood had written that they would send for me to Paisley, and I had written her that I would come Saturday by that train, I was a little surprised to find no carriage, but I took a fly to the house—about three miles—and when I reached here it was quite evident that I was not expected. Lord Blythswood soon appeared, much surprised, and said they did not expect me till Tuesday the sixth. But I told him they certainly invited us from the 3rd to the 6th and I had written on Thursday that I would come Saturday. 'No' said he, 'your letter too said you would come Tuesday.' But my letter being fished up confirmed me—on that point at least. They are sure they invited us from the 6th to the 10th and had really on hearing I would come, invited a lot of people to meet me, most of whom fortunately are sick and couldn't come. I would have given anything to have had that letter inviting us which you destroyed. I hope you will never destroy another until the visit is made. You see it is necessary to have your credentials ready to produce. It is so easy to make such mistakes. And oddly enough, by a strange coincidence, when I asked Lady B. to produce your letter to her in which you said you had written that I would come from the 3rd to the 6th she too had destroyed that before my arrival, but she said you wrote that I would come on the 6th. Did ever you hear of such a chapter of contradictions? However, they were most cordial and jolly and gave me as warm a welcome as if I had been expected and waited for, though they were much chagrined that I shouldn't have been sent for. There are here over Sunday only Genl. Trotter who is in command of this District at Sterling Castle, Lord Dundas, a son of the Zetlands, Mrs. Rowley & her daughter from Dublin and another lady whose name I have not yet acquired. But next week was to have been and is to be the great week. Lord Clanwilliam and his daughter Katharine come tomorrow and on Tuesday the brother of Lord Blythswood is expected to arrive from South Africa with his regiment—a regiment of this district.

"To add to the perplexity of the situation on my arrival, *my trunk had been left behind.* The train was so large that they had to run in three sections, and somehow in the confusion of rearranging the train at Glasgow, or just outside of Glasgow, my trunk and several others were left, but the Station Master said it would come by the next train *in five minutes.* However, I distrusted that very much, and came on here, leaving Laurence to wait for the trunk. I had to go to dinner as I was, and when we were nearly through with dinner the butler came to me and said that my servant had come but *without the trunk.* Lord B. was kind enough to send one of his own men back to Paisley with Laurence, with instructions to telegraph in all directions, but at half past 11, nothing had been heard of it, and I was constrained to borrow one of Lord B's nightgowns to go to bed in. The fit would have been as if Codling had tried one of Short's (now that probably touches an abyss all round, but read 'The Old Curiosity Shop'—little Nell). Not giving up all hopes, although things looked pretty desperate, I concluded to sit up till midnight in the hope that something would turn up, and sure enough, just as the clock struck 12, in came the

trunk which had been found in the Station at Glasgow and sent back. So at last the fiat went forth 'requiescat in pace' and to bed I went.

"This is a very fine place. The Queen stayed here for three days in 1888, but it has some drawbacks — especially the River Clyde which runs through the Park, and is very foul. It does really smell terribly, and its bed is black as ink.

"There came up on the train with me a very pretty Mrs. Littleton, a cousin of Lady Jersey and a sister of Lady Alice Shaw-Stewart's husband. She was going beyond here to visit her parents, having just got the news of the death of her youngest brother—Shaw-Stewart, on his way home from South Africa on the same ship that brings B's brother's regiment to which he belonged.

"Preparations are already on foot to give me enough to do tomorrow. In the morning to visit the Cathedral which Macaulay describes as almost the only fine building of middle ages surviving in Scotland, and he gives a very striking account of the Presbyterians snow-balling the prelatists there as they came out—before the Government of Scotland got settled on the accession of William & Mary. Then we are to visit the Municipal buildings—thought by the people here to be the finest in the world. To lunch at a hotel in Glasgow and in the afternoon to do the Exhibition or be done by it. As long as I stay—and in view of the horrid mistakes which I have related I can't quite tell how long that will be—there is likely to be quite a circus.

To the Same

"1, Carlton House Terrace, S. W.
19 August 1901.

" . . . On Saturday I went out to Wimbledon and lunched with Mrs. Ritchie—Thackeray's daughter—to meet the Schuylers who have taken the house next door. Her house is full of most interesting memorials and reminiscences of her father—books, sketches, paintings, manuscripts—all delightful to see and she was most agreeable. Her husband is private Secretary to Lord George Hamilton at the India office, and as he is much confined there, and then is going into the Law, they have just concluded to give up their house and are to take one in town."

. . . . . .

President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay so much appreciated Mr. Choate's high competence and value as a lawyer that they wished him to be counsel for the United States before the tribunal to which the Alaska Boundary case had been referred. As to that he says, on the 28th of February, 1903, to Secretary Hay:

"I received night before last your letter of the 17th. It at once occurred to me that there might be an incompatibility between my position as Ambassador and my acceptance of a retainer as counsel to conduct and argue the case before the Tribunal against the British Government to which I am accredited, and twenty-four hours' reflection has made me only the more doubtful of the propriety of my so doing. An ambassador seems to be regarded as standing in the shoes of his sovereign, and the diplomatic world and the British Government might regard it as derogating from the sovereign's dignity and character for him to step into the forensic arena in this way and besides, and more important, as counsel I might, and probably should have to say things about Canada, and possibly about Great Britain which might not be acceptable coming from an Ambassador. Counsel conducting a case ought not to be under the same restraints that rest upon an Ambassador.

"At any rate I think I ought not to accept the appointment as counsel without advising Lord Lansdowne in advance lest he might say hereafter that he would have treated with me differently concerning anything referring to the Alaska boundary matter if he had known that besides being Ambassador, I was also the retained counsel against Great Britain.

"Thinking that these points have probably not occurred to you or to the President, I have sent you today a cipher cable, of which I enclose a copy. There certainly can be no difficulty in finding an abundance of adequate counsel. In my cable I have suggested Mr. Spooner, who would be admirable, and as it would all be

in the recess of the Senate, I should think it would be a great advantage to him; and Mr. Root who knows all the leading lawyers in America can easily give you the names of others.

"In any event I will give all the assistance in my power to our side of the case, and it might be advantageous to have others as counsel, with me in the background to advise and aid, as I probably could, and as I should of course be expected by the British Government to do.

Very truly yours,

JOSEPH H. CHOATE."

"6 March, 1903.

"DEAR COLONEL HAY:

"I have just received your White cipher cable in answer to my two, in which you say: 'Your two telegrams received. The President and I do not agree with you, but we shall of course not impose on you a distasteful duty,' which I accept as an acquiescence in my opinion, which you read between the lines of my telegram, that I ought not as Ambassador to undertake the added office of counsel to argue before the Commission the case of the United States against Great Britain. It is only in that sense—of doing two incompatible things—of doing as Ambassador what I ought not to, and what in my judgment the whole diplomatic world would condemn, that there is anything distasteful to me about what you propose. I am sure that both you and the President know me well enough to accept my assurance that I should otherwise have taken the greatest delight in such a service. I should not only have enjoyed it very much, but should have considered it the crowning honor of my long professional life. So, I am sure that you will not regard me, for you cannot justly regard me, as shirking or shrinking from a duty. Ever since I came here in March, 1899, I have been in more or less constant communication with the Foreign Office in the discussion of this Alaska case, in endeavors to settle it, and in the argument of all the questions essential and incidental involved in it. My first private letter to you of May 19, 1899, shows how fully I was immersed in it from the start, and it was only just before the receipt of your last letter proposing to me this service as counsel that I was trying to get from Lord Lansdowne the report of Col. Cameron in 1886, the inventor of the Canadian claim, and who by the way I found was a son-in-law of Sir Charles Tupper. All this communication and intercourse was in a way necessarily confidential. It was under the seal of my diplomatic relations of my office of Ambassador. It brought me into relations first with Lord Salisbury and afterwards with Lord Lansdowne of a very confidential character, which they would never have thought of holding with me if they had supposed that I should afterwards appear in the rôle of counsel for the United States against Great Britain in this very case, and I cannot but think that they would feel justly aggrieved on the part of their government if after all my dealings with them I should so appear. And how could I expect to receive their full confidence again after such —I will not say a betrayal, but a disregard of what they had formerly given me? It is quite clear to me too that such a position would not only impair my own subsequent usefulness, but would seriously impair that of any subsequent Ambassador here who was also a lawyer. Assuming that I am better qualified than any other lawyer to argue the case, a very considerable part of my qualification would come from these long continued, confidential diplomatic dealings with the representatives of the British Government about it, and, as it seems to me, the highest considerations of international duty forbid me to make the proposed use of qualifications so acquired to argue the case. Wholly apart from the special considerations growing out of my long diplomatic relations to the case, there is, I think, an obvious incompatibility between the office of Ambassador and that of counsel retained to argue a case before a judicial tribunal on behalf of his own country against that to which he is accredited. The two services are absolutely distinct, and for exercise at the same time, quite inconsistent. Counsel so employed ought to be absolutely free to say whatever his duty to the case requires him to say, so in this case against Canada or against Great Britain, and it might be quite possible that he would have to say things that would hurt or wound the sus-

ceptibilities of those constituting the Government of the adverse party, and make him altogether a *persona non grata* with them. There is also a technical inconsistency between the two offices. The ambassador represents his sovereign in a special sense, and his intercourse with the Foreign Office is with the representative of the other sovereign on an equal footing, but when he goes into the judicial arena as a combatant, he meets an adversary who has not the same representative character, and must expect to give and take a very different kind of blow. It is on this ground that I believe that no sovereign in Europe would permit his ambassador in Great Britain, being also a lawyer, to go before a judicial tribunal to argue his case against Great Britain, and our Republic should be just as jealous of the dignity and strict propriety of its diplomatic representatives' conduct, as the proudest monarch.

"I think that considerations such as I have now presented account for the fact that although many eminent lawyers have been employed as ambassadors and ministers, there is no precedent for such a representative accepting or being vested with the additional office of retained counsel to argue before a judicial tribunal the case of his own government or country against the country to which he is accredited, and that whether the same case has been in his hands as a subject of diplomatic intercourse or not. I do not believe that under any circumstances Great Britain would have permitted Lord Pauncefote, who was also a lawyer of repute, to go professionally before any judicial tribunal to conduct a case on her behalf against the United States while he was accredited there as her Minister or Ambassador, least of all to present there a case which he had been for years conducting in his diplomatic capacity confidentially with the Secretary of State, and I think that her Government would naturally and justly apply the same standard to us and to other nations, and would reasonably take umbrage, although they might never express it, if I after four years of diplomatic dealings in which they had uniformly treated me with the utmost confidence, took charge of the same case in court as counsel against them, in which service I could not forget or strip myself of what had come to me in the confidence of the Foreign Office.

"But there is a service in the case of large value which I can properly render, and which the British Government would naturally expect me to render, and that is to aid and advise and support the efforts of the counsel who shall be retained to try the case before the Commission, to the full extent which the Foreign Office will advise with and support the law officers of the government who will conduct it against us—and this service I intend most conscientiously to give. With such adequate counsel for the United States as you will employ, I can render almost as effectual aid out of court as I could in, and this I intend to do. To this end I have begun a careful study of the case with such materials as are at my command here, and shall from time to time communicate with General Foster and give him all such aid as I possibly can, as you requested in your letter of February 17.

"I shall much regret it if after full consideration of what I have said, the President and yourself are still unable to agree with me, but you will at any rate give me the credit of conscientiously weighing the matter and deciding it according to the best of my lights.

Yours very truly,

JOSEPH H. CHOATE."

IN QUEST OF CHANGE AND ADVENTURE

BY FRANKLIN CHASE HOYT

Presiding Justice of the Children's Court of New York City; Author of "Citizens in the Making," etc.

"PLEASE, mister, how much is it to Palm Beach?"

The ticket-agent at the Pennsylvania Station was somewhat startled by the unexpected inquiry and gazed wonderingly at the youthful figure standing in front of his window. At seven o'clock on a dull November morning travel is apt to be rather slack and a request for transportation to Palm Beach at such a time is liable to excite the curiosity of even the most phlegmatic of ticket-sellers.

"A good deal of money, my son," he replied in a kindly voice. "But it's sort'er early yet to go there. The trains at this time of year only stop at West Palm Beach. Ain't you rather rushing the season?"

"Oh, no," came the agitated answer. "I want to get down there right away. I can pay for it easily."

With that the boy produced a roll of bills which made the ticket-agent gasp. It also made him do something more, for, inviting the boy to step inside the booth upon the pretext of fixing up his ticket, he signalled for the railroad detective whose duty it was to interview travellers of suspicious appearance and behavior.

Upon the arrival of the latter the two officials proceeded to question the boy as to his identity and the reason for his proposed visit to Palm Beach. He answered their inquiries rather nervously and told a somewhat incoherent story which only served to increase the misgivings of his auditors.

His name, he said, was Leonard Kenneth. His father and mother were both dead, and as their only child he had fallen heir to a considerable fortune. His guardian, however, was of a cruel, unsympathetic type and Leonard had found the surroundings of his new home, which was situated in a small suburban town, exceedingly distasteful and confining. So, after practically dismissing his guardian, he had decided to learn more of the world and to spend some of his leisure time in travel. With that purpose in view he had drawn a fairly large sum of money from his estate and had come to New York, where he had been amusing himself in various ways for the past fortnight. During his stay in the city he had been stopping at one of its best-known and most expensive hotels. His reason for wishing to go to Palm Beach was a very simple one. He had found plenty of amusement, but that was not just what he was looking for. The time had come, he thought, when he should meet people and acquire social polish and distinction. The easiest way to break into society, he had read, was via Palm Beach. Hence his very logical and proper request for a ticket to that training-camp of the social aspirant.

The ticket-agent and the railroad detective looked at each other and shook their heads. They were quite ready to sympathize with Leonard's yearning for high life, but they remained wholly unconvinced by the story of the unsympathetic guardian and the large estate. The detective understood enough law to know that even if Leonard had a right to the money he was using, he had no authority or license to be roaming around the country at his age without some one to look after him. So it was decided to take the young traveller into custody and turn him over to the proper authorities for investigation.

At about the same moment that Leonard was making his abortive attempt to procure transportation to Palm Beach, the Police Department of New York received word from a neighboring city that a general alarm had been sent out for a boy by the name of —— (let us say, "Frank Brown") who had run away from his home taking with him several thousand dollars from his father's strong-box. The description of the runaway followed, and

in every detail it tallied with the appearance of the *soi-disant* Leonard Kenneth.

A little later on the same morning the boy was arraigned before me in the Children's Court. Except that there was no eagerness or resolution left in his expression and manner, he stood before me just as he had stood before the ticket-agent a few hours earlier on that day of days in his young life. And looking at him I was not surprised that the ticket-agent had paused and wondered. In one hand the boy held a shiny new tarpaulin bag and in the other clutched a soft hat of vivid green. Both hands were encased in white kid gloves ornamented with black stitching on the backs. The suit which he wore outdid in cut even those "good form" models of the modern advertisement, while a gaudy tie, a striped silk shirt, and patent-leather shoes completed a picture which would have been amusing had it not been so pathetic.

The legal preliminaries in his case were settled swiftly. The boy admitted at once that he was the missing Frank Brown, and that he had stolen the money from his father.

What I wanted to know, however, and what interested me far more deeply than the bald facts of his offense, were the underlying causes for his conduct and the mental reactions which had influenced him to seek pleasure in so strange a way. Had the boy on his arraignment in the Children's Court been harshly treated or laughed at in the beginning, the truth would have been unattainable. A little interest, a little sympathy, and a little understanding were sufficient, however, to win his confidence, and, once the barriers of reserve and shame were broken down, he poured out his young heart and soul in full confession.

Until a few months before he had been quite happy in his modest but comfortable home. His mother and father had always treated him kindly, although apparently there was no particular bond of sympathy between himself and his parents. Once he had asked his father for permission to join a boys' club, but the suggestion had been frowned on.

Suddenly he found his life utterly "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable." Just why he didn't know. But it was. He wasn't getting any fun, and it was fun that he wanted. He longed to get away from his prosy, dull surroundings and to go out into the world in quest of change and adventure.

As it happened, his father frequently brought home from his shop a considerable sum of money and kept it in a cash-box over night until he could deposit it in the bank the following morning. Knowing of this parental habit, it was an easy matter for the boy to force the box, extract its contents, and steal out of the house without arousing his parents. Taking an early morning train to New York, he was able to reach the city and lose himself before any pursuit could be started.

"How long have you actually been here?" I asked him. "You told the ticket-agent that you had been amusing yourself in New York for a fortnight—was that true?"

"No!" was the sad and rather plaintive reply. "I really haven't seen anything of New York at all. I only left home yesterday morning."

"Now, Frank," I said, "tell me why you took the name of Leonard Kenneth, and what put the idea of Palm Beach into your head. I want very much to understand all about it."

The boy hesitated for a moment and then braced himself as if for an unpleasant ordeal. The thought evidently flashed through his mind that having already told so much, he might as well explain the rest, and get the painful and mortifying business over once and for all.

"Because I wanted to get to know the proper kind of people. I didn't think Frank Brown sounded just right, and thought Leonard Kenneth would help me much better."

For a moment I lost power of utterance, then gathering myself together, in a faint voice I asked him to proceed. "How about Palm Beach?" I inquired.

"Just for the same reason," he answered. "I read that if you wanted to get to know people and break into society the best place to begin is at Palm Beach. You can make a start there and after that the rest is easy."

"What on earth have you been read-

ing?" I exclaimed in wonder. "Did you get this from some book?"

"No! judge," he replied bashfully. "I got it from the society columns!"

At this point some of my readers may conclude that I have departed entirely from a recital of actual facts and that I have evolved a fictitious colloquy for the purpose of pointing a moral or adorning a tale. Let me assure them that this conversation (or, to employ the legal phrase, this examination) actually took place in the Children's Court of the City of New York a short time ago, and that the language used is reproduced practically verbatim.

The boy's explanation of his impulse and motive was illuminating, to say the least. For once the much-abused and much-condemned movies and dime novels were relegated into the background as the contributing causes of juvenile delinquency. A newcomer had asserted itself and, *mirabile dictu*, it turned out to be that staid, respectable, and immaculate friend of the reading public—the society column.

"Tell me, Frank," I said as our interview drew to an end. "How much of your father's money have you spent altogether?"

"About two hundred dollars," he replied.

"And for what did you spend it?" I inquired.

"The ticket to New York, the hotel, a couple of shows and clothes," was his rejoinder.

"Did you really buy a great deal for your campaign at Palm Beach?" I asked with a real feeling of sympathy as I gazed on the serio-comic figure in front of me.

"Oh, yes," he answered. "I bought this suit, this bag, these shoes, and this hat."

"How about that silk shirt and tie?"

"I got those too."

"Collars?"

"One besides the one I have on."

"Any other shirts, underclothes, or socks?"

"No, I didn't think I would need any."

"Not even a bathing suit?"

"Gosh, what do you know about that! I just clean forgot it."

A few hours after Frank's appearance in the court his father arrived to reclaim his erring offspring. To my satisfaction and delight and entirely contrary to my expectations, I found him to be a man of broad sympathy and discernment. At the outset, he sought to take the blame of the whole occurrence upon himself and insisted that his was the fault in permitting his business interests to engross his whole time and attention, with the consequent neglect of his own son. He acknowledged that he had failed to provide the boy with proper amusements and outlets for his activities, but promised that if I would allow him to return home everything would be different in the future. He had already thought out and prepared for submission to me a tentative programme for his son's occupation and training. It embraced a sojourn for the boy at an attractive summer camp, a short return to his own home where he would be given every opportunity to meet and mingle with desirable friends, and then a final placement in an excellent boarding-school.

Frank's joy at his father's forgiveness and their mutual desire to atone for past differences convinced me that the boy's problems had been solved wisely and sanely. In turning him over to his father I felt sure he would be watched over and guided with good judgment and loving sympathy.

So it was that I said good-by to Frank Brown. But in my heart I said good-by to some one else—Leonard Kenneth from the land of make-believe.

Ah, Leonard, you were very young and very foolish and very crude. Yet there are many grown-ups whose reasoning is as primitive as yours. They too seek a place in Vanity Fair, and to gain it they are willing to do things beyond your ken and comprehension. You are forgiven, because of your youth and because your dreams were so ephemeral. But for those who err with deliberation and understanding the final reckoning may not be as easy as yours.

It is not only among the boys that we find this intense yearning for change and adventure. In the pursuit of happiness many a girl will dare much and will take

no end of risks to find diversion from the irksome routine of a monotonous existence.

A certain good woman (whom, for the purpose of this story, we shall call "Mrs. Burns") was a just mother according to her lights. She was totally devoid of a sense of humor, however, and strangely lacking in tenderness and tact. So it was not to be wondered at that she and her daughter Helen failed to get along and that they had gradually drifted far apart. Had Mrs. Burns only replaced her jeremiads and curtain-lectures with a little kindly common-sense advice, it is doubtful whether Helen ever would have set out on her great adventure, and whether Mrs. Burns ever would have appeared in the Children's Court in the guise of a complainant.

The final break in their domestic relations was brought about by a very trivial thing—very trivial at least in the eyes of Mrs. Burns, but of supreme importance and of vital significance as far as Helen was concerned. For the thing in question was Helen's hair.

As long as she had remained in school Helen had been perfectly satisfied with a coiffure of the plainest style, and had followed her mother's advice in brushing it straight back from her forehead without the slightest attempt to make anything of her "crown of glory." Now that she had graduated from school, however, and was working with salesladies and such, the situation in Helen's opinion was entirely different, and she decided that it was time to make the most of the gifts with which heaven had endowed her. So, one afternoon, with the assistance of some of her new-made friends, she rearranged her locks and tresses in a manner more consistent with the fashion of the present day and then proceeded to her home to dazzle and amaze the unimaginative Mrs. Burns.

The experiment was wholly unsuccessful. There was no question about her mother's amazement, but it was of a different kind than Helen had expected, and it contained no suggestion either of admiration or of pleasure.

"You bad, wicked child!" shrieked Mrs. Burns, almost beside herself as she gazed at her partially transformed and somewhat modernized offspring. "Whatever do you mean by dolling yourself up like that? You ought to be ashamed of yourself! Go to your room this minute and take out them curls and them frizzes. I won't have no hussy like that in my house. If you won't do things like I like them, you can clear out for good and all."

Her mother's outbreak did not altogether astonish Helen. She had not expected to work this transformation in her appearance without a certain amount of faultfinding and criticism, and so she had looked for something of the kind; but its violence and fury quite staggered her. Without a word she went to her room, and there she sat and thought and thought.

The first conclusion which she arrived at was that her home was an impossible place. True, she had been sometimes at fault herself, but she had never committed any serious wrong and she was not to blame for all the lapses and delinquencies of which her mother continually accused her. If only she could be accorded a little sympathy and a little understanding, everything would be so different! But her mother would never see anything from her point of view, and there would be precious little fun in the future while this state of things continued. Mrs. Burns had told her that if she would not act just as she wanted her to, she could clear out for good and all. Well, it was certain that she couldn't be happy and please her mother at the same time, so undoubtedly the best plan to follow would be to take this advice and leave her uncongenial home forever.

Having settled this much of her programme, the next question was where to go and what to do. As she pondered over this phase of her problem an idea began to formulate in her mind which seemed to offer an attractive solution for all her difficulties. For some time past she had been indulging in an intermittent daydream, and had pictured herself in fancy as living the life of a girl surrounded by every luxury and comfort. Exactly where she was to obtain the wherewithal to do this her imagination had not precisely figured out, but is it not always understood that wealth incalculable is stored in

every castle in Spain? Why shouldn't she go forth into the great world and live as she had dreamed? Of course, reason and common sense told her that it couldn't last for long, but youth whispered that a day of pleasure was worth a year of drudgery, and that she would find joy and happiness on the rainbow road of adventure.

Unfortunately, Helen lacked the key to the treasure-room of her castle, and as a substitute had only about twenty-five dollars in her little bank—the result of her savings. But twenty-five dollars would permit her to play the game for a day and a night, and after that—well, something would be sure to turn up!

So it was that Helen decided to set out in her quest of adventure. She appeared that evening at the family supper with her hair brushed back in the same old familiar style, and thus quieted the reproaches and fears of the apprehensive Mrs. Burns. The next morning she departed for her work as usual, but had her mother been more suspicious and had she investigated things in Helen's room, she would have discovered one difference, at least, in the customary state of things —the little bank was empty!

After leaving her home Helen went to her place of employment and passed a restless day waiting for the great adventure to begin. She had decided to defer putting her plan into operation until the evening, partly because it suited her purpose better, and partly because she wanted the assistance of her friends in adorning herself for the glorious occasion. She told them all she was going to a party that night, and she wanted them to help her to arrange things. After work was over they again lent their aid in doing up her hair in the most ultra style and in loaning her various additions to her wearing apparel, with the final result that, as one of them put it, she could pass anywhere as a "perfect lady."

At that magic hour when the tired city throws aside its burden of the cares which infest the day and seeks to find surcease from its worries in an evening of enchantment and pleasing relaxation, Helen went out into the great world to turn her day-dream into a living reality.

She proceeded boldly to a large and expensive hotel and told the clerk at the office a somewhat improbable story. She had just arrived from the West, she said, where she had been engaged as a movie star with a well-known film concern. Her mother had been detained unfortunately in Chicago by some business, but would arrive in a day or two. The reason that she had been compelled to leave her mother and come on to New York in advance was because she had an important engagement with her manager here in the city the next morning. Could she have a room for a day or two until her mother arrived? She would be very glad to pay for it in advance.

Generally it would be impossible for a girl of fifteen to obtain accommodation in a New York hotel of the better sort upon a story of this kind, but in this particular instance the clerk accepted the tale on its face value and assigned her a room.

Her first evening passed off pleasantly enough. A simple meal at a near-by restaurant and a few hours at a moving-picture show were her only indulgences, and she retired to her hotel chamber in an ecstatic frame of mind over the success of her venture. The next morning she treated herself to that height of luxury—a breakfast in bed. Why not?—for every lady of wealth always breakfasts in bed according to the novels which Helen had read. Later on she arose and put in a desultory day wandering around the city, taking in the sights and postponing the disagreeable necessity of finding some employment until fate should have some suggestion to offer.

In the late afternoon, after her return to the hotel from a matinée where she had found oblivion from unpleasant reflections on her rather perilous situation, she received some serious news. The manager would like to have her call at the office. Helen wasn't quite sure what it meant. Possibly some one was going to offer her a wonderful job, and thus enable her to continue her little adventure. Possibly it signified something less pleasant. However, the call had to be obeyed, and with a beating heart and a dull premonition of disaster she went in to face the arbiter of her destiny.

It was not so serious after all. The

room clerk whom she found at the desk was kindness itself and merely told her that under the circumstances it would be better for her to go to some woman's hotel and wait there until her mother arrived; that it was against the rules of the hotel to take in a girl as young as she without a relative and that a mistake had been made in admitting her the night before. He handed her the address of an appropriate stopping-place and added that her mother could settle the balance of her bill later on.

The amazing thing about his action was that he didn't seem to question the veracity of the girl's story in the slightest and took no steps to investigate her situation or to consult with any organization or authority concerning her care. He seemed to think that his full duty had been discharged by turning her out of her present lodging and referring her to another hotel of the sort maintained exclusively for women.

Helen received his edict with a feeling of disappointment and depression. The process of disillusionment had begun and already her castles were beginning to dissolve into the thin air. Of course, she could continue to play the game for a little while longer in the hope that something would turn up to stave off the impending crisis. After all, she had a little of her twenty-five dollars left and moving from one hotel to another was not a difficult matter. In any event she decided it would be better to prolong her experiment and give fate the chance to justify itself than to return to her home and her former life of discontent and unhappiness.

As she was about to depart from the hotel, one of the bell-boys who had been standing around the office-desk and who apparently had heard some of her conversation with the clerk came up to her and handed her a card. It bore the name of another hostelry, very different in character from the one she had been stopping at or the one to which she had been recommended by the clerk. The bell-boy assured her that she would find it pleasanter in every way than the place which the room-clerk had spoken of.

Helen was delighted with this little attention and instantly decided to follow the youth's suggestion. On her arrival at this establishment, which she found far less imposing than the place which she had just left, she was asked no questions whatever, and was only required to sign the register and make a small deposit for her lodging. This made a serious hole in the remnant of her funds and when she retired to her room and took stock of what remained, she realized there must soon come a change in her fortunes either for better or for worse.

Poor little Helen! Plays such as yours cannot go on forever and already inexorable fate is signalling impatiently for the drop of the final curtain. Destiny has no time to lose in amusing itself with day-dreams and every adventure must soon come to an end. A few more hours and you will learn how transitory and unreal were the pleasures and diversions which you had thought to find.

In default of anything else to do that evening, Helen sat herself in the hotel lobby and watched the guests come and go. She had not been there long before a man (the inevitable man!) came up and started to converse with her. He asked if she were not a stranger in the city and if he could be of any service to her. It was pleasant to have some one to talk to after twenty-four hours of loneliness, and Helen found the stranger such an agreeable companion that when he suggested that she should accompany him to a show she accepted his invitation with alacrity.

It was this visit to the theatre, after all, which brought Helen to her senses. Certain things were said and certain things were done which awakened her to a keen sense of her perilous position. Whatever may have been her fondness for amusement and pleasure, she at least had a conscience and a vivid appreciation of the fundamental difference between right and wrong. She flatly declined an invitation from her new-found friend for supper and parted company from him immediately after leaving the theatre. Accosting the first police officer she could find, she told him that she was without a home, and asked where she could find suitable lodging for the night until she could communicate with her relatives. The officer asked her how old she was, and when she told him that she was but

fifteen he took her himself to the Shelter of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

The meeting the next morning in the Children's Court between Mrs. Burns and Helen was not altogether cordial or reassuring. Mrs. Burns was not at all sure that she wanted to have Helen come home and Helen was not at all sure that she wanted to go there. As it was necessary in any event to make a full investigation of the case and to hold Helen until her story could be checked up and verified, it was quite apparent that a week's separation could do no harm and would give them both a chance to think over the situation calmly and dispassionately.

When Helen came again before me a week later, I found both her and her mother in a more conciliating mood. Mrs. Burns said that she would be willing to forgive Helen, provided that she would give up her nonsense and settle down to hard work, while Helen graciously consented to return home on condition that her mother afforded her a trifle more liberty and amusement. She handed me a little note embodying the terms upon which she would sign a treaty of peace:

"Dear Judge:

"I want to be a good girl and I am willing to go home with my mother. But I want you to tell her that I can go out to dances and shows once in a while, and that I can go around with my friends more.

Yours truly,
Helen Burns.

"P. S. I think one dance every week will be enough."

All these terms and conditions only added to the complexity of the situation. What we aimed at was a full reconciliation between Mrs. Burns and her daughter, based upon mutual trust and understanding, not a negotiated compromise or an armistice!

Again I put the case over for a week and used the time in trying to make each one of them see the fairness of the other's point of view.

To Mrs. Burns I pointed out that she had been largely responsible herself in bringing on the crisis, and that, in depriving Helen of reasonable liberty and amusements, she had forced her to go outside her home to search for pleasure. I assured her that Helen was a good girl at the bottom, and that if she would handle her with a little more tact and intelligence she would find her a loving daughter and a staff of comfort.

To Helen I appealed for greater consideration of her mother's wishes and more respect for her judgment. I told her that I was sure that if she would remain at home her mother would give her every liberty consistent with her own best interests. I talked of her moral obligations and responsibilities, saying that I knew she was no shirker and too fine a character to be swerved from the path of duty by petty irritations and annoyances.

In the end we succeeded in bringing them together, and the broken bond between mother and daughter was welded together again, never, we trust, to be broken in the future.

Into New York and out of New York every twenty-four hours there wend two curious processions moving in opposite directions.

The incoming host includes children from all parts of the country seeking change and adventure. Some come to see the sights of the great city, some to find employment, some to avoid the dull routine and drudgery of unsympathetic homes. They travel by passenger trains, they beg rides in automobiles and trucks over hundreds of miles of road, they stow themselves away in freight-cars and steamers, and sometimes they walk. There are little nomads who have already tramped half the world's width, and there are boys who have left their sheltered homes for the first time because of some foolish resentment or fancied wrong. There are girls who wish to become actresses, and who believe that their mere arrival in New York will suffice to win them a place on the stage or in the films. Some of the children come to find amusement and distraction, while others seriously seek new openings and happier vocations. To all of them the end of the rainbow rests on the streets of New York and there the pot of gold is to be found.

The outgoing throng is, in its way, every bit as queer and extraordinary. Some are prompted to leave the city by a sincere desire to try country life for a change, while others are impelled by a craving for adventure and a spirit of wanderlust which they themselves can scarcely fathom or explain. Big boys and little boys armed to the teeth with revolvers, bowie knives, and even toy pistols, laden down with camp impedimenta of a weird kind and frequently equipped with a few odd sombreros and breeches, strike boldly out for the boundless West, there to hunt buffalo, fight Indians, and mingle in friendship with cowboys. One girl is leaving home at the suggestion of an older friend to tour the country towns with a cheap burlesque show; while another, all unbeknownst to her family, is going off for a little trip with a "gentleman friend" whom she met at a party a few days ago. Sometimes the girls and boys indulge in romantic dreams and travel in pairs, but happily this does not often happen. All these children are following a will-o'-the-wisp and it flickers up and down, leading them out from the dull and dreary streets of the city into the boundless country of illusion and heart's desire which lies beyond.

Every twenty-four hours, within the confines of the city itself, another form of nomadism also manifests itself. Girls and boys leave their homes with no apparent wish to travel far afield, but simply because they seek a change and are restless and unhappy, due either to their own transgressions or to the faults of their parents. Some are actuated by fear, some by resentment, and some by mere love of adventure. This girl has stayed out at a dance too late and fears to face her mother in the early hours of the morning. That boy has played truant from school and fooled around the streets all evening with undesirable companions; no wonder that he is ashamed to return home and prefers to sleep in a vacant hallway. Here are some children who have grown weary of being continually beaten and "hollered at" as they put it; can we blame them for running away from their brutal parents and seeking some more sympathetic refuge elsewhere?

Most of these little wanderers and fugitives do not get very far in their travels or with their plans. They are picked up in the city and out of the city by the authorities and social workers, and the wires between our "missing persons' bureau" and the police departments of other towns are kept hot with messages concerning the "lost and found."

Practically all of them find their way sooner or later into the Children's Court, and there we seek to understand their troubles, fathom their motives, and help to solve their problems. In nine cases out of ten the wisest solution is to return these children to their own homes, to which they usually are glad to go back, repentant of their follies and overjoyed at being forgiven. But in some instances we find that they had more than sufficient cause to leave their unhappy surroundings and to seek refuge in alien places. For such as these new homes must be found and new foundations constructed, so that they may have the chance of living normally, cleanly, and happily.

There is nothing more absorbing and fascinating than to get at the view-point of these children, to listen to their stories, and to discover the underlying reasons for their actions. By the skill with which we diagnose their maladies, by the treatment we accord them, by the confidence and trust with which we inspire them, it lies with us to mar or mend their future lives. It is a heavy responsibility—but a glorious privilege.

Once upon a time there was a wicked fairy who lived in a palace at the bottom of a sea, and whose name was Fata Morgana. One of her chief amusements was to deceive people and lure them on to destruction by various tricks and devices. The chroniclers would have us believe that she came to an evil end many centuries ago, but some mariners aver that she still lives and sends forth upon the face of the waters a strange mirage to bewitch sailors and lead their ships to disaster. Can it be that Fata Morgana has found an incarnation in the New World and is plying once more a variation of her old vocation by luring children into danger by false dreams and illusions? If so, old Fata Morgana must be exor-

cised and driven out. And what agency is stronger and better able to destroy her spell than that of the home? Not the home which is akin to a prison-house, nor even that which merely offers a shelter and provides a refuge, but the good old-fashioned home which binds together each and every member in bonds of loving sympathy and endeavor, which is reverenced as the temple of all they hold most dear, and which stands out in this dreary, disappointing world of ours as the very foundation of decency and civilization itself, the one thing bright.

THE WINGED SOUL

By Dabney Horton

On wings I went from earth. On wings
Must I each further year return.
Just at the turning of the Spring,
Shall I flit back to France to learn
If the Cardinals bloom as red for me
Around the Fount of the Medici.

As a hawk I may drop from out the blue,
Diving from distant skies, much higher
Than ever my able war-'plane flew;
And rest a moment on some tall spire
Above the steep crannies of Notre Dame,
Where the pigeons murmur their morning psalm.

If some black-frocked raven haunts
Your flowering, boulevard balcony,
Cast him not hence; perchance he wants
The remembered vision again to see;
The distant towers of Sacré Cœur
Agleam in the sun through the leafy blur.

Mayhap, such humble flight I'll take
As sparrow, or bat, whose nervous wing
Divines Night's secrets. For my sake
Cherish each small, late-flying thing,
When the Pont Neuf hangs like an opal chain
Across the dark bosom of the Seine.

Or, if some foolish, wandering bee,
Enticed by the gay roses at your waist,
Hums 'round your head exultantly,
Seek not to crush him in your haste,
Lest it be I, returned to woo,
And know how Paris fares with you.

THE FRASER BUST OF ROOSEVELT

By Louise Eberle

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THERE is a bust of Roosevelt that is in a fair way to becoming known simply as "the Roosevelt bust," because so many of those who knew and loved the late great American find it the one that brings their friend back to them; and because artists approve it not only for its qualities as a likeness but as a work of art.

One might quote from each of these groups, but it is possible to condense by quoting a man who represents both—Carl E. Akeley, sculptor-explorer, who was not only Roosevelt's friend but for a time a fellow hunter in Africa. He says of the bust that he believes it to be the only one that grasps Roosevelt's spirit as well as his likeness, and that not only gives him back to his friends, but can also, in a measure, give the real Roosevelt to generations that cannot see him, because it has the intangible quality of interpreting as well as reporting. For such reasons Mr. Akeley is one of the group which is urging that some official cachet be placed on this bust so that there may be no confusion in the future regarding the likeness of Roosevelt.

It is quite fitting that the only bust for which Roosevelt ever posed should have connected with it a story of youth and achievement, of effort and success. It runs this way:

When President Roosevelt consented to have his portrait made in marble, he wrote to his friend Augustus Saint Gaudens requesting him to undertake it, and when the reply came that Saint Gaudens was ill, Roosevelt asked him to choose a man for the work and send him to Washington.

A few days later Roosevelt was told that the artist with whom he had an appointment was in the East Room awaiting him. So he went to meet the sculptor, James Earle Fraser, of whom he had never heard.

Mr. Fraser outlines that first day. He had gone to Washington merely to make minute measurements of the President's head so that he could carry the work as far as possible without a sitting and have the advantage of all the time he was to have for the real portrait work. When Roosevelt entered, Mr. Fraser had all his measuring-tools laid out, and felt very much like a dentist come to operate, except that it was he, not the patient, who felt the usual trepidation. He remembers his surprise that the President entered alone—having a preconception of an eternally guarded Chief Executive. And one can imagine that Roosevelt, having in mind the venerable Saint Gaudens, himself received a distinct shock when he found a man awaiting him who looked even younger than his twenty-five years.

Then came the first characteristic touch. Being Roosevelt, he made no secret of his surprise. But, being Roosevelt, his surprise was his own sort—something like this:

"You are a much younger man than I expected, Mr. Fraser. It goes to show how merit must find its level, doesn't it? It can't be kept down. I asked Saint Gaudens for the man who could do the job, with perfect confidence in his choice. The fact that he sent you proves that you are the man." And then he plunged straight into a talk on confidence, and how the bigger a field one had to cover in one's activities the larger a part it had to play—how great issues had to be staked on the judgment of advisers for whom one had that abstract but utterly definite feeling called "confidence."

When that incident was told to Mr. Akeley he appreciated it hugely.

"Wasn't that Roosevelt!" he said. "No crying down of youth. No wet blanket of doubt. Just a seizing of the opportunity to set firm on his feet a boy whose knees—his quick sympathies told him—were probably wabbling under him.

Could that bust have been a failure after that? And can you believe that a fellow like Fraser wouldn't climb up, for that job, to the top of his own highest peak and hang on there every moment, if it killed him?"

When Mr. Fraser had the bust set up in clay he returned to Washington, and then the real sittings began. There is a tale that has been much told, both orally and in print, to the effect that the President, after taking the trouble to get an artist to make his portrait, said that he was too busy really to pose, and that the work would have to be done during cabinet meetings and conferences. This tradition Mr. Fraser explodes with the first remark about that experience.

"The President posed faithfully for me for two weeks, morning and afternoon, in the East Room," he said. "And though he frequently had to receive cabinet officers and attend to business with other people, there were times when we had as much as two hours without interruption. I worked from eight o'clock until ten each morning, at which time the public was admitted; and in the afternoon, when business was over for the day and the President had had his ride, he would pose again."

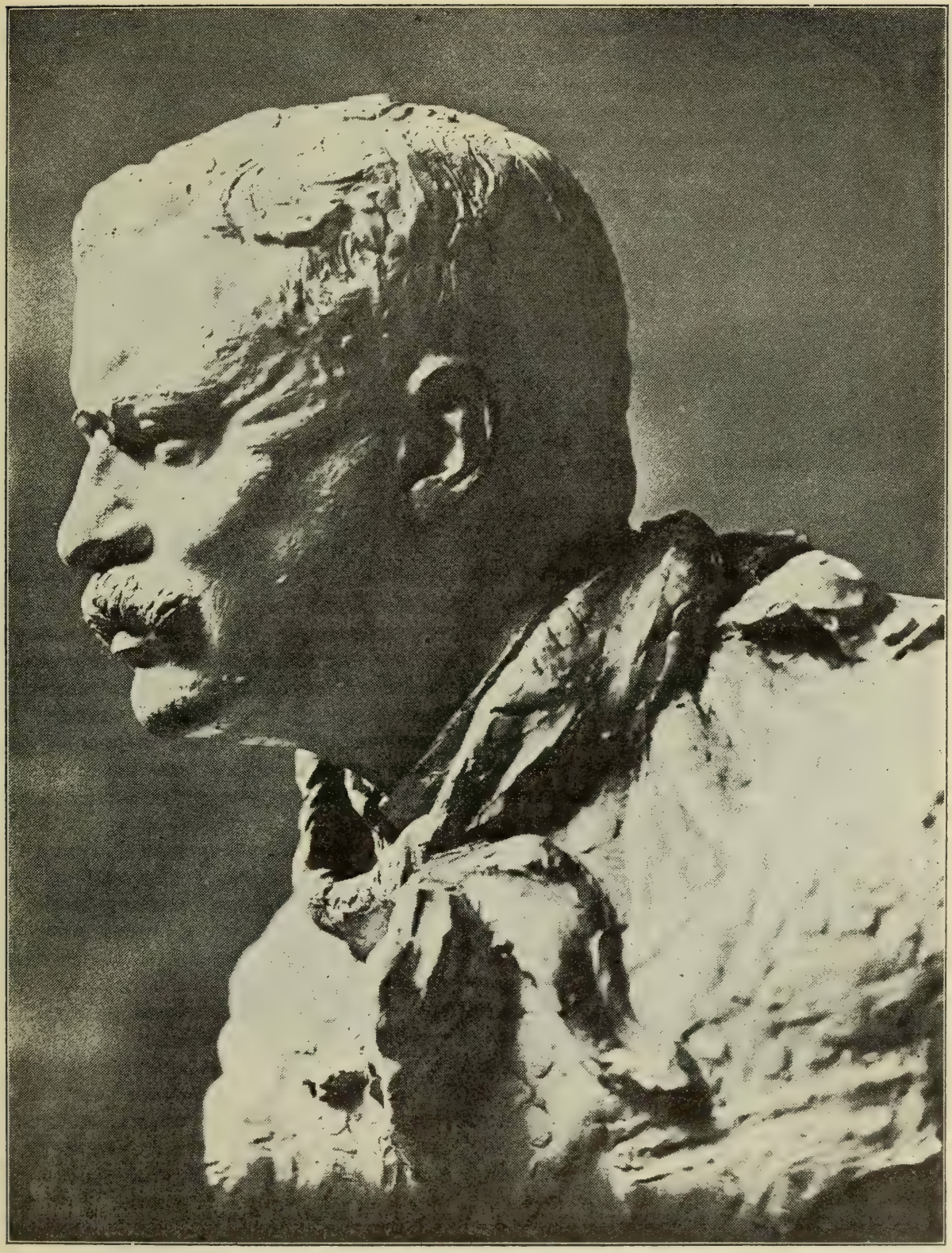
Mr. Fraser had chosen that aspect of Roosevelt that most means Roosevelt to the American people—the man with the forward-thrust head, ever springing into action, with the warm quick sympathies of the true son of out-of-doors, the keen observation of the naturalist to whom the whole world and man are included as objects of nature study, the man to whom the defense of truth was always an adventure—and who loved adventure. And the kerchief knotted around the neck set the scene in those Rough Rider days that most intrigue the imagination of this young land.

When Mr. Fraser was asked "if Roosevelt really held that pose," he replied: "Hold it! He couldn't hold any other, except temporarily." But he went on to relate how once in a while the President, in talking more earnestly than usual with some friend, would clasp his hands behind his back, fling up his head, and lift his eyes—no, not dreamily—into some realm where his thoughts were extraordinarily busy and where his attention was riveted for the time. Mr. Fraser was always fascinated by this, and still has dreams of fixing it in clay.

One could scarcely imagine Roosevelt delighting in the inaction of "sitting" for a portrait, and Mr. Fraser's tale confirms this conjecture. Roosevelt never sat, but stood, and he never stayed long in one spot, but would try first one side of the stand on which the bust was placed and then the other; and he talked all the time, vitally and interestingly, to official visitors, friends, and to Mr. Fraser himself. Mr. Fraser confesses that this had its difficulties, for deliberately to relegate that vivid stream of narrative and comment to the secondary channels of his attention was a feat in itself. But in looking at the bust one can believe that it may have gained some of its extreme vitality from this necessity of circumstance—one man tremendously alert to catch and register every significant shading of expression in another man who was constantly alert to register every significant shading of humanity.

For all his animation it seems that Roosevelt was far from being a "difficult" sitter. Any artist who is accustomed to doing portraits will acknowledge that the mental attitude of the sitter is often the worst difficulty he has to face. But Roosevelt neither expected a perfect likeness immediately, nor tried to help the artist by kind suggestions, nor did he have an idea that differed from all the world's regarding his own appearance. He candidly wanted the best that was due him, and was not a stickler for a too grim realism. One day he caught Mr. Fraser modelling two small moles—they may be seen on the left cheek of the bust—and exclaimed: "Young man, I'm not like Cromwell in being too particular about having such things as warts all represented." And then he went on to relate how Cromwell had severely impressed a portrait-painter with the necessity of putting in all the many warts that adorned his stern face.

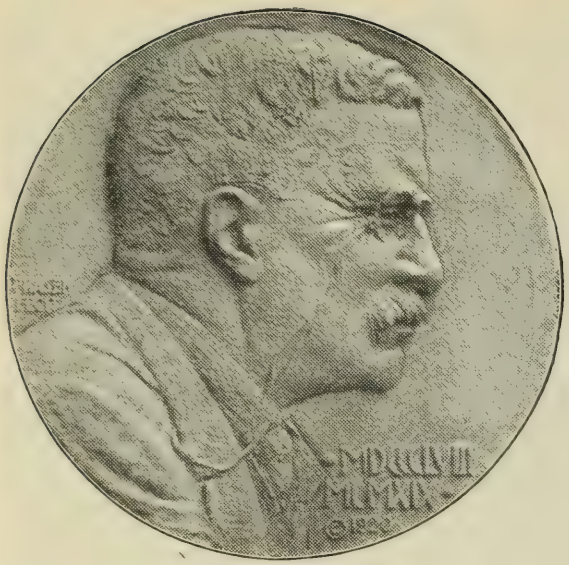
Roosevelt did want to be sure that all the measurements were absolutely exact, and sometimes Mr. Fraser proved them to him with the calipers. He was frankly inquiring in his attitude toward sculpture, though more intelligent than many



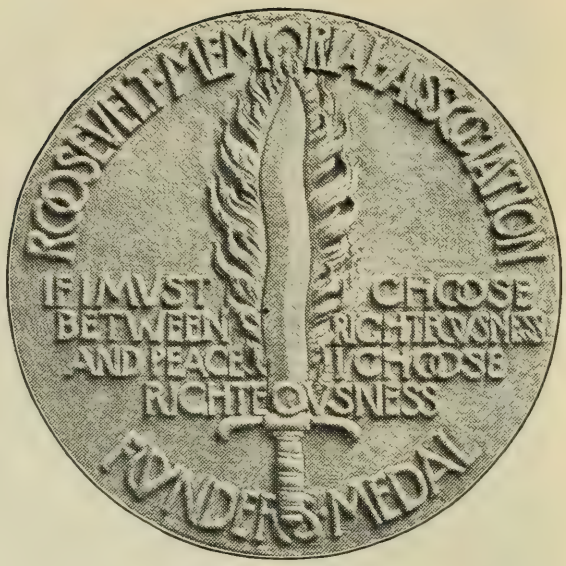
The Fraser bust of Roosevelt, which the late President's friends know simply as "the Roosevelt bust."

a person who parades an opinion on it. On the other hand, he quite awed the artist by being able to give their scientific names to all the different types of human heads, and to place them in their proper period, race, and location.

At the time the posing was going on, the President had visiting him a friend who was a naturalist and traveller. He was frequently in the room as the work went on, and the conversation always filled Mr. Fraser with amazement. There was not, it seemed, a spot on the coast of China or South America that the Presi-



Medal for the Roosevelt Memorial Association, by James Earle Fraser.



Reverse of Roosevelt Memorial Association medal.

dent could not outline, giving its history, its significance, its relation to the rest of the world; there was not a move that Japan was making on which he did not have his finger. The friend might mention some fish in the South Seas, or other equally unlikely spot that Roosevelt had never visited, and Roosevelt would round out his statements with the most casual and complete familiarity in the world.

So Mr. Fraser—fortunately for his work—saw the President from many angles of vision during those days. Most often, of course, it was the man of affairs, the leader of the nation in his various activities. Sometimes it was that wonderful father-pal who could find the most secret and elusive pathway of a child's heart, and tread therein without bruising a bud or a blossom. Sometimes it was the strong man tugging against opposition, the man with the big end in view, raging, with humor even in his rage, against senators or congressmen who seemed to see no further than politics. Often it was the Panama Canal—which was the moot question just then. And he was present when the following incident, which illustrates the President's frank methods with wrong-doers, took place. One day a governor, who had been at some political iniquity, was announced. Mr. Fraser could see instantly that the President was far from pleased, and when the guest was ushered in he received a very formal greeting. As Roosevelt remained standing, the visitor necessarily did the same. The man did not seem to notice this, however, nor the fact that he was receiving monosyllabic replies to his remarks. When Roosevelt observed that he was not snubable by this method, he turned and walked to the other side of the bust and posed there. The man followed him, his flow of comment unabated. Roosevelt went back to where he had stood originally. And this time the man got it. He said good-by and turned to leave the room. Before he had reached the threshold Roosevelt leaned toward Mr. Fraser, pointing an indignant finger after the retreating figure, and exclaimed: "That's a bad man—a *very bad* man!"

Roosevelt never came into association with any man that some personal touch was not evoked. Having no immediate close point of contact with a sculptor, he began about the world at large—that being admittedly a good general subject. He talked a lot about this day and age, fairly thrilled that he lived in it; and the chief reason that he gave for its preeminence over ages past was that we could know what was going on all over the world at the same time, so having the greatest opportunity we have ever had to be real human men and women through mutual understanding and knowledge, and to get out from under the heel of mere circumstance and chance.

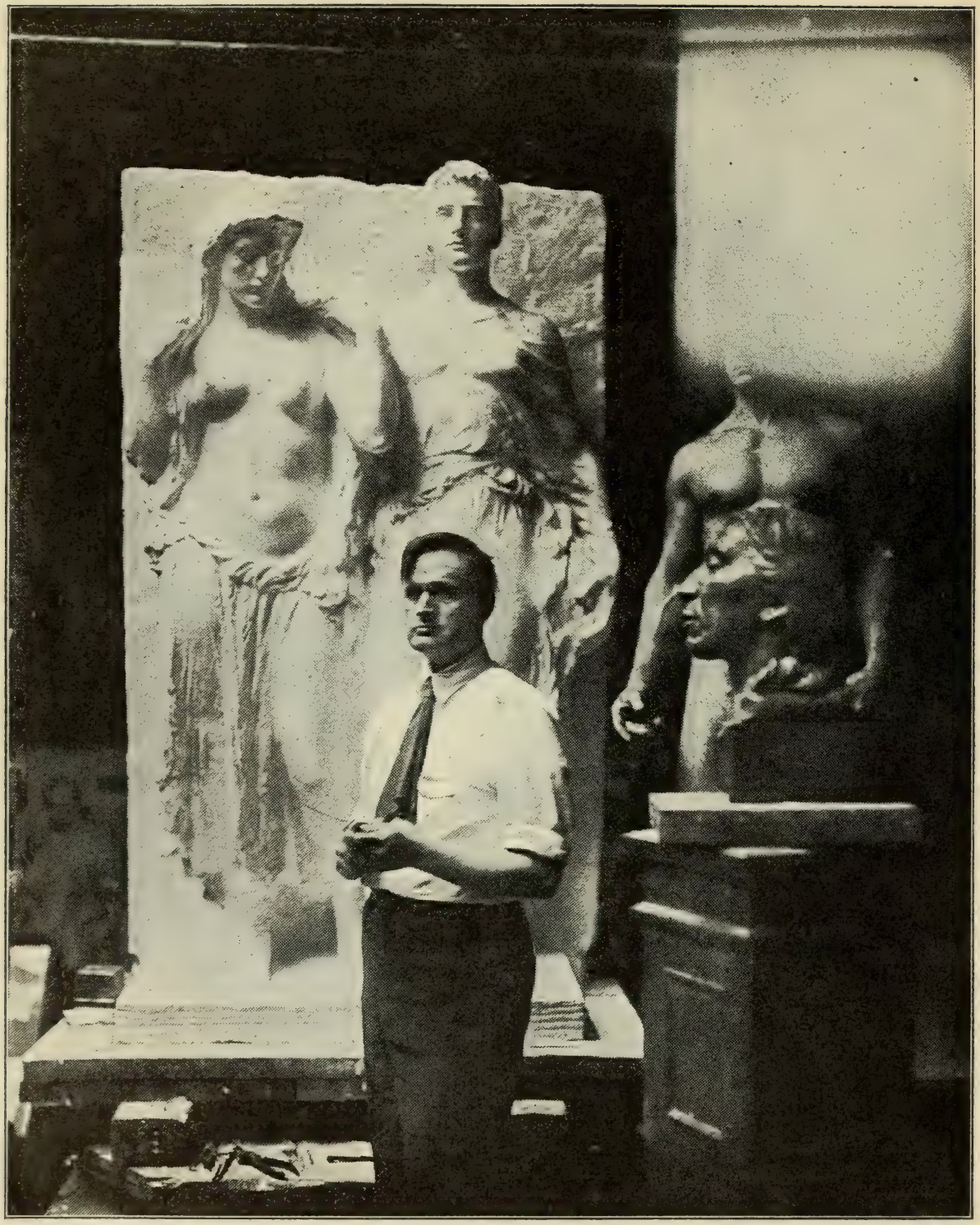
It was not long before Roosevelt found the specific point of contact between himself and the young artist—a mutual love of athletics. Boy fashion, the two stood



Death-mask of Theodore Roosevelt, the work of James Earle Fraser.

up to measure themselves together. Now, Mr. Fraser is a man whose breadth of shoulder apparently takes something from his height. Roosevelt was much shorter than he, yet to the artist's amazement the President's shoulders were two full inches broader than his. They compared notes on favorite sports. Roosevelt asked Mr. Fraser if he played baseball, and when the latter admitted it, the President looked positively wistful as he owned that he had never lived down his disappointment at not being able to play the game because of his defective eyesight. Mr. Fraser, however, saw a concrete example of the President's ability to get action out of other games, for he came to his pose one afternoon barely able to hobble in, and explaining with a grin that he had sprained his ankle at tennis. Then he stood for two hours, with never a mention of the pain he must have been suffering, and, moreover, insisted on standing as usual the next day, too, though conditions were apparently little bettered.

In discussing the bust recently, Mr. Fraser pointed out how interestingly the physique of Roosevelt ran parallel with his character. "Look at his neck," he said, indicating it on the bust. "It has



James Earle Fraser at work on a monument to be placed in Washington.

the sheer strength of a lion, and so have the jaws and cheeks. But look here"—his finger indicated eyes and temples—"see the delicate tooling there, the fineness of modelling and line. And look at his ear—like a woman's. I have never seen a heavier arm or a thicker wrist. But the tips of his fingers were sensitive, fine, and wonderfully perceptive."

It may seem out of place to speak of the death-mask (Mr. Fraser's work also) in this connection. But it is more than interesting to see it beside the bust. In the case of any person such a comparison will illustrate how little mere features have to do with personality, for the more of the latter a person has expressed in his life, the less easy is it to recognize him in

a death-mask. The case of Roosevelt is an extreme example of this. The world knows pretty generally how he deliberately builded on and added, by self-discipline, to the assets wherewith he found himself as a young man. And, looking at the death-mask and the bust side by side, it seems as if one were beholding a foundation, and, beside it, the same foundation with what the aspiration and courage and faith of a soul builded thereon.

Mr. Fraser did not put the final touches on the bust down in Washington, but brought it, when the likeness was complete, to his studio in New York. But before he left he received (in addition to the President's words of enthusiasm) two entirely Rooseveltian indications of approval. One was Roosevelt's emphatic assurance that he would never again pose for a bust (and he never did, except for one casual, convenient hour that he gave to one other sculptor). Just as emphatic was the President's request that Mr. Fraser write the name "Theodore Roosevelt" under one ear of the bust. "For," said he, "in a hundred years the head will be broken off the base, and I don't want some one to pick it up and say, 'This is Charles W. Fairbanks, the great Idaho poet.' "

Thus Roosevelt claimed the bust as his, and his countrymen have done the same; and since then the artist who made it has achieved a distinguished place among the world's great sculptors. One would be surprised if he had not, after that performance. But one wonders just what was in Saint Gaudens's mind when he selected Mr. Fraser to do the work. Did he choose him because he thought him the best craftsman available? There were many, though, who had already achieved more of a name. Did Saint Gaudens believe that there was some reason, aside from sheer ability, why he was best fitted to be interpreter of this man with the complex mind and simple heart, the childlike gentleness and terrific force? No one can answer those questions now, but one can give reasons from the artist's own life why he should have been able to see through all the battlements and ramifications which the great man had erected during the course of his warfare with life into the inner chamber where dwelt, serene, the pure and friendly and gay and simple spirit. These reasons began back in the artist's boyhood, when, because his father was constructing the Chicago and Milwaukee Railroad, he spent eight years on the plains in his life's most impressionable time. Day by day the car that was home to him pushed farther into the wild as the steel rails were laid ahead of it—like a needle patiently drawing a thread through shapeless cloth that it might some day be a garment. Trees, mountains, plains, Indians who were still purely Indian, buffalo, and ponies as untamed as their riders, were the familiars of his boyhood. Like Roosevelt, though, he did not have merely the thirst for adventure itself, but wanted to get at the human motive or emotion that expressed itself in the concrete happening. One can imagine what would enter the spirit of a boy who would rise, as he did many times, long before dawn, to watch for hours a medicine-man making his elemental prayer—just an Indian standing motionless on a knoll, palms out in meditation, a stark figure stabbing the sky—but a whisper from Mother Earth's own lips for those with ears to hear. Because of such things the boy came to know his Indians and his out-of-doors in a way that alone could give us, later on, his "End of the Trail," and because of such things one surmises that he knows his art in a big and simple and clean way, as Roosevelt knew life and life's business. The result was "the Roosevelt bust," gratitude for which we must divide between the artist and Roosevelt himself, with the belief that each would enjoy this sharing of the indebtedness.

UNDER GENIAL SKIES

CALIFORNIA NOTES ON WILD LIFE

By John Burroughs

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

I

UNDER GENIAL SKIES

THE two sides of our great sprawling continent, the East and West, differ from each other almost as much as day differs from night. On the coast of southern California the dominant impression made upon one is of a world made up of three elements—sun, sea, and sky. The Pacific stretches away to the horizon like a vast, shining, gently undulating floor. Its waves are longer and come in more languidly than they do upon the Atlantic coast. It justifies its name. The passion and fury of the Eastern seas I got no hint of, even in winter. Its rocks, all that I saw of them, are soft and friable. The languid waves rapidly wear them down. They are non-strenuous rocks, lifted up out of a non-strenuous sea. The mountains that tower four or five thousand feet along the coast are of the same character. They are young, and while they carry their heads very high, they are soft and easily disintegrated compared with the granite of our coast.

As a rule, young mountains always wear the look of age, from their deep lines and jagged and angular character, while the really old mountains wear the look of youth from their comparative smoothness, their unwrinkled appearance, their long, flowing lines. Time has taken the conceit all out of them.

The annual rainfall in the Far West is only about one-third of what it is on the eastern side of the continent. And the soil is curiously adapted to the climate. Trees flourish and crops are grown there under arid conditions that would kill every green thing on the Atlantic seaboard. The soil is clay tempered with a little sand, probably less than 10 per cent of it by weight is sand. I washed the clay out of a large lump of it and found the sand a curious heterogeneous mixture of small and large, light and dark grains of all possible forms. The soil does not bake as do our clay soils, and keeps moist when ours would almost defy the plough. Under cultivation it works up into a good tillable condition. Its capacity to retain moisture is remarkable, as if it were made for a scant rainfall. As a crop-producing soil, it has virtues which I am at a loss to account for. Root vegetables grown here have a sweetness, and above all, a tenderness, of which we know nothing in the East. Much sunshine in our climate makes root vegetables fibrous and tough.

I more than half believe that the wonderful sweetness of the bird songs here, such as that of the meadow-lark, is more or less a matter of climate; the quality of the sunshine seems to have affected their vocal cords. The clear, piercing, shaft-like note of our meadow-lark contrasts with that of the Pacific variety as our hard, brilliant blue skies contrast with the softer and tenderer skies of this sun-blessed land.

II

LAWN BIRDS

To have a smooth grassy lawn about your house on the Pacific coast, is to have spread out before you at nearly all hours of the day a pretty spectacle of wild-bird life. Warblers, sparrows, thrushes, titlarks, and plovers flutter across it as thick as autumn leaves—not so highly colored, yet showing a pleasing variety of tints, while the black phœbe flits about your porch and arbor vines.

Audubon's warbler is the most numerous, probably ten to one of any other variety of birds. Then the white-crowned

sparrows, Gamble's sparrow, the tree-sparrow, and one or two other sparrows, of which I am not sure, are next in number.

Two species of birds from the Far North are usually represented by a solitary specimen of each, namely, the Alaska



Photograph by Herbert S. Ardell.

Nest of the meadow-lark.

The wonderful sweetness of the bird songs here, such as that of the meadow-lark, is more or less a matter of climate. —Page 434.

hermit-thrush and the American pipit, or titlark. The thrush is silent, but has its usual trim, alert look. The pipit is the only walker in the group. It walks about like our oven-bird, with the same pretty movement of the head and a teetering motion of the hind part of the body.

While in Alaska, in July, 1899, with the Harriman Expedition, I found the nest of the pipit far up on the side of a steep mountain. It was tucked in under a mossy tuft and commanded a view of sea and mountain such as Alaska alone can afford.

But the most conspicuous and interesting of all these lawn birds are the ring-necked plovers, or killdeers. Think of having a half-dozen or more of those wild, shapely creatures, reminiscent of the shore and of the spirit of the tender, glancing April days, running over your lawn but a few yards from you! Their dovelike heads, their long, slender legs, that curious, mechanical jerking up-and-down movement of their bodies, their shrill, disconsolate cries as they take flight, their beautiful and powerful wings and tail, and their mastery of the air—all arrest your attention or challenge your admiration. They bring the distant and the furtive to your very door. All climes and lands wait upon their wings. They fly around the world.

The plovers are the favored among birds. Beauty, speed, and immunity from danger from birds of prey are theirs. Ethereal and aerial creatures! Is that the cry of the sea in the bird's voice? Is that the motion of the waves in its body? Is that the restlessness of the surf in its behavior?

However high and far it may fly, it

has to come back to earth as we all do. It comes to our lawn to feed upon earthworms. The other birds are all busy picking up some minute fly or insect that harbors in the grass, but the plover is here for game that harbors in the turf. His methods are like those of the robin searching for grubs or angle-worms. He scrutinizes the turf very carefully as he runs about over it, making frequent drives into it with his bill, but only now and then seizing the prey of which he is in search. When he does so, he shows the same judgment which the robin does under like conditions. He pulls slowly and evenly, so as to make sure of the whole worm, or to compel it to let go its hold upon the soil, without breaking. All birds are wise about their food-supplies.

On the beach the wild life that I see is all on wings. There are the tranquil, effortless gliding herring-gulls, snow-white beneath and brown above, displaying an affluence of wing power restful to look upon—airplanes that put forth their powers so subtly and so silently as to elude both eye and ear. At low tide I see large groups of their white and gray-blue forms seated upon the dark, moss-covered rocks. Fresh-water is at a premium on this coast, and the thirsty gulls avail themselves of the makeshift of the drain-pipes from the town, which discharge on the beach.

There are the clumsy-looking but powerful-winged birds, the brown pelicans, usually in a line of five or six, skimming low over the waves, shaping their course to the "hilly sea," often gliding on set wings for a long distance, rising and falling to clear the water—coasting, as it were, on a horizontal surface, and only at intervals beating the air for more power. They are heavy, awkward-looking birds with wings and forms that suggest none of the grace and beauty of the usual shore birds. They do not seem to be formed to cleave the air, or to part the water, but they do both very successfully. When the pelican dives for his prey, he is for the moment transformed into a thunderbolt. He comes down like an arrow of Jove, and smites and parts the water in superb style. When he recovers himself, he is the same stolid, awkward-looking creature as before.

A bird evidently not far removed from its reptilian ancestors—a bird that is at home under the water and hunts its prey there on the wing—is the black cormorant. There is a colony of several hundred of them on the face of a sea-cliff a short distance above me. In Florida, I think, they are called snake-birds. They look as if they were as much snake as bird. I see, at nearly all hours of the day, the black lines they make above the foaming breakers as they go and come on their foraging expeditions. In diving, they disappear under the water like the loon, and penetrate to as great depths. One does not crave an intimate acquaintance with them, but they are interesting as a part of the multitudinous life of the shore.

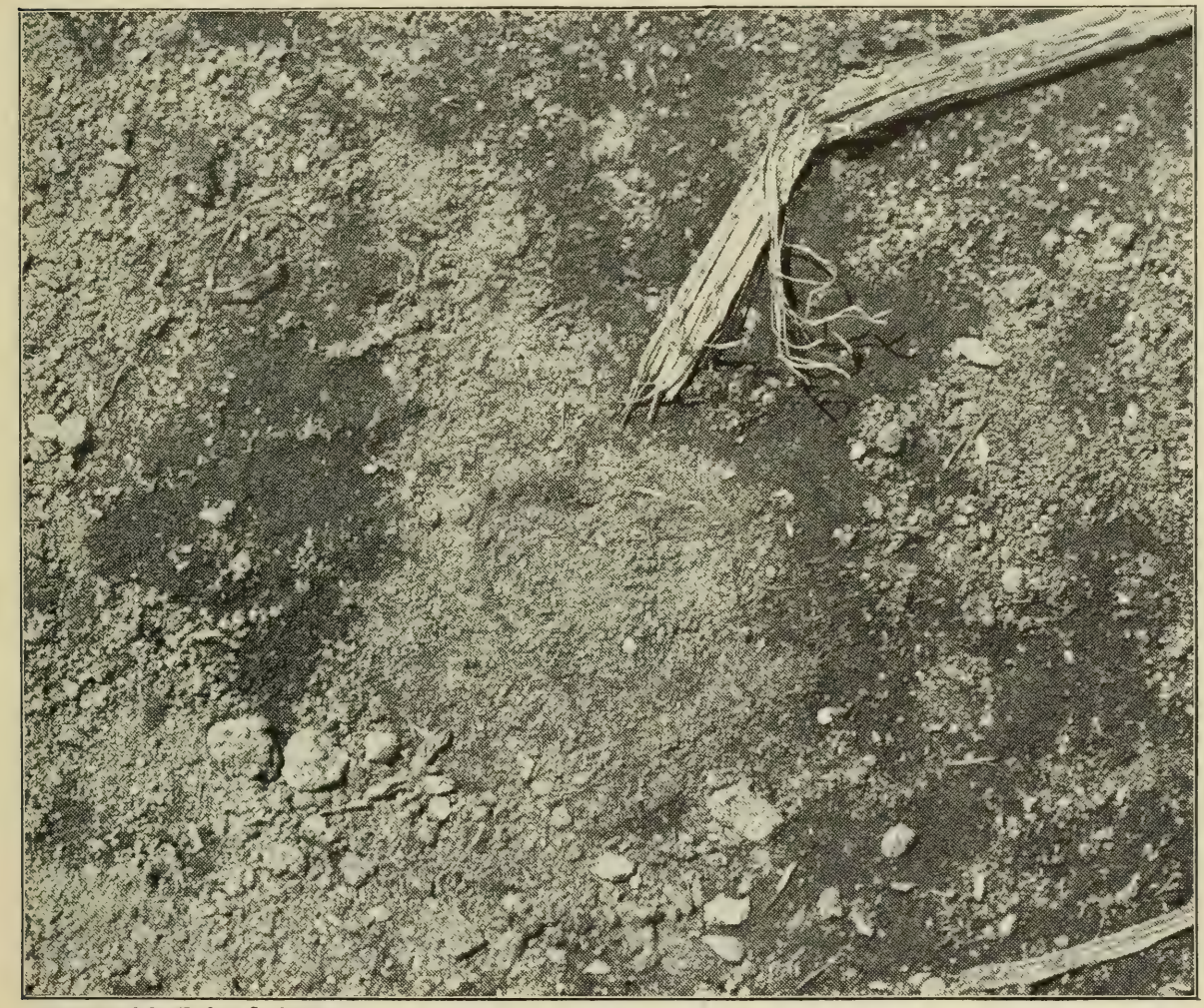
III

SILKEN CHAMBERS

My Pacific notes would be incomplete without some account of the trap-door spider which furnished me with one of the most interesting bits of natural history I found on the coast. An obliging sojourner near me from one of the Eastern States had discovered a large plot of uncultivated ground above the beach that abounded in the hidden burrows of these curious animals. One afternoon he kindly volunteered to conduct me to the place. The ground was scantily covered with low bushy and weedy growths. My guide warned me that the quarry we sought was very hard to find. I, indeed, found it so. It not only required an "eye as practised as a blind man's touch," it required an eye practised in this particular kind of detective work. My new friend conducted me down into the plot of ground and, stopping on the edge of it, said: "There is a nest within two feet of me." I fell to scrutinizing the ground as closely as I knew how, fairly bearing on with my eyes; I went over the soil inch by inch with my eyes, but to no purpose. There was no mark on the gray and brown earth at my feet that suggested a trap-door, or any other device. I stooped low, but without avail. Then my guide stooped, and with a long needle pried up a bit of the gray soil nearly the size of a silver quarter of a dollar, which hinged on the straight side of it, and behold

—the entrance to the spider's castle! I was not prepared for anything so novel and artistic—a long silken chamber, about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, concealed by a silken trap-door, an inch in its greatest diameter. The under side of the door, a dull white, the color of old ivory, is slow to profit by it. My guide detected one after another, and when I failed, he would point them out to me. But presently I caught on, as they say, and began to find them unaided.

We often found the lord of the manor on duty as doorkeeper, and in no mood



Photograph by Herbert S. Ardell.

Trap-door shown in centre of photograph at end of pointed stick.

There was no mark on the gray and brown earth at my feet that suggested a trap-door, or any other device.—Page 436.

slightly convex, and its top is a brownish gray to harmonize with its surroundings, and slightly concave. Its edges are bevelled so that it fits into the flaring or bevelled end of the chamber with the utmost nicety. No joiner could have done it better. A faint semicircular raised line of clay as fine as a hair gave the only clew. The whole effect, when the door was held open, was of a pleasing secret suddenly revealed.

Then we walked about the place, and knowing exactly what to look for, I gave my eyes another chance, but they were to see strangers. He held his door down by inserting his fangs in two fine holes near the edge and bracing himself, or, rather, herself (as, of course, it is the female), offered a degree of resistance surprising in an insect. If one persists with a needle, there is often danger of breaking the door. But when one has made a crack wide enough to allow one to see the spider, she lets go her hold and rushes farther down in her burrow.

Occasionally we found one about half the usual size, indicating a young spider, but no other sizes. My guide said they

only emerge from their tunnel at night, and proved it by an ingenious mechanical device made of straws attached to the door. When the door was opened, the straws lifted up, but did not fall down when it was closed. Whenever he found the straw still up in the morning he knew the door had been opened in the night.



Photograph by Herbert S. Ardell.

The whole effect, when the door was held open, was of a pleasing secret suddenly revealed.—Page 437.

As they are nocturnal in habits, they doubtless prey upon other insects, such as sow-bugs and crickets, which the night brings forth. Two bright specks upon the top of the head appear to be eyes, but they are so small they probably only serve to enable them to tell night from day. I think these spiders are mainly guided by a marvellously acute tactile sense. They probably feel the slightest vibration in the earth or air, unless they have a sixth sense of which we know nothing.

All their work, the building and repairing of their nests, as well as all their hunting, is done by night. This habit, in connection with their extreme shyness, makes the task of getting at their life histories a difficult one. The inside of the burrow seems coated with a finer and harder substance than the soil in which they are dug. It is made on the spot, the spider mixing some secretion of her own with the clay, and working it up into a finer product.

The trap-door sooner or later wears out at the hinge, and is then discarded and a new door manufactured. We saw many nests with the old door lying near the entrance. The door is made of several layers of silk and clay, and is a substantial affair.

The spider families all have the gift of genius. Of what ingenious devices and arts are they masters! How wide their range! They spin, they delve, they jump, they fly. They are the original spinners.

They have probably been on their job since carboniferous times, many millions of years before man took up the art. And they can spin a thread so fine that science makes the astonishing statement that it would take four millions of them to make a thread the calibre of one of the hairs of our head—a degree of delicacy to which man can never hope to attain.

Trap-doors usually mean surprises and stratagems, secrets and betrayals, and this species of the arachnids is proficient in all these things.

The adobe soil on the Pacific coast is as well-fitted to the purposes of this spider as if it had been made for her special use. But as in all such cases, the soil was not made for her, but she is adapted to it. It is radically unlike any soil on the Atlantic coast—the soil for canyons and the rectangular water-courses, and for the trap-door spider. It is a tough, fine-grained homogeneous soil, and when dry does not crumble or disintegrate; the cohesion of particles is such that sun-dried brick are easily made from it.

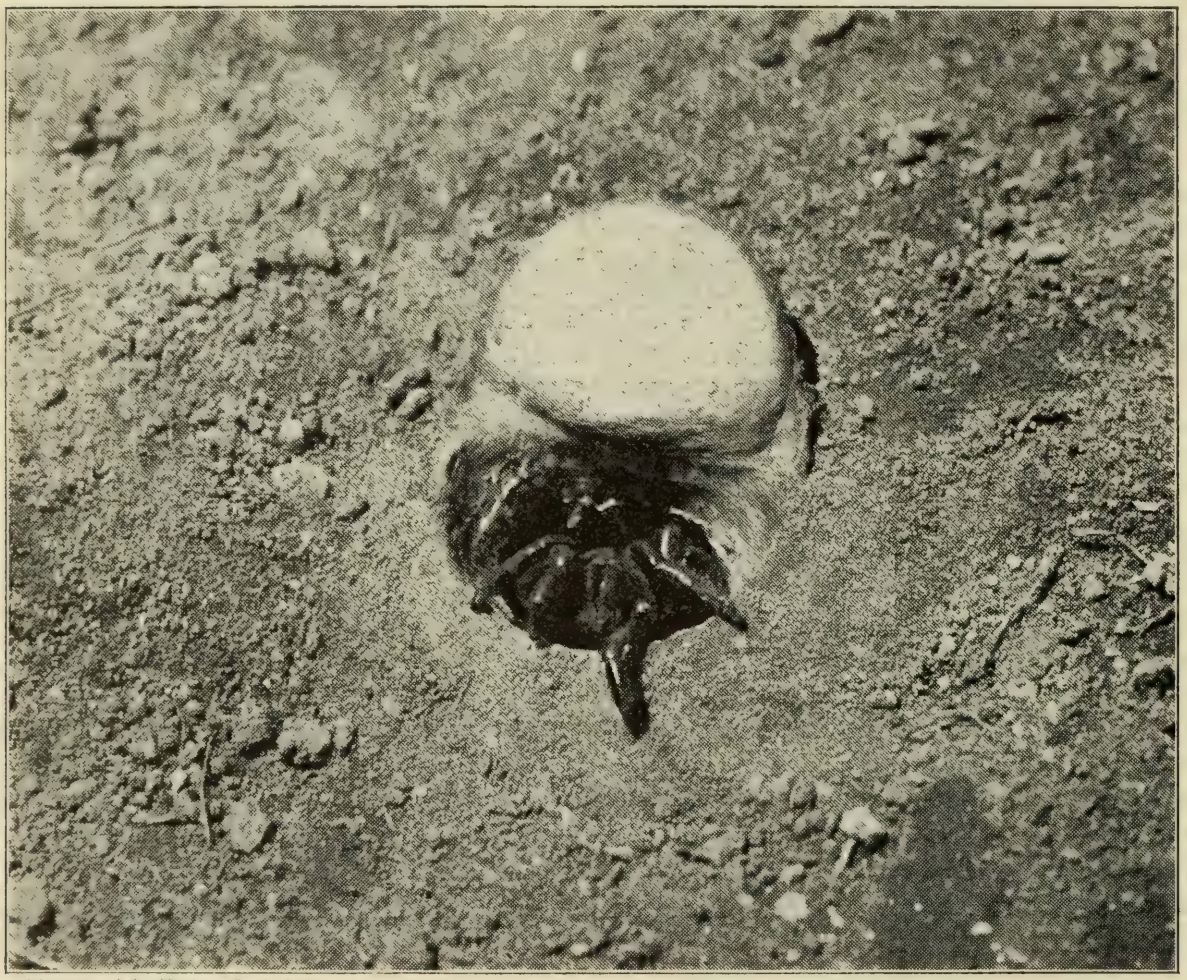
This spider is found in New Mexico, Arizona, California, and Jamaica. It belongs to the family of *mygalidæ*. It resembles in appearance the tarantula of Europe, described by Fabre, and has many of the same habits; but its habitation is a much more ingenious and artistic piece of workmanship than that of its European relative. The tarantula has no door to her burrow, but instead she builds about the entrance a kind of breastwork an inch high and nearly two inches in diameter, and from this fortress sallies out upon her prey. She sinks a deeper shaft than does our spider, but excavates it in the same way with similar tools, her fangs, and lines it with silk from her own body.

Our spider is an artist, evidently the master builder and architect of her kind. Considering her soft and pussy-like appearance, no visible drills for such rough work, one wonders how she excavates a burrow six inches or more deep in this hard adobe soil of the Pacific coast, and how she removes the dirt after she has loosened it. But she has been surprised at her work; her tools are her two fangs, the same weapons with which she seizes and despatches her prey, and the rake or the *chelicerœ*. To use these delicate instruments in such coarse work, says Fabre, seems as "illogical as it would to dig a pit with a surgeon's scalpel." And she carries the soil out in her mandibles, a minute pellet at a time, and drops it here and there at some distance from her nest. Her dooryard is never littered with it. It takes her one hour to dig a hole the size of half an English walnut, and to remove the earth.

One afternoon I cut off the doors from two nests and left them turned over, a few inches away. The next morning I found that the occupants of the nests, under cover of the darkness, had each started the construction of a new door, and had them about half finished. It seemed as if the soil on the hinge side had begun to grow, and had put out a semicircular bit of its surface toward the opposite side of the orifice, each new door copying exactly the color of the ground that surrounded it, one gray from dead vegetable matter, the other a light brick-red. I read somewhere of an experimenter who found a nest on a mossy bit of ground protectively colored in this way. He removed the lid and made the soil bare about. The spider made a new lid and covered it with moss like the old one, and her art had the opposite effect to what it had in the first case. This is typical of the working of the insect mind. It seems to know everything, and yet to know nothing, as we use the term know.

On the second morning, the door had attained its normal size, but not yet its normal thickness and strength. It was much more artfully concealed than the old one had been. The builder had so completely covered it with small dry twigs about the size of an ordinary pin, and had so woven these into it, standing a few of them on end, that my eye was baffled. I knew to an inch where to look for the door, and yet it seemed to have vanished. By feeling the ground over with a small stick I found a yielding place which proved to be the new unfinished door. Day after day the door grew heavier and stronger. The builder worked at it on the under side, adding new layers of silk. There is always a layer of the soil worked into the door to give it weight and strength.

Spiders, like reptiles, can go months without food. The young, according to Fabre, go seven months without eating. They do not grow, but they are very active; they expend energy without any apparent means of keeping up the supply. How do they do it? They absorb it directly from the sun, Fabre thinks, which



Photograph by Herbert S. Ardell.

We often found the lord of the manor on duty as doorkeeper.—Page 437.

means that here is an animal between which and the organic world the vegetable chlorophyl plays no part, but which can take at first-hand, from the sun, the energy of life. If this is true, and it seems to be so, it is most extraordinary.

In view of the sex of the extraordinary spider I have been considering, it is interesting to remember that one difference between the insect world and the world of animal life to which we belong, which Maeterlinck has forgotten to point out, is this:

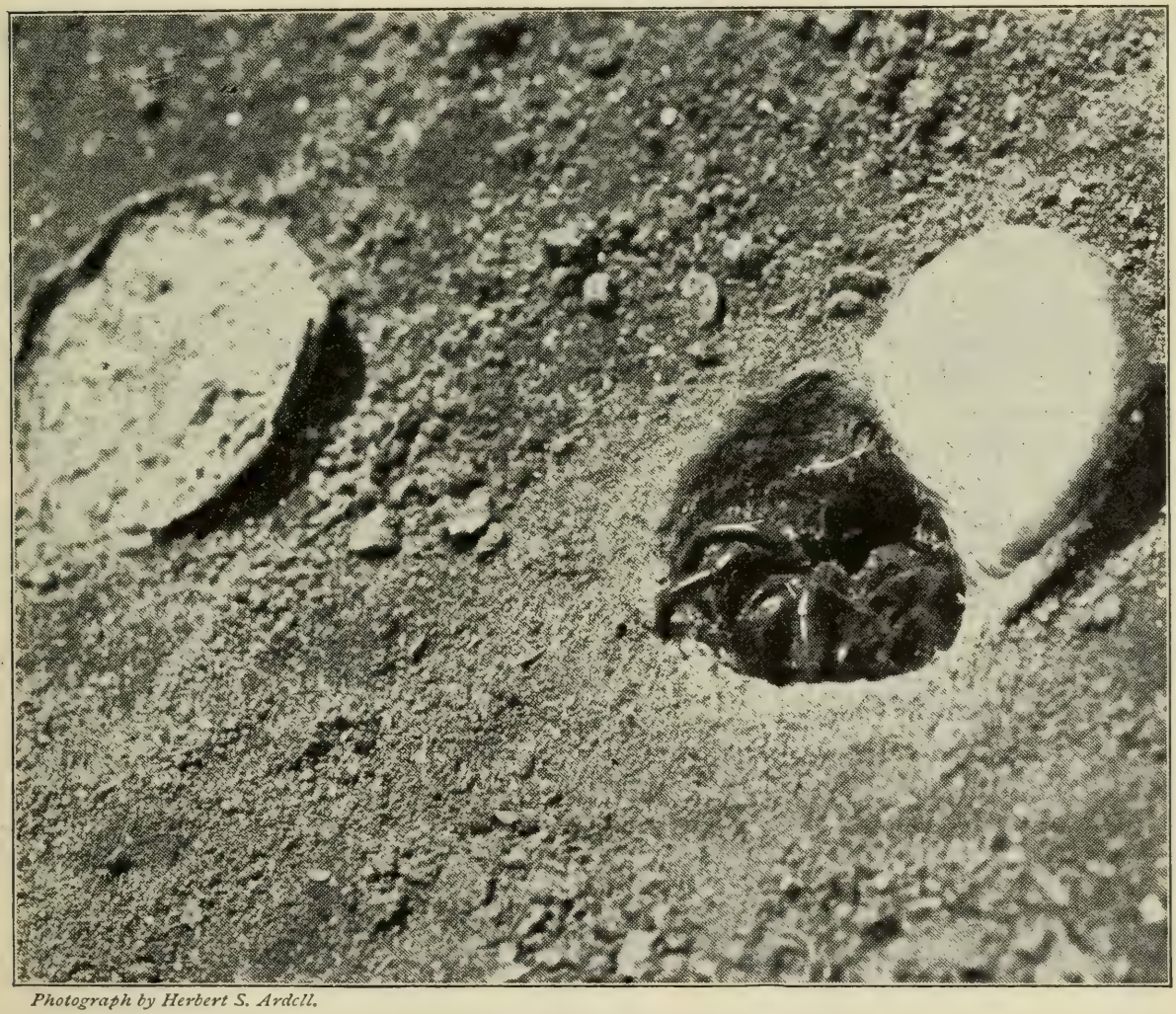
In the animal world, the male rules; the female plays a secondary part. In the insect world the reverse is true. Here the female is supreme and often eats up the male after she has been fertilized by him. Motherhood is the primary fact, fatherhood the secondary. It is the female mosquito that torments the world. It is the female spider that spins the web and traps the flies. Size, craft, and power go with the female. The female spider eats up the male after he has served her purpose; her caresses mean death. The female scorpion devours the male in the same way. Among our wild bees it is the queen alone that survives the winter and carries on the race. The big noisy blow-flies on the window-pane are females. With the honey-bees the males are big and loud, but are without any authority, and are almost as literally destroyed by the female as is the male spider. She does not eat him, but she

disembowels him. The work of the hive is done by the neuters. In the animal world it is only among birds of prey that the female is the larger and bolder; the care of the young devolves largely upon her. Yes, there is another exception: Among the fishes, the females are, as a rule, larger than the males; the immense number of eggs which they carry brings this about.

There are always exceptions to this dominance of the female in the insect world. We cannot corner Nature and keep her cornered. She would not be Nature if we could. With the fireflies, it is the male that dominates, the female is a little soft, wingless worm on the ground, always in the larval state.

In the plant world, also, the male as a rule is dominant. Behold the showy catkins of the chestnuts, the butternuts, the hazelnuts, the willows and other trees. The stamens of most flowers are numerous and conspicuous. Our Indian corn carries its panicle of pollen high above the silken tresses which mother the future ear.

One day I dug up a nest which was occupied by a spider with her brood of young ones. I took up a large block of earth weighing ten pounds or more, and sank it in a box of earth of its own kind. I kept it in the house under observation for a week, hoping that at some hour of day or night the spider would come out. But she made no sign. My ingenious friend arranged the same mechanical contrivance over the door which he had used successfully before. But the latch was never lifted. Madame Spider sulked or bemoaned her fate at the bottom of



Photograph by Herbert S. Ardell.

Discarded door shown to the left of nest.

The trap-door sooner or later wears out at the hinge, and is then discarded and a new door manufactured.—Page 438.

her den. At the end of a week I broke open the nest and found her alone: she had evidently devoured all her little ones.

I kept the two nests with a spider in each in the house for a week, and in neither case did the occupant ever leave its nest.

Apparently the young spiders begin to dig nests of their own when they are about half-grown. As to where they stay, or how they live up to that time, I have no clew. The young we found in several nests were very small, not more than an eighth of an inch long. Of the size and appearance of the male spider, and where he keeps himself, I could get no clew.

One morning I went with my guide down to the spider territory, and saw him try to entice or force a spider out of her den. The morning previous he had beguiled several of them to come up to the opening by thrusting a straw down the burrow and teasing them with it till in self-defense they seized it with their fangs and hung on to it till he drew them to the surface. But this morning the trick would not work. Not one spider would keep her hold. But with a piece of wire bent at the end in the shape of a hook, he finally lifted one out upon the ground. How bright and clean and untouched she looked! Her limbs and a part of the thorax were as black as jet and shone as if they had just been polished. No lady in her parlor could have been freer from any touch of soil or earth stain than was she. But on the ground, in the strong sunlight, she seemed to be lost. We turned her around and tried to induce her to enter the nest again; but over and over she ran across the open door without heeding it. In the novel situation in which she suddenly found herself, all her wits deserted her, and not till I took her between my thumb and finger and thrust her abdomen into the hole, did she come to herself. The touch of that silk-lined tube caused the proper reaction, and she backed quickly into it and disappeared.

Just what natural enemy the trap-door spider has I do not know. I never saw a nest that had been broken into or in any way disturbed, except those which we had disturbed in our observations.

IV

THE DESERT NOTE

I OFTEN wonder what mood of Nature this world of cacti which we run against in the great Southwest expresses. Certainly something savage and merciless. To stab and stab again suits her humor. How well she tempers her daggers and bayonets; how hard and smooth and sharp they are; how they contrast with the thick, succulent stalks and leaves which bear them! It is a desert mood; heat and drought appear to be the exciting causes. The scarcity of water seems to stimulate Nature to store up water in vegetable tissues, just as it stimulates men to build great dams and reservoirs. These giant cacti are reservoirs of water. But why spines and prickles and cruel bayonets? They certainly cannot be for protection or defense; the grass and other vegetation upon which the grazing animals feed are not armed with spines.

If the cacti were created that grazing animals in the desert might have something to feed upon, as our fathers' way of looking at things might lead us to believe, why was that benevolent plan frustrated by the armor of needles and spines?

Nature reaches her hungry and thirsty creatures this broad, mittened hand like a cruel joke. It smites like a serpent and stings like a scorpion. The strange, many-colored, fascinating desert! Beware! Agonies are one of her garments.

All we can say about it is that Nature has her prickly side which drought and heat aggravate. In the North our thistles and thorns and spines are a milder expression of this mood. The spines on the blackberry-bush tend against its propagation for the same reason. Among our wild gooseberries, there is a smooth and a prickly variety, and one succeeds about as well as the other. Apple and pear trees in rough or barren places that have a severe struggle for life, often develop sharp, thorny branches. It is a struggle of some kind which begets something like ill-temper in vegetation—heat and drought in the desert, and browsing animals and poor soil in the temperate zones. The devil's club in Alaska is one mass of spines; why, I know not. It must just be original sin.

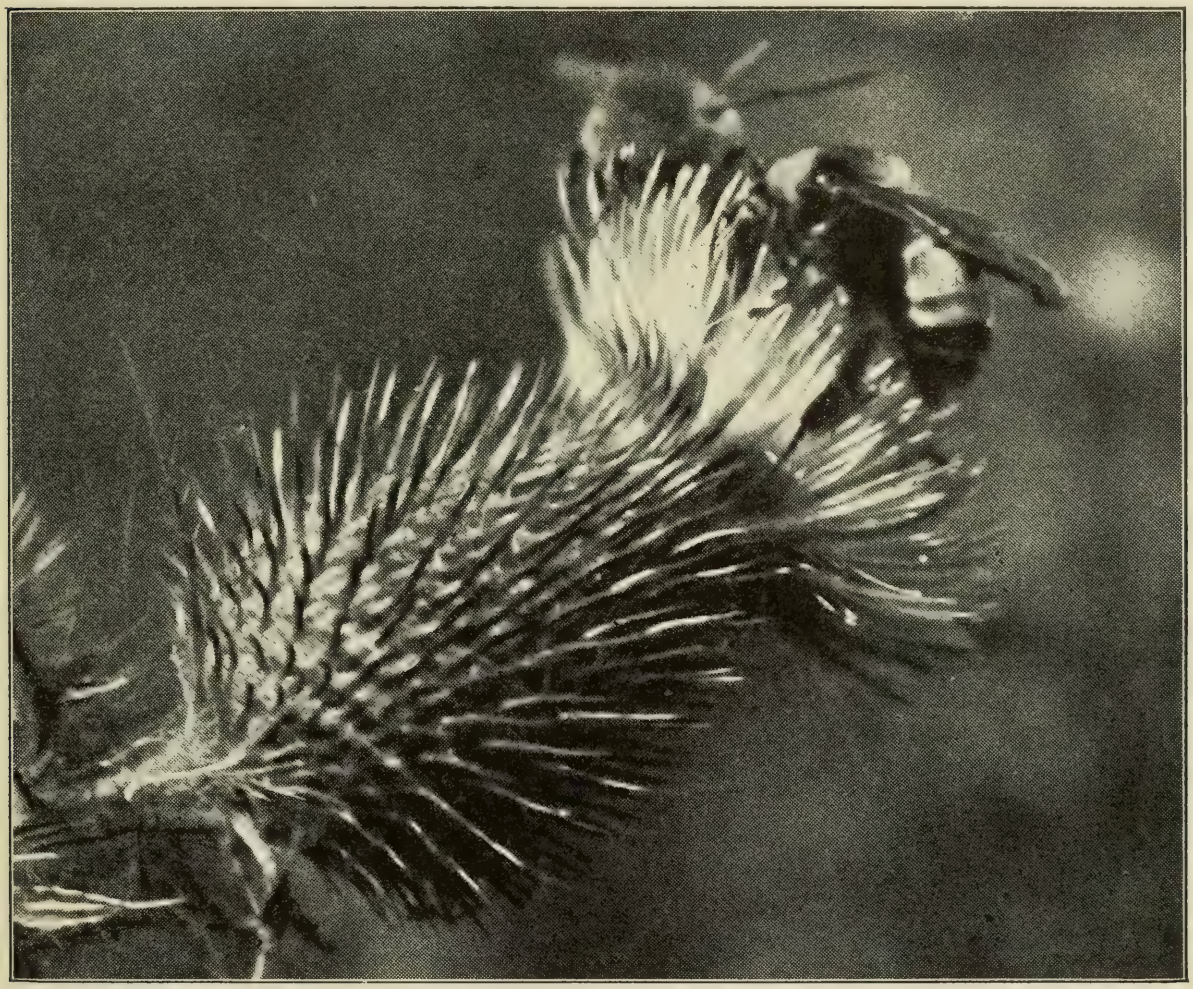
Our raspberries have prickles on their stalks, but the large, purple-flowering variety is smooth-stemmed.

Professor Van Dyke in his work on the desert is possessed with the idea that thorns and spines are given to the desert plants for protection; and that if no animal were there that would eat them, they would not have these defenses. But I believe if there had never been a browsing animal in the desert the cacti would have had their thorns just the same.

Nature certainly arms her animal forms against one another. We know the quills of the porcupine are for defense, and that the skunk carries a weapon that its enemies dread, but I do not believe that any plant form is armed against any creature whose proper food it might become. Cacti carry formidable weapons in the shape of spines and thorns, but the desert conditions where they are found, heat and aridity, are no doubt their primary cause. The conditions are fierce and the living forms are fierce.

We cannot be dogmatic about Nature. From our point of view she often seems partial and inconsistent. But I would just as soon think that Nature made the adobe soil in the arid regions, that the human dwellers there might have material at hand with which to construct a shelter, as that she gives spines and daggers to any of the vegetable forms to secure their safety. One may confute Van Dyke out of his own mouth. He says "Remove the danger which threatened the extinction of a family, and immediately Nature removes the defensive armor."

"On the desert, for instance, the yucca has a thorn like a point of steel. Follow it from the desert to the high tropical table-lands of Mexico where there is



Photograph by Herbert S. Ardell.

With the honey-bees the males are big and loud, but are without any authority.—Page 440.

plenty of soil and moisture, plenty of chance for yuccas to thrive, and you will find it turned into a tree and the thorn merely a dull blade-ending. Follow the sahuaro and the pitahaya into the tropics again, and with their cousin, the organ cactus, you will find them growing a soft thorn that would hardly penetrate clothing." But are they not just as much exposed to browsing animals in the high table-lands as in the desert, if not more so?

Van Dyke points out that Nature is more solicitous about the species than about the individual. She is no more solicitous about the one than the other. The same conditions apply to all. But the species are numerous; a dozen units may be devoured while a thousand remain. A general will sacrifice many soldiers to save his army, he will sacrifice one man to save ten, but Nature's ways are entirely different. Both contending armies are hers, and she is equally solicitous about both. She wants the cacti to survive, and she wants the desert animals to survive, and she favors both equally. All she asks of them is that they breed and multiply endlessly. Notwithstanding, according to Van Dyke, Nature has taken such pains to protect her desert plants, he yet confesses that although it seems almost incredible, it is nevertheless true that "deer and desert cattle will eat the cholla—fruit, stem, and trunk—though it bristle with spines that will draw blood from the human hand at the slightest touch."

This question of spines and thorns in vegetation is a baffling one because Nature's ways are so unlike our ways. Darwin failed utterly in his theory of the origin of species, because he proceeded upon the idea that Nature selects as man selects. You cannot put Nature into a formula.

Behold how every branch and twig of our red thorn bristles with cruel daggers! But if they are designed to keep away bird or beast from eating its fruit, see how that would defeat the tree's own ends! If no creature ate its little red apples and thus scattered its seeds, the fruit would rot on the ground beneath the branches, and the tribe of red thorns would not increase. And increase alone is Nature's end.

It is safe to say, as a general statement, that the animal kingdom is full of design. Every part and organ of our bodies has its purpose which serves the well-being of the whole. I do not recall any character of bird or beast, fish or insect, that does not show purpose, but in the plant world, Nature seems to allow herself more freedom, or does not work on so economical a plan. What purpose do the spines on the prickly ash serve? or on the thistles? or on the blackberry, raspberry, gooseberry bushes? or the rose? Our purple-flowering raspberry has no prickles, and thrives as well as any. The spines on the blackberry and raspberry do not save them from browsing cattle, nor their fruit from the birds. In fact, as I have said, the service of the birds is needed to sow their seeds. The devil's club of Alaska is untouchable, it is so encased in a spiny armor; but what purpose the armor serves is a mystery. We know that the hard conditions of soil and climate will bring thorns on seedling pear-trees and plum-trees, but we cannot know why.

The yucca or Spanish bayonet and the century plant, or American aloe (*agave Americana*), are thorny and spiny; they are also very woody and fibrous; yet nothing eats them or could eat them. They are no more edible than cord-wood or hemp ropes. This fact alone settles the defense question about spines.

V

SEA-DOGS

THERE is a bit of live natural history out here in the sea in front of me that is new and interesting. A bunch of about a dozen hair seal have their rendezvous in the unstable waves just beyond the breakers, and keep together there week after week. To the naked eye they seem like a group of children sitting there on a hidden bench or rock, undisturbed by the waves that sweep over them. Their heads and shoulders seem to show above the water, and they appear to be having a happy time.

Now and then one may be seen swimming about or lifted up in a wall of green-blue transparent water, or leaping above the wrinkled surface in the exuberance of its animal spirits. I call them children of

the sea, until I hear their loud barking, and then I think of them as dogs or hounds of the sea. Occasionally I hear their barking by night when it has a half-muffled, smothered sound.

They are warm-blooded, air-breathing animals, and there seems something incongruous in their being at home there in the cold briny deep—badgers or marmots that burrow in the waves, wolves or coyotes that hunt their prey in the sea.

Their progenitors were once land animals, but Darwinism does not tell us what they were. The whale also was once a land animal, but the testimony of the rocks throws no light upon its antecedents. The origin of any new species is shrouded in the obscurity of whole geological periods, and the short span of human life, or of the whole human history, gives us no adequate vantage ground from which to solve the problem.

I can easily believe that these hair seals are close akin to the dog. They have five digits; they bolt their food like dogs; their sense of smell is said to be very acute, though how it could serve them in the sea does not appear. The young are born upon the land and enter the water very reluctantly.

This seal is easily tamed. It has the intelligence of the dog and attaches itself to its master as does the dog. Its sense of direction and locality is very acute. This group of seal in front of me, day after day, and week after week, returns to the same spot in the ever-changing waters, without the variation of a single yard, so far as I can see. The locality is purely imaginary; it is a love tryst, and it seems as if some sixth sense must guide them to it. Locality is as unreal in the sea as in the sky, but these few square yards of shifting waters seem as real to these seal as if they were a granite ledge. They keep massed there on the water at that particular point, with their flippers protruding above the surface, as if they were as free from danger as so many picnickers. Yet something attracts them to this particular place. I know of no other spot along the coast for a hundred miles or more where the seal congregate as they do here. What is the secret of it? Evidently it is a question of security from their enemies. At this point the waves break much farther out than usual, which indicates a hidden reef or bench of rocks, and comparatively shallow water. This would prevent their enemies, sharks and killer whales, from stealing up beneath them and pulling them down. I do not hear their barking in the early part of the night, but long before morning their half-muffled baying begins. Old fishermen tell me that they retire for the night to the broad belts of kelp that lie a hundred yards or more out to sea. Doubtless the beds of kelp also afford them some protection from their enemies. The fishermen feel very bitter toward them on account of the fish they devour, and kill them whenever opportunity offers. Often when I lie half asleep in the small hours of the morning, I seem to see these amphibian hounds pursuing their quarry on the unstable hills and mountains of the sea, and giving tongue at short intervals, as did the foxhounds I heard on the Catskills in my youth.

THE OPAL FLAGON

By Louis Dodge
Author of "Bonnie May," etc.

Illustrations by F. C. Yohn

I

THE old cottage crouched back in its unkempt garden as if it were hiding. It seemed to peer through a tangle of vines and shrubs to the distant city, above which the sky glowed sullenly. The hour was just approaching midnight.

It was the home of Judge Embree, who had retired from the bench a year ago and who had come to this remote and quiet spot to spend the remaining years of his life. He was alone in the world save for a sister, a wealthy widow, who travelled a great deal and whom he seldom saw. The cottage was kept in order for him by an ancient servant who had been with him nearly forty years. She had kept his house in the city. When he retired to his suburban cottage he would no more have dispensed with her services than he would have parted with his shoes, or his books, or his favorite chair. He would have missed her far more than he should have missed even his opal flagon—though I had not meant to mention the opal flagon quite so soon.

The hour was approaching midnight, as I have said; but Judge Embree's guest still lingered. His guest was Colonel Bircher, also retired, and nearly his own age, which was of that usually serene period between sixty-five and seventy.

The two elderly men sat on opposite sides of a reading-table which was cheerfully lighted by an electric chandelier. They seemed singularly alone. There had been a beating rain and a high wind, and they had closed the front door, though the month was August. Not a sound reached them.

They were playing some sort of game of their own devising. Their chairs were drawn close to the table, on which a pair of shears and a copy of the afternoon newspaper from the city were visible.

Judge Embree took the shears in hand and opened the newspaper. Colonel Bircher leaned back in his chair, his hands clasped behind his head, and watched his host.

The judge found an article which was accompanied by a portrait. He cut out the article and the portrait, placing upon the back of each the letter A—this being done, obviously, to denote that the portrait and the article belonged together. A second article and portrait were marked with the letter B. Other clippings were made and similarly identified.

Occasionally the shears made a whining sound, but otherwise perfect silence continued to reign.

Bircher's eyes had just begun to wander about the homely and comfortable room when he was suddenly and somewhat disagreeably startled. Judge Embree had noisily dropped his shears on the table before him and now sat staring intently at the closed front door.

"What is it?" asked the colonel, a certain tensity in his tone.

The judge did not reply for a considerable interval. Then he said musingly, "I don't know."

The two men sat motionless, Embree staring at the door, Bircher gazing scarcely less intently at his host.

It had often occurred to Colonel Bircher that his old friend was dwelling in a much too isolated spot for perfect comfort. The nearest neighbor was about a quarter of a mile away, down a shaded lane which was but rarely traversed after nightfall. Prowlers who were at least potential criminals were not unknown in the suburb. There was a railroad half a mile away, one of those thoroughfares of unrest where strange feet and stranger minds are forever passing.

However, the judge took up his shears

again and brought his mind lingeringly back to the task before him. Without glancing up at Bircher he explained: "I thought I heard some one at the gate."

"Scarcely likely at this late hour," replied the colonel. But Embree's behavior had disturbed him vaguely; and he began to reflect how many tragedies he had heard of in which isolated houses were the settings.

His somewhat morbid train of thought was broken in upon by the judge, who suddenly assumed a brisk, cheerful air. "I've got enough," he said, indicating the clippings before him by a glance. "At any rate, I seem to have got all there are."

He began to assemble the clipped portraits in one little heap and the text which had accompanied them in another. Then again he jerked his head up, listening. His usually ruddy and cheerful face seemed pale and troubled.

"I think it was a call from the housekeeper's room," said the colonel, with a hint of impatience in his tone.

The housekeeper had been rather more than slightly indisposed for a number of days, a fact of which Colonel Bircher had been made aware.

"So it was—that time," assented the judge. "But that wasn't what I heard before, I'm positive."

He arose and placed the mutilated newspaper over the pieces he had cut out. "No fair looking!" he said, in imitation of a child at play, as he glanced at the table. Then he approached the door which opened into the housekeeper's room.

He noiselessly opened the door and looked into the dimly lighted room.

He looked back toward Bircher almost immediately and uttered a low murmur of surprise. He closed the door and came back toward the table. "She's sound asleep," he explained. He was whispering. "She is breathing slowly and deeply, like a child."

He had scarcely finished speaking when Bircher arose hastily from his chair and faced the closed front door. The old military air of command and authority was upon him. He listened an instant and then, turning to Embree rather apologetically, he said: "I could have sworn I heard a footstep on the walk." He went to the front door and looked out.

Nothing stirred among the obscurities of the garden. Far away the night sky, glowing sullenly, marked the location of the city.

When he came back into the room, closing the door behind him, the judge laughed in a forced fashion. "Come, come!" said the judge, "we're behaving like a couple of old maids. Let's get on with our experiment."

They drew their chairs close to the table again: with needless noise, as if to dispel the depressing influence of the prevailing silence.

"We shall try this one first," said the judge in a somewhat official tone; and he took from the heap of clippings a portrait and passed it over to his companion.

The scheme of the pastime in which they were indulging very soon became apparent.

Colonel Bircher received the clipping and placed it on the table before him. He placed his elbows on the table and supported his face in his hands. He became deeply absorbed in the portrait. But after a moment's inspection he looked across the table to his companion with an air of disappointment. His hands fell together in a clasped position.

"Um—nothing very interesting here, I think," he said. "Our friend"—he laid a finger on the portrait—"doesn't seem to be a very important subject. I should say he might be the father of an extraordinary family—say a score of children, all boys." He changed the position of the portrait so that a stronger light fell upon it. "It is possible that he has invented something—perhaps a labor-saving oil-cup, or a coupling device." He paused again and reflected. At length he shook his head decisively. "If there's anything at all in our so-called science of physiognomy, this man has done nothing at all—I mean, nothing significant. It's likely his portrait is in the newspaper because——"

As he hesitated, selecting his words, he looked across at Judge Embree.

"You think—" interposed the other.

"That he may have been the victim of a particularly shocking crime."

"If you want to let it stand at that," responded the judge, "we'll see. What is the letter on the back?"

"The letter C."

The judge looked through the clippings before him. "Here we are!" he exclaimed cheerfully, drawing forth a strip of text with the letter C on the reverse side. "Rather a long one," he commented. He read with narrowed eyes. His brows contracted slowly. He swallowed with difficulty. "You hit it," he announced, but his pleasure in the colonel's success had been spoiled by what he had read. There was a strong note of distaste in his voice. "He was murdered. There are some shocking details. By his wife."

But there was no time for comment. There was a disconcerting interruption and both men sprang to their feet and stood staring at the front door.

The silence had been broken by a loud rapping.

II

EMBREE tried to master the situation naturally and easily.

"Rather late for callers," he remarked, his tone as casual as he could make it. He went to the door and pulled it wide open. He stood aside so that the light in the room might fall upon the midnight visitor.

A woman stood in the doorway—an elderly woman whose appearance was very far from dispelling the tension which had been mysteriously imposing an influence upon the two men in the room.

She had been caught in the showers and her dress of print cotton clung to her. She wore no covering on her head and her hair was in disorder, wet wisps of it clinging to her face. But these details of bedragglement were immediately lost sight of because of the expression in the woman's eyes. That expression was one of surrender—of mute, tragic supplication.

After the first almost indifferent glance at Embree the intruder fixed her gaze upon vacancy; and so she stood motionless, a picture of hopeless misery.

Impelled by a force which he did not stop to analyze, Embree indicated the interior of the room by a hospitable sweep of the hand. "Will you come in?" he said.

The woman gave a quick, significant glance at her clinging dress, her soiled shoes, and at the expensive rug on the floor. Then, with a shuddering look over her shoulder, she entered.

Her limbs trembled as she took the chair which Bircher pushed forward for her. She sat in an unsettled manner, still looking straight before her without speaking. And the two men waited for her to find herself—waited as they might have done if they had dragged her from deep waters.

She did not seem inclined to speak. Her glance presently wandered to a small object which she held in her hands and which both Embree and Bircher noticed now for the first time. It was a thin, rectangular object, clumsily wrapped in a fragment of newspaper and tied with white cotton twine. This object she now held closer to her, as if it were a treasure.

It was the judge who perceived the need of a gentle prompting. He began in a soothing tone: "You probably lost your way?"

The woman shook her head. She sought to arouse herself. "Mrs. Phillips doesn't live here any more?" she asked.

"No," replied the judge. "She moved away a year ago. She sold the house to me. You were looking for her, then?"

"I used to work for her before I—when I was younger. I used to visit her once in a while. Every year or so. After I got—after I left her service."

"I see. Yes, she went away a year ago. To Colorado, I believe."

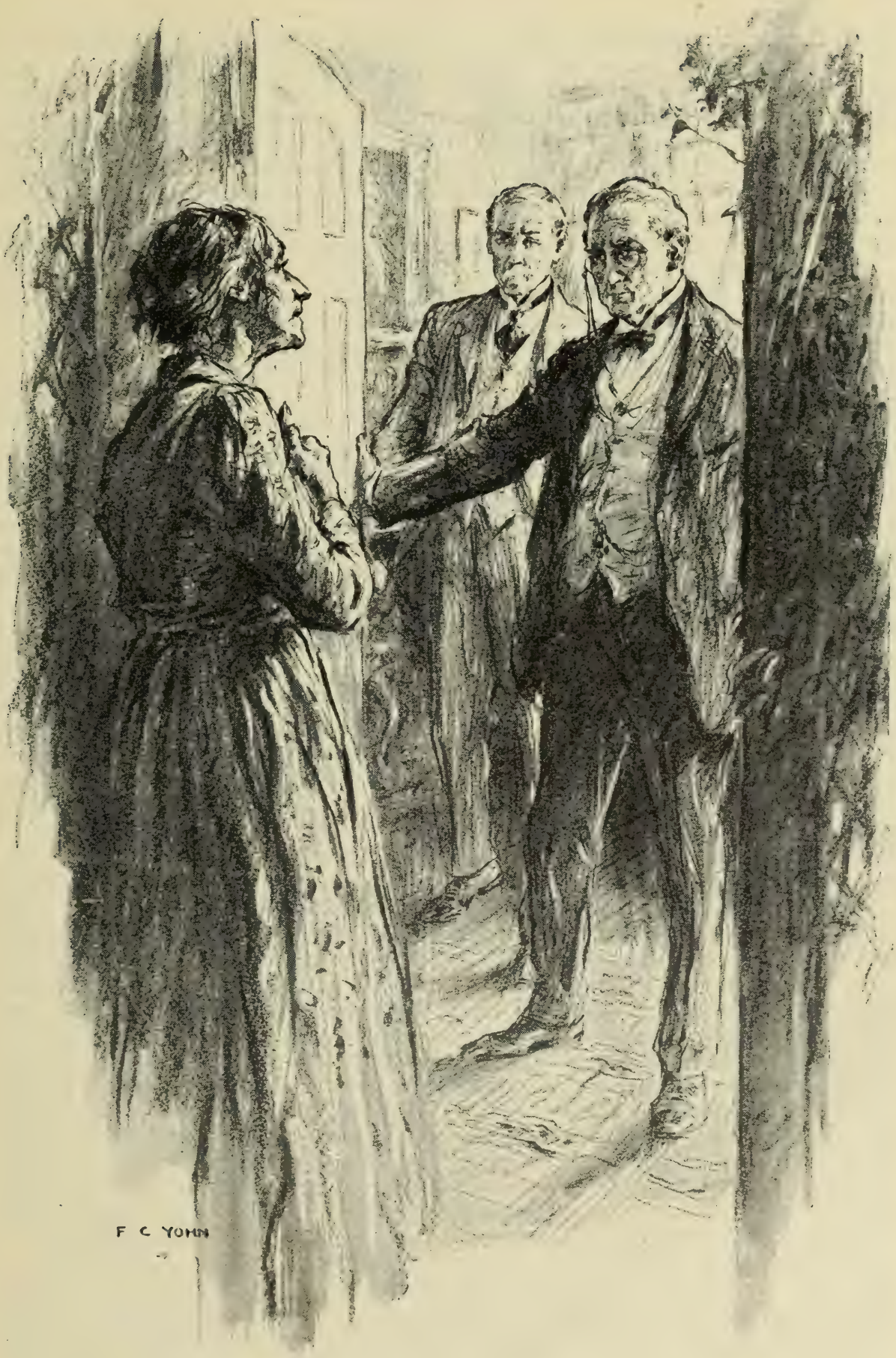
"I thought she couldn't be here any more. The garden——"

"I *have* neglected the garden," said Embree, when she paused. He spoke pleasantly. He was trying to put her at her ease.

"And the curtains. They're not the kind—" She looked slowly and forlornly at the window-curtains.

"I suppose not," assented Embree. He lowered his glance as if he were considering this point. He wished to spare her the embarrassment of a searching or inquiring look. He was thinking: "What can have happened to the poor creature?" She had struck him as a kind and decent-appearing woman, despite her tragic air.

She seemed to have no intention of going away immediately, now that she had learned that her old friend was no



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Will you come in?" he said.—Page 448.

longer there. Perhaps she was incapable, or felt herself to be incapable, of rising from the chair in which she was sinking in a more and more hopeless attitude.

Then, quite suddenly, a shockingly distracting event occurred.

There was a call from the housekeeper's room: a smothered cry of agony and terror, followed by quick, labored gasps.

Embree sprang to his feet and rushed into the room, followed by Bircher. He uttered a cry of distress, though he did not at once perceive how serious was the crisis confronting him. The aged form of the housekeeper lay in an unnatural attitude, her head turned far to one side and partly buried beneath the bedcover.

He exerted himself to lift the helpless woman into a more normal attitude. Colonel Bircher perceived what his intention was and sought to aid him. But when the body was lifted the head fell back helplessly, the eyes staring, the mouth open.

Suddenly both men, much to their surprise, were almost roughly thrust aside, and the woman who had come in out of the unknown was adjusting the pillow with skilful hands under the housekeeper's head. She was opening the stricken woman's nightgown and immediately she was passing her hand over breast and side. She was moving placidly and with admirable efficiency.

"It's her heart," she announced, glancing at Embree. "You should get a doctor."

She was a changed woman. Her lassitude, her wretchedness, had passed. She had quite naturally assumed command.

Embree hurried to the telephone. Bircher, watching the judge's eyes, sighed with relief. He had read instantly in the expression of the judge's eyes that the doctor was in, that he was responding to the call at the telephone.

In the meanwhile the strange woman had promptly decided upon a course of action. She knew the kitchen as if it were her own: that was plain. And when Judge Embree turned away from the telephone he perceived that she had lighted the gas in the range and had put water on to heat. Then she went back to the sick-room and began rubbing the limbs of the stricken woman.

There was the rush of an automobile up the lane. The doctor entered.

He went to the housekeeper's room without stopping to ask questions. He had had the case in hand for a week or so. As he entered the room and the strange woman silently made way for him Embree stared after him anxiously.

The doctor's examination was entirely perfunctory. He turned to the judge significantly, and Embree knew that the faithful old housekeeper was dead.

III

When the door closed upon the departing physician, only a few minutes later, Embree realized that he was quite without power of initiative in a situation like the present one; and then he perceived, not without relief, that the strange woman had taken charge of the situation unbidden and as a matter of course.

"I can do what's to be done," she said almost brusquely. "Just don't get in the way." She did not wait for Embree's assent. She went into the kitchen and filled other vessels with water and placed them on the range. Then she returned to the room of death, closing the door behind her.

Both men stared after her, and then at each other. Bircher easily read the almost comical look of amazement on his friend's face. "I should say she is quite safe," he suggested, smiling grimly.

But Embree lifted a cautioning hand. "Not so loud," he said. "That door doesn't fasten securely. It's likely to come open unless she locks it. I shouldn't wish to have her hear us discussing her."

They sat down rather aimlessly. The judge absent-mindedly fingered the newspaper clippings on the table, occasionally looking musingly toward the closed door, beyond which, doubtless, certain last offices were already being performed.

"I'll not go just now," said Bircher. "I suppose my company will be better than my room, for a little while at least."

But Embree did not respond. Instead, he thrust up a hand, enjoining silence. He was staring in a kind of furtive fashion toward the housekeeper's room. Something had happened. The

defective fastening had failed, as often before, to perform its function properly, and the door had swung partly open.

Embree could see the woman in there. She had not noticed that the door had opened. She was standing before a bureau, and her attitude again expressed an agony of despair. She was unwrapping the little package she had brought into the house. Presently a photograph was revealed. She drew it to her throat with a cuddling movement and held it so with an utter abandonment of anguish.

Embree silently turned his back. He felt that he hadn't a right to spy on her. He spoke in a casual tone to Bircher. He meant his voice to be a warning to the woman.

He heard her door close firmly, once and again. She had discovered that the fastening was imperfect.

Presently she emerged from the room and approached Embree. There were no traces of grief in her face, save those which were habitual and indelible. "Her wardrobe is locked, and I'll have to get into it," she said. "I must find her best linen."

She went back into the room, clearly assuming that Embree would follow her. He did so; and Bircher heard them discussing the probable location of the housekeeper's keys.

When Embree emerged a few minutes later he closed the defective door firmly behind him. He was visibly excited. Approaching Bircher closely he whispered: "I want you to take these keys in to her." He drew from his pocket a bunch of keys which the housekeeper, several days before, had asked him to keep for her. "I didn't give her the keys, because I wanted an excuse to let you into the room for a minute. Take them to her. And manage to glance at the top of the bureau—quite casually, you understand? And take special note of what you see there!"

While Bircher was gone he searched through the clippings on the table until he came to the portrait they had both examined half an hour earlier. He also laid aside the corresponding article from the newspaper.

Bircher returned almost immediately, a look of amazement on his face. "I saw a photograph," he reported.

And Embree placed on the table, where the light fell strongest, the portrait he had clipped from the paper. He tapped it with his forefinger and looked almost incredulously into Bircher's eyes.

"The same!" declared Bircher.

IV

THE two men regarded each other for a long moment, and then Embree took up the half-column of text which had accompanied that portrait. He read it through and then turned it face down and leaned back in his chair.

"Well?" whispered Bircher.

Embree glanced toward the room of death again and then leaned forward so that he need not raise his voice above a murmur. "There seem to have been extenuating circumstances," he said. "The crime was committed shortly after twelve o'clock to-day, as nearly as the police could determine. The neighbors saw the man—Strobel, his name was—come home about noon, and shortly afterward they saw his wife, Mary, emerge from the house in a highly excited state and go down the street. They supposed she was going to the corner grocery; but she did not reappear. They had remarked that the man was intoxicated when he came home, and the woman who lived in the flat above reported that she heard the two speaking in loud tones, which suddenly ceased, to be succeeded by complete silence. The same woman, in an interview with the reporter, gave information to the effect that Strobel was known to be an unreasoning, brutal man when he was drinking, but that he was a very good neighbor when he was sober. She stated that she had gone down to the flat below half an hour later, when Mrs. Strobel did not come back, and that she had found Strobel with a knife-wound in his throat—dead."

"And the extenuating circumstances?" said Bircher.

"I was about to mention them. The same neighbor related how the Strobels were known to be a devoted couple, but how the woman had borne many indignities and even much cruelty at her husband's hands during his drinking periods."

Bircher pressed his lips together. "Yet to have slain him," he said, "and with a knife——"

"It occurred to me," said Embree, "that she might have acted in a moment of frenzy—or perhaps in self-defense. That is to say, she may be neither morally nor technically a murderess."

Bircher did not seem wholly to sympathize with this point of view. "And there's nothing more in the newspaper account?" he asked.

"Nothing, except that the police have been unable to locate the woman."

Bircher nodded and smiled coldly. "Which, of course," he said, "we know without reading it in the paper."

The other man relaxed in his chair and fixed a long, pensive gaze upon the opposite wall. He was recalling the expression in that poor creature's eyes when she had entered the house; he recalled, too, her pitiable plight, and he thought of the generous, efficient manner in which she had lent a hand when an emergency arose. His mellowed experiences informed him that there are very few genuine criminals in the world: that, while many men and women are guilty of ruthless folly, there is very little genuine crime. And the woman who had come in out of the darkness had impressed him as a wholesome, straightforward creature, beside herself for the time being, perhaps, by reason of mere mischance.

He turned a steady, inscrutable gaze upon Bircher at last. "What is it that we know?" he asked in a challenging tone.

"Why, that the police haven't laid hands on—on the woman in the case," replied Bircher with a certain emphasis.

"Do we really know anything of the sort?"

"Oh, of course——"

"You're drawing conclusions from the fact of her having a certain photograph in her possession."

"Yes. If a woman were to kill her husband in a moment of passion or fear, I suppose she would be very likely to choose his photograph, among other things, to take with her when she escaped—if she really loved him."

The judge weighed this. "She might," he admitted at length. "Though it would be the one thing which would serve to identify her most conclusively, if she were discovered with it in her possession. But it occurs to me that if a man met a violent death, there might be others who would cherish a portrait of him: his mother, a sister, a daughter, perhaps a friend. We might fairly conclude that a guilty woman would be the least likely of all to carry with her anything which might serve to connect her with the crime."

Bircher frowned. "There's a word—quibbling. You're familiar with it. Perhaps I should say there's the judicial angle. But let me ask you: what's your feeling touching—" He nodded toward the housekeeper's door.

"What I'm getting at," replied the judge, "is that neither of us has any actual knowledge of this case. It occurs to me that from the standpoint of humanity, as well as jurisprudence, we have no right to form any conclusion."

Bircher's lips slowly relaxed into a smile. "We're trained in the use of different weapons, Embree. For my part——"

But Embree took him up rather sharply. "What I mean is that I have found it a dangerous practice, all my life long, to jump to conclusions."

"And you also mean," asked Bircher somewhat incredulously, "that you intend to shelter a woman who——"

"Who came to my house looking for a friend?"

"You may put it that way if you please."

"As to that, her arrival seems to have been singularly opportune. What should you suggest my doing?"

Bircher arose and stood with his back against the table. "You might telephone to the police," he said. "At the very least, you might require her to leave your house."

It was Embree's turn to smile. "But shouldn't you consider that a strange way to repay her for what she's done—for what she's doing?"

Bircher could not meet his friend's smile or the words which accompanied it. He went to the window and stood looking out into the obscurities of the garden. There was, of course, a certain plausibil-

ity in what Embree had said. He could understand how the judge might have grown heartily weary of sitting in judgment during the long years of his official career, and how it might seem a sort of self-indulgence now to close his eyes to things which he was not required to perceive.

Nevertheless, his own fixed habits of thought persisted—the arbitrary mental processes of the soldier, who stands as far from the judge, in point of type, as pole is from pole. And he could not resist the temptation to utter a word or two of shrewd unfaith before he took his leave.

"I must be going," he said; "unless, perhaps, you'd like to have me spend the night here."

"I won't ask you to do that. There doesn't seem anything to be done that isn't being done—better than you or I could do it."

Bircher took up his hat. Then he moved somewhat aimlessly about the room until he stood before the mantel. He stood intently regarding the most conspicuous ornament on the mantel.

It was the judge's famous opal flagon.

It was a small crystal vessel, notable chiefly because of its contents. It was filled with chip opals which had been assembled from many places and by many means: from ancient Aztec mines, from Hungary, from the antipodes. The collection of these scintillating bits of stone had been a labor of love extending over many years. The flagon had been filled to its slender neck. A clear oil had been poured over the opals. The flagon had then been sealed.

It stood on the mantel now, a thing of almost mystic beauty. It seemed to be a spirit rather than a body. Its elusive colors seemed tremulous, nameless.

Bircher spoke, and there was a mild taunt in his tone. "Hadn't you better let me take this flagon home with me to-night for safe-keeping?" he asked.

Embree approached him with a pleased air. "Ah, my opals!" he said. He stood gazing at the changing lights. "They never lose their charm for me," he added. "I think of them as being ghosts of the sunlight of million of years, back yonder before man was born." Presently he added: "No, you needn't take them away with you. I think they'll be quite safe where they are."

Bircher approached the front door. "Good night," he said. "And—at least, sleep with one eye open to-night."

The judge stood in the open doorway and watched while his friend descended the garden path and disappeared down the shadowy lane.

As he closed the door at last he heard the sound of that woman who had come in out of the unknown, ministering to the dead. The clock was just striking two.

PART II

I

NEARLY two years passed before Judge Embree and Colonel Bircher permitted themselves to discuss the events of that night on which the old housekeeper died.

The woman who had entered the house on that night remained there. Her crime —if it might be spoken of so—was soon forgotten, after it was shown at the coroner's inquest that in all probability it was of an involuntary nature. That the woman who had taken refuge in Judge Embree's house was the same woman who had slain her husband was further indicated by the fact that Mary Strobel was never seen by any of her neighbors again.

Her presence in Embree's cottage was accepted tacitly by both the judge and the colonel as a subject which was to be avoided.

The morning after his housekeeper's death Embree had been awakened by a light tapping on his door. He had appeared shortly afterward to find that not only had an appetizing breakfast been spread for him but that certain cheerless duties in the death-chamber had been skilfully performed, down to the last detail. Apart from such funeral arrangements as he could easily make over the telephone, he had been spared all the responsibilities which must otherwise have fallen to his lot.

The strange woman, who had clad herself decently in garments which the old housekeeper would need no more, had gone about the duties of putting the household in order in a manner which in-

vited neither denial nor interference. One might have concluded from her manner that she had been summoned by some higher authority to perform the tasks which had fallen from another's hands. And immediately she had begun to manifest qualities—tactful silence, intelligence, energy, intuition—which were invaluable. Thus the days became weeks and the weeks months, and she continued to remain.

It may be admitted that if her presence in the house did not constitute a sort of guilty secret between Embree and Bircher it was at least a matter which imposed a certain restraint upon them. But it was not for Embree to justify himself to his friend, and it was not Bircher's way to manifest curiosity in a matter which was obviously none of his business.

But after the cottage had been under its new domestic administration nearly two years Embree broke his long silence (on this one subject) at the close of an evening which the two men had spent in riding along interminable rural lanes, with a breath of spring in the air to induce them to ride longer than was their wont.

"She's an odd creature," said Embree, bringing his horse alongside of Bircher's after they had ridden single-file through a pebbly ford. He looked back as if he found it diverting to see the little stream clarify itself swiftly where the horses' hoofs had passed. "A very odd creature. I mean, of course, my new housekeeper."

"Is she, indeed?" responded Bircher, pretending to flick a fly from his horse's shoulder, as if his companion's remark had not surprised him.

"Very odd. Do you know anybody in the world who doesn't care, at least to some extent, for money? Well, she won't look at a piece of money. She won't have it mentioned."

Bircher made no comment. He felt that the judge was merely approaching some more significant communication.

"When she'd been with me a month," added Embree, "I summoned her and suggested that we come to some agreement as to wages. Her response amazed me. 'I don't want any wages,' she said shortly. I tried to be severe with her. I pointed out the excellence of her service. I explained that I couldn't accept such service for nothing. And you'd never guess what line of argument she took. She'd not like to think of herself as a servant, she said. She wanted a man to think for her where her needs were concerned. I might bring her a bolt of cloth, if I would, so she could do some sewing; and she would be glad if I'd get her other little things as she needed them—shoes, for example. But she almost angrily brushed aside the mention of wages. She had food and shelter, she said—and kind treatment. That was all she wanted."

"That was strange," was Bircher's comment; and then he could not help venturing, "has she told you her name?"

"She never has," admitted Embree; and added, with an impulse to make a slight concession to his companion's habits of thought: "She has never given me *any* name. She asked me to call her Mary, and she gave me a look which discouraged me from suggesting that it would be convenient for me to know her surname."

Bircher frowned. "You don't want me to infer that you stand a little in awe of her?" he asked.

"Not quite that. She has a genius for reticence. There's a dignity about her— She's not an ordinary woman, Bircher. She surrounds herself with an atmosphere. She seems to have her mind on her work nearly always—as if there weren't any time for idle speculation. She always finds something to do. Late in the evening she rests—but then she withdraws herself completely. She found an old willow chair in the garden back of the house. She sits there when it's turning dark. She has the manner of an empress as she sits alone. You think of the growing things around her as her subjects. She creates an atmosphere. She seems to fill the place with some sort of majesty. A beneficent majesty, I should add. It is not awe of her—not a bit of it. Admiration, you might say."

"Ah!" exclaimed Bircher softly. He turned his face away and smiled. It seemed strange to him that Embree, gray and spent, should be talking almost like a youth who falls in love for the first time.

Embree continued: "That's the influence she exerts over the house, as well as the garden. You would think she was present to tend a flame that might go out if she turned her back. You're indifferent to the classic things, Bircher—the

ancient rites and that sort of thing; so I won't elaborate the idea. But she simply won't leave the premises. Even when the hucksters come with their truck she makes them bring it into that back garden, though all other properly constituted housekeepers go out into the lane and inspect the whole load."

"But don't you see——"

Embree interrupted hurriedly: "I only see that she has assumed a sort of primitive sense of responsibility toward me and the house, and that the place is a kind of shrine to her."

Bircher drew his horse up impatiently. "Look at it squarely, Embree," he said. "Why not persuade the poor creature to make a clean breast of it? With your influence and experience you could reduce the whole thing to a mere formality. Persuade her to go into court and get a clean bill of health."

A flush of discomfort overspread Embree's face; he frowned with a suggestion of stubbornness. But he evidently decided, after a moment, to reply to his friend amiably and candidly. "There again is the fact of her extraordinary reticence," he said. "You see, she's never hinted to me that there has been any trouble. If I thought she was suffering from a consciousness of guilt I should approach her on the subject, in spite of the barriers she has set up. But she seems the sort of person to whom court proceedings are mere rigmaroles—who realize that in the complex nature of things there is only a remote relationship between the thing that is right and the finding of a court. No, if she's suffering it is from a philosophic conviction that life *will* go cruelly wrong now and then."

They turned out of the road to let a vehicle pass; and when they resumed their discussion Bircher's tone was slightly impatient. "I think you're imagining depths which don't exist," he said. "The woman is simply afraid: of you, of every one who represents society in the abstract. You could prove to her that she needn't be afraid—you could remove the cause of her fear. Instead, you're permitting her to hide in a back garden and to work without wages. But there, excuse me—I'm sure I've gone too far."

But Embree responded reassuringly: "No, you haven't. I wanted your views, or I shouldn't have mentioned the subject. You may be right. I may do precisely as you suggest some day. And I assure you that in the meantime she is not working without a fair recompense. She'll be well enough paid in the long run. I don't mind telling you, Bircher, that her amazing fidelity has touched me deeply. I mean to provide for her. A man doesn't accept such benefits without paying. My estate is a small one, as you know: an income of about twelve hundred dollars a year, and the cottage. I'm wholly free to dispose of it as I like. If she survives me it will be hers—and she ought to be good for thirty years after I'm gone."

"But, Embree!" began the colonel incredulously; "such generosity——"

"I've no doubt it sounds a bit extravagant. But what better plan could I adopt? You can't realize how doggedly affectionate she is in all her attentions. She's become the very soul of the place—she has, indeed. She's given to every stick and every plant the whole of her affection; and surely that's the only true passport to possession."

It was now Bircher's turn to frown perplexedly. He stole an appraising glance at the judge. He suspected that he was witnessing some sort of mental eclipse. But he instantly changed his mind. No, this was more nearly a clear sunrise which had taken place in Embree's habit of thought.

They rode on in silence for a time. At length Bircher said with an air of caution: "But you'll not go so far as to tell her that your death would place in her hands a sum which she'd consider countless riches?"

Embree flushed painfully. "Come, come, Bircher!" he protested. "If you knew the fidelity and unselfishness of the poor creature! I don't see how devotion could go farther, even in the case of mother or wife."

Each retreated behind his own secret musing, his own philosophical bent, after that. It might have been supposed that they had become estranged.

It was Bircher who broke the silence, after a very long interval. "Here's my turning-off point," he said. He touched his horse's rein and rode away alone—far less cordially than he would have done

if he could have looked into the future by so much as a stone's throw.

At Embree's next crossing an automobile, noisily emerging from behind a long row of shrubs bordering a fence, suddenly sounded its horn. The judge's horse snorted and wheeled—and lost its balance. There was a heavy fall, with the rider underneath; and when assistance arrived, almost immediately, there was needed no trained eye to perceive that Embree was dying.

II

Bircher located Embree's sister, Mrs. Chandysson, in Santa Barbara, four thousand miles away, and wired the news to her. Her reply was in the form of a request—or perhaps rather a command. Colonel Bircher would please take charge of her late brother's affairs until she could come in person and dispose of them a little later in the spring.

The colonel accepted this responsibility with much of his old-time military vigor and efficiency. Embree's body was removed to an undertaker's in the city; it lay in state for a day or so; scores of former associates and friends—who were shocked to realize how nearly they had come to forgetting him—called to look at him for a last time; the city's noisy traffic, from which he had escaped during the last tranquil year of his life, flowed heedlessly past him; and then he was borne to his grave.

It seemed to Bircher that there had been a thousand things for him to think of in connection with the funeral. He came out of it all with a feeling of self-congratulation. He had forgotten nothing, bungled nothing, he thought. After the funeral he returned to his house in the suburb, feeling that he had retired too early in life—that it was too bad the services of so proficient a man should be lost to the world.

He was rudely awakened from his prideful mood by a house-servant who intruded upon him long enough to lay before him a bunch of keys: the keys to Embree's cottage. They had been left for him by a woman who had called and gone away without an unnecessary word.

Bircher frowned in token of his chagrin. The woman who had left the keys would have been Embree's housekeeper, of course, and the reminder of her brought to his consciousness the fact that he had forgotten her completely. He should have seen that she was enabled to attend Embree's funeral. Embree would have wished that, he felt certain. And he should have had a talk with her. He had communicated to her the substance of Mrs. Chandysson's message, but that was all. He should have explained the late judge's intention——

His mental processes halted. What should he have explained? Embree's sudden death had no doubt prevented him from putting his generous plans into effect. He pondered, brooding. There lay the most difficult part of his duty, after all: to decide what was to be done with, or for, the mysterious creature who had meant so much to Embree, but whose claims or rights the law might not be able to recognize at all.

He tried to solve this problem, for which there seemed to be no solution. Then he tried to put it aside, to be grappled with on some other occasion. But he could not shake off the conviction that he had neglected a faithful and now friendless woman; and a moment later, almost without conscious volition, he had started for the late judge's cottage.

He marched hurriedly along the familiar lane. He would find her—the woman he had known—in her accustomed place, of course. Still, there was the fact of the keys she had sent to him. Why should she have relinquished the keys?

When he arrived at the cottage and tried the front door his hands were trembling slightly. The door was locked. He turned the key in the lock and pushed the door open.

His heart sank when he crossed the threshold. The silence, the void—so far as human life went—suggested not merely a house that was uninhabited, but one which was abandoned. He knew positively, before he had glanced into a second room, that Mary Strobel was gone.

He stood in the familiar old front room, musing darkly. A sense of the fearful insecurity of life oppressed him. Mechanically his glance travelled to the mantelpiece. His musing gaze merged into a piercing stare.

Embree's famous opal flagon was gone!

III

For a moment he struggled with the conviction that his judgment had been vindicated. Mary Strobel had stolen the opal flagon: she had taken the thing which doubtless seemed to her more valuable than anything else in the house, and she had deserted.

Long ago he had cautioned Embree against the woman. He had mistrusted her. And he had been right.

But this humor passed immediately. It was as if the spirit of the dead judge suddenly confronted him, asking shrewdly: "What do you really know?" Certainly he did not know that Mary Strobel had stolen the opal flagon. Any number of prowlers might have found entrance to the house after she left it. Moreover, his sense of loyalty to his dead friend asserted itself. Embree would have wished him to stand by Mary Strobel—he knew it. And he must do this for his friend's sake.

He reported the loss of the opal flagon to the local authorities. He did not mention the housekeeper. After all, the thing had had but little intrinsic value, and now that the judge was gone its recovery was not a matter of great moment to any one.

The local authorities, ignorant of the actual value of the unique curio, decided that the aid of the metropolitan police ought to be enlisted. As a result, an extravagant story appeared in one of the afternoon newspapers—a newspaper given less to accurate reporting than to florid interpretations. The flagon was connected with the Orient. Swarthy and stealthy Orientals, bent upon revenge, were hinted at. An obscure and deadly mystery was suggested. The isolated situation of the late judge's cottage was described. The writer of the article ventured upon the wholly unwarranted statement that the most determined search for the lost treasure would be made.

The article was very cleverly worded. Bircher was forced to admit this. But he was greatly vexed. For one thing, many persons who knew of his long association with Embree came to him and more than hinted that possibly he knew things too strange to tell. Moreover, he feared that the theft would sooner or later be traced to Mary Strobel, and he regretted this. After all, she had been entitled to pay for her services. She would have been guilty only in a technical sense if she had taken the flagon as the equivalent to what she had honestly earned. He felt that Embree would have interpreted the matter in this wise.

He was still hearing a great deal about the lost flagon—or, rather, about the newspaper account of its mysterious disappearance—when, a week later, he was surprised to receive a second telegram from Mrs. Chandysson requesting him to meet the next incoming train. She had managed to leave California sooner than she had expected to do.

He met her at the down-town station and conveyed her to a second station, where they took the local train which served the suburb in which Embree had lived. She brought with her a maid, to whom she seemed to transfer all her minor worries and responsibilities, and she struck Bircher as being an uncommonly pleasant and well-poised woman, with a finely subdued air of opulence about her.

"I've known from my brother of the strong friendship which has existed between you and him," was Mrs. Chandysson's rather briskly spoken opening remark, when she and Bircher were seated at last in the sitting-room of Embree's old cottage, to which she had requested him to bring her. "I am sure you are able to realize how impossible it is for me to express my appreciation of your kindness—especially during the last few weeks."

"We were friends of long standing," responded Bircher simply.

She gazed pensively through the open doorway and down the garden path; and gradually her expression softened wonderfully. "What a lovely place he had here!" she said. "I mean, how like the place you would have known he would care for: simple and restful—and where the values are almost entirely sentimental."

She had removed her hat and gloves; and her hands, resting on the arms of the homely old rocker, relaxed gradually. Something in the atmosphere of the place seemed to affect her pleasantly. She surveyed the room. "The charm of the place is inside as well as out," she added; and then, with a quick, animated move-

ment, she asked, "Who took care of the house for him?"

Bircher cleared his throat. "There was a housekeeper," he said. "A—a rather unusual person."

"And what became of her?" She glanced toward him sharply, with an odd effect of suspense.

At first it did not occur to him to hide anything; he thought only of the need of being reasonably guarded in his choice of words. And then he experienced a wholly unprecedented sensation. His eyes were drawn, as if against his will, to the opposite wall. A strikingly fine portrait of the late judge was looking down at him.

He was sure he had never seen this portrait before—yet it must have been there when he sat in the room on former occasions. It was draped with mourning. Perhaps this fact had served to attract his glance to it. It represented Embree in his prime. The eyes were the most remarkable feature: profoundly discerning, yet possessing a finely tempered benevolence. They were gazing unsparingly into Bircher's, with an almost disconcerting effect—somewhat as the eyes from the dead Svengali's portrait held and controlled the unhappy Trilby.

Bircher realized that his point of view was rapidly shifting. He was seeing things as Embree would have seen them. After all, his positive knowledge of the housekeeper amounted to so little!

"I don't know," he said at length, in response to Mrs. Chandysson's question. He added: "She disappeared suddenly after your brother's death."

"Rather singular, wasn't it? There must have been wages due her?"

"Undoubtedly. Yes, I'm sure of it."

"We'll have to find her. There ought to be a question of a gift, a legacy—my brother would have wished that, I know."

Bircher reflected a moment and then said: "The truth is—if I needn't fear speaking too frankly?"

"Indeed, I wish you to be quite frank."

"Thank you. You see, your brother's housekeeper was quite eccentric in one respect. She would never accept wages for her services——"

"That would have seemed like a—a design, wouldn't it?" interrupted Mrs. Chandysson, frowning slightly.

"Judge Embree would never have believed so. And I happen to know that he planned to provide for her——"

"I'm sure he did."

"Briefly, on the very day of his death—at the very hour—he confided to me a plan by which he meant to leave what he considered his very modest estate to the faithful creature——"

He glanced somewhat anxiously at her, taking in the fine jewels on her hands and the sheltered aloofness indicated by her entire person. He was relieved when she smiled with pleasure. "Then of course we must find her!" she exclaimed heartily.

She arose. "And until you bring her back I shall feel that I am not intruding here. I haven't seen a quainter spot in years. Of course, under the circumstances, there will be certain things I shall have to do before she can come into legal possession: rights to waive, or a transfer of the property to make. We can inquire into that later."

She stood in the doorway as if she were happily at home, as Bircher walked down to the gate and turned out into the shady lane.

He did not look back. His thoughts were reaching out toward the task of finding Mary Strobel. And he was trying to analyze the influence—the spell—of Embree's gaze as it had descended upon him from the draped portrait.

In his own room, a few minutes later, he sat down to a newspaper which he had not yet read with his customary thoroughness; and out of the mild chaos of trivial headlines and text he came suddenly upon a name, and then an announcement, which brought him to his feet with a cry of amazed protest.

A telegraph item from the near-by town of Catawissa had caught his eye:

"A woman giving the name of Mary Strobel died here yesterday. Just before she died she confessed to the murder of William Strobel——"

Bircher looked up from the printed page, his brow furrowed. When he returned to the item his glance fell upon a concluding paragraph which had been supplied locally:

"William Strobel, a concrete-worker, was killed in this city about two years ago. All the evidence pointed to the conclusion

that the crime was committed by Strobel's wife, Mary Strobel, who disappeared at the time of the killing and who has never been seen in the neighborhood of their home since that time."

Bircher flung the paper aside. His regrets touching Embree's housekeeper had been wasted, it seemed. She had passed beyond the reach of care and kindness now. And yet—as Embree would have said—was he really positive that Embree's housekeeper and Mary Strobel were one and the same person? At least, he decided, he need not immediately inform Embree's sister that the fugitive housekeeper would never come to claim her reward.

IV

THE night which followed proved to be Mrs. Chandysson's last night in the pleasant yet isolated cottage. For on that night she passed through strange and alarming experiences.

She and her maid had retired shortly after ten o'clock—she in the room which had been her brother's, her maid in the room which had been the housekeeper's. But she had been wakeful, and after trying vainly to go to sleep she had arisen and partly dressed. She did not leave her room. She opened a book and arranged her night-lamp and began to read.

In the stillness of the night she was startled by a sound which, rising above a series of sounds monotonously preceding it, pierced her consciousness and caused her to lay her book aside. The sound, furtive yet persistent, was repeated, and she knew it to be the result of some human agency rather than of unconscious forces. Some one was stealthily trying to open a window which opened from the front room upon the garden.

She was alarmed, though not too much so to try to analyze the sound. She speedily arrived at the conclusion that some one who knew the cottage was relying upon some defect in the window-fastening to gain admittance secretly. Then her alarm took surer hold upon her. She realized how entirely helpless she was. Again she listened attentively, making sure that she had not yielded to mere fancifulness. Then she softly extinguished her light.

A moment later Bircher, in his house at the other end of the lane, was drawn from his book by a ring at his telephone.

When he responded a whispered message came to him: "It is Mrs. Chandysson. I dislike to disturb you; but I am quite sure some one is trying to break into the house. Would you mind coming? If you'll stop outside the window at the gable end I'll pass the key of the front door out to you. Please come—I'm really quite alarmed."

The stealthy sound of the hand at the window continued; the night drama went forward. Bircher presently appeared outside Mrs. Chandysson's window and received a key from her. A moment later the climax came startlingly. The silence, with its little surreptitious noises, was shattered by a firm step on the front porch, by a key turning in the lock: So too was the darkness dispelled with blinding suddenness by the turning of a key somewhere and the blazing of incandescent lamps.

Mrs. Chandysson, now fully dressed, stood at her door on one side of the front room. Bircher stood just inside the front door. Midway between them stood the shrinking form of a woman.

Bircher uttered a cry of amazement. It was the late judge's housekeeper!

She stood near the mantel from which the opal flagon had disappeared. She was holding the folds of a shawl close about her. She seemed to be concealing and guarding something beneath her shawl.

Bircher was the first to speak. His impulse was to speak sharply, accusingly. But the place, the familiar setting, served mysteriously to restrain him. As a result, he spoke quietly, almost gently.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

Before there was time for a reply there was an interruption. A suburban official entered the room. He had overheard the colonel's question and he replied to it:

"She is hiding Judge Embree's jewels under her shawl."

Bircher looked at the official with an air in which bewilderment gave place to distaste, even to animosity. The official's uniform was ill-fitting and absurd; his manner was expansive, officious. The fellow's chief need was a thorough policing up, Bircher thought. He asked sharply: "How do you know?"

"She got off the night train at the sta-

tion an hour ago. I was on the platform. The conductor called me aside. He had been watching her. She had been hiding something under her shawl—a bottle like a rainbow. He guessed what it was. I *knew*. I turned to arrest her, but she had slipped out of sight somewhere. I trailed her here."

When he had uttered his accusation to its end the official took a step toward the housekeeper, who had been regarding him curiously.

But Bircher's voice arose almost angrily. "Wait!" he said. He was making an extraordinary effort to think clearly. It seemed obvious that the housekeeper faced utter ruin, and this one thought persisted clearly in his consciousness: this was what Judge Embree would have wished him to prevent at all costs. He tried to speak tranquilly. "I don't believe," he said, "that this woman has anything which isn't her own."

But now the housekeeper spoke, seemingly spoiling everything. "I have," she said. And with a movement at once simple and dignified she dropped her shawl and brought to light the opal flagon, which she carefully replaced on the mantel.

Silence followed: a silence which covered various impulses. Bircher was still grasping vainly for light and authority, but he could not escape the grip of an underlying bewilderment. The name of Embree's housekeeper was Mary Strobel. Mary Strobel was dead. Yet here stood the housekeeper! Not only had she appeared among them, but she was now the calmest person in the group. She was holding her head high, as no offending or guilty woman could possibly have done.

One after another each member of the group turned toward Bircher, as if it must be supposed that he held the key to the situation. And he took in the expressions on the various countenances: the triumph of the bucolic man in uniform; the musing tranquillity of the strange woman; the bewildered and resentful gaze of Mrs. Chandysson, whose maid had now appeared and who stood by her side dutifully.

It was Mrs. Chandysson's expression which troubled him most. Here was the woman who had known only ease and deference all her life long, who could not be supposed to have developed broad or deep sympathies for women who toiled—for a woman who, like her late brother's mysterious housekeeper, presented herself in the dead of night in the guise of a housebreaker. Bircher's allegiance to Embree asserted itself with renewed strength. The situation resolved itself into this—that he must fight for Embree against Embree's sister.

He glanced up at the dead judge's portrait—and the inspiration he needed came to him. The thought came to him strikingly: "Let the woman speak for herself. Trust her!"

He turned to the waiting housekeeper. "Tell me," he said persuasively, "isn't your name Mary Strobel?"

"It is," was the reply. She manifested no surprise. She did not ask him how he knew. Instead she replied to the bewildered expression in his eyes:

"I am Mary Strobel, wife of the man who was killed two years ago, William Strobel."

He did not interrupt her. He only gazed at her intently, and with a degree of confidence which he could scarcely have explained even to himself.

"My husband was killed before my eyes—by his sister. Her name was Mary Strobel too. He was drinking. He attacked me. His sister stood near by, and it was her wish to save me. She seized a knife and placed herself between us. He grasped the hand which held the knife. In the struggle which followed the point of the knife caught him in the throat. I tried to stop the flow of blood. I could not. He died under the touch of my hands—before I dreamed what was happening. We ran away, his sister and I. We were frightened. How could we prove she acted in defense of me?—that his death was an accident? The courts don't always do what's right. She escaped by way of the front door and I went out the back way. I ran away so that no one could use my testimony against her. She was a good woman. And I never went back. There was nothing for me to go back for. My husband was a good man—when he was sober." She struggled with her voice an instant, as one straightens out the strands of a skein of yarn. Then she proceeded:

"On the day Judge Embree fell under his horse I got a letter from my husband's



Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Tell me," he said persuasively, "isn't your name Mary Strobel?"—Page 460.

sister. She had gone to live with a farmer's family near Catawissa. She was very ill. I went to her. I was with her when she died."

Bircher nodded in token of his faith in all she said. "And the opal flagon?" he said encouragingly.

"I took it along with me for fear it might be stolen. He—he held it dear, the judge. I had to leave his house alone. There was no one I could get to take my place. And so I took his treasure with me. I thought little of it until I saw in the papers that it had been stolen. Then I was a little afraid. I made up my mind to keep it hid until I could put it back where it belonged."

Bircher nodded his head repeatedly. A thrill of satisfaction swept over him. He glanced up at the suburban official, whose presence now seemed particularly intrusive. "You see you're not needed here," he said; and there was that in his glance and tone which induced the man to take his departure without a word.

Mary Strobel stood a moment, and then she slowly wrapped her shawl about her with a gesture of finality.

Mrs. Chandysson broke her long silence then. "You're not going?" she asked.

"I am. It's a servant that's needed here now, if any one is needed. And I never was that, and never will be." She spoke with needless arrogance; she gazed hard and unsympathetically at the woman of another world from her own—the woman of soft ways and of life's abundance.

Bircher's heart sank a little; why need she have said that? He had continued to hope that Mrs. Chandysson might see the situation as he saw it, as her brother would have seen it. But he couldn't expect her to be generous in the face of an affront.

"There's one thing in the house that's mine," added Mary Strobel. "That I want." She did not wait for any one's assent. She went to the room that had been her own. She reappeared immediately with a photograph, the photograph of her slain husband.

She forgot the others in the room then. She brought the photograph close to her eyes, which filled with anguish—and then with tears. She turned toward the door. But the photograph slipped from her trembling fingers. It fell to the floor and she stooped to recover it. She could not see; she groped for it blindly.

Bircher stepped toward her, a pang striking at his heart. Why, oh, why did not Mrs. Chandysson strive to comfort this poor creature? He stood gazing at the stooped form, a little ungainly because of long years of heavy labor for which she had asked no material rewards. An unwontedly sentimental mood overwhelmed him. He recalled something that Embree had said about the opal flagon—about a million years of sunshine, imprisoned. This Mary Strobel, with her jealous love of a home, her need of housewifely service —was she not a million years of womanhood, imprisoned in her work-hardened body, yet precious and beautiful?

He stooped and placed the photograph gently in her hand. Embree had had two opal flagons in his house, he reflected. One was a thing of glass and stone, an ornament; and one was of flesh and blood, a woman.

Mary Strobel arose and wiped the tears from her eyes. She turned for a look of love and farewell for the house which had been her home.

And then Mrs. Chandysson spoke.

"But you're not going," she said; and Bircher was amazed at the loveliness of her voice. "This is your home—yours, truly. My brother meant it to be." She had come forward and was looking kindly into the other woman's eyes. "I'm leaving to-morrow—if you'll let me stay to-night?" She smiled. "I'm sure you're tired. Won't you go to your room and let me have the sitting-room, just for to-night? There are things I ought to arrange with Colonel Bircher."

Mary Strobel gazed at her incredulously. Her face, which had been a little harsh, softened and trembled. "Mine?" she asked.

Mrs. Chandysson went with her to the door of her old room. "And I hope you'll have many, many years of happiness here," she said.

She returned to Bircher's side. They stood together, watching the incredulous eyes, which wandered about the room again and filled with the worship of dear, familiar shrines.

"Good night," came the tremulous last word. And then the door was slowly closed.

RELUCTANTLY DIANA

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIP R. GOODWIN

THE pen of a ready essayist, of Agnes Repplier or Edward Sanford Martin, or of Chesterton perhaps, might write a large letter on the subject of whole-heartedness. One wonders, is the lack of it common to the race, or simply a shameful characteristic of the only mental machinery which one is qualified to judge. However that is, there seems to be, in all this world of interesting things to do, hardly a thing, however desirable, however desired, which may be approached and taken by the bridle and fairly mounted, without a certain reluctance.

When at dawn rain is heard pelting on the roof and the air is sharp and cold there stirs in the faint heart, wakening, a throb of disgraceful joy. "Nobody could swim to-day; a cosey bath by the fire." And yet that push out into the silver morning lake, the slide of the friendly water past the body, the glance over the shoulder to the shore to see how far it may be, the stretch of all the muscles into a glorious forgetfulness of muscles, a sense of casual power as of a fish, and the exhilaration, to shouting, of the landing; these things are rapture, to be remembered and looked forward to. Why, then, should a prodding of the spirit be necessary every morning to move the body to a swim?

Riding is the same. Are there any hours of a lifetime more consciously happy than hours spent in the saddle? Long spring afternoons of twinkling rains and gold fields of buttercups; crisp autumn mornings and the ecstasy of taking fences, of racing close back of the pink coat of a master of hounds; the glory of the strength of a horse added to small human strength. But when one is called up on the telephone and told that the hunt is off—what a relief! At the same time, so psychologically complex is that muddle called a soul that when one remarks later, "I was awfully disappointed not to ride yesterday," it is true. How these things may be, together, is a mystery, but a mystic secretary of the interior reports them so.

Instances might be strung out: a dinner—a jump of joy to hear that the hostess's second cousin in California is dead. Why joy? One wishes no harm to the unknown second cousin; one likes dinners at that house; one's note is sincere, later, saying how "very sorry we were to hear the sad news."

"Of course I wanted to go, in a way," one explains to the man who has the right to cross-examine. "But of course it's nice to have the evening at home."

Reduced to its lowest terms, would life then be truly happy only in a dressing-gown by the fire? Probably not. Yet the annoying questions follow: If there is forever an effort to the doing of things most alluring, then does one do even the worth-while things because of conscience, or public opinion, or the fear of losing a trick? Does effort mean lack of whole-heartedness? Must reluctance ever run side by side with pleasure?

Should one give up shooting, the most pronounced example of all, because one hates to kill things? because a horror as of murdering a man darkens the world the day before a hunt? The question has fogged the latter days of many an August; shooting of moose and caribou begins, in Canada, September first. The rifles are gotten out and put up, and one pops at bottles for practice, and looks over the cartridges, and discusses with the guides what lakes have been flooded by beaver and are spoiled for hunting, and where the signs, the "pistes," are good, and who shall hunt where. Then, on the night of the 31st, all is ready. It is seen to that the hunting-boots are oiled, the right number of cartridges laid out, the lunch ordered, and thick, woolly clothes where one may lay hands on

them easily in half darkness; one starts at four-thirty. One gets to bed early, and for long hours tosses about, sleepless, because one is, to all intents and purposes, an assassin.

One reasons about it. Wild beasts do not die in their beds attended by trained nurses; a rifle-shot is the most merciful way of going over to the majority which any of them is likely to meet. Also they have not our nerves and imaginations; they do not and cannot suffer as humans suffer. One repeats all that, lying in bed in the dark. Ah, yes! But persistently the other side of the subject slips back—a big, harmless, beautiful creature, happy in its own wild environment, freer, lighter-footed, enormously stronger, in closer rapport with the earth and the gladness of it than any limited, eye-glassed human being ever born—to crash into that glorious living with a bullet!

Why should one? There are plenty of tinned meats to be bought at the club. Why should this humble, jubilant brother give up his flesh and blood? There are plenty of decorations to be got to hang in the hall—Japanese lanterns and Chinese gongs and Jacobean tapestries and reed curtains, if worst comes to worst—why should a king of the forest surrender his head to trim our walls? Why should one who loves him, generically speaking, and wishes him well, go out with set teeth and slaughter him? Heaven knows. False pride, self-respect, dislike of being a "paper sport," desire to share fairly the camp responsibilities, desire for honor as a mighty hunter, the power of long custom, cheap and honest motives are so chopped together that only heaven can know just the why. With a heavy heart one goes hunting.

Josef Dumont, Canadian half-breed, French on the father's side, "*sauvage*" on the mother's; owner of a lot in Indian Lorette where, these two hundred years, only Huron blood may own land; deep-shouldered, small-waisted, lithe as a wild-cat; swarthy, black-eyed, with a heavy lock of blue-black hair over his forehead. He stood before us on the "*gallerie*" of the camp and spoke in fluent English, full-mouthed, burring the r's as they maltreat that letter in western New York. He had lived in Vermont; one tackles an r with force there also. The opaque brightness of the eye which veils the look of Indians, of Orientals, was overshot in Josef by a French smile. Inscrutable depths of an alien race were there, but friendly Gallic cheerfulness, more or less of one's own blood, was on top. He moved, with a grace to arrest the attention of Anna Pavlowa, across the space between two posts, and hitched a suspender mended with a safety-pin up a fine shoulder, and folded brawny arms. The lake rippled a silver background behind him.

"Go'n' t' have ham 'n' eggs, Madame, or-r sh'd I better-r open a can-ner-r sausage f'r supper-r-r?" inquired Josef.

That vital question settled, he lingered. One understood. To-morrow was the first of September and the hunting season opened. The three "*messieurs*," which included me, had drawn for the three best lakes. The arsenal had been gone over to assure perfect order; arrangements were complete. Yet one knew for certain when Josef lingered that he wanted to talk about hunting. We did not realize then that Josef loved hunting as much as the breath of life, yet it was evident that the first of September was an epoch. He was to guide me. We had drawn *Lac à la Poêle*, two hours—six miles—up the river.

I, Margaret Morgan, in our camp of a Canadian club, with my husband and young brother-in-law, loving the woods life second to no one, am hampered as to hunting by an odd contradiction. I like hunting and I loathe it. It is bliss to spend long, silent days tramping or canoeing in the woods or on the water; it is misery to know that at any second it may be my affair to shoot down one of the big, wild things who live in the woods. Yet I go hunting. I shoot. To camp and not take one's share of the hunting would be holding the end of the reins—would be pusillanimous. So I go and do murder with an unwilling heart, for conscience' sake, and, murder having been done, revert to ancestral savagery and am delighted. So far I had murdered deer and caribou and a bear, but no moose. It was the object of Josef's ex-

istence at the time of this tale that I should murder a moose.

There is a time-honored theory that shooting of big game should be done at morning twilight. Many a time I had arisen at three-thirty and stolen over trails by lantern-light and crouched back of a frosty bush while the dawn crept in cold gray and rose behind steep mountains; many a time watched ranks of water-grass melt from powdered white to green and waited till the sun poured down and warmed muscles, and then baked muscles, and made unendurable the sweater and coat which had been nothing against the chill an hour back. I had gone through that routine often, listening across the small sounds of the awakening forests, frogs and birds and creeping things, and—harbinger of warmth—the buzz of the gorgeous drag-on-flies—listening every moment for the caribou or the bull moose, due to steal from the woods over there by the inlet. And never but once had luck come at those mystic hours. So my faith in twilights had died. I faced Josef obstinately. I thought he was going to urge me to start at daybreak. He was.

He began to talk in pretty Canadian-French, in third-class ugly English, in both together. He was anxious to give me a shot; he wanted a big moose; he would work; it should not be his fault if I did not get my chance. Then familiar arguments for early rising. And I reasoned and quoted history. Josef was respectful, unargumentative, rock firm. A queer thing happened. An old Indian had named me "the squaw"; the squawness in me suddenly felt itself caught by an undercurrent, and the current was Josef's intense, primitive desire to hunt as his ancestors had hunted. The ghosts of dead Indians who had killed moose at daybreak since before Moses rose and urged me to go with their son at the traditional hour. And the squaw gave in. So at three-thirty next morning an alarm-clock crashed into the stillness, and I murmured, "Oh, stop!" and struck out a hand toward the abominable sound and began my day.

At four-thirty we had crossed a misty lake and paddled up a stretch of the river; stood waiting as Josef swung the canoe from the rocks and adjusted the leather tump-line across his forehead. Bent to the load, the boat hiding all but a dozen feet of the dim path ahead, off he swung with padded Indian tread, the 38–55 Winchester and I pegging after. Gray light filtered through tree-tops; below one walked by faith more than by sight; yet one walked and did not stumble overmuch. A manner of orthopedic inspiration comes to travellers in woods, and feet steer themselves through places where a head would be troubled to direct them.

We followed the half-seen trail through the country of wild creatures, up-stream, now close to tumbling rapids, now aloof in silence of the trees. Till in ten minutes the vista widened and was gray and the "still-water," half a mile across, lay pale, mysterious, a citadel unguarded of a shy, unknown world. Josef halted in the trail, and I cocked the rifle as nearly without sound as might be and slipped past. Step by slow step to the end of the portage, peering through mist wreaths for any movement on the curve of shore. Nothing. Rifle at half-cock again, and I drew aside, and the pad-pad of Josef's "*bottes sauvages*" came up. The canoe slid into water. I looked. The Huron stood erect, sweeping back his black hair, listening, gazing off, alert with an instinct five thousand years old. Just so poised, a bronze statue half hidden in the bushes of just such a shore, more than one of his forebears had listened and gazed of a morning in the year 3000 B. C. The elder Huron had carried a bow and arrow and his costume was somewhat—not so very much—less elaborate than Josef's, but that difference did not destroy the likeness. The Indian of to-day flashed a glance—Indians waste few words—and I crept along the boat and sank into the bow, paddle in hand, like a real squaw, knees braced, the bar in the small of the back. The rifle lay close; it was hunting-ground from now on; a moose might step any instant from any point of the silent forest wall. The paddles dipped; the boat fled through curls of mist, brushing with startling suddenness into lily-pads, falling into silence as the paddles stopped at a sudden plunge of a water-rat; in six minutes one guarded

from rocks ahead with the blade, and Josef ran the bow ashore.

On and on. First a portage, a vāgue thread; rocks, mud-holes, dripping ferns hiding the trail, long sprays of green stretching over it, mist driven from the rushing river; fingers of wet sunlight reaching down, down from tree-tops; velvet stillness, earthy forest smells, air of a world made new. Then the canoe on a river in a canyon of the mountains; mountains of rocks hurled by giants, where birches sprayed over gray grimnesses; birches careless, breeze-tossed, clinging gayly in savage clefts; mountains ending at the river edge in a dance of woods of green and gold. Ending in fringes of lily-pads gone brown and yellow with frost, ending in sharp curves of shore where the canoe crawled around the point and the bow paddle was quiet, and the hand was on the rifle ready for a huge black shape to loom, as it might loom, through mist wreaths. On and on. Portage, still water alternated till, through the tree-trunks of a sixth portage waves gleamed in sunlight—a lake. The name of it was *Lac à la Poêle*—the Frying-Pan. One came out on a bowl a mile and a half in diameter. At the east it narrowed and ran, a river, a handle of the Frying-Pan, for two miles more. It was remote, quiet, and a natural hunting-ground. Some years as many as a dozen white people might see these waters; most years less. Long beaver meadows partly bordered it; brooks tinkled through spruce and balsam between such marshes. Ahead with the rifle, I examined shore and lake, and finding no game sat down on a log till Josef, a huge, animated mushroom, under the boat, came up the trail. There was the expert, light stepping from rock to rock, with a ninety-pound boat on his head as he chose the embarking-place; then the canoe swung sideways and slid in. Josef stood for a moment brushing black, wet hair from his forehead, wiping drops from his face with the back of a muscular arm; it is hot work carrying a canoe. Again I crawled to the bow, but not to paddle this time; one must be ready to shoot every second on *Lac à la Poêle*.

In the stern the blade played in short strokes, as Indians paddle, on and on and on. The warmth from portage walking lessened, a familiar chill began to creep through the blood; it would have been good to be paddling. But that was not one's *mêtier* at present. The affair was to be all eyes and ears, to sweep constantly that shore, in the sunlight on the right, in the shadow on the left, for a movement. The test is movement. If one of the black shadows among the rocks is alive, it is certain that in a moment it will move. If it does not move, no matter if one sees antlers and legs and nose, pass on.

So that small alien thing, the canoe, with its two passengers, strangers and enemies, slipped through the big silence of nature, and all about on mountainsides, back in the shadows, wild things, small and big, undoubtedly saw it and made no sign. It was at the handle of the Frying-Pan that Josef's paddle missed two strokes. Then it took one slowly; then the boat twisted to the left, into shade. I saw nothing, but I knew enough not to turn my head or whisper a question. My left hand slid up the rifle barrel, and I stared into that shining riddle of the lake, of marshy shores. I saw nothing. The canoe writhed through grasses like a snake in hiding. It got to be too much; I turned my head sidewise. Josef whispered carryingly, yet in the very key of the forest undertones:

"A moose, Madame. *Là-bas*—down the shore—*à gauche*—in the grass. A mile," Josef whispered.

Then I saw. A black spot in the yellow-green changed, lighter—darker. Josef, hiding behind points, whipped the little craft down the lake as a steam-engine might impel a butterfly, clinging to shore and shadow, till we were behind the last point. Around it we heard a slow, heavy splash, and then another, and there came a sound of water-lilies torn from mud. A big beast was walking and feeding. Like a stick floated by the current, the canoe drifted around the point, and we two in it did not stir a hair. There the big beast stood, fifty yards off, crunching, tearing roots. The enormous brown back, as tall as a horse, as big as a horse, was toward us. I lifted the rifle, staring at the uncouth mass

standing deep in the green marsh as its forefathers of the same antique, mighty awkwardness had stood that morning when little Moses was pulled out of the bulrushes.

I lifted my rifle half-way—and then I stopped as if something had jolted me. I saw that this huge creature of a moose was a cow; one may not kill cow moose. At the same second Josef's hissing whisper came:

"*Ne tirez pas, Madame. Une vache!*"

We skirted about the monster till we got within thirty feet, and I lifted the gun and took aim three separate times, and so perfect was Josef's perfect paddling that, until we were quite through, the lady stared and waited, unafraid.

That day we did not see another beast. It was the first day and a long, long hunt; out from camp at four-thirty A. M., back to the log cabin by the water and smoke over the trees at twilight. After such a hunt I felt that I had done my duty and might trifle about the lake and read books on the "*gallerie*" with a clear conscience for at least three days. It was on the home-stretch that thought came. As the paddles kept beat up the bay one saw the red eye of the cooking-fire through the woods on the point and its reflection rippling in the water below. Then Josef's respectful voice lifted gutturally from the stern, and I stopped paddling. What was Josef saying?

"To-morrow, Madame, it will be better-r not t' star-rt too ear-rly. If we go about nine-thirty we can get t' *Lac Sauvage* at eleven, and watch all th' after-rnoon and get th' twilight hunting coming home."

Must I? It was not the tramping and paddling; I like that. I was fit, and revelled in being in the woods. But—when one is afflicted with a foolishness about hunting! Each hunt is as bad as a fit of sickness, yet I am hounded to it by all the obscure feelings which I have tried to make clear—it is that if I give in to such a weakness I may never more hold up my head in the woods; it is partly, certainly, vanity. When one has worked one's way on even terms it is wormwood to subside into a clinging vine. Camp is no place for clinging vines. But yet each hunt meant—. And Josef said we must hunt to-morrow! Well, to-morrow and get it over. To-morrow, it was to be hoped, I would get a shot. Besides, how might anybody disappoint Josef, who was living and breathing for the one purpose of getting his Madame the glory of a moose? Anybody might not. It would be like the proverbial "taking the milk from a blind kitten."

"*C'est bien*, Josef. At nine-thirty," I answered meekly.

That long, bright September day, from eleven to five, I sat on the sand by a rock on the shore of *Lac Sauvage*, and the screen of blowing Indian-tea bushes hid my dull-colored corduroy clothes. It was hot and bright there, and the Indian tea, with its thousands of tiny leaves, had turned lovely shades of brown and rose in frosty nights and had an aromatic fragrance; one crushed a leaf and its sweetness was strong. One picked wild huckleberries from a stray bush and ate them. Coarse grasses, gold and green, shot stiffly from the miniature bay and lapped my rock and rustled in breezy sunshine. Jewelled dragon-flies—"*demoiselles*" the Frenchmen call them—darted busily back and forth, lighted on my corduroy, fearless, singing their vibrant song of busy leisure, of summer and warmth and growing things, much as the locust sings that song at home. And all about crept out, as we sat there motionless, shy, wild life which only stillness may coax forth. An hour-bird—the hermit-thrush, the invisible voice which seems the keynote of the forest, the four slow, liquid notes which one hears at intervals from the depths of the trees, which one dissociates mystically from even a bird's body—the maker of that lovely music flew down in short, wary flights and perched on a gray log four feet from me, a quiet, dark little person infinitely timid of movement. Also small, gleaming chub—*ouitouches* in Indian—swam up the shallows and flirted away through silver-gilt water, unaware, so quiet I was, that an alien enemy was there. A slim-bodied mink ran in and out among the rocks looking for those same little fish; squirrels scurried up a branch over me and scolded noisily and whisked off in a flash of copper; a rabbit went past in

soft leaps and froze into absolute stillness just beyond, and stayed there, a bundle of fur, its great, gentle, vague eyes staring at something in the wood for a long minute. We did not frighten these things, for to them as to us movement is the test of aliveness, and if a human will only turn into a stone or a tree, it is possible to pass for a stone or a tree, often, to the forest creatures, and to become a part of their universe for a while.

All that long afternoon one let go more and more of one's own restless existence and sank deeper and deeper into the restful sea of life teeming about. Thousands upon thousands, minute and ever more minute, one became aware of an inarticulate multitude going about its tiny affairs of the underworld, contented, unnoticed of the arrogant humans who call themselves the world. Regardless of us they are, free of us except when at long intervals a heavy human touch pushes into their secret ways. Then the hordes of small things—each a life, each, so far as one may know, a soul—all hush into silence, defenseless, frightened, waiting till the unknown peril shall pass. And sometimes we scatter devastation, as natives of Mars might among us, and sometimes we are better inspired, and go softly, not to disturb the hidden little lives. And then we have our reward, as it happened on that long, sunny September day on *Lac Sauvage*, when the small, wild things took me into their great untrammelledness and were not afraid. For all the impossibility of putting its significance into words, the day was one to be remembered, for the brotherhood of little lives that day made me one of them.

Many times it happens that the joy we do not go to meet is beyond the one which we take pains to bring about. Josef and I took much pains to bring about the slaughter of a moose—a joy supposedly, but a rather terrible joy, and in any case one not accomplished, for again we got home, in silver and purple twilight, with Josef much depressed.

"I cannot under-rstand it, Madame," spoke Josef in his throat, "but to-morrow——"

And so to-morrow I went. And the next to-morrow, and the next. There were more afternoon hunts, there were a few times when we got home for lunch, there were early rising days, there was one strenuous morning when at nine-thirty we had already hunted seven lakes and a river. But every day I drove myself to the chase with that subconscious combination of conscience and sinful pride, and every day Josef, with his quiet, respectful Indian immovability, also drove me, and I was powerless, though suffering, against the league of him and myself. And though we ran on cows a few times, not one glimpse of a bull moose. Till toward the 14th the three of us and four guides travelled to a distant part of the club to camp in tents for a few days and try luck in a famous moose country.

We reached a lake in the afternoon. From a portage through spruce and birch we came on a little river bordered with flat rocks, moss-covered, and up the stream, framed in arching birches, lay, five miles long, that lake of fairy-land. Hills at the end rose blue with distance, the water lay in shadow down one shore, and the rest sparkled. Shadows, then sunlight, marked the lines of deep bays on either side, and an island of romance lifted not three hundred yards from where we stood.

"Loch Katrine! Ellen's Isle!" With Scott and "The Lady of the Lake" in one's fundamental repertory, one could not fail to say that. We stood entranced, staring at the vision in the arch of shifting leaves.

With that the guides came, and in five minutes we were flying up the water, paddles plying briskly, for camp had yet to be made. The "*messieurs*" sat in the middle of the canoes and soaked up beauty. Along the shore one saw, now that we were *au large*, a fire had passed not many years ago and the new growth was young and tender. September frosts had touched it into glory. Small mountain-ashes — *musquabenas* in Indian — were tall flames; young birches were liquid gold; little wild cherry-trees shimmered in theatrical green like a stage springtime; along the shore flowed the russet and rose of Indian-tea bushes, the laurel of Canada, and through the idyl of color fused a mist of September.

"Harp of the north, farewell; the hills grow dark,
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;
In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark
The deer, half-seen, are to the covert wending."

One murmured it as the canoe fled over gold-and-purple water; it was yet a good two hours to twilight, and even one half-seen deer, if he happened to be a bull moose, would have changed our peaceful progress into a battle-ground. But one felt a need for the swing of Scott's mountain verse on this very good imitation of Lake Katrine.

With that we were landing. On a point up a hill sunshine swam through spruces and birches—"*épinettes et bouleaux*," the standards of the north Canadian forest. The filtered light was as a cheerful cathedral, and here was an old camp. There was a dinner-table, and benches, there was ground cleared for tents; we lost no time in landing the "*butin*." At once began the delightful business of making camp, of setting up tents, of collecting fire-wood and starting a fire, of cutting balsam for beds and settling our effects.

With an average make-up and a little imagination every human being loves a camp. We are children at heart, perhaps, and this is our eternal fairy-story. The most practical, the fattest of us in a camp, no matter how commonplace his words, is secretly playing at being Robin Hood. We turned to, laughing like children, working like beavers, and as the "arrows of sunset" lay low in the forest aisles we sat down, tired and hungry and dirty and happy. Sat down to a quite literal board. Achille the butler, in shirt-sleeves and suspenders, dashed from the fire — where black kettles hung on crotched sticks over the blaze and Gros-Louis squatted, holding a broiler of bacon on the coals—to the three *messieurs* at the table, demanding "*encore*." Back and forth Achille dashed, till at last, quite "*remplis*," as Monsieur phrased it, we left the table, lit now by firelight and tallow candles, and tumbled up-hill to the tents. By nine o'clock there was no more to that night.

Being asleep by nine is likely to cause being awake by six. Early to bed in camp forces early to rise. That happened. So that when, dressed for the day, I drew forth my dollar Ingersoll, anchored on a shoe-lace, to find out the time, it was seven.

"Now, what will I do?" I meditated, for the braves were as yet asleep, and I sat on my cot, in the tent-door, meditating. "First I'll throw water—a little merciful water—on their faces and wake them up to this good day, and then——"

A sound of scuffling in the bush, a panting as of a thing in haste; a face with wild eyes appearing around the opening of the tent—Josef. Josef did not know if Madame was dressed or not; he did not care. His soul was absorbed in a question beyond etiquette.

"Madame! Moose!" he gasped, and with one hand snatched the rifle and whirled and went.

I crammed a box of cartridges into my pocket. Unfortunately, the bucket of drinking-water was in ambush outside, and splash into it went my hunting-boot, spilling me and the water into a hillside of very wet brush. But I scrambled, and somehow or other was down the hill not sixty seconds after Josef. Telesfor bent over the canoe, already in the water. We crawled in, the three of us, two paddles pushed out, the little boat sprang down the bay. Josef, in murmurs apparently from his boots, made it known that the moose had appeared on the point below and had walked out of sight into the next bay. There was a marsh in the next bay. He was likely feeding there still. I was steadily taking cartridges out of the box, storing them in accessible pockets mixed with handkerchiefs so that they would not rattle, putting the 38–55, kept always loaded, softly at full cock, making sure that hand and arm were free and could lift the gun quietly. And all the time the horror of murder was on me, and fervent if unphrased prayers went up that the moose was not in the next bay, that I would not get a shot, that he would depart into the woods before we rounded the point.

Then, inch by inch, the canoe poked its nose around bushes; inch by inch, till Josef in the bow, a statue of a hunter with a motionless paddle, shot down the hand on the off-side and motioned, a hair's breadth, backward. A hair's breadth,

but enough; Telesfor was also Indian. Inch by inch, with no shadow of sidewise movement, the boat backed—"*reculait.*" More and more, till again we were behind the bushes and rocks.

Then Josef slewed about and whispered in the curious, distinct undertone of his that might be a wave splashing on the paddle or the rustling of wind in the bushes:

"He saw us; he barely missed being frightened—*manquait d'avoir peur.*"

With that Josef reflected; over my head sputtered a low fire of unintelligible patois. When the Canadian habitant or half-breed speaks home gibberish to his kind, no other created being may understand. Josef and Telesfor exchanged views, and with that the boat stole sidewise, backward, crab-like, to the most villainous nest of mud-holes and marsh-grass that God ever made, and Josef invited me to "*débarquer.*"

One was hunting; Josef was the guide. I threw him a look to make sure he meant it, and selected the likeliest within reach of the sodden grass clumps and went overboard. A foot landed on the clump, but the reach was long; I lost balance and sprawled into half-caked, sticky mud, reaching, for all proof to the contrary, to China. I thought I was started to China, but capable hands salvaged me and planted me on chosen grass-plots, with no attention whatever to the spill except a growl of reassurance that I had not made "*du train.*"

Then Josef explained. Thirty feet farther was a break in the bushes; one could command from it the marsh. I was to crawl that thirty feet of bottomless pit, leaning over double, meantime, so that I might not be seen above the bushes. I was to sneak into the breach and find footing and stand there and shoot at a moose. Such was the plan of Josef and Telesfor. Of the divine fire of hunting there was not a match-scratch in me. I hated that thirty feet of bog; I knew I should go in and make noises getting out; I objected to walking doubled over and toting a rifle besides; I was suddenly tired and faint for breakfast and utterly opposed to the whole business. I didn't want to kill a harmless beast who had never hurt me. "Peace at any price" was my desire. But I knew it had to be "peace with honor," because inscrutably I was obliged to

> "Still hold on when there was nothing in me
> Except the thing that said to me 'Hold on.'"

So, most unhappily, I grasped the rifle and started contorting down mud-holes. I held to a bush and jumped from the first tuft to the next; it was only big enough for one foot; I balanced and wavered till foot number two could reach ahead and test. Then another stagger. There was no grass at all now within reach; I had to risk an edge of the bog. I risked, and in went my boot with a sucking sound, and over I fell, luckily into bushes, saving the rifle. A struggle and I was up, and now there was a rock which I made for. So on for ten miserable minutes, at the end of which I stood in the pass, solid on a proper bit of earth and hidden by foliage. But cross—I was very cross. This way and that I peered—no moose. Presently I was aware of gulping mud sounds behind me; some one was following. Josef whispered:

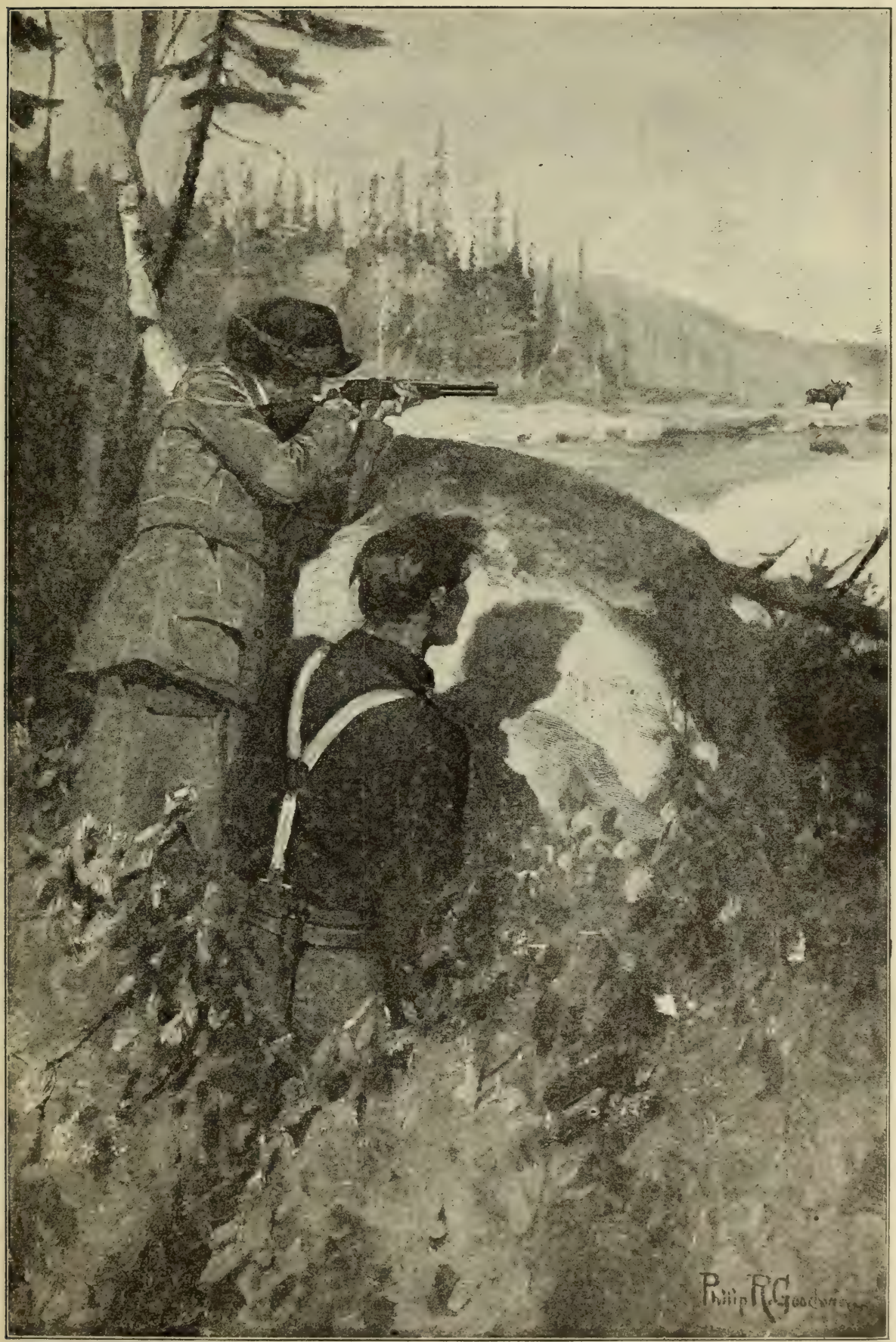
"He is in the tall bush, Madame; *regardez*, one sees the *panaches*—the horns. *Crais*, but he is a big one—*un gros*. Listen—does Madame hear him cough?"

I did listen, and to my amazement I did hear out of the high shrubs a near-human cough. Josef was transformed with excitement, an excitement held into statuesque stillness. His eyes glittered like patent leather set with diamonds. He stood listening, watching, unconscious of everything on earth except the big beast out there. Suddenly there was a movement where the tip of a *panache* had glimmered; then the crack of a broken twig on solid land beyond the marsh. Another; the crash of a dead tree going down under a heavy weight.

"He walks through the wood into the next bay yet. Come," breathed Josef.

There was a caribou trail up the sudden little hill through that burned country, transfigured with such many-splendored color the night before. Burned country is good for moose; they feed on the tender leaves of the young trees.

We crept up that game trail, leaving Telesfor behind, and we stopped to listen in the wood at the top. By now I had



Drawn by Philip R. Goodwin.

He was there, a calm, majestic figure on the rocky point . . . a hundred and fifty yards away.
—Page 472.

entirely lost the thread of the argument. I wasn't sure which side the moose was; I was quite sure we couldn't possibly see him again. I wanted awfully to get through the business and get back to breakfast. This scrambling about was futile.

When suddenly Josef, from a statue, became a whispering-machine, he poured a flood of language, but in his excitement he forgot my limitations, and it was the gibberish language which he and Telesfor spoke together. I shook my head and he gesticulated. Over the next little rise he pointed—and more gibberish.

"I don't understand, Josef—speak French or English," I remonstrated.

But Josef, too far gone to grasp why I didn't understand, did neither. Instead, he glared in despair one whole second, and suddenly swept me up, rifle and all, as if I had been six years old, and started over the rise at a trot with a hundred and thirty pounds of white woman, too astounded to protest, carried quite simply to where she would be most useful. It was no time for etiquette. The point was to kill a moose. Josef took the most direct way to get the rifle and the hunter where the moose could be killed. After a swift transit over the short cut to the next bay, he set me down. He whispered gutturally:

"*Le v'là.* Kill him."

He was there, a calm, majestic figure on the rocky point, outlined against the lake, a hundred and fifty yards away. I cocked my rifle and killed him. I thank the powers that one shot did it. A couple of shots more to make sure, and then the utterly unreasonable lucky hunter dropped in the wood and put her head in her hands and endured the curse of Cain. With that, subtle magic began working; suddenly the burden was lifted. I was on my feet and exultant thrills were rushing through a lately broken heart. The beast was quite dead. I had done my job; I had furnished meat for camp; I had honor of woodsmen; all was particularly right. I rushed out on the point and gloried as a squaw should glory.

And, behold, at a triumphant howl from Josef canoes darted from camp, and M'sieur and M'sieur Bob and Telesfor and Maxime and Achille were all there, congratulating, laughing, asking questions, reporting details, and out of the dark places of an unchartered illogicalness, I was primitive man after "a kill," and viewed quite contentedly the murder I had accomplished. One is beginning to wonder—how about the next 1st of September?

THE SHRINE

By Willis Boyd Allen

Within a temple vast, not made with hands,
Far up the rugged mountain slope it stands,
Fern-draped, before its birchen reredos;
An altar gray, vested with robe of moss,
In whose soft folds the jewelled dewdrops gleam.
Hard by, a restless stream,
Deft acolyte, unversed in human creeds,
Pauses to tell its beads
In murmured accents low; then hastens on,
As one who, having sought a benison,
Resumes his humble task. Along the banks
Cluster the dark-robed firs in sombre ranks,
Their crosses all uplift. Upon the air
Laden with forest perfumes rare
Slow rise the morning mists; and, hush!
From his lone cell unseen the hermit-thrush,
Even as the clouds of incense drift away,
Chants his clear matins to the new-born day.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL AS A TEACHER

RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS LAST PUPIL

By William Roscoe Thayer

ILLUSTRATION FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

IN 1877, by appointment of President Hayes, Professor James Russell Lowell, having received leave of absence from Harvard, went as American minister to Spain; three years later he was transferred to Great Britain, where he remained until 1885. He had succeeded Longfellow as Smith professor of the French and Spanish languages and literatures in 1855, and he had taught pretty steadily at Harvard until he went to Madrid. I doubt, however, whether he ever liked teaching. He had as little as possible about him of the typical professor of his time. He was unmethodical and he would have disclaimed the title of scholar if he had thought that, in his case, at least, it implied the qualities of a grind.

Nevertheless, he was a great scholar. He knew the minutest details of the subjects which he taught, he no more made a brag of being conversant with the original sources than Titian would have boasted of knowing the names and qualities of the paints on his palette. Lowell got his knowledge through his passion for reading. He had an insatiable curiosity, and to feed this he devoured books. His curiosity led him into many remote by-paths. "How much time I wasted," he once said to me, "in all sorts of strange and musty subjects! I once spent months grubbing up whatever I could find about alchemy and astrology—and heraldry, too," he added.

The result was that in conversation a chance remark might awaken his memory of the most unexpected "forgotten lore," and he would pour forth a stream of entertaining learning. Two splendid gifts—his talent for humor and his talent for poetry—prevented him from ever boring you with his encyclopædic information, as the schoolmaster abroad does when he crushes you with his dump of hard, dead, undeniable facts, as the Sabines crushed Tarpeia with their shields. Whatever Lowell said was luminous with his humor, which often took the form of wit, if one wished to make the distinction, or it stirred with emotion.

The poet in him was, I believe, his inmost self; although to-day he seems to appeal to our generation most directly in his character of humorist. The poet was wayward; he waited on inspiration; and as the divine afflatus bloweth where it listeth so the poet necessarily kept irregular seasons. In one of his pieces of verse Lowell tells us that he never went after a theme, but that he waited until it seized upon him, and the metre and the rhymes came and would not let go of him until he had written them out. Perhaps this gave to much of his poetry the quality of improvisation which leaves some of his modern readers unsatisfied, and yet his Harvard Commemoration Ode—one of the most stupendous achievements in improvisation ever made, for it contains over four hundred lines, written in less than twenty-four hours—is one of the most finished, both metrically and verbally, of all his poems.

The very waywardness which critics, devoted to form and order, might object to, added immensely to Lowell's charm as talker and as teacher. He was the embodiment of the unexpected, and I have seen no one else who could compare with him in bringing humor out of the most inconceivable material, or of communicating the humor to you. Mr. Bernard Shaw excels in sarcasm, but he is acrid, and sometimes cruel if not actually diabolic. His shafts are often undisguised sneers, he likes to show up and deride the pettiness and failures and hypocrisies and fatui-

ties of men and women. Lowell's humor, on the other hand, is good-natured and sweet. It is the source from which laughter and tears alike flow; it has pity for poor humanity's sins and failures. Its smile neither mocks nor withers. His humor lasts, as was proved during the recent war, when we found that his mingling of pungent satire and truth, aimed more than seventy years ago at the wickedness and blunders of the Mexican War, were just as true and just as pertinent to-day.

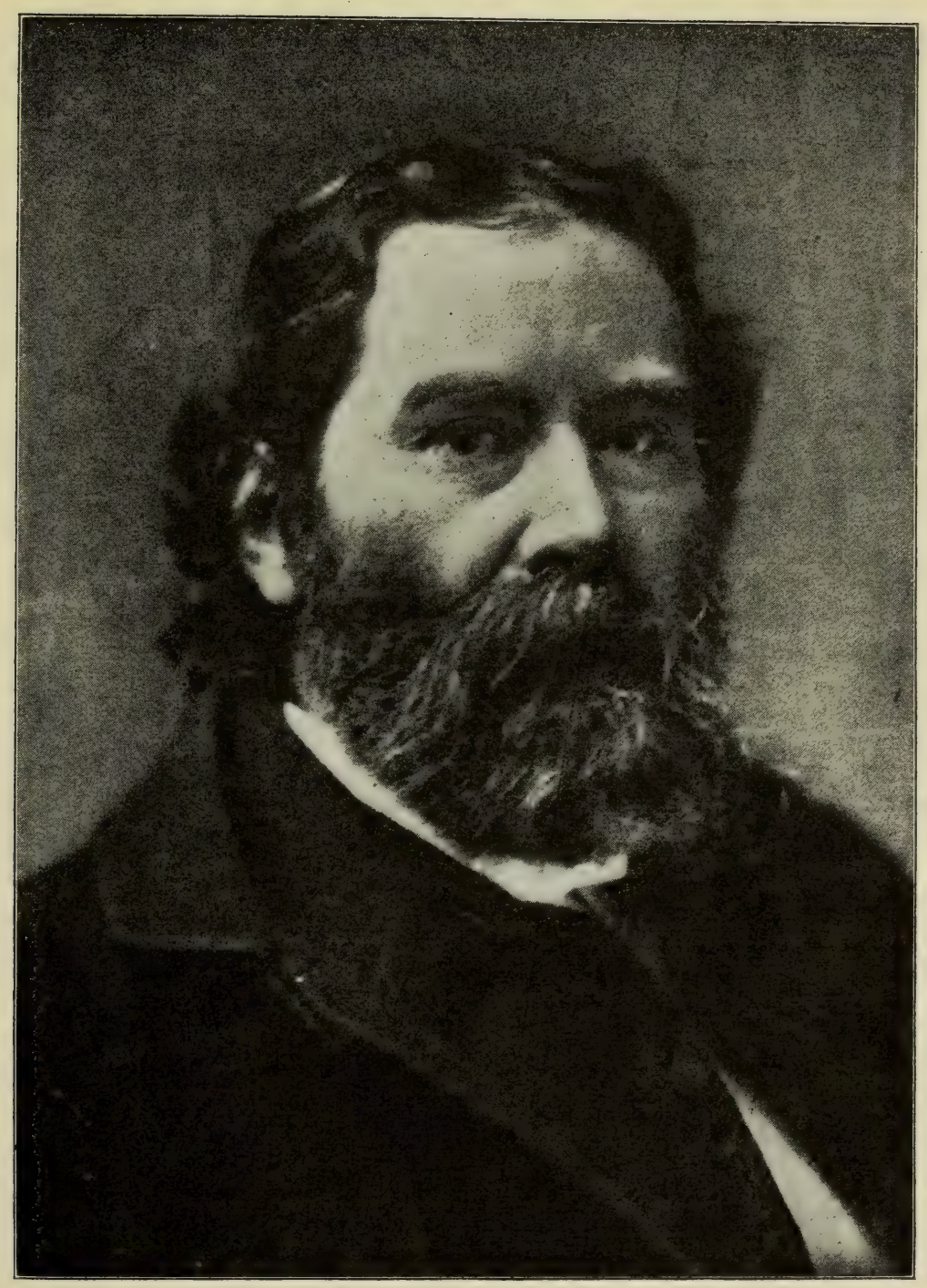
In 1885, when Mr. Cleveland became president, Mr. Lowell resigned as minister to Great Britain. On reaching Washington, he called at the White House as etiquette prescribed, and on greeting Mr. Cleveland he said, with characteristic humor: "Mr. President, like St. Denis I come bringing my head in my hand."

A little later it was announced that Mr. Lowell would resume his teaching at Harvard that autumn. I had been nearly four years out of college writing editorials for a Philadelphia newspaper, and had decided to return to Harvard and take a graduate course of study, in order to escape from the too facile seductions of journalism. So I welcomed the news that Professor Lowell was to teach again, and I elected his courses in Dante's "Divine Comedy" and in Cervantes. I supposed that scores, if not hundreds, of eager persons would flock to sit under so distinguished a man. Great was my surprise, therefore, when at the first meeting of the Dante section I found that only ten or a dozen pupils had enrolled. Probably there were restrictions which kept out many persons, unprepared in Italian, who might otherwise have attended; but I suspect that the small number was accounted for partly by the general lack of interest, which even intellectual Americans then took in university lectures.

Mr. Lowell held our recitations in the smallish northern room, on the ground floor of University Hall. He was a short man, not above five feet four in height, wore a plain sack business suit, was quite unaffected in manner. Two things, however, at once caught your attention: his remarkable eyes and the strange cut of his whiskers, he wore a square beard trimmed two or three inches below his chin, but he allowed his mustache to grow to an inordinate length, so that it projected on each side beyond his beard like walrus tusks. What twist of fancy could have led him to adopt this fashion cannot be guessed, for it was neither becoming nor beautiful, and I cannot believe that a man otherwise so unaffected and reserved could have been tricked by vanity into choosing to make himself conspicuous in this way; but his eyes were very fine; large and open and brilliant, of a grayish-brown color, as I remember them after all these years, which used to be called hazel: they were the eyes of an intellectual man, most expressive of his thoughts as you talked with him, and they gave the first signal that a flash of wit was coming.

Although small in stature, he left upon you the impression of great dignity. I think that President Eliot came with him to the classroom at the first meeting. Until that time I had never seen any one who so thoroughly embodied dignity as the president did. He was over six feet tall, still an athlete in spite of his fifty years, reserved, the undergraduates then thought, even to the point of stiffness, and with the unconscious air of one who never doubted his right to be wherever he happened to be. Mr. Lowell stood on the little platform by the desk, and President Eliot from the floor almost reached up to him. They exchanged a few remarks together, which we did not hear; Lowell's face broke out into a smile, the president bowed to him, turned and walked out of the room swiftly, in order to meet his next appointment punctually. In this simple way, without ceremony or jangling of rector's chains, did the president of our oldest university welcome the greatest of American ambassadors back to his profession of college teacher.

Mr. Lowell conducted the exercise in the old-fashioned way; that is, he called up each man to read a dozen or fifteen lines of the Italian text, and then to translate. He would correct faults in pronunciation or rendering, and would supply a better word wherever it was necessary. At times he would loiter into delightful digressions, in which he would tell in an easy unpedantic way the curious history attached to a word or to a



James Russell Lowell.
From a photograph taken about 1870.

phrase, or he would illustrate briefly but very vividly some episode in Dante's Florence, or the conflict between church and state, or Dante's astonishing symbolism. On some days when we were more than half through the hour, as if he had had enough of our bungling versions —and he probably had—he would take up the next canto and translate it rapidly himself, showing how the thing ought to be done, and how satisfactorily the English could convey the meaning of the Italian when he was the translator.

Lowell read Italian fluently and correctly, but even I could detect his foreignness. He was too scrupulous in pronouncing each syllable, as if it stood alone, instead of letting syllables and words melt into each other, as the Italian does. He had a very sympathetic voice. That winter I heard both him and Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes read from

their poems to save the Old South Church in Boston. Doctor Holmes took undisguised delight in his performance. He knew that he was clever; he knew that the public knew it and would applaud; why should he pretend to a modesty he did not feel? Especially, since his egotism was so naïf. I have always thought he must have enjoyed the story of Victor Hugo—the supreme French egotist of that period—who, in his old age, attended a performance of "Hernani"; and at a certain passage exclaimed, within hearing of everybody: "My God! what a genius the man had who wrote that." Mr. Lowell was reserved, dignified, and when he read "Aladdin's Lamp" there was great sadness in his voice, and you saw that he felt most poignantly in his age the truth of the poem he wrote in his youth.

I took particular interest in the unconscious revelations which he let slip of his own preferences and character. For him Dante was not merely a master of literature, but a master of life—the former of manners and of morals. Thus after the well-known line in the third canto of "Hell," "Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa" ("Let us not talk about them, but do thou look and pass by"), he paused and commented: "An excellent rule! Unless it is your duty to interpose, do not get drawn into any street row or other happening which does not concern you, but look, and go about your work." At another passage he remarked: "Here you see that Dante was a man of great personal dignity, and one secret of his dignity was that he was never in a hurry. Throughout the 'Divine Comedy' you will never find him in unseemly haste." Of course Mr. Lowell would call our attention to lines or passages which had special literary qualities. I remember that he referred to "Dove sentia la pompeiana tuba," in the sixth canto of "Paradise," as the most beautiful of all, because of the perfect music of its arrangement of vowels and consonants. Doubtless, each of the other students has treasured up similar personal touches, jewels of criticism or taste, and were my note-book at hand I could recover many others myself.

I found, however, that I took fewer and fewer notes as the course went on. I interlined in my text the particularly fine verbal interpretations which he gave. Perhaps I was more interested in Lowell himself than in his teaching. His own copy of the "Divine Comedy" was, I think, of Fraticelli's edition, and it was not only interlined, but the margins on both sides, and at the top and bottom of the page, were covered with minutely written notes. At certain points he even marked that such or such a story was to be told there. Like all first-rate story-tellers he had the art of simulating spontaneity, so that when you heard him you supposed that story had just popped into his mind.

In earlier days, before Mr. Lowell went to Spain, he used to hold his course in his library at Elmwood, and the men who took it will tell you now of the charm of those evenings, when they gathered round the great professor in perfect freedom, he and they smoking their pipes, and the "recitation" being converted into a conversation in which every one joined and he led. When I had him, ten years later, the classroom in University Hall, bleak and unadorned, the long wooden boards which served us, instead of desks, to write on, the professor's rigidly simple table which seemed to have degenerated from the pulpit of stern puritanical times, and was hedged from us by being raised on a little platform, precluding ease or conversational flow, or any trickle of familiarity, I think that if he could have lighted his pipe he would have enjoyed it better. He seemed rather to be going through a task than to be indulging in a pleasure such as those evenings at Elmwood brought. The truth is, I suspect, that his eight years in Europe, filled with the richest experiences and especially with intellectual satisfactions, made teaching seem to him more like drudgery than ever. We young men, eager and willing, but crude, if not callow, must have bored him, freshly come from the companionship of the best minds of the Old World. Dante, of course, had not grown dull or prosy—Dante cannot grow old; but whatever pleasure Mr. Lowell got was rather the echo of earlier pleasure, and the glow kindled his memory rather than swept into his imagination, as when Dante was new to him. By the middle of the winter he had wearied of his teaching, and they told

us that he would not continue it beyond the half year; then Professor Charles Eliot Norton would replace him.

I had had Mr. Norton before, but I was glad to sit under him again, because his teaching of Dante was unapproachable. I shrink from making invidious contrasts. Mr. Lowell unquestionably knew all about Dante that could then be known. In addition to equal knowledge, however, Mr. Norton had a spiritual insight which made his interpretation of the deep and holy passages of the "Divine Comedy" almost a religious exercise. Machiavelli in a letter dear to all lovers of books and of great men who wrote them, describes how, after working all day with his peasants on his farm, he exchanged his mud-bespattered clothes for his best suit, and went into his library, and took down his books, and, communing with the greatest spirits of all time, he forgot his poverty and cares and disappointments and the injustice which his contemporaries heaped upon him.

When you read Dante with Mr. Norton, you likewise put off your every-day, sordid, and unworthy thoughts, and your mind wore garments fit to welcome the Florentine poet, "Who like an Eagle soars above the others."

II

But when it came to reading "Don Quixote," Mr. Lowell was supreme. By a happy chance for me I was his only pupil in this course, although one other graduate had elected it. We met once a week, in the afternoon, and had an hour and a half of monologue. I cannot call it recitation, because it was really an informal talk by Mr. Lowell on all sorts of subjects. He would give out a chapter of the text for me to read over before coming in to him; then he would inquire whether I had found any obscure passages, and if I had he would quickly throw light on them. After that he would ramble on, passing from Cervantes to Calderon—a master whom he esteemed only a little below the highest, and so on to his own experiences in Madrid and London. As soon as I discovered that by a mere question I could start him off on one of these excursions, I tried it very often. I used to ask him about the English public men of the day, Gladstone, John Morley, Disraeli, Parnell, and he would give very keen descriptions of them. He had many stories which had not been printed, and he had shrewd and penetrating opinions on current events.

One of his remarks impressed me. He said that he thought that it was his talks with Gladstone on the Irish question, his advocacy of Irish Home Rule, that had persuaded Gladstone to adopt that policy. Fifteen years later, when I knew that Mr. John Morley was writing the life of Gladstone, I reported to him the view which Lowell had expressed to me; but Mr. Morley replied that Lowell must have deceived himself, because Gladstone concluded to embrace the Home Rule Policy for reasons which he had arrived at himself. As I listened to Lowell, however, state emphatically his belief that the pleas of the Home Rulers were just and must sooner or later be granted, I felt the irony of the situation. For, during Lowell's service as minister in London, the Irish-Americans had abused him unceasingly as an enemy of Ireland and an Anglomaniac who ought to be recalled; and all the while he was warning the English that they must do justice to Ireland. But the Irish would not be Irish if they did not behave in this way.

Some days, when we came to one of Lowell's favorite passages in "Don Quixote," he would stick strictly to the text; although I had found it amusing when I read it to myself, as he read it, it sparkled with unsuspected humor; it had the life and iridescence of an opal; and as he read he laughed, and I laughed, too, to the end of the chapter. I have often wished since then to find again in those pages what Lowell read from them, but I have never been able. The copy he read from was printed in sensitive ink, which responded only to him. He brought the magic, and with him the magic vanished.

He made "Don Quixote" not only a masterpiece of humor, but a guide to conduct. While admitting that Cervantes began it as a caricature of the extravagant romances of chivalry, then in vogue, it took on, as he progressed, a larger significance, so that we are justified in assigning to it a meaning far beyond that which

Cervantes originally intended. Cervantes caused the dismal knight of La Mancha to undergo all sorts of experiences, comic, sordid, mock-heroic, and grotesque, but he took care, as Lowell said, to portray Don Quixote as a perfect gentleman throughout, and only on one occasion did he introduce an incident which detracted from the Don's dignity. This remark of Lowell's struck me at first as excessive, but as I passed each episode in review I saw that he was right. With whatever persons Don Quixote was thrown, he conducted himself as a man of delicate courtesy and honor would do; the humor comes in from the fact that Dulcinea and the others were commonplace people and not at all the grandees he took them for. Here enters the pathos of the story, the pathos and the contradiction which makes "Don Quixote" so true a representation of much of life. How many of us have devoted our best strength to tilting at giants which turned out to be windmills! How many have guarded as a precious treasure a barber's bowl which we mistook for Mambrino's helmet!

Besides my college work at this time I was reading a good many of the world's masterpieces, which I had not had time for during my life as a journalist. I fully appreciated my privilege in being able to talk over with Mr. Lowell, himself a literary master, the books I had in hand. No doubt he was fully aware of the little ruse which I often played, of asking him his opinion, and so deflecting our attention from "Don Quixote." He would talk for half an hour, if the subject were fertile—on the Greek dramatists, for instance. He still read these, he said, in an old edition, which had the Greek text on one page and a Latin translation, which he used as a trot, on the other. I had to be satisfied with an English translation, for neither Latin nor Greek was so taught in my time as to remain a permanent resource; and of my contemporaries, I have never known one who "kept up" his Greek in after-life, unless he made teaching Greek his profession. This seems to me a terrible indictment on the method of teaching the classics then; and I believe now, as I always have believed, that the fault lies not in the classics, but in the method of teaching them. Latin and Greek are not dead languages, although for generation after generation teachers have done their best to kill them.

Mr. Lowell had a strong liking for the plays of Euripides, and I remember that he regarded the "Hippolytus" as the most interesting, if not the best, of them all. At least it abounded in a modern quality, the quality of poignant human interest, of *pathos* (in the Greek sense). Mrs. Browning also held this view of Euripides, and expressed it in her poem beginning

> "Euripides the human
> With his dripping of warm tears."

Sir Gilbert Murray's fine translations did not exist then, and I was not quick enough to discern in the poor English version which I plodded through many of the features that Lowell mentioned; I did observe, however, that it was precisely on account of his quality of pathos that Mr. Norton ranked Euripides below Æschylus and Sophocles, the masters of *ethos*. Lowell recommended to me Frere's translations of Aristophanes, and this led him to talk about Sir Bartle Frere, who had recently been conspicuous in South Africa.

Speaking of translators, I questioned him eagerly about Edward Fitzgerald, whose "Rubaiyat of Omar Kháyyám" had captivated some of us in college, and whose "Life and Letters," edited by Aldis Wright, had just been printed. I wanted to know all that I could about this strange creature, and Lowell was just the person for me to go to for information. Fitzgerald and he had corresponded for a good many years, Fitzgerald being intimate, often very affectionate, in his letters.

"When I first went to London," Lowell said: "Fitzgerald wrote to me and urged me to come down and visit him at Lowestoft, but I knew too much to accept," Lowell added with a twinkle and a laugh. "For Fitzgerald was the most freakish of creatures, and the surest way to fall out with him was to visit him." This confirmed what I had already heard in the case of Fanny Kemble; his charming letters to her are filled with affection, but once she spent a year within a short walk

of him in the village of Lowestoft and he never went to see her.

Mr. Lowell told me the story of Fitzgerald's marriage to the daughter of Bernard Barton, an experiment in modern chivalry which ended disastrously. He married the lady, who was left penniless on the death of her father, in order to have a right to allot to her the half of his fortune; but they scarcely knew each other, and immediately discovered that they could not bear each other's company; so they parted. Of this episode, which was sufficiently unusual in general, but quite characteristic of Fitzgerald in particular, Aldis Wright said nothing. As a philologist he wrote in the minutest detail the life history of any word he chose to discuss, but he thought it both honest and scientific to omit this really important matter in the life of an important man: which proves that though one may be a master in the science of philology he is unworthy to practise the art of biography.

One of Lowell's anecdotes I shall not forget. He told about a young American (himself, I believed) who ardently admired Tennyson, and, on his first trip to England, desired to meet the poet laureate. This was accomplished by Lord Houghton (I think), who gave a breakfast for the young American, to which he invited Tennyson and other celebrities. For two hours there was much entertaining talk, but the swarthy poet said absolutely nothing. Suddenly, when a certain class of person, whom he apparently did not esteem, was mentioned, he growled from his corner of the table: "Yes, damn 'em. I'd like to take a knife and rip their guts up!" Being a true poet, to whom words were more precious than jewels, Tennyson used no circumlocution—such as abdominal viscera—for the part of the body which he unmistakably meant. I inferred from Lowell that the young American admirer was astonished, if not disillusionized.

You could not talk long with Mr. Lowell without encountering his favorite hobby, which was that everybody of marked ability had Jewish blood hidden somewhere in his veins. He instanced several cases where this was obviously true. Sometimes he seemed extravagant. What must have been the surprise of Robert Browning, at their first meeting, to have Lowell put to him, with a stand-and-deliver emphasis, the question: "Where is the Jew in you? You have more passion in your little finger than all the other British dramatists since Shakespeare have in their whole bodies." I do not recall that Browning gave Lowell satisfaction in regard to his supposed Jewish ancestry, but they remained friends thereafter.

At one of our recitations Lowell quoted from Sir Thomas Browne, and was evidently surprised that I, a Harvard graduate, had never read Browne. "Don't fail to do so," Lowell said. "Until you read Browne, you won't know the splendor which English prose is capable of or the gorgeousness of word-coloring. His thoughts, too, are often quaint and startling." I soon followed Lowell's advice, and I have always been glad to pass it on to younger readers.

If I had made at the time full notes of Lowell's talk, I should be able now to give a cross-section of London life as he saw it; for he went everywhere, and nothing escaped his penetrating eyes. But I rely wholly on memory, and make no pretense of drawing even in outline a finished picture. He spoke enthusiastically and affectionately of "Barry Cornwall's" widow, old Mrs. Procter, the wittiest woman in London, who, in spite of her eighty years and over, gathered round her, he said, the best to be found there. After Lowell died and Mr. Norton published his "Letters" I was surprised to see how very few there were about his six years' stay as minister in England, and how lifeless, not to say commonplace, most of those few were. Probably Mr. Norton thought that it would be indiscreet to publish so early Lowell's pungent comments on the society which had received him so hospitably and which he had enjoyed to the full. Perhaps Lowell himself did not write as vivaciously and as unguardedly as he talked, even to strangers like me.

After the "recitation" was over he usually walked to Boston, where he was staying with his sister. He could not bear to go back to Elmwood. "It was so lonely, so full of ghosts." He usually asked me to walk with him, which meant

a prolonging of his talk. He walked fast, and, for a short man, he took enormously long strides, so that I could not very well keep pace with him. I especially wanted to know what he thought of Walt Whitman, whose acquaintance I had made just before leaving Philadelphia. Walt and Lowell were born in the same year, 1819, and I had already heard Walt's far from complimentary opinion of his year-mate. Lowell explained to me that Walt's vogue among the intellectual élite in England was partly due to the fact that they had read him first in a volume of selections skilfully chosen by William Rossetti, who had left out the dreary and tedious catalogues and the grossest of the physiological passages. The English, he added, expected that the vast uncultured population of the States would logically express itself in an unconventional form. They knew all the classical and modern literary forms, and so they were prepared to greet with applause one who uttered barbaric yawps and pretended to discard the conventional thought and expression of effete Europe. Lowell recognized some of the elements in Whitman's greatness, but I think that on the whole he did not place him among the masters. Walt would be more than a nine-days wonder, but the men who win the long race through the centuries, Homer and Sophocles and Virgil, Dante and Shakespeare, do not last on the ground that they are adepts in the art of startling.

Lowell was, as I have said, a man of moods; on some days he would not indulge in conversation, but after going through the recitation with almost bureaucratic correctness, he would close his book and depart without inviting me to join him. Several years later I passed a most uncomfortable half hour in his study, when Leslie Stephen was visiting him, and neither of the great men made the slightest effort to be even human to their young caller.

But I remember most gladly and gratefully the many hours when he gave this same young stranger of his best and revealed his own remarkable spirit. At the end of the half year, when I bade him good-by and told him that I hoped soon to visit Greece and the Levant, he said: "When you are at Athens, feast your eyes on the mountains with their beautiful shapes, which seem to have been carved by Phidias, and with their indescribable colors."

THE SIXTY-NINTH OF THE "FRAGMENTS" OF SAPPHO

By Anne Bunner

THOU shalt lie dead—nor shall the long years bring
Remembrance of thee; not with joy nor pain
The years shall come and go and each new Spring
Bring memories of long lost loves again.

Back through the shadowy years in many lands,
Home to the hearts that they were severed from,
With Roses of Pierian in their hands,
The dead come home who have the right to come.

But thou shalt never come for thou shalt lie
Still as the love thou killed; nor smiles nor tears
Shall wake thy memory to earth or sky,
Thou shalt lie quiet through forgotten years.



The abandoned farm.

OUR HOME-GROWN SOVIET

By Ruth Danenhower Wilson

Illustrations by W. M. Berger

HELEN and Roy were coming up from Greenwich Village for their first week-end on our newly acquired abandoned farm. Roy is a brilliant Cassius who looks out through near-sighted glasses upon a dream world of his own making. His best work sometimes brings as much as twelve dollars a page from a highly ethical journal of opinion. Helen, his wife, does occasional illustrating after a sprightly fashion for journals of no ethics at all except those of paying well for what they get.

Roy and Hal, my husband, were roommates at college—strange bed-fellows indeed. Hal's college career was closely associated with a gridiron cognomen of "Beef." Sporting writers still occasionally refer to him. According to our English brethren he is now "in trade." But he, too, had somewhere contracted the writers' itch, a malady that pursued him for two years through the reportorial columns of various papers till he started what he called a counter-irritant in the guise of a successful business, with occasional essay-writing as a salve to the original malady. It was the counter-irritant that made possible our present rural delights, namely the abandoned farm and the week-ending.

As we drove to the station Hal looked at his calloused hands a little ruefully. He had been reclaiming the farm with characteristic vigor. (They say he could rip a hole as big as a barn door through any opposing line.)

"I'm afraid," he sighed, "I'll be a little bit out of Roy's and Helen's talk. I'm on the other end of this 'cabbages and kings' stuff now, you know." He turned his hands for further inspection. "Our

former brief sojourn in Greenwich Village led me to believe that I knew something—something of kings. Now I find I can't even beat the cabbage-worm to it."

"Oh, they'll be interested in the old place," I assured him. "They'll love its simple, direct manner, and its charm."

"They won't even see it," averred Hal. "They'll come loaded for ducks—lame ducks. You haven't been near the Village for so long you've forgotten. Wait and behold."

Hal was right. Our guests were strangely unresponsive as with brazen zeal we displayed the charms of our old place. There was the dry stone wall, so set that neither lightnings nor world's alarms could fell a single stone. There were the ancient lilac bushes at the gate with trunks as large as trees. There was the low-roofed house itself, built during the French and Indian wars by sturdy Connecticut pioneers with an amazing instinct for the simple line and the correct proportion. There were the wide chimney-places with their pothooks and Dutch ovens—but what was the use? Our *barrage* was hopeless from the beginning. No sooner had we seated ourselves on the little front porch, facing the



Roy and Helen.



"I was saying to myself to-day . . . how pretty it was here."—Page 485.

ripening Baldwins and russets of our gnarled orchard, than Roy opened fire with his heavy artillery.

"This is all very charming—very charming," he began aggressively. "But, after all, isn't it just an evasion, a capitulation?" He snapped a scornful thumb and forefinger. "You two are like Marie Antoinette playing at dairy-maid." He swept his glance over the unoffending orchard.

"What are you answering with all this?" he demanded.

Hal blinked blankly. "Answer?" he gasped.

"Precisely," Roy cried. "How much gnawing have you been doing at the eternal interrogations? What's become of that little bag of ideals you used to carry around? What are you doing to get a better sense of proportion into this stupid old world?"

Hal shot me one quick glance of hopeless appeal across the back of Roy's chair, but the critical reviewer had fastened upon a distant focus and saw not.

"You remind me of a shoe salesman I met last week," he thundered on. "He said he'd made five thousand dollars in the last three months. Think of it! Five thousand dollars! He admitted he wasn't worth it. Wasn't even selling real, dur-

able, honest-to-goodness shoes. Carried a fancy line of women's wear known to the trade as 'chicken shoes.' Just a case of abnormal conditions, and he got a chance to squeeze while the squeezing was good." He turned savagely to Hal. "It all amounts to this," he summed up. "The fundamental wrong is that capitalistic society values commodities—mere commodities—more than it does attainment—truth—ideals—visions. And rewards its citizens accordingly. That's the sort of thing you people ought to be combating."

Helen chimed in with an enthusiastic echo. "Think of it! Five thousand dollars to a spindly little shoe drummer, while the artist—the artist——" Words failed her.

But not so Roy. He brushed aside his weak ally with scanty gratitude, while he dug frantically into an inside pocket. Here was a clipping that told of a Hungarian soviet under which artists, writers, musicians, and college professors had the highest pay of all the workers of the land. Unskilled workers came next, and business men—yes, business men—he fixed withering eyes on Hal—came last of all. He read the clipping with an occasional exegesis of the text, then folded it with tender fingers and restored it to safekeeping until that day, that not far distant day, it seemed, when that critical journal of opinion should be able to revise the ethics of its pay-roll.

However, the gnawing at the eternal interrogations passed for the time being, and the week-end went along merrily enough. For, although this transcript may not show it, Roy and Helen are lovable people who bring more than gnawing into these barren hills. And yet, absurdly enough, Roy's parting words, flung from the back platform of the little shuttle-train, were:

"Give the people a chance, and see what they'll do for the artist. Yes, right here in Connecticut!"

On the way home Hal was strangely silent.

"Speaking of the eternal interrogations——" I ventured.

"He's right on that shoe business," Hal muttered with some spirit. There was further inspection of those big, capable hands. "But he's wrong on that soviet stuff."

"Of course, it lasted only a few weeks in Hungary," I declared.

"Oh, I don't mean that. What Roy doesn't see is that no sure-enough soviet will ever give a—well, a fig for an artist. Look at these people around here." He waved his arm sweepingly. "How long would it take them and their soviet to put Roy on the rock-pile?"

That gave me an idea.

"We'll see," I said.

After dinner I pondered further. This soviet rule that was predicted for our little Connecticut community, who was to inaugurate it? Who to rule? All around us the people, whether native or grafted stock, owned their own homes, a horse or a Ford car, a cow, and some ten acres of land, more or less. Many of them with contagious New England thrift had bank accounts, carried insurance on their lives and property; and so were in every sense of the word capitalists. Who then remained to make up the proletariat? Why, only the servants! Had we not all read how servants in Russia and Hungary had first become insolent, then insubordinate, and had finally gathered in solemn conclave around the kitchen table and summoned their masters before them? Here then was my laboratory for social research ready made at our back door. How would this home-grown soviet value the services of the shoe salesman and of the critical reviewer?

There was first of all good Swedish Selma, who cared for our little girl as faithfully and lovingly as if she were her own. Which way would Selma's thumbs be turned?

I found her in the kitchen spreading playing-cards upon the table. She grinned a little sheepishly.

"Just for fun I tell baby's fortune," she explained. We had celebrated the second birthday the day before.

Selma shuffled and reshuffled, dealt and redealt, thumb to lip, and then:

"I get her always good luck," she beamed. "Always good luck, and many—oh, so many riches, and fine horse and automobiles and diamonds. And the ermine—and the——"

"Oh, Selma, Selma!" I broke in.



"Just for fun I tell baby's fortune," she explained.—Page 484.

"Don't you find any great talent? Isn't she going to sing or paint or write great books? Isn't there something besides just riding around in automobiles?"

Amused tolerance lighted Selma's face.

"Nah! Nah! Nah!" she laughed. "She going to be a lady!"

Next morning I sought out Fanny, the cook. We had brought her as a winter servitor from the little Adirondack hotel where we used to spend our summers. Fanny, like Roy's paper, was a journal of critical opinion. She showed little restraint in voicing her opinion of our old farmhouse.

"I was saying to myself to-day," she began, "how pretty it was here with the trees and the pond and all. But the house! Such little windows and low ceilings and iron latches on the doors! Why, it's for all the world like one we used to have back home near Lake Champlain. 'Forlornity,' we used to call it."

I pondered as I left her wringing out



Old Ancient was speaking.

her dishcloths. Our house was the Mecca of many architects who came to copy the lines of the true Colonial farmhouse, unharmed by over-zealous restoration. How they raved about the run of the ell, the pitch of the roof, the placement of the windows! An artistic achievement if there was ever one. "Forlornity," condemned Fanny with decision.

My third interview was with Old Ancient, tautologically named out of memory of Mr. Farnol. Old Ancient was a pitiable, bent creature who had been orphaned by the Civil War, and bound out to relieve the poor-farm of his care. He had never been able to do a full day's work since then, but Hal said he had a notion somebody owed him something, and thought that we might possibly be the somebody. So Old Ancient looked after our wood.

"Mr. Buell," I said, "we haven't been living here very long—aren't very well acquainted. I was wondering the other day, who is the biggest man in this neighborhood?"

Old Ancient deposited the wood, then stood brushing the bark from his ragged sleeve. He could never be hurried. I had in mind half a dozen familiar names of the neighborhood, men and women who stood for no mean attainment. There was a sculptor who was fast following in the footsteps of a famous father. There was a brilliant professor of economics. On the next road lived a sturdy Yankee of a long line of upstanding men who tilled many teeming acres and bred six-foot sons for a world of affairs. There was—but Old Ancient was speaking.

"Well, ma'am, I'd say Mr. Hastings

over here on the ridge was about as big a pertater as we've dug up around here fur some time. He's about as sizable as they grow 'em, I guess, pickin' 'em good and bad." There was no attempt to disguise a personal pride of ownership in Mr. Hastings.

Mr. Hastings! A well-advertised, over-seasoned, highly indigestible salad dressing made his delectable contribution to the sum of human woes. And society had given unto its diligent servant many lands and appurtenances thereunto. An extensive racing-stable was the jewel of greatest price.

Sadly I turned from Old Ancient to intercept the waitress, a pretty little Italian girl who was starting on her weekly holiday.

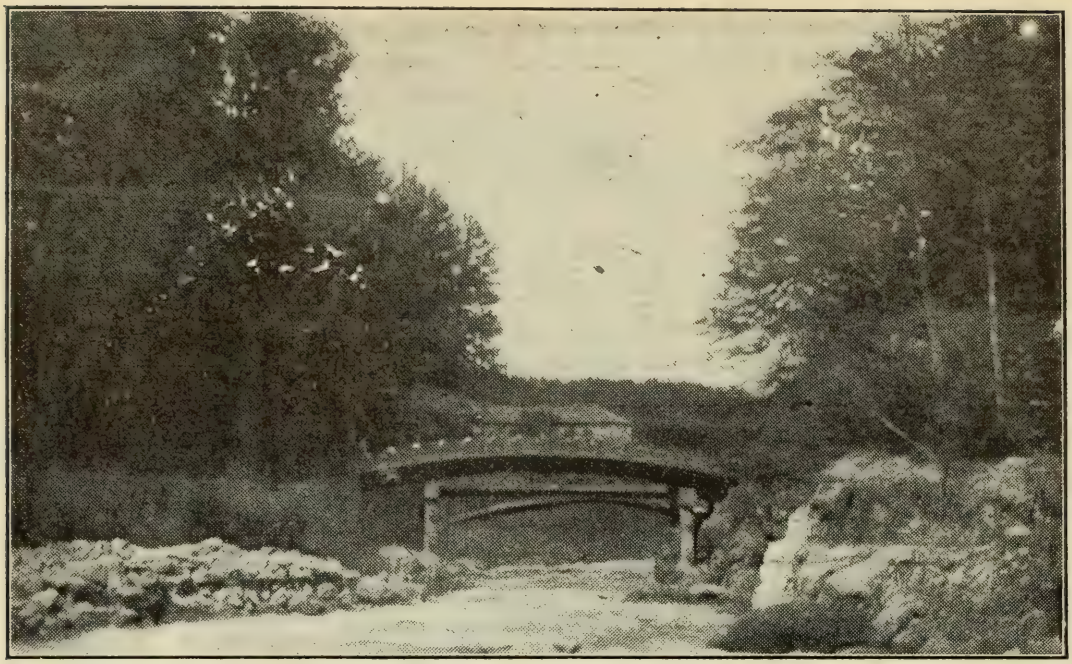
"Teresa," I began.

But I got no further. Teresa was in no mood for sociological discussion. There was a festa in her eyes. She was in a great to-do to be off in time for the jitney. As she tripped gayly down the path, her pretty ribbons made a flare of color and her French heels clicked merrily.

Those heels! And the pale gray suède tops! "Known to the trade as chicken shoes!"



There was a festa in her eyes.



Red Bridge, Nikko.

JAPANESE WORD-PRINTS

By Henry van Dyke

I

THE RED BRIDGE AT NIKKO

OVER the hurrying torrent of Daiya-Gawa,
Calmly I bend my bow of beauty,
Curving from pillar to pillar of granite,
Tranquil in the pride of perfection,—
I am the Queen-rose of all bridges.

I tremble not with the fury of the current;
The turbulent river cannot reflect me,
Nor carry away my lovely image.

Holy and proud, I am often lonely,
When I hear on the common bridge below me
The pattering feet of people going to and fro,
And the merry laughter of little children.

Come in the night, you wild young boy,
And leave me not untrodden.

II

CANDELABRA

I LOVE the wonder-working fingers
Of Springtime in Japan!
She weaves a priestly robe of green for Nature,
And broiders it with white and rose and gold.

She lifts the veil of snow
From the beautiful mountain-shoulders,
She fills the holy places of the forest
With psalms and canticles of praise.
Incense of fragrant leaves and blossoms
Floats from her footsteps in the temple.

Where are the candelabra for the altar?
Behold, the fingers of Springtime have prepared them!
She has wrought silently, I think, in the midnight;
Bending the dark bronze boughs of the pine-trees
Outward and upward in lines of beauty.
On the tips of all the branches, straight and slender,
Silvery candles are set in millions,—
Every one standing upright,
Every one touched with the white flame of life!

III

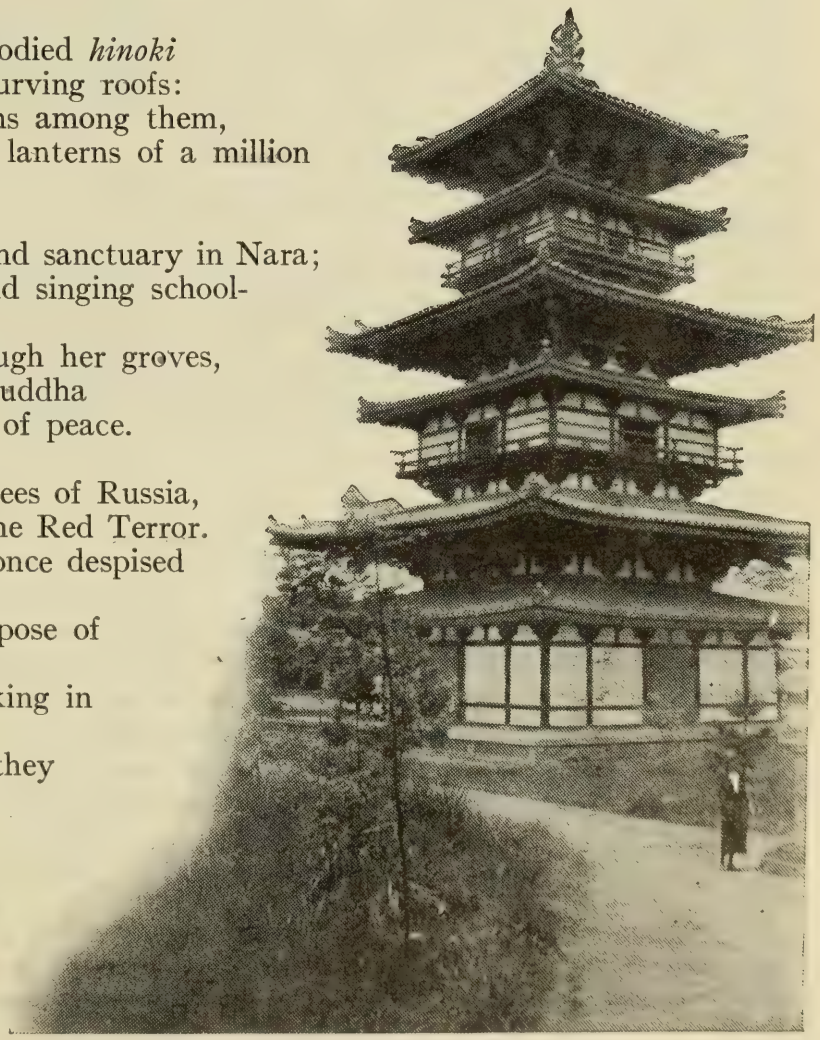
THE REPOSE OF NARA

On the knees of the ancient mountains
Guarding the old Yamato plain,
Weary of long war and tumult,
Beautiful Nara climbed up to rest.

The green *sugi* and red-bodied *hinoki*
Shelter her repose with curving roofs:
April heaps white blossoms among them,
October lights them with lanterns of a million maples.

Droves of dappled deer find sanctuary in Nara;
Processions of pilgrims and singing school-children
Wander and wonder through her groves,
While the great bell of Buddha
Booms the passing hours of peace.

Last of all come the refugees of Russia,
Flying from the fury of the Red Terror.
Dai Nippon, whom they once despised and hated,
Welcomes them to the repose of Nara.
They are like people walking in their sleep;
Happy, if in this dream they find truth!



Yakushi-ji Pagoda, twelve hundred years old, Nara Plain.

IV

PROMISE-TIME

If Springtime were the only time
  It would not be so dear,—
The budding-time, the mating-time,
  The promise-time o' the year.
But Summer comes with ripening heat,
And Autumn with her wine-stained feet,
And Winter to his fire-side seat
  Doth cheerily call:

Yet still the dearest time of all,
Is the time when nothing is complete,—
The time when hope and longing meet,—
  The promise-time o' the year.

V

MALGRÉ CELA

Never Summer fair as Spring foretold,
Never Autumn rich as Summer willed it,
Never Winter gleaned all Autumn's gold,
Never Spring so late that Winter killed it.

VI

WILD AZALEAS

When the bloom of the cherry is gone from the gardens
And all their white flower-drifts have melted away,
Then the wild azaleas begin to flow down the hillsides,—
Rivers of rose through the morning-misty woodland,
Pools of tranquil flame under the evergreen trees.

VII

THE SPIRIT OF JAPAN

While the broad-boughed pine braves the ocean gale,
And the bamboo bends to the breath of the vale,
And the cherry dazzles the April air
With a snow of beauty everywhere,—
The Yamato spirit shall endure,
In beauty, grace, and strength secure.

MIGUEL ARRIETA

By Charles M. Horton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY OLIVER KEMP

YOU cannot mix love and business. You can, of course; but one or the other will give way. Men try it, but always with the same result. Either the one or the other—love or business—fades out. It seems to be a law. In the cases that I personally have encountered—save one—the love dominated, and while it was burning its brightest the business end of the sketch went to smash. That was because the love was genuine. In the single case come under my observation where the business dominated, the love was a sort of ways to an end—was not deep-set and genuine—and the alleged love went to pot. Which was as it should be. Nothing succeeds that isn't vital. Which is why love always stands business to one side, whenever they are entered together in a race.

But let me tell you about this one case.

Miguel Arrieta was guiding his horse between a maze of clothes-lines in the back yards of the Mexican settlement of San Felipe. Miguel drove like a woman—excuse me; like some women. Miguel flapped the reins, and pushed on them, and jerked and seesawed on them—though, to be truthful, the horse didn't seem to mind it. Horses have understanding, and Don Juan—so-called because he was neither black nor massive but a crow-bait of the most pronounced type and calico in complexion—probably accepted the ceaseless activity on his bit as evidence of affection. At any rate, Don Juan plugged along, tipping over a chicken-coop and at last—obeying a sharp tug on the reins—came to a slow pause in front of a tiny box-shaped adobe house in the shade of a giant cottonwood.

Miguel bent forward under the buggy-top of the wagon. He looked the house over. Its sides and corners were nicked and crumbling with age, and it had a kind of a porch, consisting of three rickety steps and a small landing. There was a screen door, though—mark of some prosperity—and it was hanging partially open. But there was no evidence of life. However, Miguel was a sewing-machine salesman and had to take chances. "*Buenos dias, señora,*" he called, addressing himself to the silent interior of the house.

I have said that Miguel was a sewing-machine salesman. He was. He was the best sewing-machine salesman in the Southwest. There is always a reason for things, and there was a reason for Miguel's remarkable success. It lay in a machine which was his—not the company's—which he called *Juanita Campo. Juanita Campo*—which, translated, means Jennie of the Country—was an old-style cabinet machine which nobody ever had succeeded in operating, only Miguel. *Juanita* was his foot in the door, so to speak. Miguel would place this machine into any household at any initial payment; run it before the wide eyes of the good housewife with an ease and grace that was good to look at; depart with the extremely small initial payment in his pocket. Weeks later he would call in readiness to take the abuse which invariably was waiting for him. Bowed humbly before the storm, he would finally offer to put in a good machine at the same rate of pay, and because the good housewife by this time had become accustomed to seeing a machine in the house and now actually wanted a machine at any price, Miguel would make a genuine sale.

Miguel remained seated under the buggy-top, awaiting some word from within. There came no reply. Finally he called out again. "*Buenos dias, señora!*"

And now he got action. A middle-aged Mexican slowly appeared behind the screen door. Her hand was extended toward the hook on the inside of the door.

She was frowning. She hooked the door and in silence disappeared into the interior of the house again.

"*Señora,*" began Miguel, himself getting into action, "I am here on thees place once more. In thee wagon—" he jerked his head toward the rear—"is *Juanita Campo*, friend of thee poor people and another fine machine, brand-new—like the *niños* inside"—a pure guess—"a machine thot makes anything. Thot machine makes a cap for thee baby, a collar for thee horse, pants for thee *señor*, rags for thee ragman, a door for thee house, a stovepipe—anything!" He paused.

The woman reappeared. Secure behind the hooked screen door, she did indeed smile at Miguel's whimsical turns of speech. But the door remained hooked.

Undaunted, Miguel got down out of the wagon.

"Thee weather she's fine, *señora,*" he went on, adopting a new tack. "Soon thee *niños* is needin' new clothes. Thee *fiestas* and thee *bailes* is soon comin' lak a flock of cheeckens to thee feed pan. A machine—thot's thee t'ing! Thee *señoritas*——"

"I have no children," interrupted the *señora*, in almost faultless English. "I am a widow. Señor Gamboa he's dyin' last winter."

Miguel slowly removed his hat. It was a derby hat, with grease-stained brim, and bore evidence of indentations in the past. Like his beer-stained patent-leather shoes, and celluloid collar without necktie, and cream-colored waistcoat sadly stained with ink from a fountain pen in the upper left-hand pocket, and long celluloid cuffs with dazzling bediamond link cuff-buttons, Miguel's headgear set him definitely apart from his race. Miguel was different because he dressed different, and I believe he did it from the sole view-point of salesman psychology. For he was as bright as a new penny and as keen as a razor, despite his long, twisted nose, the cast over one eye, and an expression generally that always gave people to believe that he was pleasantly intoxicated.

"A widow, eh?" he said sympathetically. He removed a red bandanna and blew his nose, taking the opportunity withal to dash the bandanna across mist-beclouded eyes. "Thot's sad, *señora.* A widow is soomtimes a good t'ing, though. Thee *señor* he's a bum—no good—soomtimes. *Pero* Señor Gamboa—I'm hearin' about thee *señor* twenty miles away—he's a damn' fine *hombre.*" He swept the horizon with thoughtful eyes. "I am sad, *señora.*"

The widow, who was plump and comely, and rather more neatly dressed than was customary among the women of the settlement, looked sceptical.

"Gamboa he's never workin' a day in his life," she declared, relaxing into pidgin-English in the sudden anger which laid hold upon her. "I'm washin' ten years to support thot *hombre.* Gamboa was lazy—a lazy, good-for-notting *hombre.*"

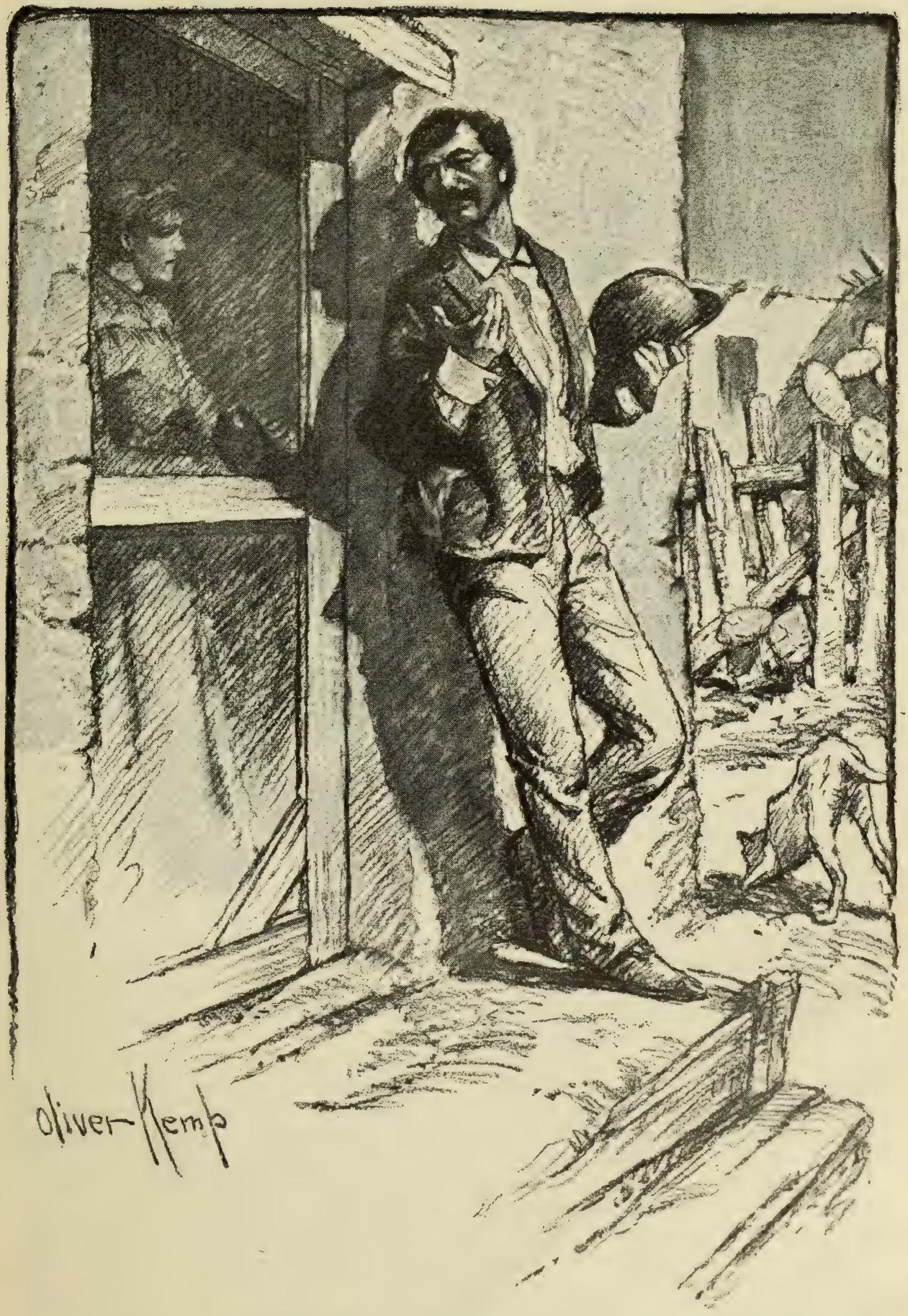
Miguel slowly put away the bandanna. There would be no further need for it. His face twisted into an even more humorous expression than was normally his.

"I'm hearin' about thot, *señora,*" he said quietly. "Gamboa once he's arrested for stealin' cheeckens. Gamboa he's thee wors' gambler, too, in thee whole country." He frowned reflectively. "Thot man he's wort' more to you dead than he was wort' alive. Thee *señora* had thee man insured—si?" This was a leading question.

"Si, señor—I am gettin' five hundred dollars."

Miguel nodded and then turned and gazed hard in the direction of his wagon—more particularly in the direction of his two machines. Presently he turned back again and regarded the widow with a speculative squint that to me foreshadowed a sale, for I was seated under the wagon-top, smoking a cigarette and listening attentively to Miguel in operation. Needless to say I was enjoying his mental gymnastics—always enjoyed them—which was why I rode around with him.

"I have beautiful machine, *señora,*" he declared. "*Beautiful* machine! Thot machine she's doin' anyt'ing. She's sewin' thee blankets, makin' thee ruffles, she's hemmin' and coughin'—" the whimsicality within the man would not down—"she's stitchin' lak a racin' horse—doin' anyt'ing, *señora!* I will gladly show you.



Miguel in operation.—Page 492.

It's costin' notting, *señora*, and I'm showin' you how to run a machine. Soomday you can buy a machine; to-day I'm showin' you thee machine. Si." He became suddenly thoughtful again. "Gamboa he's thee hombre thot one time is shootin' thee sheriff?"

The *señora* shook her head.

"He's never shootin' a sheriff," she declared. "He's afraid to shoot. He's once ponchin' me—thot man, and thee sheriff he's coomin'. No; Gamboa he's never shootin' a gun."

Miguel nodded reflectively.

"I'm hearin' about thee sheriff," he said, still thoughtful of mien.

A silence fell upon the pair. The hour was mid-morning, and the settlement, which consisted of some eight or ten adobe houses, a general store, two saloons, and a church, lay basking tranquilly in the midsummer heat of late June. Over at the well, beyond a clump of cottonwood trees, several women and a score of children attended the regular Monday morning wash, though their activities, which could be seen as far as the eye would reach, were quite noiseless. The sky was spotless, and a shimmering heat rose from the trail, which wandered irregularly through the settlement, breaking into view from a point to the south and, occurring as it were here and there between the houses, disappeared from view in a broad sweep to the west and north.

I turned back to Miguel and the widow. Miguel was standing on the door-step, close against the screen door, and he was leaning listlessly against the door frame. His hat was still in his hand.

"You could make clothes for the neighbors," he was saying, beginning the attack from yet another angle. "Thee washin' thot's too hard. A woman—especial a young widow—she's takin' good care of thee hands and thee feet——"

The widow tittered, interrupting him.

And then the big moment came. I was watching for it, knowing well the machinations of this star salesman.

Slowly a hand—the widow's—rose and laid hold of the hook in the screen door. Slowly the hand unhooked the door. Slowly the screen door swung open—under the gentle pressure of Miguel—and after that, with a low, sweeping bow, Miguel disappeared before my eyes, slowly, gently, easing himself through the door, as it were. There followed a moment of silence. Then I heard a shrill note of laughter—the widow's—and directly Miguel reappeared in the doorway, eyes turned toward me.

"*Hombre*," he called to me, all business now, "plees you will unscrew thee back machine. Thee best machine," he added—"not *Juanita*. Be ready when I'm coomin' back." He disappeared within once more; once more reappeared, now with a beer pail in his hand. "I'm gettin' soom beer," he explained needlessly, passing me as I was getting out the machine. "We makin' a sale here, *hombre*," he declared, and hurried off underneath the clothes-lines and between two adobes in the direction—almost a bee line—of one of the two saloons.

II

"You know, *hombre*," Miguel began, as we rode slowly away from the house, "thot worman she's a widow, and widows is thee hardest." Miguel was temperamental and always cackled a little after making a sale. "Where there's no man, no *dinero*." He headed Don Juan out toward the trail. "I'm sweatin' blood thot time at thee screen door. You know, I'm a fast worker when I'm knowin' thee people—bet you' life! But thee widow I'm never hearin' about thot worman, and I'm never hearin' about thot *hombre*, Gamboa, and I'm slippin' couple times." He was silent. "Oh, well," he resumed, after a time, as the wagon struck the trail, "a man he can't guess right all time."

I agreed with Miguel there. The wonder of it all to me was that Miguel should guess right as often as he did.

We moved along through the settlement. Miguel was pushing on the reins and calling Don all manner of epithets, not the least of which was *cabrone*, and in this fashion we gained the outskirts at a road gait of perhaps three miles an hour, when Miguel suddenly drew up the horse and squinted an eye up over the sand-hills in the direction of a lone adobe. A thought was revolving itself in his

brain, I knew, because I knew Miguel. Finally he let me in on it.

"Oop in thot house, *hombre,*" he said, "I'm sellin' a machine seex months ago, and thot damned t'ief and robber he's never makin' a payment since."

"Who is he?" I asked.

"A t'ief, I'm tellin' you. He's a man never works and he's keepin' house all alone. He's bad *hombre.* I go see thot man." And he started Don forward, in a wide circle, slowly veering the horse around in the direction of the adobe.

"Does he live alone?"

Miguel nodded. "Sure, he's livin' alone. He's married one time, but thee worman she's leavin' heem. He's a bad *hombre,* I'm tellin' you."

"Why did he take a machine?" I persisted. "Men don't buy machines," I added, for Miguel was a trifle vague at times in his explanations, and this was one of the times. "Was the woman with him when he bought the machine?"

"He's sayin' she might coom back—thot *hombre.* He's a liar, thot *hombre.* I'm theenkin' thot *hombre* he is sellin' thot machine. We go see."

I settled back. The trail was soft here and the horse had hard going. The sand rolled up around the wheels to the spokes, and crunched and ground under the weight of the wagon. Don Juan's head was lowered almost to the ground, for the grade was steep and the sun was hot, and the weight of two men and two machines beyond Juan's strength. At last, however, Miguel drew up before the door of the tiny house and sat back and surveyed the outlook.

"He's inside, asleep," he said, and wound the reins around the whip, preparatory to getting down. "Thot *hombre* he's sleepin' all time. He's soomt'ing thee matter. He's nervous, thot *hombre.* Oh, well! Thot's thee first time I'm seein' thee door open. We go see. I'm t'inkin' thot *hombre* he's sellin' thee machine." And he swung down.

I sat back to await developments. Miguel was a bag of surprises anyway, and this promised a surprise of some kind. He strolled up casually to the door and knocked on the door frame. The door was open, but a silence reigned within, a silence which continued even after Miguel's knocking. Waiting a moment, Miguel—his neck craning now a little at what he could see inside—knocked again. And again there was no answer. Another moment of waiting and craning, and then Miguel, shooting his cuffs dramatically, stepped in over the threshold, calling as he did so to the occupant of the house.

"*Hombre! Hombre!*"

"*Si!*" came the sudden and unexpected response from within. "What the hell is?" A rasping, shrill voice it was, too.

Miguel disappeared, and thereafter ensued vigorous conversation.

"Where's thee machine?" I heard Miguel ask, and knew that the machine could be nowhere in evidence, inasmuch as the adobe consisted of only one room.

"I'm lendin' thot machine," came the reply. "I haf seester down below. She's takin' thee machine couple days."

Silence.

Then——

"*Hombre,* thot's a lie!" Miguel had opened up with a couple of guns. "You stealin' thot machine. I know thot. And I'm givin' you two weeks to get thot machine back on thees house. If thot machine he's not here thee next time I'm coomin', I'm breengin' a sheriff and havin' you in thee *caliboose.* I'm tellin' you!"

If the first moment of silence was deep and oppressive with foreboding, the silence which ensued now was more so. Seated in the wagon, I expected almost anything to happen. Miguel could run the gamut of emotions easier than any other man I had ever known, and this habit of his often got him into difficulties, from mild squabblings to threatened gun fights. Nor was I disappointed in what followed.

There was a kind of snarl, obviously the voice of the tenant of the house, and I saw Miguel come backing through the door; then the spectacle of an uplifted chair close behind him; and after that a pair of bare arms and a flaming red shirt; and then my first vision of the man whom Miguel declared to be a robber. The man was lean and tall, but somehow gave the impression of great power. His black hair was dishevelled, as if he had just risen from bed, and his eyes, black as the

night, and blinking now in the strong sunlight, were venomous with anger.

"You haf say I'm a t'ief?" he roared, chair still upraised. "I'm crackin' thot damn skull of yours open so wide thee sun she's dryin' oop thee soles of thee feet! Out—out thees place, you—you *cabrone!*"

Miguel already was outside. Being outside, Miguel continued to back toward the wagon, presenting to me, seated comfortably upon the seat out of harm's way, a ludicrous spectacle. What I thought of mostly was a crab defying the reaches of a market dealer in the cities. Yet Miguel gave no particular evidence of being possessed of fear. Merely, he was crinkling his nose good-naturedly, and I knew, though from my perch behind him I could not see, that his good eye was aglint with rollicking, though suppressed, humor. The irate one did not step beyond the doorway. Possibly the fact that Miguel had company, in the shape of myself, acted as a slight deterrent.

Miguel laid a hand upon Don Juan, and, leaning against the horse, complacently crossed one foot over the other and adjusted his derby hat at a more provoking angle.

"*Si,*" he chortled. "I'm welcome, *hombre!* Pleased to meet you, you t'ief and robber. A man he's havin' a temper lak thot, *compadre,* he's pretty soon in thee bug-house." He caught up the reins and turned to step up into the wagon. "But I'm comin' again, *hombre,*" he flung at the man in the doorway—"when I can't stay so long—and I'm breengin' Pablo Gonzallez." He clambered up beside me and began to jerk on the reins. "*Buenos dias, señor!*" he called sarcastically. "Thee machine, remember—*cabrone!*—in two weeks."

"Why two weeks," I asked, as we swayed down the grade toward the trail. "Why not this afternoon, or to-morrow? And who is Pablo Gonzallez?"

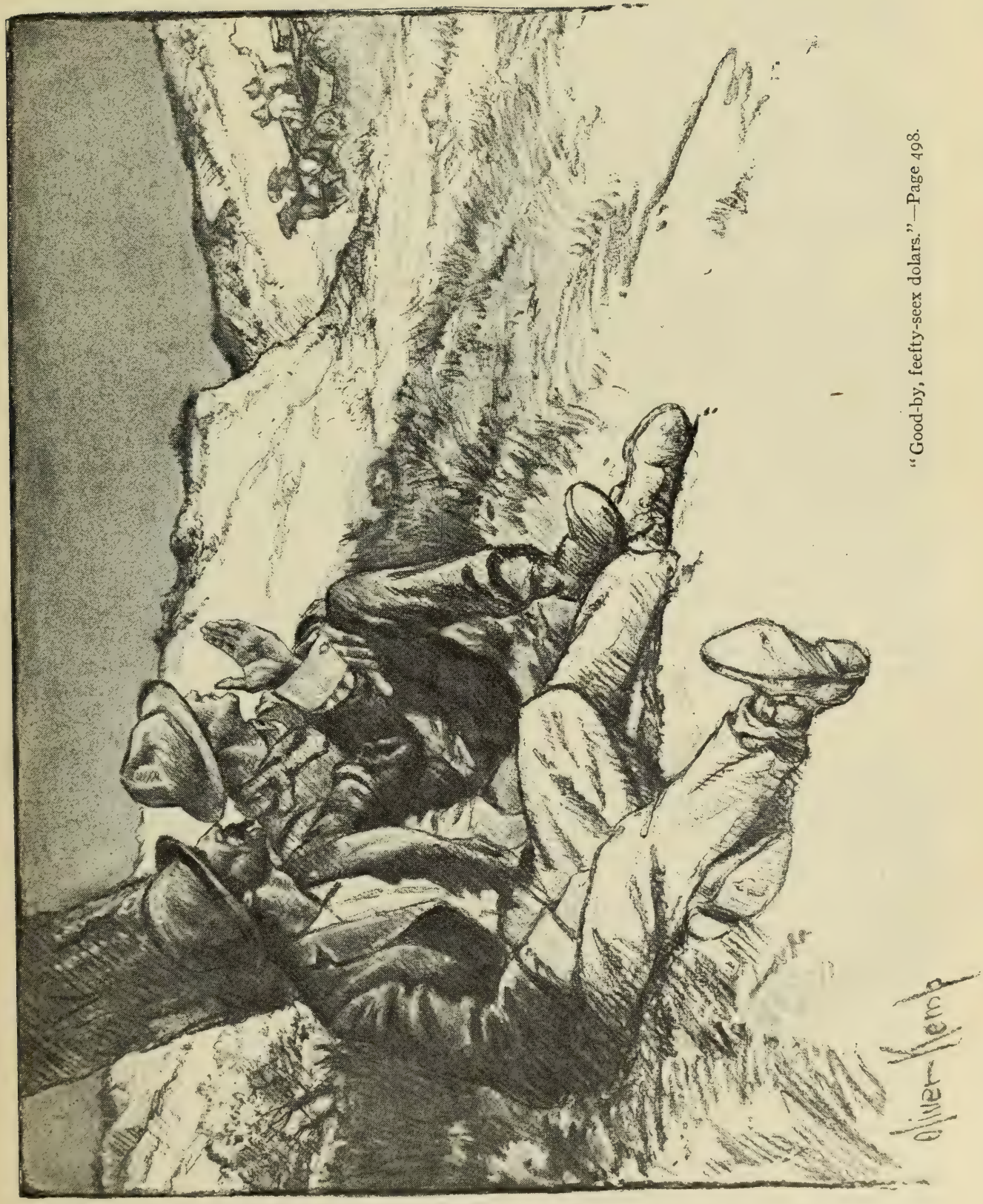
"Thee sheriff—deputy sheriff. And I'm givin' thot *hombre* two weeks because eet takes two weeks for a Mexican to move." He seesawed on the reins for a moment, then went on. "I'm havin' muncho trouble wit' thot *hombre,*" he said, reflectively. "He's a fighter, thot *hombre.*" He was silent, occupied now with negotiating the turn into the trail, for Don Juan made all turns with the stately steadiness of a locomotive swinging about on a turntable. "Oh, well!" he mused, aloud, as we set off at a snail's pace toward town, "eet's in thee business. A man he can't have luck all thee time, and I'm sellin' a machine to thee widow. Thot's enough."

We progressed leisurely along the river trail. The sun had tipped across its zenith, and the dunes scintillated brightly in the direct rays. We always carried a lunch on these trips down the river, and from long association with Miguel I knew that he was driving for a shelter of some kind, and perhaps water for the horse. But no shelter loomed before us, nothing save a lone cottonwood, and after a time he swerved the horse off the trail toward this scant oasis in the desert. Presently we were seated with our backs against the tree, a lunch-box between us, with the horse browsing upon a delicate supply of alfalfa, which Miguel always carried with him in the body of the wagon. Of water there was none for either man or beast.

"I'm lakin' thot widow," suddenly declared Miguel. "She's got thee five hundred dolars, and a couple pigs, and she's dressin' different from thee Mexican worman. *Si,* I'm lakin' thot worman." And he bit into a sandwich with a reflective sweep of his eyes out over the countryside. "I'm never gettin' married because I'm never seein' thee Mexican worman I'd buy a machine for. And a man he should gettin' a wife soomtime. A wife she's a beeg help to a man. A man he's dreenkin' oop all thee money—a worman, too, soomtimes—but a man he's always dreenkin' oop thee money. He's lak a camel, a man——"

Suddenly he checked himself. I looked at him. He was gazing hard out into the trail.

A wagon was lumbering along, drawn by a pair of horses, for it was a farm wagon. A man—two men—sat upon the seat. The vehicle drew closer, and I saw something in the body of the wagon that looked familiar. It was a sewing-machine. Miguel saw the machine as soon as I did. He had been reclining upon one elbow. He now sat erect and



"Good-by, feefty-seex dolars."—Page 498.

his eyes slightly narrowed. The wagon came directly opposite; the driver glanced in our direction and whipped up the horses; the outfit swayed rapidly from view—engulfed in a cloud of dust.

I heard a protracted sigh. Miguel was crinkling his long nose humorously.

"There goes thot machine!" he said. Long and thoughtfully he gazed after the disappearing wagon, then suddenly did a whimsical thing. He kissed the tips of his fingers and waved them in the direction of the cloud of dust. "Good-by, feefty-seex dolars!" he called. He turned to me. "My friend thee bad *hombre* he's hidin' thee machine when he's seein' us coomin', and now he's sendin' thee machine away to a place where we never—*never*—see thot machine again."

We returned to our sandwiches. Miguel—natural monologist that he was—began to speak again.

"Oh, well!" he sighed. "Thot's in thee game too. Lak thee widow." He grinned. "You know, I'm lakin' thot widow. A man he moost make thee hay while thee sun she's shinin'. I'm not so young, *hombre*, and thee blood in my veins—well, I'm gettin' married soom-time now soon—bet you' life!"

III

For several days I did not go out on the wagon with Miguel. Personal troubles piled high upon me, and I had to secure more profitable employment of my time. Setting out on foot in the town, I scurried around and when the sun had set I had turned up for myself some four distinct jobs. I was to collect for a trucking agency, collect for an associated charity organization, sell subscriptions for a magazine, sell advertising for another magazine, sell ash-cans for the local scavenger, sell tickets to the owners of the cans—at ten cents each—this last in order that the cans should be properly emptied. I was busy. Yet I was not too busy to follow Miguel's affairs. Occasionally I would see him driving through the town or weaving his way between adobes in the Mexican section of the town, but never did I get in more than a word with him. A word was about all anybody could get in with Miguel. I learned that he was courting the widow, and because he was insistent that I help him court her, one afternoon I climbed into the seat with him and let my numerous personal activities slide for a time.

"She's fallin' for me, *hombre*," he enthused, as he pushed on the reins in the direction of the river bridge and the settlement beyond it where the widow resided. "She's buyin' thee beer and makin' new dresses on the machine and she's unhookin' thee door every time I'm coomin'. You will see thot for yourself. I'm marryin' pretty soon now, *hombre*—bet you' life!"

It looked as if he might. It looked better than that—looked like a sure thing—when finally we drove up to the widow's back door. She seemed to be expecting Miguel and fairly ran to unhook the screen door as we approached the doorstep. I noticed that she was pretty well dolled up, and I saw a light in her eyes that seemed to indicate that she bore an affection for the sewing-machine salesman. Sewing-machine salesmen and widows the world around seem to have a sort of magnetic attraction for each other, and the affair here in this place appeared to be strengthening the rule. I stepped inside behind Miguel and received the introduction with a pronounced feeling of respect for the man. Miguel certainly was heading into matrimony, if the signs could be read aright at all, and yet, without exception, he was the homeliest man I think I had ever seen.

"Sit down, *hombre!*" he said, taking full possession of the two rooms, both rather neatly furnished and certainly well kept. "Take thee rocker. I'm gettin' soom beer. Señora Gamboa she will do thee talkin' until I coom back. Then—" and he grinned—"I myself will speak thee pieces."

He had barely left the house when the doorway was filled, at least vertically, by the figure of the "bad *hombre*." I recognized him instantly, despite the great change in his appearance. Whereas that first time I had seen him he was garbed in a flaming red undershirt and overalls, and his eyes were spitting fire and his black hair was dishevelled, now he was dressed seemingly in his best, with a clean shirt and red necktie and crisp new overalls,

and his face bore an expansive grin that seemingly would not be denied. He paused a moment on the threshold and then opened the screen door of his own volition and stepped into the room where we both were seated.

"*Buenos dias, señora,*" he greeted. "*Como estamos,*" he added lightly. "escuse me! I did not t'eenk you havin' coompany." Nevertheless he sat down. He occupied a chair opposite my own and looked, even if he did not express, a desire to be introduced.

The widow took the hint.

After the introduction, the man, whose name, it appeared, was Francisco Ortez, tipped back his chair and relapsed into what looked to me like a waiting silence. The thing was ominous. My imagination got to working and I thought I saw a gun in the man's hip pocket. I knew the circumstances perhaps rather more than did the widow, who was weakly attempting to bring about cheerful conversation, and when Miguel returned with the can of beer, as he did presently, the room was surcharged with electrical current that seemed at any moment about to explode like a ball of lightning. Miguel was taken aback, but not for long. He carefully set the can down upon the table, looked around for the empty glasses, returned, and began to pour out the beer. Then I noticed something. Instead of four glasses, Miguel had brought out only three. After that I looked for nothing short of murder.

"Eet's cold," he said, as he passed me a glass of the stuff. "You thee guest," he said, winking, and by way of explaining his proffering to me the first glass. He then handed one to the widow. "You thee hostess," he went on; and then poured out a glass for himself. This he hoisted to his lips, with his back to Francisco. "Happy days!" he gurgled. "All thee way down!"

The widow did not drink, however.

"*Señor,*" she expostulated, eyes upon Miguel, "you have forget Francisco. Take my glass, Francisco," she went on, extending her own toward him. She rose. "I will get another glass."

Francisco accepted the beer.

"*Gracias, señora,*" he said. "Thee *machina hombre* he's wantin' all thee beer heemself. I'm buyin' a can too, right away. And I will pour out only two glasses at thee one time—one for you, *señora,* and the other one for myself." He glowered at Miguel.

Miguel smiled.

"Sure!" he said. "Why not? I'm buyin' thees can beer myself. *Pero,* the money thot you pay for thee beer he's belongin' to me for thot machine you stealin'." Miguel sat down and turned cold eyes across at the other. "I'm seein' thee machine go away, *hombre,* and pretty soon thee sheriff he's coomin. You moost dreenk lot beer now, because in thee *calaboose* you gettin' only water."

The widow returned at this juncture and poured out a glass of beer for Francisco. The tension was tightening, though, of course, it was high over the woman's head. She passed the glass to Francisco, who accepted it gratefully and drank it off even more gratefully. As he handed the glass back he gave Miguel another dig.

"Thot's thee cheap beer," he observed, eyes upon the woman. "Five cents more, and thee *machina hombre* he could gettin' good beer. *Pero,* five cents is five cents; eh, *hombre?*" And he lifted shaggy eyebrows at Miguel.

"*Si,*" quickly retorted Miguel. "And a machine is a machine. And a t'ief is a t'ief. And the calaboose is a calaboose. And two years at thee hardes' kind of labor—thot's two years at thee hardes' kind of labor, too. Eh, *hombre?* You will know all about thot in couple days."

The widow sat down.

"Eet's warm thees day," she observed, tranquilly. "Thee alfalfa is growin' fas' thees weather. I'm wishin'——"

"Like Francisco's whiskers in thee calaboose," interrupted Miguel, nastily.

Francisco tipped his chair forward and slowly reached around to his hip pocket. I thought I saw what was coming and wanted to beat a hasty departure. I did get up; but Miguel, who was aware of the man's movement, reassured me with a cool glance. I sat down again, only to find a revolver in Francisco's hand, the man toying with it with a look of affection in his eyes. The gun was loaded, I noticed with a qualm, and as the man carefully drew back the hammer, then

carefully lowered it again, I stealthily reached for my hat, which was on the floor beside my chair. Miguel laughed.

"Thot *hombre's* a bluff," he whispered hoarsely, in an aside to me. "You stay here. You see. See? Thot *hombre's* a bluff."

Sure enough, the revolver had disappeared. Francisco had placed it back into his hip pocket. But the widow was troubled.

"Why thee gun, Francisco?" she asked, smiling. "A man he's not needin' a gun in thees house. Thees is a house, not a *cantina*."

"*Si, señora!*" nodded Francisco graciously. "But the *machina hombre* he's insult me. I am not a robber. I'm stealin' nobody's *machina*. I'm joost coomin' in thees place to have peaceful talk. The *hombre* he's lookin' for trouble."

Miguel arose. He reached for his hat. I also rose with my hat in my hand. And I was glad to do it. Miguel stepped to the table, emptied out the can into his glass, drank the contents off.

"I am sorry thees t'ief he's coomin' today," he said, addressing himself to the widow. "I have business—I moost go. I'm coomin' again soon, *señora*, and I especial ask thot you keep thees t'ief out. He's stealin' a machine, and I'm seein' thee sheriff. Thot's all, *señora*." And he strode toward the door in a high huff—which was but clever acting, for I knew that he was not easily irritated.

I followed him outside. So did a bullet from Francisco's revolver, a random shot apparently, for it went high and wide. Miguel slowly mounted to the seat and caught up the reins.

"Thot *hombre* he's a nut," he observed, as I sank beside him and the wagon started forward. "But I'm theenkin' mebbe thot *hombre* he's makin' love to thee widow. A man he never can tell. About thee widows, I have mean. Soomtimes widows is marryin' nuts too. I must coom again soon."

As we pulled out of the yard I looked back. I saw through an open window the figure of Francisco crossing the room to a chair close beside the woman and there was a smirking grin on his face that seemed to find encouragement in the look in the woman's eyes. As Miguel had said, a man never can tell.

Somehow I felt sorry for Miguel's chances, nevertheless.

IV

It was perhaps a week later that I again came across Miguel. He looked in the dumps and I asked about his love-affair. I was standing on the sidewalk, and he was tying a feed-bag over the nose of his horse in the shade of a row of trees. He came around to the curb and sat down. I sat down beside him. The makings of a couple of cigarettes were produced and presently he was explaining.

"She's lakin' me but she's fearin' thot *hombre*," he began. "Thot man he's makin' love with a shooting gun. He's a nut. I moost watch out or I'm losin' thot widow and thee five hundred dolars, too. A man he's got to play thee game or he's losin' all the cards."

"How about the sheriff?" I asked. "Can't you slap Francisco in the jug? That would hold him for a while, wouldn't it?—until you could lead the lady to the priest, at any rate."

Miguel shook his head sadly.

"Thee widow says no," he explained. "She's sayin' eet's wrong to put a man in jail. I'm what you callin' handcuffed."

"What are you going to do about it then?"

Miguel sat silent. He was staring hard at the ground, cigarette held listlessly between his fingers, head bowed low in thought. Presently he bestirred himself.

"I'm theenkin' I go out there thees afternoon," he said. "You can coom along, too. You sittin' outside and I'm inside makin' thee love. I moost hurry up, too, or thot *hombre* he's beatin' me to thee widow and thee jack-pot. I will ask thot woman—yes or no! If she's sayin' no, I'm callin' you inside. You can say I'm thee best salesman in thee whole of New Mexico, and Old Mexico, too, if you like, and thot I'm makin' lots money. Already I'm sayin' thot to thee widow, but she's only smilin'. You coom inside and say thot and she's believin'—mebbe."

"But suppose she says yes?"

Miguel beamed.

"Then I'm invitin' you inside anyway, and we gettin' thee beer, and havin' soom cheese and crackers—good time, *hombre.* Si! And then we gettin' married right away."

Within an hour we again drove into the widow's back yard. I wanted to see Miguel married, because I believed that marriage was what he needed—something, somebody, to hold him down. And I liked the looks of the widow. She was an exceptional Mexican woman, in her way, just as Miguel was an exceptional Mexican man, in his way. It looked to me like an ideal affair of the heart—at least from his side. Of the widow's affections, however, I knew nothing save only what Miguel had told me. I sat back comfortably in the seat the while Miguel clambered down and stepped cautiously toward the door. It stood open and the screen was unhooked. Inside, however, there was stillness. Either the widow was at one of the neighbors, or she was taking her afternoon siesta, or—well, anyway, Miguel went to the door.

He knocked quietly.

There was no response.

I suppose a man's emotions, standing as Miguel was on the threshold as it were of the door of love, are peculiarly mixed when the knock remains unanswered. Such a man's emotions must range from highest hope to deepest despair. Mexicans are a temperamental people anyway, and Miguel being a Mexican he no doubt suffered and rejoiced in turn as he stood at the door with his good eye screwed around, trying to see what he could see within. Evidently he saw nothing because he said nothing. His hat was cocked on one side of his head; his hands now were thrust into the top of his trousers at the back underneath his coat-tails—had his coat had tails—and altogether, outwardly at least, he appeared the embodiment of patience and—yes—virtue.

And then suddenly it happened.

From within, well back, came a fusillade of revolver shots. Miguel straightened up. The bullets flew above his head, perforating the wire netting on the door generously. Then from within also came a wild yell.

"Out from thees place!" roared a voice, that of Francisco. "*Cabrone!* Robber! Out! Out from thees place."

Miguel did not knock on the door again. Instead he stepped to one side of the doorway, and, his humor mounting rapidly, he entered into facetious conversation.

"I have beautiful machine, *señora,*" he grinned. "Thot machine——"

Another bullet from within, splintering the frame of the door dangerously close to Miguel, interrupted him.

He stepped down from the doorway and, gaining a corner of the house, regarded me with a quizzical expression.

"What I'm doing, *hombre?*" he asked. "Thot man he's crazy lak a bedbug. You coom down," he invited.

Before I could make reply, however, Francisco appeared in the doorway behind the screen door with a smoking revolver in either hand.

"Thee machine is back, *hombre,*" he rumbled. "Oop to thee my place. You can go gettin' thot machine any time now. Thee sooner you takin' thot machine away thee better I'm lakin' thot machine. Inside here, too, is a machine you can take away."

The widow suddenly appeared beside the man.

"*Si,*" she chirruped, echoing Francisco. "A man thot's sellin' machines to widows he's a man thot's hatin' work. You can take thees machine away too. *Pronto!* And I'm askin' especial thot you don' coom to thees house soom more. A lazy *hombre* he's never welcome on thees place."

They made a good-looking pair, standing there in the doorway, the man with a pair of smoking guns in his hands, the woman with a fierce light of anger in her eyes. Miguel himself, though quite self-possessed, evidently was hurt over the loss of the sale. His old salesmanship, once the loss of the widow had fully entered his cosmos, reasserted itself. He stepped to the door.

"A machine, *señora,* thot's thee most important," he began. "A man he can love a woman, and a woman she can love a man. But a sewing-machine makes thee home. A home without a sewing-machine—*niños* without a sewing-machine—food and clothes without a sewing-machine—ees no home, *señora.* Eet

is not a home, *señora*," he repeated, shooting his cuffs and otherwise getting himself down to action. "A home *and* a sewing-machine, *señora*——"

The man in the doorway carelessly lifted one of the revolvers.

"Coom inside," he said. He unhooked the screen door. "Coom inside—breeng thee Americano too—thot *compadre* yours out there thot's lovin' work too—coom inside. Thee machine I'm t'rowin' thot machine outside if you don' coom inside and takin' thot machine."

The wagon already had two machines, the capacity of the wagon. Nevertheless I clambered down, thinking discretion the better part of valor, as it were. Presently we had the machine in the wagon, tied securely on top of the other two. Then we drove off, Miguel at the reins, jerking and seesawing on them, heading Juan toward the adobe occupied by Francisco, and where the stolen machine was found. With this tied beside the widow's machine, we turned the horse toward town, silence between us who occupied the seat.

When about half-way to town, Miguel began speech.

"You know, *hombre*," he said, clearing his throat for a long monologue, "I'm a machine salesman. I am not—what you call eet?—a lizard? a lounge lizard. I am never a success wit' thee wormen. I am a man thot's livin' alone all thee time until I'm dyin'. And I'm damned glad from thot. A man he's a fool if he's takin' a worman for thee better or thee worse, because eet's always for thee worse. *Si.* I know. I'm seein' *muncho* married life and I'm never seein' anyt'ing more welcome in thee home than a machine—thee *padre*, *niños*—everything!" He was silent. "I'm wishin' thot *hombre* he's keepin' thee machine," he added, after a time. "I'm lakin' to see thot *hombre* in thee *calaboose*. *Si!*"

And to this last I somehow found myself in full accord.

THE MUSIC GARDEN

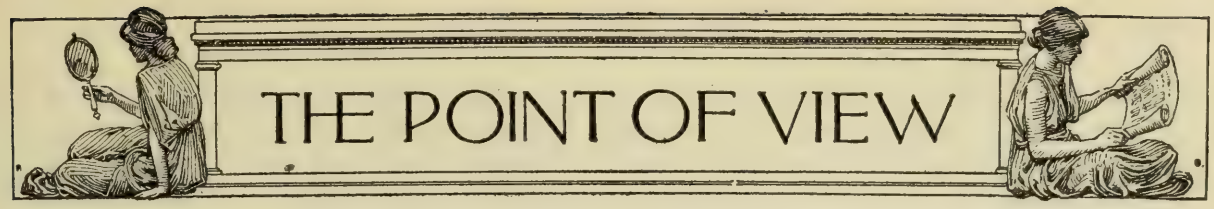
By M. A. DeWolfe Howe

Hearing a song of older days
I seemed—so music wrought the spell—
To walk a garden close, in ways
My heart remembered, oh, how well!

And all the old, sweet flowers were there,
The scent of earth, the balm of green,
And sounds that charged the trembling air,
From birds half hid and bees unseen.

Now, through the magic of the song,
There sauntered close beside me one
Who loved this refuge from the throng,
And met me there in seasons gone.

But nay, 'twas not the high-walled place,
Unbroken as in ancient years,
For, sharply, o'er a fallen space
I gazed, alone, through sudden tears.



THE other day a friendly but discriminating foreign-born critic confided to us, through the pages of a well-known magazine, some of his conclusions concerning "Intellectual America." It was a keen and finely tempered paper, woven of the stuff of personal experience, and I have no doubt its accomplished author would be a little amused at the exceedingly humble parallel I have to offer. Yet I believe the parallel is instructive—since it yields up to our inspection the chief cause of our horrid American bumptiousness; and reassuring—since the cause proves to be, at least as I interpret it, a subject for healthy constructive pugnacity on the part of Americans rather than for despair.

On a Certain Condescension in Natives

That cause, I take it, is our old friend provincialism—as nearly as it can be compressed into one word. We are bumptious and blind and "bigoty" because we do not know any better. And there is always a chance that people who do not know any better may learn.

Back at the turn of the century I came to the little town where I am now living, to stay, perhaps, for eighteen months or so—and I have stayed as many years. I have married one of its "native sons"; I have fallen in with most of the local customs; my youngsters know no other home, no other *milieu;* up to a certain point, all my fellow townsmen are neighbors and friends. Yet I came a "stranger," and, in a certain sense, I am a stranger still.

I remember the first time I heard this attitude clearly set forth; naturally, I was very much struck by it. One of the most attractive girls of our highest social "set" was being very obviously wooed, and there was the usual amount of speculation as to the outcome. The young man in question had been brought "into our midst" by a business of the seasonal type; he was, in fact, a Northern cotton-buyer who had spent a winter or two before in the town, returning to his home in the summer. A mutual friend expressed the conviction that they would be married. "I can't believe it," returned another, an older woman. "I can't believe that Margaret would marry a *stranger.*"

Margaret did, however, and went to live in a Northern city, where she has led a happy and exemplary life; but even yet I occasionally hear echoes of the same disapproval in the talk of her old friends, who still love her, but who can neither understand nor quite forgive her apostasy.

Later, some naïve acquaintance of my own (I have really forgotten who it was, since I rather make a point of such forgetfulness) was telling me how enthusiastically another friend had been speaking of me. "She is certainly an admirer of yours," she said. "She was telling me the other day that she had fully made up her mind that, though you were queer, you were perfectly fine just the same."

I have never been the kind of person who gloried in queerness; indeed, I have often wished that I might exchange at least a part of my natural shrinking from any kind of mere conspicuousness for a touch of that blithe Bohemian perversity whose object in life is to "shock the Bourgeois." But—the alternative being an utterly devastating conformity in trifles and details—I have resigned myself to queerness. How meekly and completely I had no idea until I made my first visit to the city I had left after a number of absorbing years which had kept me very close at home. The head and front of my offending in the matter of queerness had always been my literary labors, and the especial tastes and habits which are likely to appertain to persons of a literary bent—such as an unobtrusive fondness for solitary walks, and an obstinate but by no means clamant aversion to bridge clubs and Home Mission Sewing Circles alike. It was with much amusement that I observed my own distinct surprise at the discovery that the visitor who was myself was not queer at all! I would catch my soul in the act of popping out of its burrow with a sort of innocent, tentative swagger, like a pleased ground-hog suddenly emancipated from the fear of its own shadow.

After I had lived in our town for several years I conceived the bold project of start-

ing a public library. With two or three enthusiastic, and half a dozen acquiescent, friends I worked at my dream early and late. For a year or two it was the matter nearest my heart—it even took precedence over my own work, over everything, in fact, except my family. And for a long time I absolutely refused to be discouraged. From the first the response had been lukewarm. The general attitude of the people asked to contribute suggested the reply of the shop-girl who was asked if a book would be an acceptable Christmas present for a mutual friend—"Oh, no, he already has a book." Nearly everybody in town already had one, it seemed. But this normal human inertia, I reasoned, could be overcome. It was a long time before I discovered, and a still longer time before I would acknowledge to myself, that there was more than inertia: there was some obscure but obstinate, almost sulky, opposition. Another period of perplexity succeeded this discovery before I finally succumbed to complete and withering enlightenment. I was a stranger—an officious stranger! And bent on achieving personal glory. My excited conviction that it needed a library was a reflection on a town that had lived—and lived so successfully that I had chosen to make it my home—for a hundred and fifty years without one. Was it not one of the oldest towns in the United States? Was it not wealthy, and "cultured," and wrapped in its traditions as in a garment? Was it not famous for its fine old trees and its salubrious climate? Didn't I like it? Well, then!

Nobody ever said these latter things to me; that is why it required several years and a deep disappointment to make them clear to me.

Now, here is the point of all this pensive reminiscence: that it is not the American spirit but the provincial spirit which lacks the spiritual grace to entertain strangers as if it remembered that it might be entertaining angels unawares. My dear little old complacent town is American; but I am no less so. It is not a question of discriminating against a native of some other than the greatest country on earth; it is only, in the last analysis, a case of thinking in terms of

> "Me and my wife,
> My son John and his wife,
> Us four,
> And no more."

And it is the same spirit, multiplied by a hundred million or so, that makes us, as Americans, prone to act as if we "possessed and knew everything worth while and had nothing to learn." Our peculiar situation as an enormous, isolated new nation in a world of contiguous, congested old nations —all the combination of our often-rehearsed circumstances—has wished on us this enormous national wart or freckle. It is on a scale corresponding to our other attributes and "resources." It has the true American bigness.

But I venture to think that we have only to be brought to see how disfiguring it is in order to set about removing it; and that —comparatively speaking—external remedies will suffice without resort to a major operation. Perhaps it is more like the dental hiatus of the "snaggle-toothed" age: only time and healthy growth can fill the gap. In the case of an old town or community such as I have described, it is its isolation, not its age, which has fostered the spirit of complacency and resistance to new ideas. And a grown-up America cannot maintain its isolation, however hysterically it may try. It is at this moment writhing in the throes of the discovery that it cannot.

Even provincialism has its extenuations, its merits, its uses. An enlightened provincialism has a very important part to play, for instance, in the true development of American art. Only, the lump is exceeding large, and it will take a great deal of leaven. At present our provincialism is terribly in need of enlightening.

Light Meat or Dark

CARVING at table is one of the most characteristic things that a man can do. It is the household art where all his masterful attributes are called into play. Fire-building, furnace-shaking, and lawn-mowing bring out his homely attributes, but carving is a broader test. Here is a primitive art overlaid with a complex technique; a pioneer act in a dainty environment. For this kind of thing a man hould be allowed the freedom of the wilderness. Environed by the modern table-cloth, he must be not only masterful but cautious; not so much fearless as adroit.

The situation is a test not only of the man but also of his relations with his wife. When a married couple feel equally respon-

sible for an act at which only one of them can officiate, they are tempted to exchange remarks. The most tactful wife yields sometimes to the impulse to do a little coaching from the side-lines, and many husbands have been known to respond with a few well-chosen words about the knife. This happens sometimes even when the husband is an artist at his work, for the ideals of two artists will occasionally conflict. And even the model wife who ignores the carving and engages the guests in conversation until the worst is over will at times find herself clutching the table-cloth or holding her breath at the critical points—when the drumstick is being detached from the second joint, for instance, or when the knife hovers over the guest's portion of the steak. These two crises are the great moment for the man who carves.

In fact, you have not taken the complete measure of a man until you have seen him carve both steak and fowl. These two make totally different demands upon the worker. The chicken calls for a sense of structure, a versatile skill in manœuvring for position, and the delicate wrist of a violinist. But your true porterhouse calls for shrewd judgment and clear-cut decisions, with no half-way measures or reconsiderations at all. With the chicken, you can modify, slice, combine, arrange to best advantage on the plate. With the steak, you work in the flat and in one color; every stroke must count. There are men who would rather parcel out the Balkans than map a steak.

Great artists in carving are of several classes: those who stand up to their task and those who remain seated; those who talk and those who do not. I recall one noble old aristocrat who had the eye of a connoisseur and the suavity of an Italian grandee, who stood above the great turkey that he had to carve and discoursed with us as follows—pronouncing every word with the vigor that I try to indicate by the spelling, and illustrating each remark with one deft motion of his knife; this was his monologue: "Now, we cut off his Legg. . . . Now,—we take his Winng! . . . And NOW, we *Slice* him!!"

To my mind, this conversation is about the only sort in which the artistic carver can afford to indulge. The nervous amateur thinks it necessary to keep up a run of wise comment on the topics of the day to show that he is at ease—or perhaps he does it as the magician talks when he puts the rabbits into the hat—to distract the spectators' attention from his minor tactics. But he might as well learn that he cannot distract us. The matter is too close to our hearts. It is natural to watch the carving intently, not necessarily with an eye to our own interests, but because for the time being the platter is the dramatic focus of the group. Action, especially in an affair demanding skill, irresistibly holds the eye. The well-bred guest chats along of one thing or another, but his eye strays absently toward the roast.

This is very hard upon the newly married husband. Spectators add immensely to his difficulties. Some years ago one such bridegroom, now an experienced host and patriarch, was about to carve a chicken for his bride and her one guest. I was the guest, and at that time I held theories about the married state. While we were setting the table I had mentioned a few of these, among them my belief that we should have compulsory culinary training for all boys, so that they, when married, would know how to perform the man's part of the household affairs, carving gracefully at their own tables the food that their wives so carefully prepare. The bride agreed with me, and reinforced my views with illustrations from real life—the bridegroom meanwhile listening intently from his post on the kitchen table. Young women are likely to forget that young men have feelings, especially if they have been trained by brothers who displayed none. We therefore went on at some length. Carving, we said, was not an instinct, but a craft.

As we sat at soup, the young husband became more and more uneasy, and when the chicken made its appearance he leaned back with beads of perspiration on his brow. "After all this," said he, "I hope nobody expects me to carve that chicken. I'll just pass it around, and you girls chip off what you like."

The central difficulty in carving, however, is found not so much in the actual chipping as in the tactful distribution of choice parts. This matter is complicated by the fact that unselfish people will lie about their preferences; polite people will

refuse to express them; and critical people expect you to remember them. Even the expert carver, therefore, looks with favor upon those convenient meats that come naturally in individual units—croquettes, cutlets, chops, sausages; here the only choice is between brown and not so brown, large and small. There is only the mathematical matter of making the food go around; the man with the vaguest sense of proportion can count chops and divide by the number of guests.

When the company is small and the platter of steak just adequate, however, there really is cause for anxiety. In an assembly of this kind, some carvers begin cautiously, serving small helpings at first until they are sure they are safe, and then becoming gradually more lavish. Others begin recklessly, and have to retrench suddenly toward the end. A group of college students once made a study of this matter with data and statistics that would have ornamented a doctor's degree. The object was to locate the seat at any table of fourteen where one could count on the most even diet, the golden mean between feast and famine, irrespective of which member of the faculty chanced to carve. There were many variables to be considered: some members of the faculty habitually carved with giant portions at first and dwindled suddenly; others varied from day to day, profiting at one meal by the lesson learned at the last. A few were expert dividers by fourteen, and their portions never varied. In the final computation, they were negligible. The conclusion was reached after weeks of minute toil: like all really great investigators, these students had covered the subject and were prepared to warrant their findings for all time. The best seat at a table of fourteen—the one where you can count on the least fluctuation and the largest security—in short, Whitman's Divine Average—is the fifth seat from the faculty, left. Things in that position run, barring accidents, quite well. If conservation was the slogan at the outset, the plentiful supply on the platter has by that time begun to tell on the mind of the carver, and things are looking up. If the first helpings were extravagant, there has still not been quite time to feel the real pinch of want. Fifth seat from the professor, left. This was found to apply also to mashed potato.

Of course, fourteen is too large a number to divide by: when it comes to long division brain-fag is bound to set in. Since those days, I am told, food in that college is sent in ready apportioned from the kitchen—a symptom of our educational advance.

We should miss something in our homes, however, if the art of carving should decline. There is a certain symbolic grace about the fatherly act of hewing away at a big roast, even though a man may be slow to learn the angle of attack which leaves the meat in condition to "slice to advantage" the second day. What he learns about a roast must be revised a little when he attacks a leg of mutton or a ham; and only the superman is infallible when it comes to corned beef. And as for the keen sense of the distinction between varied forms of meat, the officials of the United States Customs House once ruled that frogs' legs should be classified under the heading "Poultry." The critics cite this as an instance of faulty definition, but it is also an illustration of the general terms in which many pleasant gentlemen think of meat. They do not feel quite at home when dealing with it; they carve tentatively, parcelling it out at random. Until they come to their own serving they are vague. At that point, however, the most helpless amateur takes on cheer. Watch him as he settles himself more comfortably, draws up the platter at a better angle, and selects the fragments of his choice. It is here that he does his prize carving—not consciously, not at all selfishly, but because he now feels sure. He has something to go by. He knows what he wants.

After all, the task of carving at table is not an infallible test of man. Some of the most uncertain carvers in the world are great and good men, standing high in their professions and revered by a family who must nevertheless shiver for the fate of table-linen when the sirloin steak comes on. But the fact remains that the man who can carve equitably, neatly, and with discrimination has nearly always a balanced brain and a reliable self-command. In an army test he would stand high. He is your genuine "officer material." And he is very scarce.

THE FIELD OF ART

THE ETCHED WORK OF J. ALDEN WEIR

By Elisabeth Luther Cary

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM EXAMPLES OF MR. WEIR'S WORK IN THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AND THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

WHEN Julian Alden Weir died the world of art united to do honor to his personality and his achievement. He had had as much of recognition as usually comes to an artist during his lifetime. As a nation we have been chary of the open compliments of titles and medals of distinction, but the long list of awards and degrees following Mr. Weir's name in the contemporary catalogues shows that juries have not always been without discrimination, and when, in 1915, he was chosen to be president of the National Academy of Design it was considered not only a compliment to his distinguished position in American art, but the mark of a desire on the part of the Academy to emphasize modernity, freshness of spirit, and a youthful outlook in its official temper.



Caro.

As a painter Mr. Weir never failed to convey this sense of youthful buoyancy and delicacy, and as he grew older his work grew younger, had more of the loveliness of the morning upon the hilltops. Nothing could exceed the blithe sweetness of his green landscapes, unpretentious in subject, some familiar New England pasture or meadow, simple and inspiriting, overhung by the lightly veiled American sky. And the figure subjects of recent years have been not merely versions of individual girlhood but types of girlish fragility and loveliness, as expressive of the early years of life as the anemone and arbutus are of the spring of the year.

The sensitiveness of the execution in these recent works is, of course, too profound for youth. It is not until an artist is nearing the end of his activity that he becomes so jealous of perfection, so aware of the perils of a crude touch or a shallow judgment, always assuming him the happy warrior every man of arms would wish to be. But this awareness, in Mr. Weir's case, placed no check upon his investigating mind. Well trained in old methods, he met the new with continual interest and courage, intent upon exploring any road that led toward the beautiful expression of an artistic idea. He frequently changed his way of working, but his personal vision and the fidelity with which he followed it remained unchanged.

It was too broad and generous a vision to be circumscribed by technicalities, and technicalities often were subordinated, indeed always were subordinated, to the necessity he felt for clear and delicate expression of truths lying on the other side of the technical wall.



Christmas Greens.

Thus when he took up etching in the middle eighties he did so not with the specializing temper of the professional etcher, but with the inclusive intelligence of a very great artist. Many of the plates produced within the following seven or eight years—after which he let etching go on account of the strain upon his eyesight—might seriously disturb a muscle-bound etcher by the freedom and flexibility with which the obedient needle made its way to the goal.

Equally removed from crass devotion to arbitrary rules and from that debased "liberty of action" to which the ignorant resort in order to excuse slovenly workmanship, he did his work quite simply on the high altitude of art, incapable by nature of compromise. To produce an artistically satisfying result, appropriate to his subject and to his attitude toward his subject, was his single aim no less in etching than in painting.

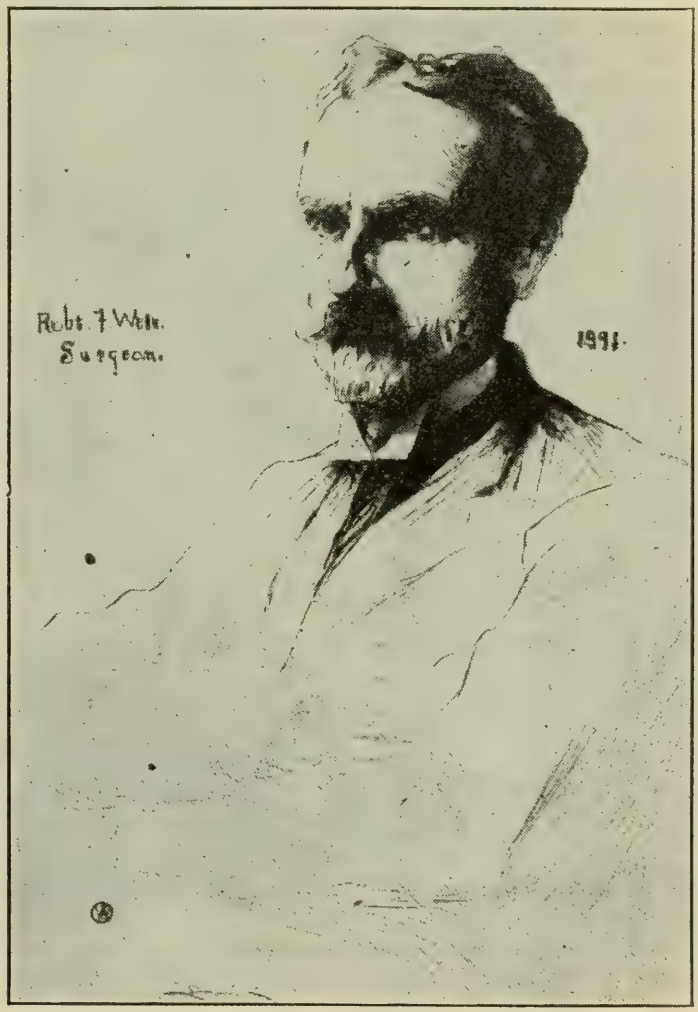
This accounts for the great variety offered by the hundred or more plates constituting the sum of his activity in the field of etching. We find him in one mood devoting himself to harbor scenes, records of a summer at the Isle of Man. The dark hulks of ships are pressed against the docks, never standing clear against a light sky or shining sea. Darkness broods over them and envelops them, and the strong, energetic lines of their rigging and the stir of air in the sky and water lend something of drama to the composition. In one of these plates—"Castle Russian" is the title—the balance of the masses in the forms of the boats and the ancient military castle is kept with a noble swinging rhythm echoed by the movement of the clouds driven by the strong winds of the region. Adequately to suggest the tumult in the sky without meticulous definition of cloud forms, a brush has been used with stopping-out varnish to break up the surface of the sky, a technical expedient also employed by Mary Cassatt in some of her soft-ground etchings, but fraught with danger to an etcher in the

slightest degree uncertain of the effect he wishes to produce. "Castle Russian" is, in some respects, the most beautiful plate made by Mr. Weir, and certainly the richest in emotional quality.

Another of the Isle of Man series is the "Sulby Glen," a landscape with a stone bridge and the characteristic buildings of the island, with the clumps of trees and patches of gorse and fern marking the course of the glen, and still another shows an interior of one of the cottages with a family at table, and on the wall at the left the long-debated arms of the island, the "three-legs" of the fourteenth-century pillar cross near Maughhold churchyard, supposed to be originally a sun symbol. The fidelity with which such details are noted adds to the subject interest of the series, but wherever they occur they take their place as an integral part of the composition and not as detached additions of merely associative value.

Contrasted with these and similar plates, all of which show a response in the mood of the artist to the stimulating character of the scenes by which he was surrounded, with their historic antiquity and the great variety and striking features of their physical aspect, are the milder American subjects, quiet farms and buildings with gray clapboards and slim fences; city gardens with delicate tracery of foliage, small streets and alleys with flat-faced houses and shadowy doorways. The character of the scene is preserved in these as scrupulously as in the more dramatic plates. A small composition covering only a few square inches of paper suggests acres of rolling country by its closely modelled synthetic line. Everywhere is a sense of airiness and space supported by a sense of form.

An extremely interesting plate, "The Blacksmith's Shop," stands alone in the character of the artistic problem presented, a large interior with broad areas of shadow interrupted by cross lights from two opposed windows. Here again is the fusion of extreme naturalness and casualness with a learned treatment of the far from simple theme. The blacksmith stands by his anvil examining his work, the room is cluttered with the tools of his craft, each indicated with a light but definite touch. Certain accents such as the stabs of dark determining the folds and creases in the man's shirt-sleeves are brusque and overemphatic, and there are other hints that the plate has not been carried to completeness, but the essential beauty of the airy shadows and intricate movement of the lights is there to show that the artist's mind was at work upon the difficult architecture of atmosphere, the complex and subtle form of which is ignored by all but the most searching minds in art.

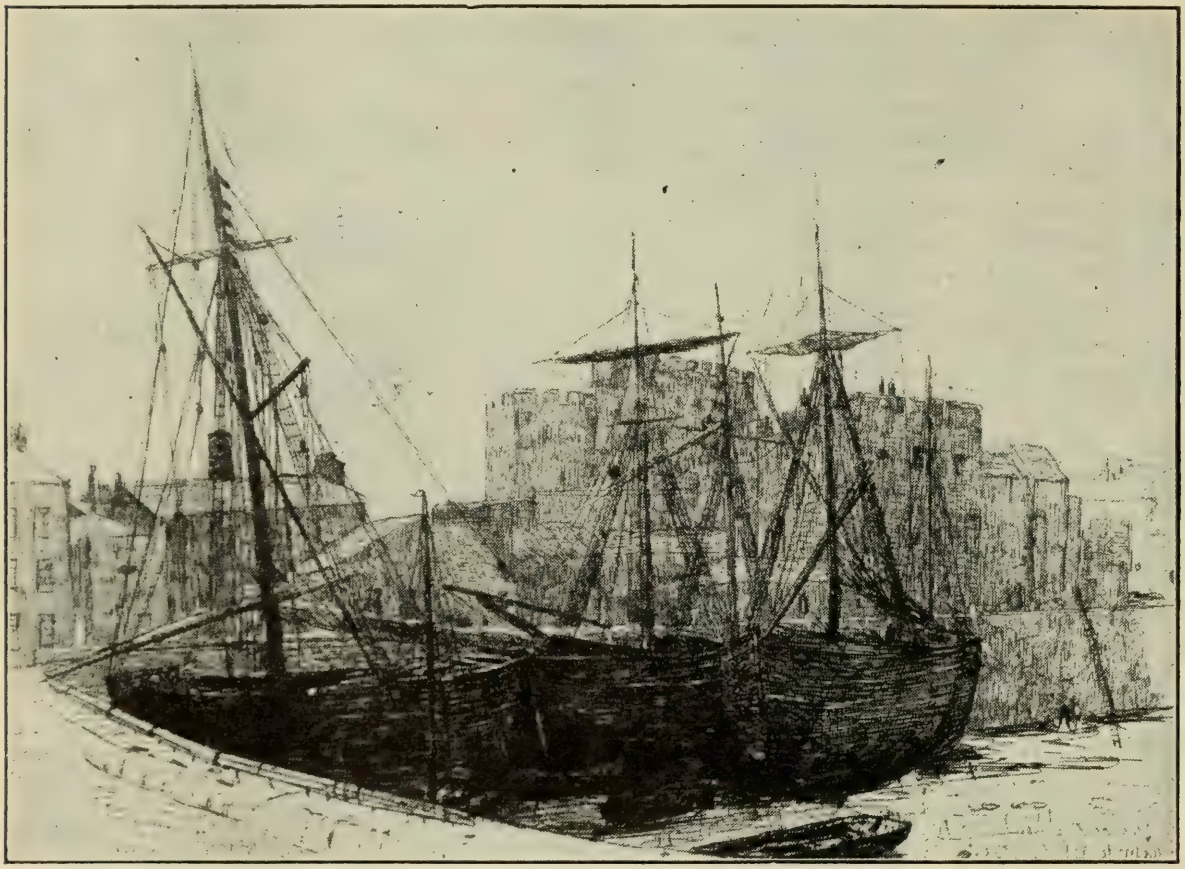


Robert F. Weir.

This attention, always present, to the more difficult problems of his art frequently is masked for Mr. Weir's public by the clear simplicity with which he offers his solution. His grasp of his subject was prompt, his analysis profound, but none of the mental effort involved appears in the result which not only is less labored but less apparently considered than in the case of many works

of art upon which a minimum of intellectual energy has been spent.

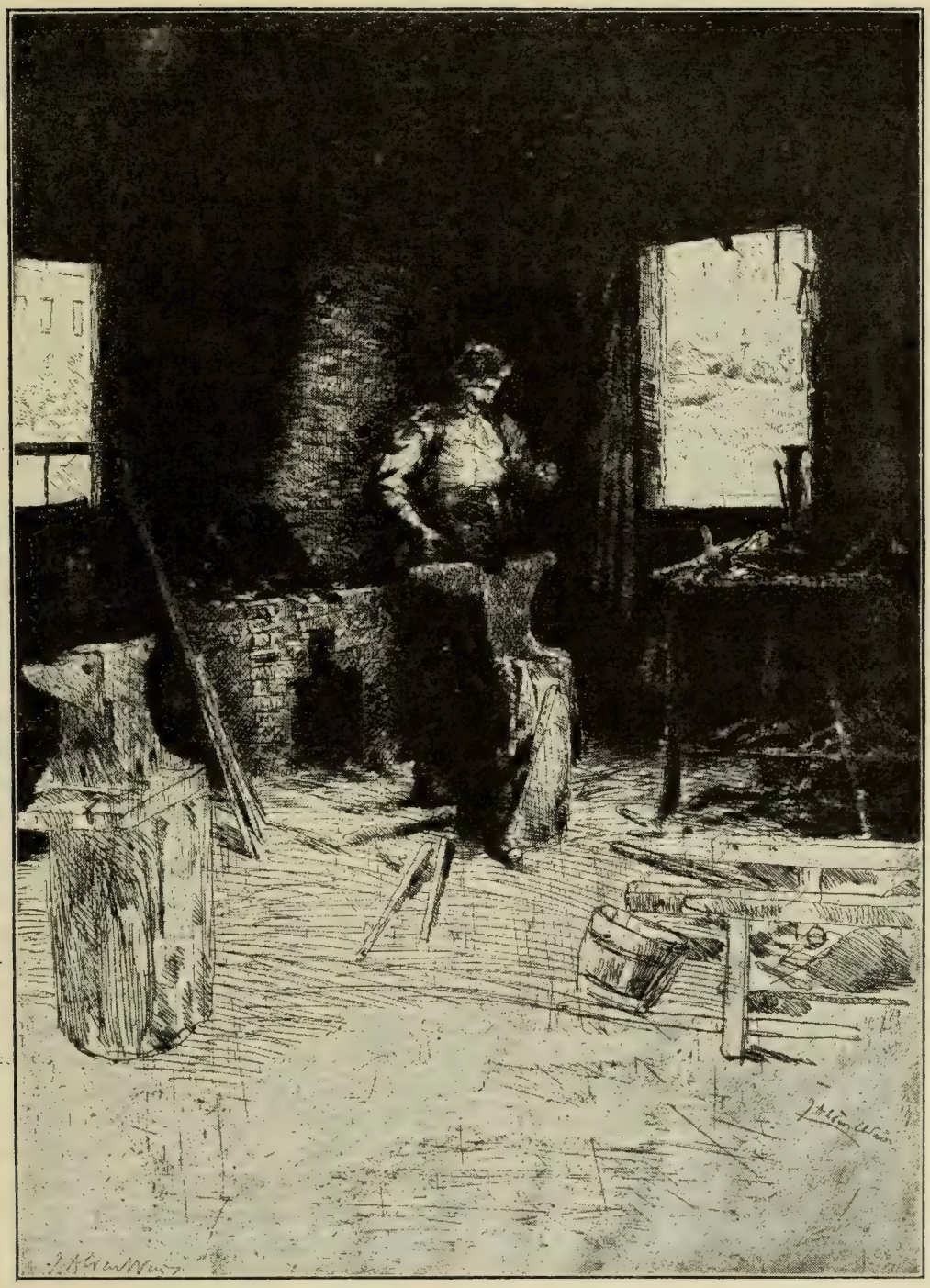
The figure subjects cover as wide a range of treatment as the other groups. A number are so delicately written on the copper that it hardly would have been possible to pull more than a dozen or twenty impressions without wearing down the edges of the sensitive lines, even where they are bitten lines, and this, of course, is more than ever the case when dry-point has been used and every application of the press takes something from the fresh clearness of the little ridges built up on either side of the line by the needle in its course over the dry metal. The subtle gradations of tone in these plates and the refinement and reticence of their expression lead naturally to the elimination of all gay sword-play of sharp accents and all profundities of shadow.



Castle Russian, Isle of Man.

These quiet figures, without a trace of mannerism in the execution or banality in the conception, are a history in little of an American type and a social phase commemorated in literature by the "Portrait of a Lady," and one or two other early books by Henry James. They describe without obtruding the description, the habit and temper of a time already seen vaguely as belonging to the past. One plate shows a mother reading as she nurses her child. It almost would be impossible to find to-day so perfect a union of elegance and homeliness, of personal distinction and an environment of which the special character is absence of distinction. With the lightest of lines and the faintest film of tone the artist has registered every small significant detail; the weight of the child's head resting on its mother's arm, and the sag of the loosened blouse over her breast, the texture and substance of the quilt and cushion and wraps, the worn frame of the old rocker with its hollowed seat, the books and little vase of flowers, the footstool, the fringed mat on the floor, the intent gaze of the reader—each fact is given its precise relation to the whole, and also its specific individuality, and an impression is gained of spiritual and physical comfort and independence and mental health; while the perfection of the technique asserts itself only by its withdrawal from notice.

Two other plates may be selected from



The Blacksmith's Shop.
Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

this group for their unusual quality of revealing in a purely natural and casual manner, simply by truthful interpretation of the type portrayed, the intensified culture of a restricted circle of Americans to whom culture was, in truth, the tilling of their fertile minds and not an appiled ornament. The first plate is called—sometimes, one never is quite certain of titles with Mr. Weir's etchings—"Portrait of a Young Girl," a dry-point of great delicacy and economy of means. The long slender figure in a robe of simple flowing lines is innocent of invading detail. The eyes are the dark accent of the face, the right arm rests on the back of a chair, and a fragment of handsome arabesque indicates the pattern of the tapestry covering. It is all a matter of hints and subtle intimations, and the atmosphere evoked is that of a withdrawn and sensitive life closely held by inherited conventions.

The second plate is called "The Invalid." A woman is seated in a rocking-chair out of doors with a cape over her shoulders. There is the same precise notation of detail combined with a serene breadth of work-

manship. Quiet, open spaces, an almost unmodelled outline, a light flicker of staccato touches here and there, and you have everything—the young grass springing resilient against the rocker and hem of the gown, the rugous wicker surface of the chair, the texture of the building in the distance, of the heavy cloth of the cape, of the smooth-skinned tree, of the woman's waving hair, even the playful detail of a loosened shoelace, all presented nonchalantly with the air of laying no more stress upon such an episode than it deserves in its relation to the vast expanse of an outdoor world bathed in air and obliterating light, and to the innumerable other episodes of human existence.

Other figure subjects are very differently treated. There is one plate called "Sewing," in which there is ample suggestion of a painter's preoccupation with contrasts of color and tone. The face of the needlewoman is a brilliant patch of light against intense dark, but a luminous shadow models it. The skirt and the piece of fabric upon which the woman is at work are lowered in tone by a play of line, but tell as light in the pattern of the composition—a pattern of irregular shapes as piquant and arresting in design as the domestic story told is quiet and commonplace.

Certain subjects exist in several states, and in their progress from the earlier to the later reveal the sure instinct of the artist for simplification and direct vigorous expression. A curtain that hangs in a multiplicity of folds in a first printing is cast into partial deep shadow in a later impression, and lights and shadows throughout the composition are thrown into a bold scheme of balanced masses until a woman seated under the lamplight, begun as a scrupulous, interested study from nature, has become part of a ringing harmony of dark and light, as much an original creation of the brain as a sonata or a fugue.

The portraits are a distinct group, sound and brilliant, but lacking something of the freedom of the other subjects. One, a boyish head with waving hair, seen against a background in which the lines of a winged chair provide an effective play of ellipses, is an exception, the unusually rich modelling and dramatic emergence of the broad lights from a mysterious shadow giving it the aspect of a Rembrandt painting translated into a more fluent medium and a modern personal idiom.

Other portraits follow a logical course toward the strongest possible assertion of character. That of the artist's brother, John F. Weir, exists in at least three states, the first a free sketch on the copper with open hatching and an easy scrawl of background, the second shows more work in the shadows and the background, strengthened by a rectangular opening, the strong horizontals and perpendiculars of which add decision to an architectonic scheme. Within the opening the sitter's name is inscribed. In the—presumably—third state all the modelling is deepened and rendered more compact, the shadow behind the head is encircled, and the feeling of the third dimension is increased by the simpler massing of the light and shade, while the rectangular space at the left now contains a charming sketch of a house and fence with a little figure standing at the gate, the sitter's name having been erased from the plate. This sketch is a bit of reminiscent anecdote, as the house is that in which John F. Weir lived as a boy at West Point, but it is introduced with an artistic tact that makes it an important part of the composition, balancing the massive head by its weaving of light, firm lines, and adding greatly to the æsthetic effect of the whole.

The longer one studies Mr. Weir's etching the more one is impressed not only by the mastery of essentials but by the power of the artist to create a composition in which the material gathered by his swift and certain observation is brought into unity with a controlling idea, and, however trivial it may seem, made to belong to the essentials through its relation to this idea. Every slightest detail is important by virtue of its perfect placing in the scheme. To do this is to be truly an artist. Familiarity with these beautiful works will go far toward establishing a right standard in judging the quality of prints, and a right standard in the fascinating art of etching as it comes into the arena once more should greatly be desired. Had Mr. Weir lived to see the present revival, the younger etchers would have turned to him with confidence as to an understanding master, as sure in instinct as he was rich in experience.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

INCIDENTS OF AUTUMN MARKETS

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

AS a general rule, resumption of a community's normal activities in the early autumn means that obscurities which have surrounded the situation, whether financial or commercial or political, will gradually be removed. In the presence of new and tangible facts which show the real trend of affairs, midsummer doubts and perplexities disappear, sometimes rather suddenly. The view thereby obtained of the situation may be reassuring or it may be discouraging, but it almost always means clearer vision of the future.

The Perplexities of Business

It was difficult to obtain such a view of things this autumn. The Federal Reserve Board, whose monthly bulletins on the general situations have particularly wide scope of information, declared at the opening of September that apparently "the transition period is nearing a halt and improvement of the general situation is in sight." It did not say what it meant by the transition period; which, however, could hardly in this case signify anything more than the shift from one basis of prices to another, with an intervening period of almost suspended trade activity between them. But the Board proceeded to qualify even that prediction by remarking that there is still "much to be done before prices and industry can be regarded as having settled down upon a stable basis." All other forecasts, though they all reflected unmistakable decrease of uneasiness, were coupled with similar cautious reservation.

Even in the field of politics, while nobody talked any longer of a disturbance of the national equanimity through the presidential campaign, no one appeared to be sure of the nature and trend of the campaign itself. The candidates and the party committees were apparently unable to discover whether people were interested in the relations of the United States to the problem of Europe's reconstruction, or were merely concerned about the size and source of the "campaign funds." No one seemed confident as to the personal attitude of the voters—whether it embodied recognition of our part in the immense world problems which the country can in the long run hardly escape, or weariness of everything connected with the war and a preference for discussion of questions suited to a board of aldermen election.

FINANCIALLY, the plans of business men were still in abeyance, at a time of year when they ought already to have been definitely formulated. If fear of an actual money-market crisis had been pretty much allayed, it was known on the other hand that business houses in more than one industry had been helped out of difficulties only by bank assistance, granted on condition that the merchandise held by the embarrassed concerns should be sold for what it would bring. Between 1916 and the beginning of last summer, every month had been marked by fewer business failures than the same month the year before; thenceforward every month showed large increase over 1919. Reaction in trade had certainly occurred and prices of goods had fallen, but the movement was perplexing for its irregularity. Even in the textile and shoe trades, which had apparently been hit hardest by the revolt of consumers and the contraction of credit, one set of shops in the retail district of the cities would be offering goods at 25 and 50 per cent reduction while others, not a block away, were asking the same prices as three or four months ago.

When the Autumn Season Began

In the steel-and-iron trade, the familiar indicator of industrial tendencies, orders from some manufacturing industries, such as motor-cars and building construction, decreased substantially, yet orders for railways, shipping, and agricultural machinery quite offset that decrease. Prices of food on the wholesale markets had been falling rapidly; sometimes, as with sugar, because of discovery that stocks in the country were actually far larger than the normal average but had been held back by speculators; yet only a little of this reduction in prices at first hands appeared to reach the buyer at retail stores.

In the wheat-market, when the war-time government guarantee of $2.26 per bushel had finally been withdrawn, trading for future delivery was resumed with the market bidding $2.75; from which the price fell in a fortnight to $2.06½, the lowest since the United States went to war in 1917, but only to rise again four days later to $2.48. On the other hand, the advancing of the estimates of the country's cotton yield of 1920 had carried the price of cotton down 26 per cent between the end of July and the end of August. Transportation facilities and transportation costs had long been recognized as one essential factor in the making of prices. But while ocean freight rates suddenly entered on a great decline, recognizing the fact that the world's marine tonnage had increased by the middle of 1920 to an aggregate larger by 16 per cent than in June, 1914, freight rates on American railways had been advanced by the Interstate Commerce Commission 25 to 40 per cent.

With the wide-spread displacement and redistribution of labor, an inevitable result of reaction in numerous overextended industries, there became apparent at once a notable increase in the efficiency of the labor forces which were still retained. This was a perfectly logical result of the discovery that, while the need of American industry as a whole for efficient labor was as great as ever, the period in which the neglectful or indifferent worker could command employment at high wages, simply because he represented man-power, was coming to an end. Yet even so, autumn began with strikes in half a dozen great industries; some of them occurring in defiance of agreements already made by the representatives of the workers. The field of industrial production was so far characterized by such anomalies that men of affairs naturally hesitated in their plans. Writing to its customers at the end of summer, one of the largest industrial companies in the United States, with exceptionally wide commercial affiliations, declared that "any forecast of the trend of business in the next three months would be nothing more than a wild guess," and that the future "is quite hidden from the view of American financiers."

Conflicting Opinion of the Future

DISPUTE hinged also on the outcome of Europe's tangled financial and industrial position, especially the relations of Europe to our own country, and in that controversy opinion differed widely as to whether the plainly impending reaction in most of the great industrial markets would mean the arresting of exports from the recent belligerent European states to the outside world, or the actual expanding of them. Exactly the same double possibility existed in regard to our own foreign trade. Prices for many important kinds of merchandise, in our own country as in Europe, were still declining at the end of summer. The belief was pretty generally entertained that they were bound to go lower still in the autumn months; but the rejoinder continued to be made that the early and in some cases violent declines of spring and summer were now in the way to be counterbalanced by rising prices for other necessaries, or even by renewed advances in commodities whose price had fallen, if it should turn out that production was being reduced because of the lower price, and that actual scarcity had consequently resulted.

In nearly all these matters, the position at the end of the summer was curiously obscure. The New York market entered the autumn season with money rates at the highest figure touched in half a century, except in the actual presence of a great financial panic. At the close of August, Wall Street loans for a few months' time, secured by stocks or bonds with a market value greater than the loan, paid a

(Continued on page 75, *following*)



Drawn by C. R. Weed.

WHERE A CROOKED LITTLE OLD MAN CROUCHED AMIDST A THOUSAND FANTASTIC BOTTLES OF OLD PERFUME.

—"Cynthia and the Crooked Streets," Page 578

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LXVIII NOVEMBER, 1920 NO. 5

AWAKENING

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

THROUGH the massive skylight illuminating the hall at Robin Hill the July sunlight at five o'clock fell just where the broad stairway turned; and in that radiant streak little Jon Forsyte stood, blue-linen-suited. His hair was shining, and his eyes, from beneath a frown, for he was considering how to go down-stairs, this last of innumerable times, before the car brought his father and mother home. Four at a time, and five at the bottom? Stale! Down the banisters? But in which fashion? On his face, feet foremost? Very stale. On his stomach, sideways? Paltry! On his back, with his arms stretched down on both sides? Forbidden! Or on his face, head foremost, in a manner unknown as yet to any but himself? Such was the cause of the frown on the illuminated face of little Jon. . . .

In that Summer of 1909 the simple souls who even then desired to simplify the English tongue, had, of course, no cognizance of little Jon, or they would have claimed him for a disciple. But one can be too simple in this life, for his real name was Jolyon, and his living father and dead half-brother had usurped of old the other shortenings, Jo and Jolly. As a fact little Jon had done his best to spell the word by which he was called, first Jhon, then John, and not till his father had explained the sheer necessity, had he spelled it Jon.

Up till now that father had possessed what was left of his heart by the groom, Bob, who played the concertina, and his nurse "Da" who wore the violet dress on Sundays and enjoyed the name of Spraggins in that private life lived at odd moments even by domestic servants. His mother had only appeared to him, as it were, in dreams, smelling delicious, smoothing his forehead just before he fell asleep, and sometimes docking his hair, of a golden-brown color. When he cut his head open against the nursery fender she was there to be bled over; and when he had nightmare she would sit on his bed and cuddle his head against her neck. She was precious but remote, because "Da" was so near, and there is hardly room for more than one woman at a time in a man's heart. With his father, too, of course, he had special bonds of union; for little Jon also meant to be a painter when he grew up—with the one small difference, that his father painted pictures, and little Jon intended to paint ceilings and walls, standing on a board between two step-ladders in a dirty-white apron, and a lovely smell of white-wash. His father also took him riding in Richmond Park, on his pony, Mouse, so called because it was so colored.

Little Jon had been born with a silver spoon in his mouth, which was rather curly and large. He had never heard his father or his mother speak in an angry voice, either to each other, himself, or anybody else; the groom, Bob, the cook, Jane, Bella and the other servants, even "Da" who alone restrained him in his courses, had special voices when they talked to him. He was therefore of opinion that the world was a place of perfect and perpetual gentility and freedom.

A child of 1901, he had come to consciousness when his country, just over that bad attack of scarlet fever, the Boer

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War, was preparing for the Liberal revival of 1906. Coercion was unpopular, parents had exalted notions of giving their offspring a good time. They spoiled their rods, spared their children, and anticipated the results with enthusiasm. In choosing moreover for his father an amiable man of fifty-two, who had already lost an only son, and for his mother a woman of thirty-eight, whose first and only child he was, little Jon had done well and wisely. What had saved him from becoming a cross between a lap-dog and a little prig, had been his father's adoration of his mother, for even little Jon could see that she was not merely just his mother, and that he played second fiddle to her in his father's heart. What he played in his mother's heart he knew not yet. As for "Auntie" June, his half-sister (but so old that she had grown out of the relationship), she loved him, of course, but was too sudden. His devoted "Da," too, had a Spartan touch. His bath was cold and his knees were bare; he was not encouraged to be sorry for himself. As to the vexed question of his education, little Jon shared the theory of those who considered that children should not be forced. He rather liked the Mademoiselle who came for two hours every morning to teach him her language, together with history, geography and sums; nor were the piano lessons which his mother gave him disagreeable, for she had a way of luring him from tune to tune, never making him practise one which did not give him pleasure, so that he remained eager to convert ten thumbs into eight fingers. Under his father he learned to draw pleasure-pigs and other animals. He was not a highly educated little boy. Yet, on the whole, the silver spoon stayed in his mouth without spoiling it, though "Da" sometimes said that other children would do him a "world of good."

It was a disillusionment, then, when at the age of nearly seven she held him down on his back, because he wanted to do something of which she did not approve. This first interference with the free individualism of a Forsyte drove him almost frantic. There was something appalling in the utter helplessness of that position, and the uncertainty as to whether it would ever come to an end. Suppose she never let him get up any more! He suffered torture at the top of his voice for fifty seconds. Worse than anything was his perception that "Da" had taken all that time to realize the agony of fear he was enduring. Thus, dreadfully, was revealed to him the lack of imagination in the human being! When he was let up he remained convinced that "Da" had done a dreadful thing. Though he did not wish to bear witness against her, he had been compelled, by fear of repetition, to seek his mother and say: "Mum, don't let 'Da' hold me down on my back again!"

His mother, her hands held up over her head, and in them two plaits of hair—"*couleur de feuille morte*," as little Jon had not yet learned to call it—had looked at him with eyes like little bits of his brown velvet tunic, and answered:

"No, my darling; I won't."

She, being in the nature of a goddess, little Jon was satisfied; especially when, from under the dining-table at breakfast, where he happened to be waiting for a mushroom, he had overheard her say to his father:

"Then, will *you* tell 'Da,' dear, or shall I? She's *so* devoted to him"; and his father's answer:

"Well, she mustn't show it that way. I know exactly what it feels like to be held down on one's back. No Forsyte can stand it for a minute."

Conscious that they did not know him to be under the table, little Jon was visited by the quite new feeling of embarrassment, and stayed where he was, ravaged by desire for the mushroom.

Such had been his first dip into the dark abysses of existence. Nothing much had been revealed to him after that, till one day having gone down to the cow-house for his drink of milk fresh from the cow, after Garratt had finished milking, he had seen Clover's calf, dead. Inconsolable, and followed by an upset Garratt, he had sought "Da"; but suddenly aware that she was not the person he wanted, had rushed away to find his father, and run into the arms of his mother.

"Clover's calf's dead! Oh! Oh! It looked so soft!"

His mother's clasp, and her:

"Yes, darling; there, there!" had stayed his sobbing. But if Clover's calf

could die, anything could—not only bees, flies, beetles and chickens—and look soft like that! This was appalling—and soon forgotten!

The next thing had been to sit on a bumblebee, a poignant experience, which his mother had understood much better than "Da"; and nothing of vital importance had happened after that till the year turned; and, following a day of utter wretchedness, he had enjoyed a disease composed of little spots, bed, honey in a spoon, and many Tangerine oranges. It was then that the world had flowered. To "Auntie" June he owed that flowering, for no sooner was he a little lame duck than she came rushing down from London, bringing with her the books which had nurtured her own Berserker spirit, born in the noted year of 1870. Aged, and of many colors, they were stored with the most formidable happenings. Of these she read to little Jon, till he was allowed to read to himself; whereupon she whisked back to London and left them with him in a heap. Those books cooked his fancy, till he thought and dreamed of nothing but midshipmen and dhows, pirates, rafts, sandalwood traders, iron horses, sharks, battles, Tartars, Red Indians, balloons, North Poles and other extravagant delights. The moment he was suffered to get up, he rigged his bed fore and aft, and set out from it in a narrow bath across green seas of carpet, to a rock, which he climbed by means of its mahogany drawer-knobs, to sweep the horizon with his drinking-tumbler screwed to his eye, in search of rescuing sails. He made a daily raft out of the towel-stand, the tea-tray, and his pillows. He saved the juice from his French plums, bottled it in an empty medicine-bottle, and provisioned the raft with the rum that it became; also with pemmican, made out of little saved-up bits of chicken sat on and dried at the fire; and with lime-juice against scurvy, extracted from the peel of his oranges and a little economized juice. He made a North Pole one morning from the whole of his bedclothes except the bolster, and reached it in a birch-bark canoe (in private life the fender), after a terrible encounter with a polar bear fashioned from the bolster and four skittles dressed up in "Da's" nightgown. After that, his father, seeking to steady his imagination, brought him "Ivanhoe," "Bevis," a book about King Arthur, and "Tom Brown's Schooldays." He read the first, and for three days built, defended and stormed Front de Bœuf's castle, taking every part in the piece except those of Rebecca and Rowena; with piercing cries of: *"En avant, de Bracy!"* and similar utterances. After reading the book about King Arthur he became almost exclusively Sir Lamorac de Galis, because, though there was very little about him, he preferred his name to that of any other knight; and he rode his old rocking-horse to death, armed with a long bamboo. "Bevis" he found tame; besides, it required woods and animals, of which he had none in his nursery, except his two cats, Fitz and Puck Forsyte, who permitted no liberties. For "Tom Brown" he was as yet too young. There was relief in the house when, after the fourth week, he was permitted to go down and out.

The month being March, the trees were exceptionally like the masts of ships, and for little Jon that was a wonderful Spring, extremely hard on his knees, suits, and the patience of "Da," who had the washing and reparation of his clothes. Every morning the moment his breakfast was over, he could be viewed by his mother and father, whose windows looked out that way, coming from the study, crossing the terrace, climbing the old oak-tree, his face resolute and his hair bright. He began the day thus because there was not time to go far afield before his lessons. The old tree's variety never staled; it had mainmast, foremast, topgallant-mast, and he could always come down by the halliards—or ropes of the swing. After his lessons, completed by eleven, he would go to the kitchen for a thin piece of cheese, a biscuit and two French plums—provision enough for a jolly-boat at least—and eat it in some imaginative way; then, armed to the teeth with gun, pistols, and sword, he would begin the serious climbing of the morning, encountering by the way innumerable slavers, Indians, pirates, leopards, and bears. He was seldom seen at that hour of the day without a cutlass in his teeth (like Dick Needham) amid the rapid explosion of copper caps. And many were the gardeners he brought down with yellow peas

shot out of his little gun. He lived a life of the most violent action.

"Jon," said his father to his mother, under the oak-tree, "is terrible. I'm afraid he's going to turn out a sailor, or something hopeless. Do you see any sign of his appreciating beauty?"

"Not the faintest."

"Well, thank heaven he doesn't care for wheels or engines! I can bear anything but that. But I wish he'd take more interest in Nature."

"He's imaginative, Jolyon."

"Yes, in a sanguinary way. Does he love any one just now?"

"No; only every one. There never was any one born more loving or more lovable than Jon."

"Being your boy, Irene."

At this moment little Jon, lying along a branch high above them, brought them down with two peas; but that fragment of talk lodged, thick, in his small gizzard. Loving, lovable, imaginative, sanguinary!

The leaves also were thick by now, and it was time for his birthday, which, occurring every year on the 12th of May, was always memorable for his chosen dinner of sweetbread, mushrooms, macaroons, and ginger beer.

Between that eighth birthday, however, and the afternoon when he stood in the July radiance at the turning of the stairway, several important things had happened.

"Da," worn out by washing his knees, or moved by that mysterious instinct which forces even nurses to desert their nurslings, left the very day after his birthday in floods of tears "to be married"—of all things—"to a man." Little Jon, from whom it had been kept, was inconsolable for an afternoon. It ought not to have been kept from him! Two large boxes of soldiers, and some artillery, together with "The Young Buglers," which had been among his birthday presents, co-operated with his grief in a sort of conversion, and instead of seeking adventures in person and risking his own life, he began to play imaginative games, in which he risked the lives of countless tin soldiers, marbles, stones, and beans. Of these forms of "*chair à canon*" he made collections, and, using them alternately, fought the Peninsular, the Seven Years', the Thirty Years', and other wars, about which he had been reading of late in a big "History of Europe" which had been his grandfather's. He altered them to suit his genius, and fought them all over the floor in his day-nursery, so that nobody could come in, for fearing of disturbing Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, or treading on an army of Austrians. Because of the sound of the word he was passionately addicted to the Austrians, and finding there were so few battles in which they were successful he had to invent them in his games. His favorite generals were Prince Eugène, the Archduke Charles and Wallenstein. Tilly and Mack ("music-hall turns" he heard his father call them one day, whatever that might mean) one really could not love very much, Austrian though they were. For euphonic reasons too, he doted on Turenne.

This phase, which caused his parents anxiety, because it kept him indoors when he ought to have been out, lasted through May and half of June, till his father killed it by bringing home to him "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn." When he read those books something happened in him, and he went out-of-doors again in passionate quest of a river. There being none on the premises at Robin Hill, he had to make one out of the pond, which fortunately had water-lilies, dragon-flies, gnats, bullrushes, and three small willow-trees. On this pond, after his father and Garratt had ascertained by sounding that it had a reliable bottom and was nowhere more than two feet deep, he was allowed a little collapsible canoe, in which he spent hours and hours paddling, and lying down out of sight of Indian Joe and other enemies. On the shore of the pond, too, he built himself a wigwam about four feet square, of old biscuit tins, roofed in by boughs. In this he would make little fires, and cook the birds he had not shot with his gun, hunting in the coppice and fields, or the fish he did not catch in the pond because there were none. This occupied the rest of June and that July when his father and mother were away in Ireland. He led a lonely life of "make believe" during those five weeks of summer weather, with gun, wigwam, water and canoe; and however hard his active little brain tried to keep the sense of beauty away, she did creep in on him for

a second now and then, perching on the wing of a dragon-fly, glistening on the water-lilies, or brushing his eyes with her blue as he lay on his back in ambush.

"Auntie" June, who had been left in charge, had a "grown-up" in the house, with a cough and a large piece of putty which he was making into a face; so she hardly ever came down to see him in the pond. Once, however, she brought with her two other "grown-ups." Little Jon, who happened to have painted his naked self bright blue and yellow in stripes out of his father's water-color box, and put some duck's feathers in his hair, saw them coming, and ambushed himself among the willows. As he had foreseen, they came at once to his wigwam and knelt down to look inside, so that with a blood-curdling yell he was able to take the scalps of "Auntie" June and the woman "grown-up" in an almost complete manner before they kissed him. The names of the two grown-ups were "Auntie" Holly and "Uncle" Val, who had a brown face and a little limp, and laughed at him terribly. He took a fancy to "Auntie" Holly, who seemed to be a sister too; but they both went away the same afternoon and he did not see them again. Three days before his father and mother were to come home "Auntie" June also went off in a great hurry, taking the "grown-up" who coughed and his piece of putty; and Mademoiselle said: "Poor man, he was veree ill. I forbid you to go into his room, Jon." Little Jon, who rarely did things merely because he was told not to, refrained from going, though he was bored and lonely. In truth the day of the pond was past, and he was filled to the brim of his soul with restlessness and the want of something—not a tree, not a gun; something soft. Those last two days had seemed like months in spite of "Cast Up by the Sea," wherein he was reading about Mother Lee and her terrible wrecking bonfire. He had gone up and down the stairs perhaps a hundred times in those two days, and often from the day-nursery where he slept now, had stolen into his mother's room, looked at everything, without touching, and on into the dressing-room; and standing on one leg beside the bath, like Slingsby, had whispered:

"Ho, ho, ho! Dog my cats!" mysteriously, to bring luck. Then, stealing back, he had opened his mother's wardrobe, and taken a long sniff which seemed to bring him nearer to—he didn't know what.

He had done this just before he stood in the streak of sunlight, debating in which of the several ways he should slide down the banisters. They all seemed silly, and in a sudden languor he began descending the steps one by one. During that descent he could remember his father quite distinctly—the short gray beard, the deep eyes twinkling, the furrow between them, the funny smile, the thin figure which always seemed so tall to little Jon; but his mother he couldn't see. All that represented her was something swaying with two dark eyes looking back at him, and the scent of her wardrobe.

Bella was in the hall, drawing aside the big curtains, and opening the front door. Little Jon said, wheedling:

"Bella!"

"Yes, Master Jon."

"Do let's have tea under the oak-tree when they come; I *know* they'd like it best."

"You mean *you'd* like it best."

Little Jon considered.

"No, *they* would, to please me."

Bella smiled. "Very well; I'll take it out if you'll stay quiet here and not get into mischief before they come."

Little Jon sat down on the bottom step, and nodded. Bella came close, and looked him over.

"Get up!" she said.

Little Jon got up. She scrutinized him behind; he was not green, and his knees seemed clean.

"All right!" she said. "My! Aren't you brown! Give me a kiss!"

And little Jon received a peck on his hair.

"What jam?" he asked. "I'm *so* tired of waiting."

"Gooseberry and strawberry."

Num! They were his favorites!

When she was gone he sat still for quite a minute. It was quiet in the big hall open to its East end so that he could see one of his trees, a brig sailing very slowly across the upper lawn. In the outer hall shadows were slanting from the pillars. Little Jon got up, jumped one of them, and walked round the clump of iris-plants which filled the pool of gray-white marble

in the centre. The flowers were pretty, but only smelled a very little. He stood in the open doorway and looked out. Suppose!—suppose they didn't come! He had waited so long that he felt he could not bear that, and his attention slid at once from such finality to the dust motes in the bluish sunlight coming in. Thrusting his hand up, he tried to catch some. Bella ought to have dusted that piece of air! But perhaps they weren't dust—only what sunlight was made of, and he looked to see whether the sunlight out of doors was the same. It was not. He had said he would stay quiet in the hall, but he simply couldn't any more; and, crossing the gravel of the drive, he lay down on the grass beyond. Pulling six daisies he named them carefully, Sir Lamorac, Sir Tristram, Sir Lancelot, Sir Palimedes, Sir Bors, Sir Gawain, and fought them in couples till only Sir Lamorac, whom he had selected for a specially stout stalk, had his head on, and even he, after three encounters, looked worn and waggly. A beetle was moving slowly in the grass, which almost wanted cutting. Every blade was a small tree, round whose trunk the beetle had to glide. Little Jon stretched out Sir Lamorac, feet foremost, and stirred the creature up. It scuttled painfully. Little Jon laughed, lost interest, and sighed. His heart felt empty. He turned over and lay on his back. There was a scent of honey from the lime-trees in flower, and in the sky the blue was beautiful, with a few white clouds which looked and perhaps tasted like lemon ice. He could hear Bob playing "Way down upon de Suwaunee ribber" on his concertina, and it made him nice and sad. He turned over again and put his ear to the ground—Indians could hear things coming ever so far—but he could hear nothing—only the concertina! And almost instantly he did hear a grinding sound, a faint toot. Yes! it was a car—coming—coming! Up he jumped. Should he wait in the porch, or rush up-stairs, and as they came in, shout: "Look!" and slide slowly down the banisters, head foremost? Should he? The car turned in at the drive. It was too late! And he only waited, jumping up and down in his excitement. The car came quickly, whirred, and stopped. His father got out, exactly like life. He bent down and little Jon bobbed up—they bumped. His father said:

"Bless us! Well, old man, you *are* brown!" just as he would; and the sense of expectation—of something wanted—bubbled unextinguished in little Jon. Then, with a long shy look he saw his mother, in a blue dress, with a blue motor-scarf over her cap and hair, smiling. He jumped as high as ever he could, twined his legs behind her back, and hugged. He heard her gasp, and felt her hugging back. His eyes, very dark blue just then, looked into hers, very dark brown, till her lips closed on his eyebrow, and, squeezing with all his might he heard her creak and laugh, and say:

"You *are* strong, my darling!"

He slid down at that, and rushed into the hall, dragging her by the hand.

While he was eating his jam beneath the oak-tree, he noticed things about his mother that he had never seemed to see before; her cheeks for instance were creamy, there were silver threads in her dark-goldy hair, her throat had no knob in it like Bella's, and she went in and out softly. He noticed too, some little lines running away from the corners of her eyes, and a nice darkness under them. She was ever so beautiful, more beautiful than "Da" or Mademoiselle, or "Auntie" June, or even "Auntie" Holly to whom he had taken a fancy; even more beautiful than Bella, who had pink cheeks and came out too suddenly in places. This new beautifulness of his mother had a kind of particular importance, and he ate less than he had expected to.

When tea was over his father wanted him to walk round the gardens. He had a long conversation with his father about things in general, avoiding his private life—Sir Lamorac, the Austrians, and the emptiness he had felt these last three days, now so suddenly filled up. His father told him of a place called Glensofantrim, where he and his mother had been, and of the little people who came out of the ground there when it was very quiet. Little Jon came to a halt, with his heels apart.

"Do you really believe they do, Daddy?"

"No, Jon, but I thought you might."

"Why?"

"You're younger than I, and they're fairies."

Little Jon squared the dimple in his chin.

"I don't believe in fairies. I never see any."

"Ha!" said his father.

"Does Mum?"

His father smiled his funny smile.

"No; she only sees Pan."

"What's Pan?"

"The Goaty-God who skips about in wild and beautiful places."

"Was he in Glensofantrim?"

"Mum said so."

Little Jon took his heels up, and led on.

"Did *you* see him?"

"No; I only saw Venus Anadyomene."

Little Jon reflected; Venus was in his book about the Greeks and Trojans. Then Anna was her Christian name and Dyomene her surname? But it appeared on inquiry that it was one word, which meant rising from the foam.

"Did she rise from the foam in Glensofantrim?"

"Yes; every day."

"What is she like, Daddy?"

"Like Mum."

"Oh! Then she must be—" But he stopped at that, rushed at a wall, scrambled up, and promptly scrambled down again. The discovery that his mother was beautiful was one which he felt must absolutely be kept to himself. His father's cigar however took so long to smoke, that at last he was compelled to say:

"I want to see what Mum's brought home. Do you mind, Daddy?"

He pitched the motive low, to absolve himself from unmanliness, and was a little disconcerted when his father looked at him right through, heaved an important sigh, and answered:

"All right, old man, you go and love her."

He went, with a pretense of slowness, and then rushed, to make up. He entered her bedroom from his own, the door being open. She was still kneeling before a trunk, and he stood close to her, quite still.

She knelt up straight, and said:

"Well, darling?"

"I thought I'd just come and see."

Having given and received another hug, he mounted the window-seat, and, tucking his legs up under him, watched her unpack. He derived a pleasure from the operation such as he had not yet known, partly because she was taking out things which looked suspicious, and partly because he liked to look at her. She moved differently from anybody else, especially from Bella; she was certainly the refinedest-looking person he had ever seen. She finished the trunk at last, and knelt down in front of him.

"Have you missed us, Jon?"

Little Jon nodded, and having thus admitted his feelings, continued to nod.

"But you had 'Auntie' June?"

"Oh! she had a man with a cough."

His mother's face changed, and looked almost angry. He added hastily:

"He was a poor man, Mum; he coughed awfully; I—I liked him."

His mother put her hands behind his waist.

"You like everybody, Jon?"

Little Jon considered.

"Up to a point," he said: "'Auntie' June took me to church one Sunday."

"To church? Oh!"

"She wanted to see how it would affect me."

"And did it?"

"Yes. I came over all funny, so she took me home again very quick. I wasn't sick after all. I went to bed and had hot brandy and water, and read 'The Boys of Beechwood.' It was scrumptious."

His mother bit her lip.

"When was that?"

"Oh! about—a long time ago—I wanted her to take me again, but she wouldn't. You and Daddy never go to church, do you?"

"No, we don't."

"Why don't you?"

His mother smiled.

"Well, darling, we both of us went when we were little. Perhaps we went when we were too little."

"I see," said little Jon, "it's dangerous."

"You shall judge for yourself about all those things as you grow up."

Little Jon replied in a calculating manner:

"I don't want to grow up much. I don't want to go to school." A sudden overwhelming desire to say something more, to say what he really felt, turned him red. "I—I want to stay with you, and be your lover, Mum."

Then with an instinct to improve the situation, he added quickly:

"I don't want to go to bed to-night, either. I'm simply tired of going to bed, every night."

"Have you had any more nightmares?"

"Only about one. May I leave the door open into your room to-night, Mum?"

"Yes, just a little."

Little Jon heaved a sigh of satisfaction.

"What did you see in Glensofantrim?"

"Nothing but beauty, darling."

"What exactly is beauty?"

"What exactly is— Oh! Jon, that's a poser."

"Can I see it, for instance?"

His mother got up, and sat beside him.

"You do, every day. The sky is beautiful, the stars, and moonlit nights, and then the birds, the flowers, the trees— they're all beautiful. Look out of the window—there's beauty for you, Jon."

"Oh! yes, that's the view. Is that all?"

"All? No. The sea is wonderfully beautiful, and the waves, with their foam flying back."

"Did you rise from it every day, Mum?"

His mother smiled.

"Well, we bathed."

Little Jon suddenly reached out, and caught her neck in his hands.

"*I know,*" he said mysteriously, "you're it, really, and all the rest is make-believe."

She sighed, laughed, said:

"Oh! Jon!"

Little Jon said critically:

"Do you think Bella beautiful, for instance? I hardly do."

"Bella is young; that's something."

"But you look younger, Mum. If you bump against Bella she hurts. I don't believe 'Da' was beautiful, when I come to think of it, and Mademoiselle's almost ugly."

"Mademoiselle has a very nice face."

"Oh! yes; nice. I love your little rays, Mum."

"Rays?"

Little Jon put his finger to the outer corner of her eye.

"Oh! Those? But they're a sign of age."

"They come when you smile."

"But they usen't to."

"Oh! well, I like them. Do you love me, Mum?"

"I do—I do love you, darling."

"Ever so?"

"Ever so!"

"More than I thought you did?"

"Much—much more."

"Well, so do I; so that makes it even."

Conscious that he had never in his life so given himself away, he felt a sudden reaction to the manliness of Sir Lamorac, Dick Needham, Huck Finn, and other heroes.

"Shall I show you a thing or two?" he said; and slipping out of her arms, he stood on his head. Then fired by her obvious admiration, he mounted the bed, and threw himself head foremost from his feet on to his back, without touching anything with his hands. He did this several times.

That evening, having inspected what they had brought, he stayed up to dinner, sitting between them at the little round table they used when they were alone. He was extremely excited. His mother wore a French-gray dress, with creamy lace made out of little scriggly roses, round her neck, which was browner than the lace. He kept looking at her, till at last his father's funny smile made him suddenly attentive to his slice of pine-apple. It was later than he had ever stayed up, when he went to bed. His mother went up with him, and he undressed very slowly so as to keep her there. When at last he had nothing on but his pajamas, he said:

"Promise you won't go while I say my prayers!"

"I promise."

Kneeling down and plunging his face into the bed, little Jon hurried up, under his breath, opening one eye now and then, to see her standing perfectly still with a smile on her face. "Our father"— so went his last prayer, "which art in heaven, hallowed be thy Mum, thy Kingdom Mum—on earth as it is in heaven, give us this day our daily Mum and forgive us our trespasses on earth as it is in heaven and trespass against us, for thine is the evil the power and the glory for ever and ever. Amum! Look out!" He sprang, and for a long minute re-

mained in her arms. Once in bed, he continued to hold her hand.

"You won't shut the door any more than that, will you? Are you going to be long, Mum?"

"I must go down and play to Daddy."

"Oh! Well, I shall hear you."

"I hope not; you must go to sleep."

"I can sleep any night."

"Well, this is just a night like any other."

"Oh! no; it's extra special."

"On extra-special nights one always sleeps soundest."

"But if I go to sleep, Mum, I shan't hear you come up."

"Well, when I do, I'll come in and give you a kiss, then if you're awake you'll know, and if you're not you'll still know you've had one."

Little Jon sighed. "All right!" he said: "I suppose I must put up with that, Mum?"

"Yes?"

"What was her name that Daddy believes in? Venus Anna Diomedes?"

"Oh! my angel! Anadyomene."

"Yes; but I like my name for you much better."

"What is yours, Jon?"

Little Jon answered shyly:

"Guinevere; it's out of the 'Round Table'—I've only just thought of it, only of course her hair was down."

His mother's eyes, looking past him, seemed to float.

"You won't forget to come, Mum?"

"Not if you'll go to sleep."

"That's a bargain, then." And little Jon screwed up his eyes.

He felt her lips on his forehead, heard her footsteps; opened his eyes to see her gliding through the doorway, and, sighing, screwed them up again.

Then Time began. For some ten minutes of it he tried loyally to sleep, counting a great number of thistles in a row, "Da's" old recipe for bringing slumber. He seemed to have been hours counting. It must, he thought, be nearly time for her to come up now. He threw the bedclothes back. "I'm hot!" he said, and his voice sounded funny in the darkness, like some one else's. Why didn't she come? He sat up. He must look! He got out of bed, went to the window and pulled the curtain a slice aside. It wasn't dark, but he couldn't tell whether because of daylight or the moon, which was very big. It had a funny, wicked face, as if laughing at him, and he did not want to look at it. Then, remembering that his mother had said moonlit nights were beautiful, he continued to stare out in a general way. The trees threw thick shadows, the lawn looked like spilt milk, and a long long way he could see; oh! very far; right over the world, and it all looked different and swimmy. There was a lovely smell, too, in his open window.

"I wish I had a dove like Noah!" he thought.

> "The moony moon was round and bright,
> It shone and shone and made it light"

After that rhyme, which came into his head all at once, he became conscious of music, very soft—lovely! Mum playing! He bethought himself of a macaroon he had, laid up in his chest of drawers, and, getting it, came back to the window. He leaned out, now munching, now holding his jaws to hear the music better. "Da" used to say that angels played on harps in heaven; but it wasn't half so lovely as Mum playing in the moony night, with him eating a macaroon. A cockchafer buzzed by, a moth flew in his face, the music stopped, and little Jon drew his head in. She must be coming! He didn't want to be found awake. He got back into bed and pulled the clothes nearly over his head; but he had left a streak of moonlight coming in. It fell across the floor, near the foot of the bed, and he watched it moving ever so slowly toward him, as if it were alive. The music began again, but he could only just hear it now; sleepy music, pretty—sleepy—music—sleepy—slee——

And time slipped by, the music rose, fell, ceased; the moonbeam crept toward his face. Little Jon turned in his sleep till he lay on his back, with one brown fist still grasping the bedclothes. The corners of his eyes twitched—he had begun to dream. He dreamed he was drinking milk out of a pan that was the moon, opposite a great black cat which watched him with a funny smile like his father's. He heard it whisper: "Don't drink too much!" It was the cat's milk, of course, and he put out his hand amicably to stroke the creature, but it was no longer there;

the pan had become a bed, in which he was lying, and when he tried to get out he couldn't find the edge; he couldn't find it—he—he—couldn't get out! It was dreadful!

He whimpered in his sleep. The bed had begun to go round too; it was outside him and inside him; going round and round, and getting fiery, and Mother Lee out of "Cast Up by the Sea" was stirring it! Oh! so horrible she looked! Faster and faster!—till he and the bed and Mother Lee and the moon and the cat were all one wheel going round and round and up and up— Awful—awful—awful!

He shrieked.

A voice saying: "Darling, darling!" got through the wheel, and he awoke, standing on his bed, with his eyes wide open.

There was his mother, with her hair like Guinevere's, and, clutching her, he buried his face in it:

"Oh! oh!"

"It's all right, treasure. You're awake now. There! There! It's nothing!"

But little Jon continued to say: "Oh! oh!"

Her voice went on, velvety in his ear:

"It was the moonlight, sweetheart, coming on your face."

Little Jon burbled into her nightgown.

"You said it was beautiful. Oh!"

"Not to sleep in, darling. Who let it in? Did you draw the curtains?"

"I wanted to see the time; I—I looked out, I—I heard you playing, Mum; I—I ate my macaroon." But he was growing slowly comforted; and the instinct to excuse his fear revived within him.

"Mother Lee went round in me and got all fiery," he mumbled.

"Well, Jon, what can you expect if you eat macaroons after you've gone to bed?"

"Only one, Mum; it made the music ever so more beautiful. I was waiting for you—I nearly thought it was to-morrow."

"My ducky, it's only just eleven now."

Little Jon was silent, rubbing his nose on her neck.

"Mum, is Daddy in your room?"

"Not to-night."

"Can I come?"

"If you wish, my precious."

Half himself again, little Jon drew back.

"You look different, Mum; ever so younger."

"It's my hair, darling."

Little Jon laid hold of it, thick, dark-gold, with a few silver threads.

"I like it," he said; "I like you best of all like this."

Taking her hand, he had begun dragging her toward the door. He shut it as they passed, with a sigh of relief.

"Which side of the bed do you like, Mum?"

"The left side."

"All right."

Wasting no time, giving her no chance to change her mind, little Jon got into the bed, which seemed much softer than his own. He heaved another sigh, screwed his head into the pillow and lay examining the battle of chariots and swords and spears which always went on outside blankets, where the little hairs stood up against the light.

"It wasn't anything, *really*, was it?" he said.

From before her glass his mother answered:

"Nothing but the moon and your imagination heated up. You mustn't get so excited, Jon."

But, still not quite in possession of his nerves, little Jon answered boastfully:

"I wasn't afraid, really, of course!" And again he lay watching the spears and chariots. It all seemed very long.

"Oh! Mum, do hurry up!"

"Darling, I have to plait my hair."

"Oh! not to-night. You'll only have to unplait it again to-morrow. I'm sleepy now; if you don't come, I shan't be sleepy soon."

His mother stood up white and flowey before the winged mirror; he could see *three* of her, with her neck turned and her hair bright under the light, and her dark eyes smiling. It was unnecessary, and he said:

"Do come, Mum; I'm waiting."

"Very well, my love, I'll come."

Little Jon closed his eyes. Everything was turning out most satisfactory, only he must hurry up! He felt the bed shake, she was getting in. And still with his eyes closed, he said sleepily:

"It's nice, isn't it?"

He heard her voice say something, felt her lips touching his nose, and snuggling up beside her who lay awake and loved him with her thoughts, he fell into the dreamless sleep, which rounded off his past.

"SORE LET AND HINDERED"

By Franklin Chase Hoyt
Presiding Justice of the Children's Court of New York City

Illustrations by W. M. Berger

"WELL, they're my children, ain't they? I've got the right to treat them the way I want to, and I won't stand having any one else interfering and telling me how to handle them!"

The speaker belonged to that type with which unfortunately we are only too familiar in the Children's Court—the brutal, ignorant, and resentful parent who imagines that he has an absolute legal and moral right to maltreat his own offspring, and that there is no authority which can step in to protect them and stay his hand.

In this particular case a complaint had been made that four little children were being abused and neglected, and that both their father and mother were utterly unfit to act as their guardians. It was proved at the trial beyond the question of a doubt that their so-called home was nothing but a den of filth and misery, that the children were frequently beaten and generally starved, and that their parents were of the most depraved habits. Yet their father had the audacity to assert, in spite of all, that he could do as he liked with his own offspring and that no one had a right to interfere with him; that they belonged exclusively to him and that he could treat them like so many little animals if he desired; that he could expose them to every possible danger, and that what became of them was nobody else's concern.

It is unnecessary to repeat all that was said to this individual by the court on that occasion, but, as one may imagine, it was most emphatic and very much to the point. The children, it may be added, were finally rescued from their miserable surroundings and placed in a new home where for the first time in their lives they came to know what physical well-being, sympathetic protection, and loving-kindness really meant.

In the course of each year the Children's Court of New York City receives from five to seven thousand cases of neglected children. Some are brought in because of actual criminal maltreatment by one or both of their parents, some because of the lack of proper supervision and care, and some because of certain economic and social conditions which their parents are unable to combat or overcome. For such conditions the community itself has a grave responsibility, and when the parents acknowledge their faults and utter the penitential confession of the ages, "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done," society too must cry *peccavi*.

The positive offenses committed by parents against their children are many in number, and generally vile in character. It is almost impossible to conceive of of a father or mother deliberately maiming a child or abandoning it to perish unless providentially rescued by strangers, yet such things frequently happen. It is utterly incredible that a mother should force her daughter to adopt an immoral life or that a father should ruin his own child, yet such crimes are often committed. It is revolting to hear of parents taking their children out to steal or pocketing the proceeds of thefts committed by their own offspring, yet such acts are of ordinary occurrence. These, alas, are only a few of the many kinds of offenses perpetrated by the parents who appear before the court in cases of improper guardianship. Every day we receive complaints of families who are living in filthy and horrible homes, of children who have been denied food and decent covering for their frail little bodies, of parents who prefer to

indulge in drunkenness, immorality or other vices rather than to care for and watch over their own offspring. And so the list might be continued indefinitely.

Their sins of omission are also many and in some ways just as disheartening. Indeed, when their offenses are of a negative character and less directly criminal, it is often harder to find a satisfactory solution for the problems involved, or to enforce a remedy by appropriate action. Neglect and laches are always more difficult to handle than positive acts even of the most vicious type, for the latter offenses usually solve themselves by leaving no alternative save drastic action. Then again, evasion of one's parental obligation is a tendency which it is not easy to correct and which in the long run may have a more disastrous effect upon a child's future than a positive injury of a baser sort. Failure to supervise children properly or to protect them from vicious companions and evil temptations; neglect of their education, or their early removal from school in order to put them to work; omission to provide adequate medical treatment or hospital care in cases of serious illness and physical injuries; permitting them to peddle or to stay out till all hours of the night selling newspapers; utilizing them for other forms of commercial profit; absence of harmony in the home and utter lack of understanding and common sense in their training and development: these are a few of the more or less negative offenses with which the Children's Court has to deal, and which threaten the future welfare of the children of our community. Some of these acts are committed with open eyes and deliberate purpose, but the great majority occur through the ignorance of the parents and their sheer inability to appreciate the seriousness of their own duties and responsibilities.

If every child were as canny as little Gwendolyn J——, and as alive to its own condition of improper guardianship, the work of the authorities in collecting the necessary evidence to lay before the court in cases of this kind would be reduced to a minimum. It seems that Gwendolyn had heard that when little girls were ill-treated they were usually taken to a court for protection, so she decided to seize time by the forelock and prepare for the day when the law might call her guardians to account. To this end she kept a diary in which she recorded daily a brief statement of her sufferings and tribulations. In it she had very little to say against her own father, but a great deal by way of indictment against her stepmother.

Her diary lies before me as I write. It consists of about fifteen pages of closely written matter, many of the entries resembling one another, particularly those in respect to her food or rather the lack of it. In part it is quite graphic and suggests more than once, in its directness and vigor, the observations of a certain Mr. Pepys. A few excerpts will indicate its general character:

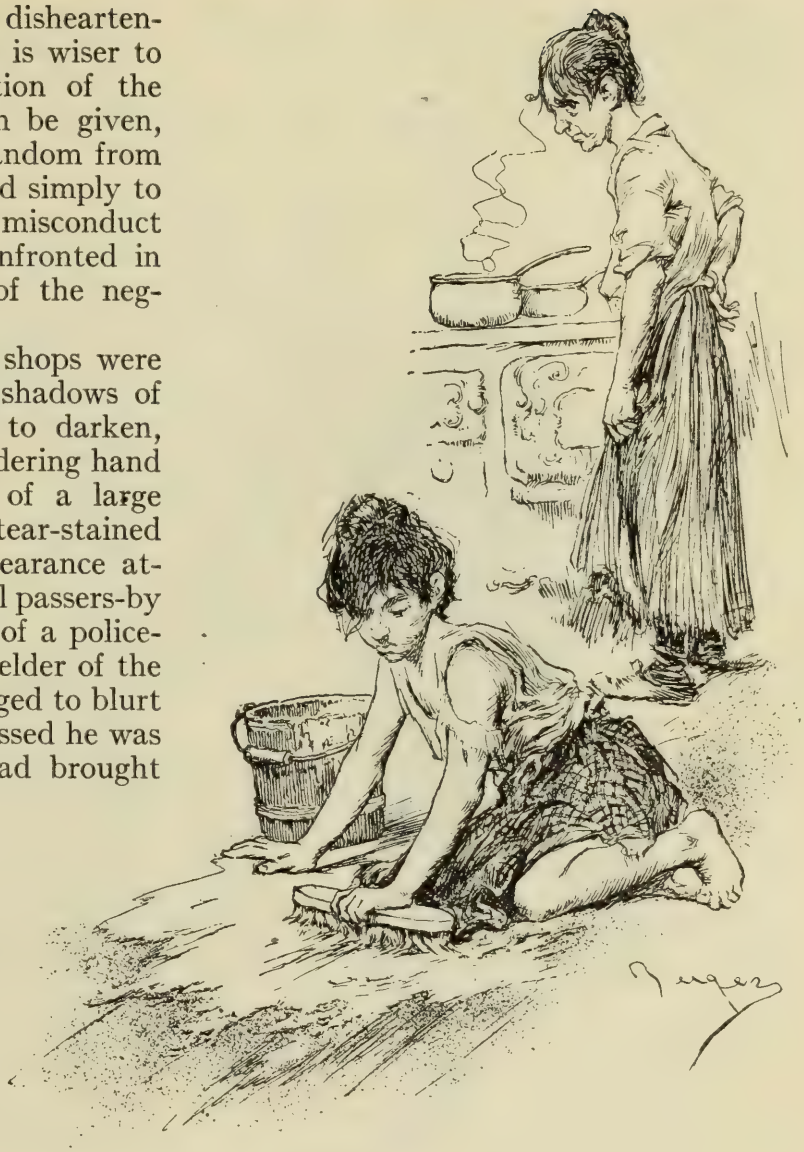
> Breakfast: Oatmeal with no milk and no sugar, tea with no milk and no sugar, bread with no butter. Lunch the same. Supper the same.
>
> To-day after breakfast I sewed, washed the dishes and cleaned the rooms. Then to school. After supper I sewed, scrubbed the kitchen and ironed the wash. To bed after ten.
>
> No time for my lessons to-day. To bed late and nothing to eat.
>
> To-night I only got some cold oatmeal but the old cat [meaning her stepmother] had soup, tenderloin, cake and milk.
>
> She says she can put me away if she wants to. I wonder if she can?
>
> She tells my father lies about me and makes him do anything she wants to.
>
> She took me by the hair today and wiped up the floor with me. She is always smacking me.
>
> Today she let up on me for once, but she made up for it by taking it out of my little sister.
>
> Oh the beautiful names she called me as she kicked me and threw me on the floor.
>
> She said the stuff she gave me was tea, but it was more like dirty soapy water.

As a matter of fact Gwendolyn's diary did not inspire us at first with absolute confidence because of its obvious precociousness and its possible bias, but our investigation showed that the home was indeed an unfit one, and in the end Gwendolyn was placed under different guardianship, much to her joy and satisfaction.

It would be impossible in a single chapter such as this to give concrete examples of all the various types of offenses committed by parents against their children. To do so would surely require the writing of many chapters, and in the end would probably prove a mere work of supererogation. Furthermore, a large number

of these transgressions are so disheartening and so abhorrent that it is wiser to leave them to the imagination of the reader. A few, however, can be given, picked out more or less at random from our records and here presented simply to illustrate certain phases of misconduct with which we are often confronted in dealing with the problems of the neglected child.

One late afternoon as the shops were closing their doors, and the shadows of the evening were beginning to darken, two little boys were seen wandering hand in hand near the entrance of a large department store. Their tear-stained cheeks and their forlorn appearance attracted the attention of several passers-by who called for the assistance of a police-officer. To his inquiries, the elder of the two, who was only five, managed to blurt out amid his sobs that he guessed he was "losted," that his mother had brought him and his little brother to that spot earlier in the day, and told them to remain there until some one should come to take care of them, that his name was Dick and his brother's name was Jim, but that he didn't know where he lived or what his parents' names were. The officer then proceeded to examine their clothes to see if he could discover any clew to their identity, and on opening Dick's coat found a note pinned on the lining. It read in part as follows:



After supper I . . . scrubbed the kitchen.—Page 526.

"To the Finder.

"As at the present time I am down to my last cent, and as work in New York is at a stand still, I must go elsewhere. Therefore my babies must have a place while I am on the hunt. Although it is painful for me to do this, there is no other way out of it. God knows it is better to put them some place where they can get food and rest instead of doing a crime.

"Hoping the reader will be kind enough to print their whereabouts in the paper, I remain,

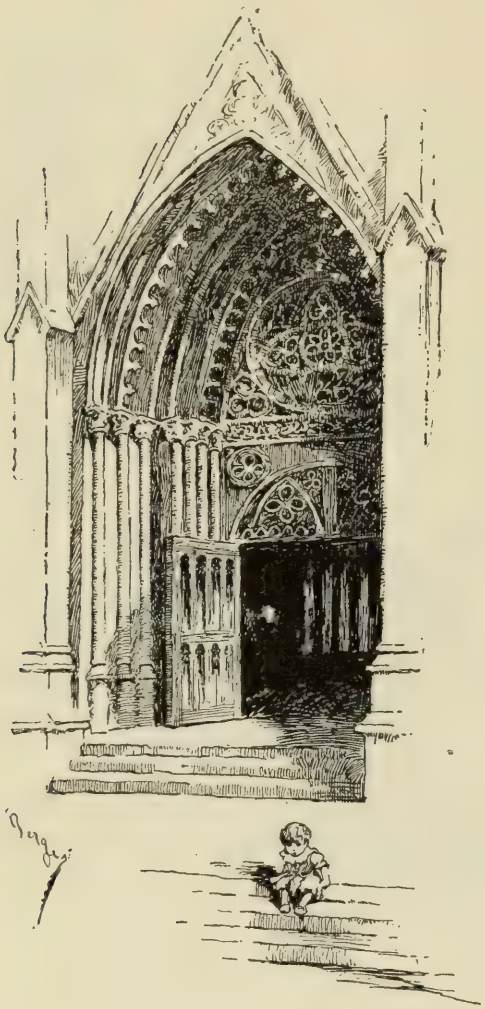
Father and Mother."

The publication of the story in the newspapers the next morning aroused the most wide-spread interest. The public comment, while condemning these parents for the sensational way in which they had thrust the burden of their domestic problems upon the community, evinced a certain sympathy for them in their struggles and difficulties.

When the two boys were brought in before me at court the day after they were found, there was still no trace of their parents, and little Dick could not tell me anything more concerning his identity than he had already imparted to the officer. Consequently I turned the matter over to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and requested its

officials to make the most careful and searching investigation into all the circumstances of the case.

A few days later the society was ready



A small boy of the age of three who was found . . . on the steps of a large church.

to report, and this is what its officials had discovered. The parents of the children were living in a fairly comfortable home, and the father was working steadily at a good trade. There was no poverty or destitution whatever. The mother had simply grown tired of looking after her two boys. It interfered somewhat with her own recreations and pleasures! It was she who had written the letter and who had abandoned the boys on the street. There were several other children in the family and it transpired that their mother had attempted to get rid of one of these in a somewhat similar fashion only the year before. The father in each instance had acquiesced in and consented to the plan of his wife for ridding their household of these undesirable burdens. The note which she had pinned to Dickie's coat contained no word of truth. It was simply a lie, a foul and sickening lie, and the act which she and her husband had committed was proved to be an infamous crime without palliation or the shadow of an excuse.

Criminal prosecution was at once instituted against both these parents with the result that they were convicted and sentenced to long terms in State's prison. As to Dickie and Jim, they were found new homes, where they are being watched over kindly and wisely, and from which they will not be turned out to get "losted" on the streets.

Another case of abandonment which came before me and which stands out from thousands of others because of its peculiarly happy ending was that of a small boy of the age of three who was found one night on the steps of a large church. The only possible clew to his identity was a name written on a piece of tape which was sewed to his overcoat. He was a charming, attractive child and bubbling over with laughter and good-nature. It seemed incredible that any parent would have parted with him willingly, but the fact remained that some one to whom he belonged had left him in the street, though God alone knows why. For weeks and months an intensive search was made for his parents, or for some of his kindred but without avail. Finally, as no one came forward to claim him and as the hope of finding any relative was entirely abandoned, I sent him to a small home where young children were received and well cared for. After he had been there for a short time, his winning ways and happy smile attracted the attention of a good woman who lived in the vicinity, and who was deeply interested in the welfare of the institution to which he had been sent. As she grew to know him, she grew to love him, and in the end she took him for her own. By adopting him as her son she gave him something infinitely more precious than a local habitation and a name, and, if his health is spared, there lies before him a life of intense usefulness, of fruitful service, and of happiness in abundance.



Their forlorn appearance attracted the attention of several passers-by.—Page 527.

Not all cases of abandonment are as positive and as crass as those just referred to. Frequently children are left in their own homes and deserted temporarily by one or both of their parents. This father may forsake his family because of utter discouragement and because he thinks he can do better in another part of the country. That mother may leave her little ones because she is weary of the monotony of her life and because she seeks distraction in illicit pleasure. Then again there are other offenses which might well fall under the head of abandonment, although the law does not give them that name. Getting rid of a child because of some prejudice or for the purpose of lightening the household burden is, in the last analysis, nothing more or less than a form of abandonment even though it is accomplished through legal means.

Some years ago a rumor was circulated in certain sections of the city to the effect that all one had to do to have a child placed in an institution free of every expense until it became old enough to go to work was to take such child to the Children's Court and swear that it was disorderly or unmanageable. The judge would do the rest! Especially was there excitement in those foreign colonies where the words "institution" and "college" had more or less the same meaning.

Several parents who had taken their children to the court, and gained their commitment through the most barefaced of lies, returned to their neighbors with the happy information that the judge had graciously consented to send their offspring to college free of cost. Suddenly an avalanche descended on the court. One would have thought that the entire juvenile population in those quarters of town had all at once become devils incarnate. The craze of these parents for the commitment of their children was finally put to an end when the legislature passed an act permitting an order to be made requiring the parent to pay for the cost of maintaining a child during the period of its stay in an institution. As soon as it became known that it would be expensive to send one's child away, the desire to get rid of it diminished accordingly. It may be added that under our present system of investigation and probation such a situation would, of course, be inconceivable, and that it would be impossible to-day for a parent to obtain the commitment of a child on his unverified statement alone.

As an example of the effort to get rid of a child with the help of the law because of prejudice and the desire to cast off an inconvenient burden, the case of Jimmie L—— might be selected. It is also a good illustration of the obliquity of vision evinced by certain parents and of the difficulties which are encountered in seeking to enforce upon them the performance of their duties and the acceptance of their responsibilities.

Jimmie, aged eleven, was led into the court by his father, and arraigned on the old familiar charge that he was a disorderly and ungovernable child. According to his parent, he played truant from school, beat and abused his younger brothers and sisters, and stole everything he could lay his hands on. I would have taken a great deal more stock in all his father wanted to tell me had it not been for Jimmie himself. He was one of those youngsters you simply couldn't get angry at. Freckles all over his face and stubby nose, two clear blue eyes without the shadow of deceit, and a grin which simply wouldn't come off, marked him as a healthy, normal, and attractive boy.

After listening to his father for some time I turned to Jim and asked him whether he had done all the things with which he was charged. He looked me straight in the eye, smiled a little and admitted cheerfully that at times he had been mighty bad. "I played hookey once," he said, "and I smacked my little brother too. I took some things to eat in the kitchen, and pinched some money from my mother to treat the fellers to candy and soda-water."

At the end of the hearing I asked his father to take him home pending our investigation, but he wouldn't hear of it.

"My wife would turn me out of the house if I brought him back," he said.

A week later, when the case again came before me, our investigation had been completed, and it showed that while Jim had been fairly mischievous and had at times taken things at home which did not belong to him, though never outside, he was on the whole a pretty decent sort of a boy, and one who under the proper management could be easily controlled and developed. The entire trouble was with his stepmother, who seemed determined to get rid of him because, as she put it, she had enough to do to look after her own children. The father, it appeared, was very weak and sided with his wife simply to avoid domestic strife.

On this occasion I pleaded with the father to take Jim home and give the boy a chance under the court's supervision, but he again refused. The case was continued for several weeks more in the hope of making him change his mind, but with no result. The stepmother was called to the stand, but it only brought forth new recitals of Jim's alleged delinquencies. In reply to one of my repeated requests to take the boy home and make a fresh start his father said:

"If I took the boy back I'd break up my home. It's either my wife or my boy. I like Jim, but don't send him home. It's no use, no use."

I told the father that if the boy were sent elsewhere he would have to pay in full for his support. To that the father assented, and said he'd pay anything he could afford in order to have peace.

By this time I had reached the conclusion that it would be the rankest kind

of injustice to Jim himself to send him back to such a home. Already some of the organizations connected with the court had taken a great interest in the case, and I had received some excellent propositions for his adoption. In the end one of these was accepted and I still receive reports from time to time of the splendid progress and excellent conduct of Jim in his new home. He is intensely happy and is no longer regarded as a detriment and a burden.

It is a pity that there is no real way to punish parents of this sort. Of course, they could always be forced to take back a child, but the final result would usually end in disaster. The only sensible thing to do under such circumstances is to find the child a happier home and make his parents pay for his support, leaving the measure of their punishment to their future remorse and the wise dispensations of a Higher Power.

Teaching children to steal is another offense which is met with more often than one would suppose. It is encountered in various guises and forms, one of the most familiar occurring in connection with shoplifting. Within a single week recently over a dozen such cases were brought to the court. In one instance a mother had made use of her two daughters—splendid girls and both at that time in high school, with the result that all three were caught red-handed in possession of the stolen goods. In another case a father took with him to the store which he had planned to rob his little daughter, of the age of thirteen, and his young son of the age of eleven. He made the girl carry a bag in which he kept placing the articles which he stole from one counter



He made the girl carry a bag in which he kept placing the articles which he stole, . . . and used the boy as a shield.

after another, and at the same time used the boy as a shield to hide the work of his hands just as a skilled pickpocket often uses an accomplice for the same purpose.

In appropriating the proceeds of thefts committed by children, some parents have also much to answer for. Usually these offenses take the simple form of accepting, without asking any awkward questions, the pilferings which a child may bring home as the result of some petit larceny or of a raid on fruit-stands or market wagons in the neighborhood. Indeed, they occasionally seem to think that they have a prescriptive right to such emoluments. A colored woman whose son had been arrested for stealing forty-one cents, in answer to my inquiry as to what she had to say in behalf of her erring child replied:

"He certainly am a bad boy, judge! Just to think of him getting way with forty-one cents and never giving a penny of it to his poor old mammy!"

Sometimes, however, the offense is more premeditated. Sammie T—— was employed in a furrier's establishment, and, after he had been working there for several months, was arrested for stealing a skin. As the firm had lost thousands of dollars' worth of fur during that time, suspicion was instantly directed toward Sammie and a warrant was obtained for the search of his home. There a large amount of the stolen property was found. At first Sammie said that he had taken all this property without the knowledge of any one else, but when it was pointed out to him that his father must have known of the existence of the property in the house, he told another tale. This new story was quite involved, but its substance was that he had stolen certain pieces at various times from his employers and had brought them to his father, who was also in the furrier business, saying that his employers wished his father to sell these articles for them on commission; that his father had already sold a number of pieces in this way and had turned over the proceeds to him for return to his employers, but that in each instance he had either spent or lost the money. His father under examination told substantially the same story, and said that he thought all the property found in the house, as well as the pieces which he had already sold, had been actually sent to him by its owners to sell on commission. The whole story was so palpably false and unbelievable that I referred the matter to the district attorney with the result that the man was arrested and held by the magistrate. The grand jury in the end, however, refused to indict him on the ground that he might really have been deceived by his son, although the man for some months had been receiving and selling thousands of dollars' worth of property without once communicating with its owners or returning to them directly any of the moneys he had derived from such sales!

Never a day passes in the Children's Court that we do not receive a number of cases involving children who have been sent out by their parents to peddle, to sell papers after hours, or to beg. Very often such faults are committed through ignorance, and an explanation and a warning are all that is necessary to prevent a repetition of the offense. Begging, however, is generally apt to be a serious matter and sometimes its execution is carefully planned.

When little Joe was arraigned in court for begging on the stairs of a subway station, the railroad official who had made the arrest looked at him very doubtfully and shook his head. "I'm afraid, judge," he exclaimed, "there must be some mistake. The boy whom I arrested was in rags and had only one leg."

The man's suspicions as to the identity of the boy seemed to be well-founded. As he appeared in court, Joe was immaculately dressed and apparently had two good legs to stand on. The development of the case, however, showed why the official had been surprised. Joe in reality had but one leg, but he possessed two substitutes for the limb which he had lost; one an excellent artificial leg of the best make and the other an old wooden stump of the crudest sort. It was his mother's practice after Joe came home from school to take off his good clothes and detach his artificial limb. Then she would dress him in some old dirty rags, kept for this very purpose, tie on the old stump, and send him out to beg in the subways and the



She would dress him in some old dirty rags, . . . tie on the old stump, and send him out to beg.—Page 532.

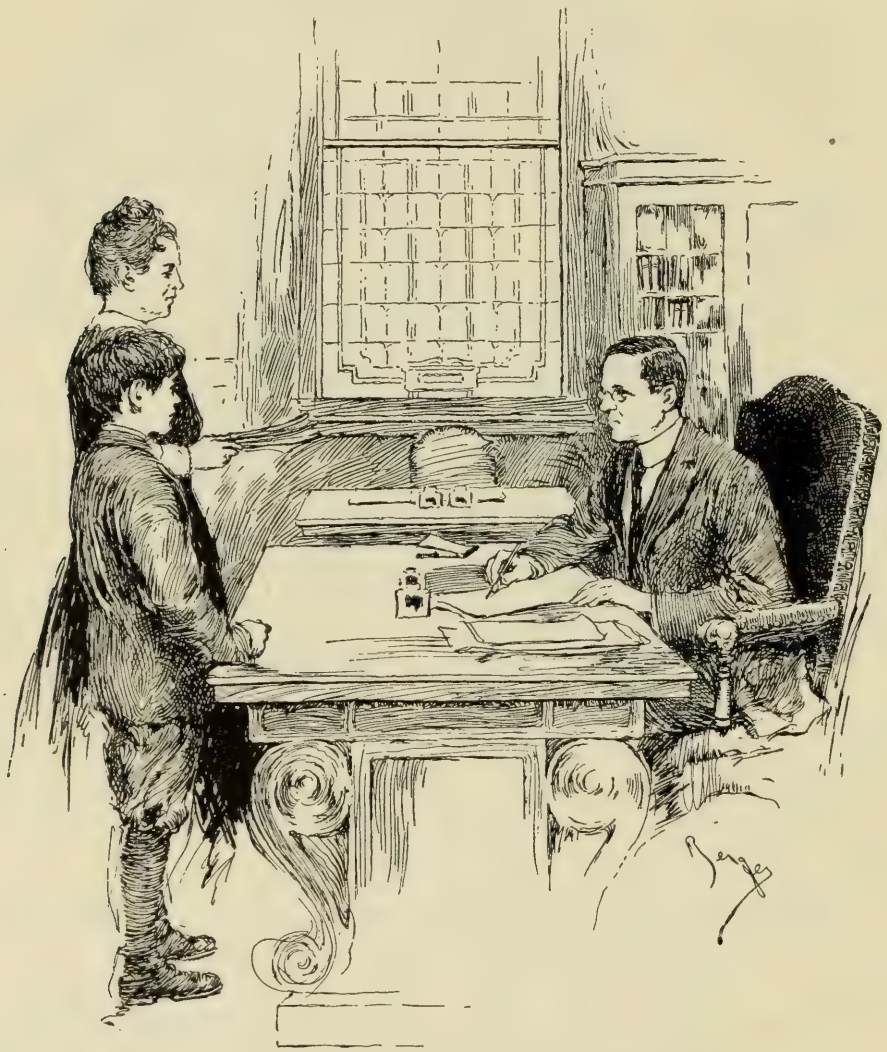
streets. The same thing was also done in the evening. There was no poverty or need of any kind in the home. The only reason for the mother's action was to gain some money for pleasures and luxuries at the expense of Joe's health and moral welfare. When we finished with the case in the Children's Court I am glad to say there was literally nothing left of the rags and the old wooden stump.

The impression must not be gained from these various incidents that all the parents with whom we have to deal are either cruel, unnatural, or ignorant. Far from it, for many of them, even a majority, it is safe to say, are surprisingly fine and decent. Their devotion to their children is inspiring and their understanding and intelligent co-operation are all that can be expected. Even in some cases of alleged improper guardianship, there is no fault to be found with the parents themselves, and the complaint is often forced by circumstances over which they have no possible control.

In writing of the neglected child, however, it is but natural to consider primarily the effect upon its welfare of the sins of omission or commission committed by certain types of parents. Faults of this nature can be catalogued and analyzed with some degree of precision, and they lend themselves more easily to illustration than do some of the other and more obscure phases of neglect. That is why so

many of the stories concerning the exposure and maltreatment of children deal with the errors and misconduct of their parents.

As a matter of fact, the problem of neglect is infinitely more serious and complex than the mere question of home maladjustment or of parental infirmity. It is a state which has been engendered by public indifference and failure, and which has been fostered by social and economic conditions. What opportunities do some children find to-day for self-expression or for the study of nature and the beautiful things in life? How many are turned out almost in their infancy untrained and bewildered to face the realities of existence? How many are allowed to succumb to the influences of wretched environment, the suggestions of undesirable companions, the lure of the streets? Who can count the innumerable victims of child labor? How much has society accomplished, after all, in providing recreational facilities for these children and proper outlets for their activities, in giving them the right sort of vocational training or in safeguarding their health and their physical well-being? How adequate are the facilities furnished by the State for the care of the destitute, the delinquent, and, above all, the defective child? How many children, because of these things, "know the grief of man without its wisdom and sink in man's despair without its calm?"



"Sore let and hindered in running the race" set before them, they are appealing for kindlier treatment, a better chance, and a fairer heritage.—Page 535.

In very truth the community itself has much to answer for.

Dickens has never been credited with

being one of the originators of the Children's Court movement, but he must have dreamed of its realization when he wrote "Oliver Twist." With his deep insight into human nature he understood as thoroughly as we do to-day the dangers and perils to which the unprotected child is exposed, and he recognized the utter lack of sense and humane feeling in the attitude assumed by the State and the community of his time toward neglected children.

As we read of the sufferings of Oliver and of all the perils which beset his path, we instinctively feel that the various characters which entered into and affected his young life are but prototypes of the forces with which we are so familiar to-day.

Oliver Twist himself is merely the unfortunate victim of his environment—the representative of so many children who can find no natural outlet for their activities, and who "never have had any one to teach them what was right and what was wrong." The stain of his birth in itself implanted no depraved instincts in his nature, but all the misery he was forced to suffer was chargeable to the social conditions in which he was born and bred.

As one grows familiar with the hideous figure of Fagin, he becomes simply the personification of the evil influences, the corrupting associations, and the debasing suggestions which constantly beset the children of our cities.

In the actions of Mr. Brownlow, as well as of Rose and Mrs. Maylie, we find a recognition of the fact, now so universally understood, that the neglected or erring child is entitled to receive from the State its care and protection, not its contumely and condemnation, and that such a child should be given his chance to lead a decent life and to qualify himself as a useful member of society.

There are other figures in the story which in one's fancy might well represent various conditions and influences which enter into the problems of delinquency and neglect. In Sikes can be perceived the physical force and compulsion which so often drives youth into open and violent crime, and in Monks the greed that will unhesitatingly sacrifice a child for its own gain. Nancy is an appealing figure because in the last analysis she represents true womanhood which, though degraded and beaten down, might have been raised to its salvation if help had only come before it was too late. What is Bumble but institutionalism in its worst form? and in reading of his actions one rejoices that the conditions of which he is the exponent are rapidly becoming a thing of the past. In the brutality (as well as the absurdity) of Magistrate Fang's administration of justice cannot we find a counterpart of the procedure which still prevails in certain of our courts, and which, unaffected by modern progress, common sense, or even by the truth, continues to injure thousands in the name of the law?

Finally, is there not a lesson which can be learned from the disposition of our friend, Mr. Grimwig? Does he not admirably represent the attitude of the indifferent and intolerant community, which is always willing to find a refuge behind the doctrine of heredity and which seemingly takes pleasure in expecting the worst of a child born and bred amid evil surroundings? But even Mr. Grimwig has to wake up at last to the fact that his preconceived views are sadly in need of reconstruction and that there is something to be said on behalf of the neglected child after all.

It was Oliver Twist's request, "Please sir, I want some more," which startled Mr. Bumble and the institutional managers out of their seven senses. More, indeed! Wasn't one porringer of thin gruel three times a day enough for any orphan or pauper? What right had such a child to ask for more? Why, the very idea was preposterous!

To-day there are thousands of children in our community stretching out their hands and asking for "more." Handicapped at the very start, "sore let and hindered in running the race" set before them, they are appealing for kindlier treatment, a better chance, and a fairer heritage. They are asking for the right to happiness, which is their due, and an equal opportunity in the struggle for existence. May their appeal be heeded before it is too late, and may they be given something more heartening than stones in answer to their cry for bread.

SCANDINAVIA'S LESSON TO THE WORLD

By Lothrop Stoddard
Author of "The Rising Tide of Color," etc.

OUR post-war world is rent with multifarious discords. Empire growls at empire over the spoils of Armageddon. New-born nations, bitten with imperialistic lusts, plot the mutilation of equally lustful neighbors. Above all, Asia prepares to challenge the hegemony of anarchic Europe, thus threatening a contest that may develop into a racial cataclysm beside which the late unpleasantness would seem like child's play.

The future looks dark. Yet there is a brighter side. Everywhere thinking men are alive to the perils of the hour. Statesmen strive to forge the machinery of a new world-order assuring peaceful, evolutionary progress, while seers and prophets labor to effect that changed attitude of mind and heart which must form the indispensable moral basis to a new world-order and without which the most perfect mechanism would prove a vain thing.

To forward-looking persons Scandinavia should to-day offer perhaps the most hopeful portent on the international horizon. Here is a group of peoples, proud, virile, and with a martial past, who point out to humanity the way to a better morrow. Not merely by theoretic preachment, but by sustained practice, by consistent conduct extending over decades, the Scandinavian nations give the world a concrete example of a group of nations settling fundamental disputes without war, in a spirit of reasonable fairness, and with increasing friendship and co-operation.

This remarkable achievement becomes all the more striking when we recall the grave difficulties which had to be overcome. Scandinavia's internal history was not one of peace and amity; it was a record of war and discord yielding an evil legacy of bitter memories. Since time immemorial the Scandinavian peoples—Swedes, Danes, Norwegians—have fought one another, fired by a jealous separatism that nullified bonds of racial kinship and condemned them to an interminable cycle of internecine strife. This separatism bore bitter fruits. The abounding vigor of the race consumed itself and robbed Scandinavia of golden opportunities. When we look back on the mediæval might of Denmark and on the power of Sweden from Gustavus Adolphus to Charles XII, it is not too much to say that a united Scandinavia might have forged a Baltic empire which would have endured to this day. Instead, the rising empires of Russia and Germany broke Scandinavia's resistance piecemeal, shore away its borderlands, and immured it within its narrow ancestral bounds. By mid-nineteenth century the Scandinavian nations had reached their lowest ebb. Discouraged and disillusioned, they awaited the future with pessimistic fatalism, counting on the mutual jealousies of mighty neighbors rather than on their own efforts for the maintenance of even national existence.

As the nineteenth century drew toward its close, Scandinavia's prospects took on a brighter hue. Making the most of what yet remained, the Scandinavian peoples applied their inherent vigor and intelligence to an intensive development of their natural resources that brought them unprecedented prosperity. This, in turn, begot renewed optimism. The Scandinavian peoples once more felt the glow of self-confidence, remembering their glorious pasts and having faith in their national futures.

Yet herein lurked a subtle peril. To recall the past was to revive bitter memories. To light the fires of nationalism was to kindle the embers of jealous particularism. Soon Scandinavia's political structure showed alarming signs of disintegration. Norway commenced chafing at the bonds that linked her to Sweden, while remote Iceland began its long pro-

test against Danish rule. It looked as though Scandinavia was on the eve of a fresh cycle of exhausting discord.

This time, however, history did not repeat itself. The stern lessons of the past had been taken to heart. The Scandinavian peoples had acquired a changed attitude of mind, capable of settling controversies in a spirit of mutual forbearance and inhibiting fratricidal wars destructive of the race.

Here is how Scandinavia solved her separatist problems:

First, the Swedish-Norwegian controversy. Though occupying the same peninsula, the Swedish and Norwegian peoples have had very different historic pasts. Sundered by a barrier of lofty mountains, they had slight physical contact and went their respective ways. Such contact as occurred was usually of a hostile nature. For centuries Norway was politically united to Denmark and loyally supported its suzerain in the long series of Dano-Swedish wars. In 1814 the Vienna Congress which remade the map of Europe after the Napoleonic cataclysm assigned Norway to Sweden as compensation for Finland, conquered by Russia a few years before. But this diplomatic transfer did not result in a union of hearts. The Norwegians were dissatisfied, and despite concessions amounting to full autonomy they chafed at political union with their Swedish neighbors. Chronic disputes culminated in the year 1905, when Norway seceded from the union.

This was revolution. Sweden was aflame with wrath, especially since most Swedes believed that, in forcing the issue at that moment, Norway was guilty of treason in face of the common enemy—Russia. For Czarist Russia was just then busy destroying the liberties of Finland, transforming the formerly autonomous grand duchy into a Russian intrenched camp, and threatening the whole Scandinavian peninsula with the shadow of her vast military power. For a time war seemed inevitable. Swedish voices called for the chastisement and subjection of the traitorous "rebels." Norwegian voices answered provocative defiance. Both sides mobilized and made ready for a struggle which would inevitably have been of a most stubborn and sanguinary nature.

But that struggle did not take place. Cool-headed Swedes realized that to hold down Norway against the settled determination of its people was in the long run impossible, while, after the first moment of passion had passed, both peoples realized with intuitive insight that a desolating war, whatever its outcome, would probably condemn the combatants to a common Russian servitude. Accordingly, the dispute was settled without the shedding of a drop of blood. Sweden recognized Norway's independence, and Norway gladly acceded to Sweden's demand for the total disarmament and neutralization of their common frontier.

The results of this peaceful settlement were of the happiest nature. Within a very few years all traces of mutual bitterness had vanished. With no more causes of friction, the two peoples began looking at their common interests. The Russian peril was a powerful promoter of kindred feeling. When the Great War broke out in 1914 both countries made haste to affirm their friendship, for simultaneously with their declarations of neutrality they formally agreed that under no circumstances should the one country take hostile action against the other.

Let us next consider the Danish-Icelandic controversy. Iceland, that strange island of snow-fields and volcanoes lying in the remote recesses of the Arctic Ocean, was settled more than a thousand years ago by rebel Vikings refusing obedience to the first Norwegian kings. Eventually brought under Norwegian control, Iceland passed with Norway under Danish rule, but when Norway was joined to Sweden in 1814, Iceland remained under the Danish crown. It may not seem possible that the sparse population of this forbidding land (less than 90,000 souls) should have cherished separatist aspirations, yet such was the fact. The old Norse love of freedom was in the blood, and as time passed the Icelanders, despite wide autonomy, chafed under Danish suzerainty just as their Norwegian brethren did under political union with the Swedes.

Here, indeed, was a test of Scandinavia's modern attitude toward partic-

ularism. A handful of men scattered about the shores of a barren island were asserting their independence against a wealthy nation of 3,000,000. Obviously, Denmark could crush the Icelanders at a stroke. In fact, dependent as the island was on imported breadstuffs, a mere blockade would doom the Icelanders to starvation.

Yet the Danes never even considered such measures. The dispute was temperately argued out, and at length a solution was arrived at satisfactory to both sides. By the Act of Union of November 30, 1918, Iceland was declared a free, sovereign state, united with Denmark by a personal bond of union under the same King. Here again the change in status is disclosing the happiest results, both peoples experiencing an increase of reciprocal regard and common aspiration toward larger Scandinavian interests. This double evolution was well expressed by the leading Icelandic journal, *Himinn*, which remarked: "We understand thoroughly that our future is best made secure by a more intimate union and more active communication between the Scandinavian nations, and it is our definite purpose to work for this end; but we wish to do so as a sovereign state, as an independent people, just as independent as the other peoples in Scandinavia."

Such is the manner in which Scandinavia has solved her problems of political devolution. Clearly, we have here a lesson for the world at large. Of course such solutions are not applicable to all questions of separatist aspiration, especially as between peoples of widely differing types and standards. They would probably work only between communities possessed of the high intelligence, self-control, and long-headedness characteristic of the Scandinavian peoples. But, within these limits, the precedents have obvious bearing and should be taken seriously to heart.

Not less worthy of the world's attention is Scandinavia's attitude toward "unredeemed" territories. The immoderate land-hunger to-day displayed by most European nations, great and small; the staking out of extravagant territorial claims, often based on the most tenuous sophistries of ethnology and history or on the naked argument of "strategic frontiers," is one of the most disquieting signs of the times, forecasting as it does chronic instability and recurrent war. Poland is a notorious instance of this nationalist-imperialist psychosis—and Poland is merely one of many cases. From this welter of mad ambitions Scandinavia stands strikingly apart. Not that Scandinavia is without its imperialists. They exist, and they are as intemperate as their congeners of other lands. But in Scandinavia the imperialists are a minority, unable either to deflect the policy of their governments or to upset the common sense of their fellow citizens.

Scandinavia's refreshingly sane attitude on such matters is well shown by the two cases which have arisen: Schleswig-Holstein and the Åland Islands. Let us consider them in turn.

Schleswig-Holstein, the borderland between Denmark and Germany, was conquered by Prussia in the Dano-Prussian War of 1863–1864. The southern province—Holstein—is thoroughly German in blood and speech. The northern province—Schleswig—is predominantly German in its southern and central parts, but the northern portion adjoining Denmark is mostly Danish in blood and language, while there is a considerable Danish minority in the central portion as well. By the peace of 1864 it was agreed that a plebiscite should be held in north Schleswig in order that the inhabitants might themselves decide their political allegiance. Prussia, however, treated this proviso as a "scrap of paper." The plebiscite was never held, and the Danish districts were ruthlessly "Germanized."

Denmark thus had a legitimate grievance, and her claims to north Schleswig were recognized by the Versailles Conference. In fact, a considerable body of opinion in the Allied countries, particularly in France, urged the Danes to assert their "historic rights" to all Schleswig-Holstein. But the bulk of Danish public opinion rejected such suggestions without a moment's hesitation. To poison their national life by annexing 1,500,000 recalcitrant Germans and to hang about Denmark's neck the millstone of a German "revanche" was clean against Danish good sense. "All that is Danish. No

more, and no less": that was the Danish slogan, and thus it was settled. The fate of Schleswig was determined by a plebiscite of its inhabitants. The province was divided into three zones, each zone to vote separately. In fact, before the plebiscite was held, the southern zone was ruled out of consideration as being patently German. The northern zone voted for union with Denmark by a vote of 3 to 1. The middle zone voted to remain German by more than 2 to 1. This result caused some disappointment in Denmark. There was much talk of disregarding the plebiscite, and the King raised a crisis by dismissing the ministry, which had declared its resolve to accept the decision of zone 2. But the Danish people as a whole would not stand for even this modest display of imperialism. Mass demonstrations, riots, and a general strike made the King and his supporters change their minds. "All that is Danish. No more, and no less," had won the day.

Now, as to the Åland Islands. This rocky archipelago lies in the Baltic Sea midway between Sweden and Finland. Its inhabitants are of pure Swedish blood, and until its cession to Russia in 1809 it was considered part of Sweden rather than of Finland. The Ålands' importance is mainly strategic, for they virtually dominate Sweden's capital, Stockholm. When Finland threw off the Russian yoke after the downfall of czardom in 1917, the inhabitants of the Åland Islands expressed a wish to go back to Sweden rather than form part of the new Finnish state. Naturally, Swedish public opinion warmly favored the recovery of the Ålands. But the Finns strenuously objected, declaring the islands an integral part of their country, which could not be alienated. The point was warmly debated on both sides and became a genuine "issue." Considerable bitterness developed, and there was even talk of war. Yet here, as elsewhere in Scandinavia, common sense prevailed, and it was finally decided to bring the matter before the League of Nations for decision. At this writing the case has not been tried. But whatever the verdict, another victory for peace and sanity has been won, and another threat of war has been averted.

With such sustained poise and self-control on burning issues like devolution and expansion, it is no surprise to find that Scandinavia's record during the late war was almost uniformly admirable. Not only did the Scandinavian peoples seek to maintain their mutual solidarity by frequent meetings of monarchs and ministers; not only did they help one another during the the dark days of blockade and U-boat warfare by far-reaching agreements for economic co-operation; they also showed a consistent solicitude for the suffering of their warring neighbors and a readiness to serve as mediators in the frightful holocaust or as reconcilers after the war's conclusion. The best minds of Scandinavia devoted themselves to discovering a just solution for present ills and to laying the foundations for a better morrow. At this moment Scandinavian jurists are playing a prominent part in the establishment of that international high court now in process of formation.

Aloof as they were from the prevailing war psychology, Scandinavians saw clearly from its first days the late war's terrible threat to Europe, to our race, and to the very structure of our civilization. Their anguish at the ominous prospect is well exemplified by the following lines from the pen of the eminent Danish savant, Professor L. V. Birck, of the University of Copenhagen. Writing at the beginning of 1915, he said: "Amid the tempest now raging in Europe, amid the terrible consequences of ill-considered decisions, before this flood of auto-suggestions, we see the deeper significance of events, the peril to our race and to all Europe. We hear the cracking of the foundations of that old order once thought so strong; we see the increasing misery; but, especially, we gaze over at the Asiatic wall, from behind which comes the sound of grinding swords. Then our anguish at the approaching terror—the assault on the supremacy of the White Man—makes us forget the horrors of the present hour."

So ends our survey of Scandinavia's recent history. Its results compel attention. Judged by three of the most trying criteria of human conduct, the Scandinavian peoples have brilliantly met the test. Toward each other, toward their neighbors, and toward the world, they

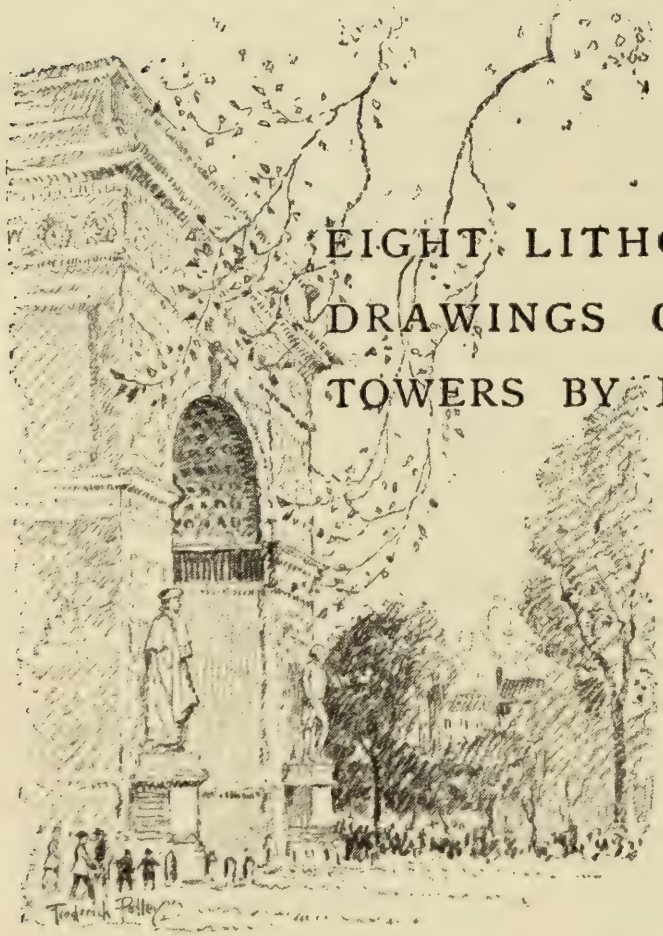
have displayed a striking degree of poise, insight, and self-control. They have settled some of the most crucial problems that can confront nations, and those settlements have been peaceful, just, and with every prospect of constructive permanence.

Here is food for thought, especially in times like ours. Of course we must not draw too sweeping generalizations. These Scandinavian triumphs have been accomplished by a contiguous group of high-grade, kindred peoples. What they have done might not be possible for peoples with widely divergent temperaments, view-points, and cultural levels.

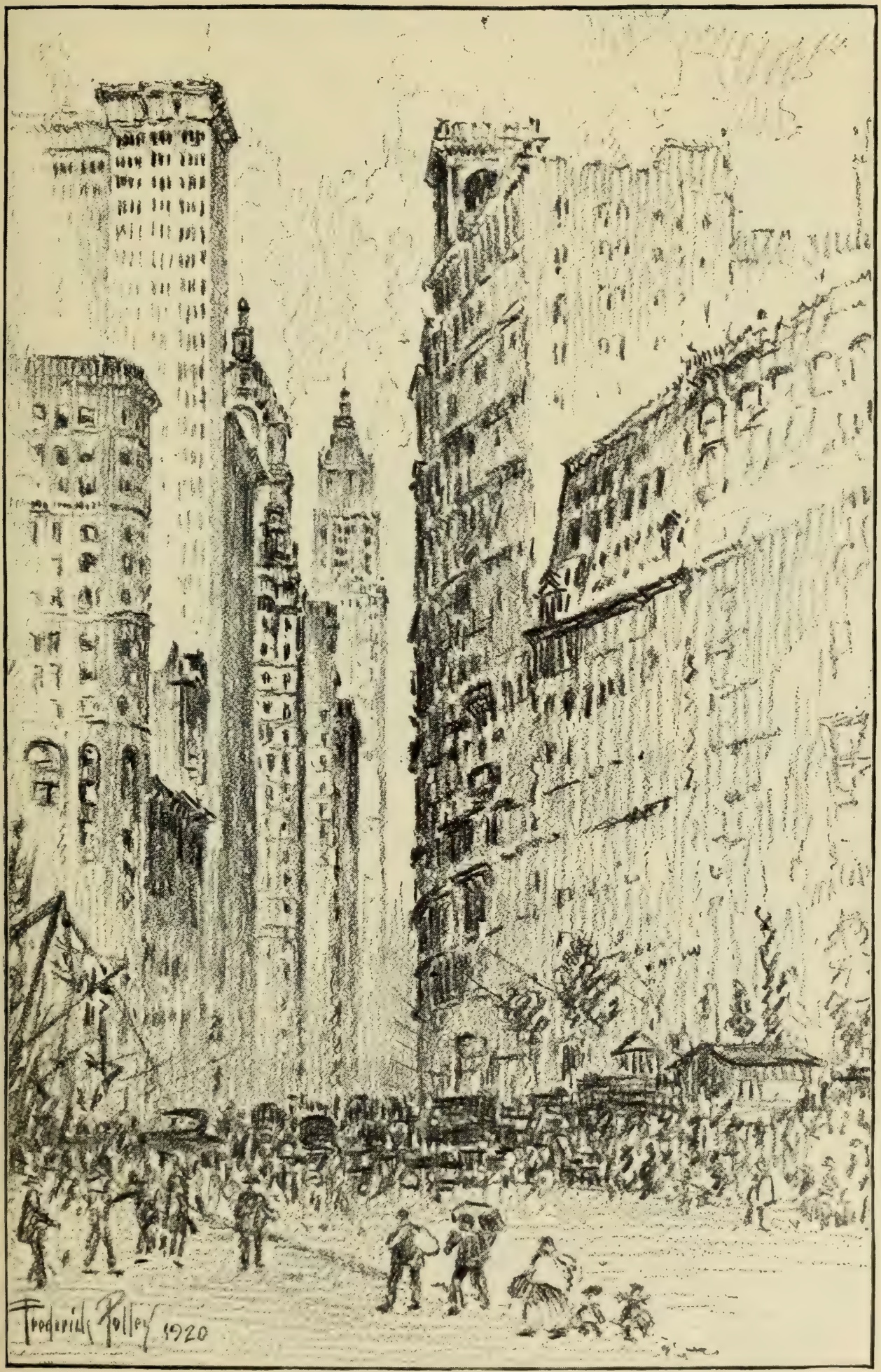
Nevertheless, the fact remains that over there in the Scandinavian northland things have been amicably settled which are usually fought out on the battle-field, and we have been vouchsafed the inspiring example of nations endowed with such attitudes of mind that they instinctively put into every-day practice the pious aspirations of forward-looking men.

And at the very least, even though the world as a whole may be incapable of measuring up to the Scandinavian standard, we have the comforting assurance that one region of the earth exists whose peoples are habitually guided by long views and can be counted on consistently to support the best interests of the race.

CURBSTONE SKETCHES

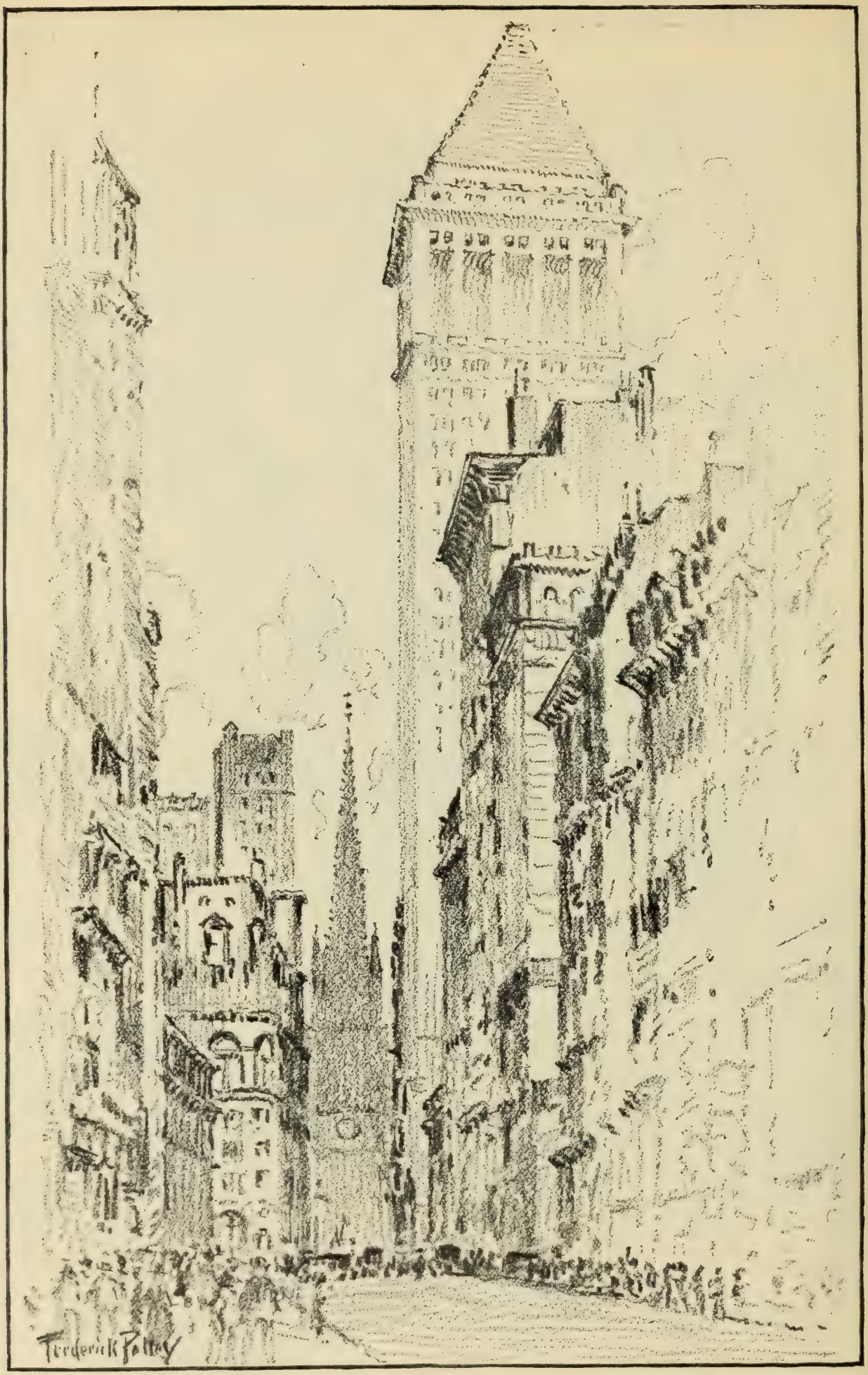


EIGHT LITHOGRAPHIC PENCIL DRAWINGS OF MANHATTAN'S TOWERS BY FREDERICK POLLEY



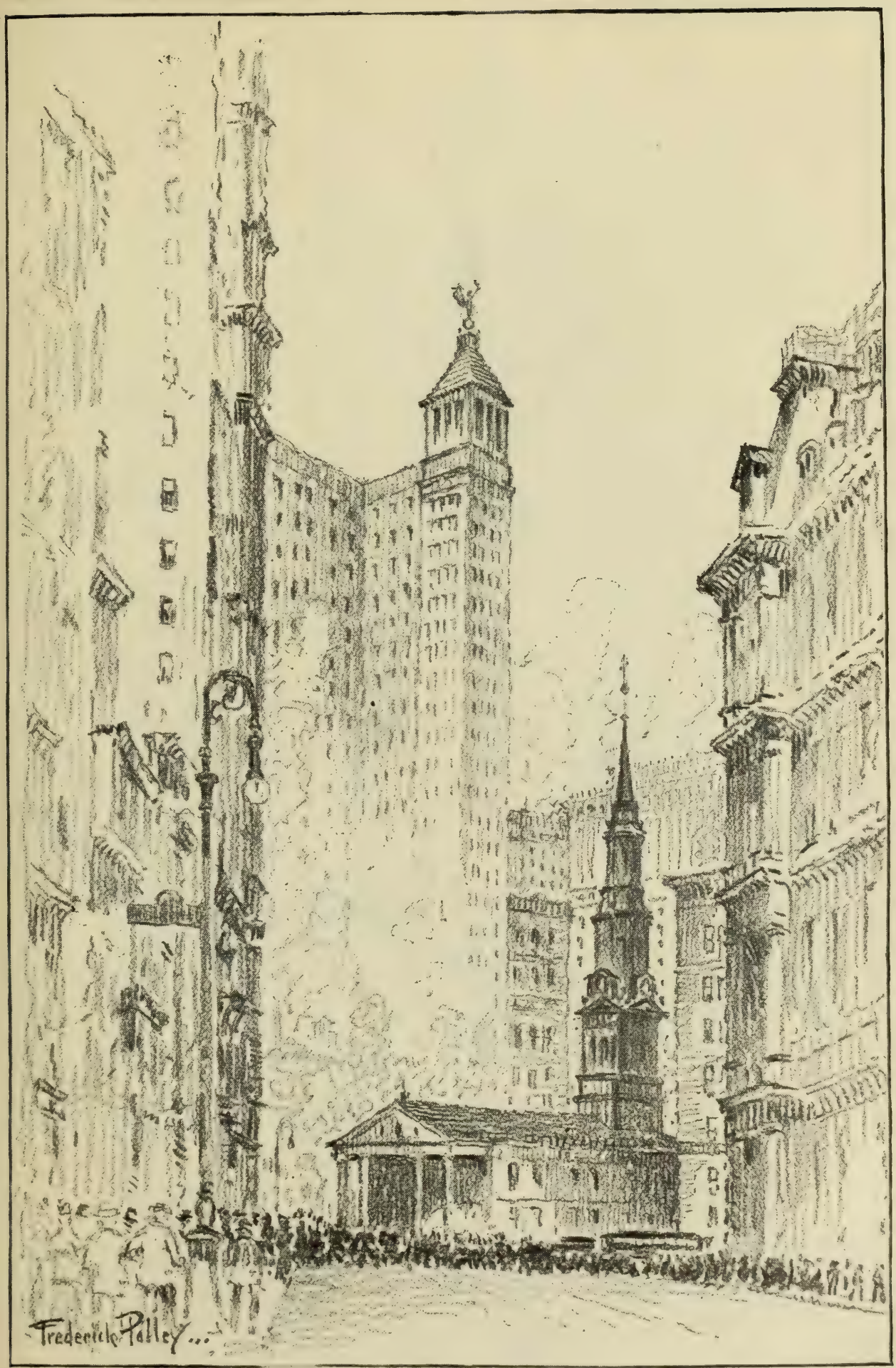
Looking up Broadway from Bowling Green.

Here, since 1626, immigrants have received their first impressions of New Amsterdam and America.



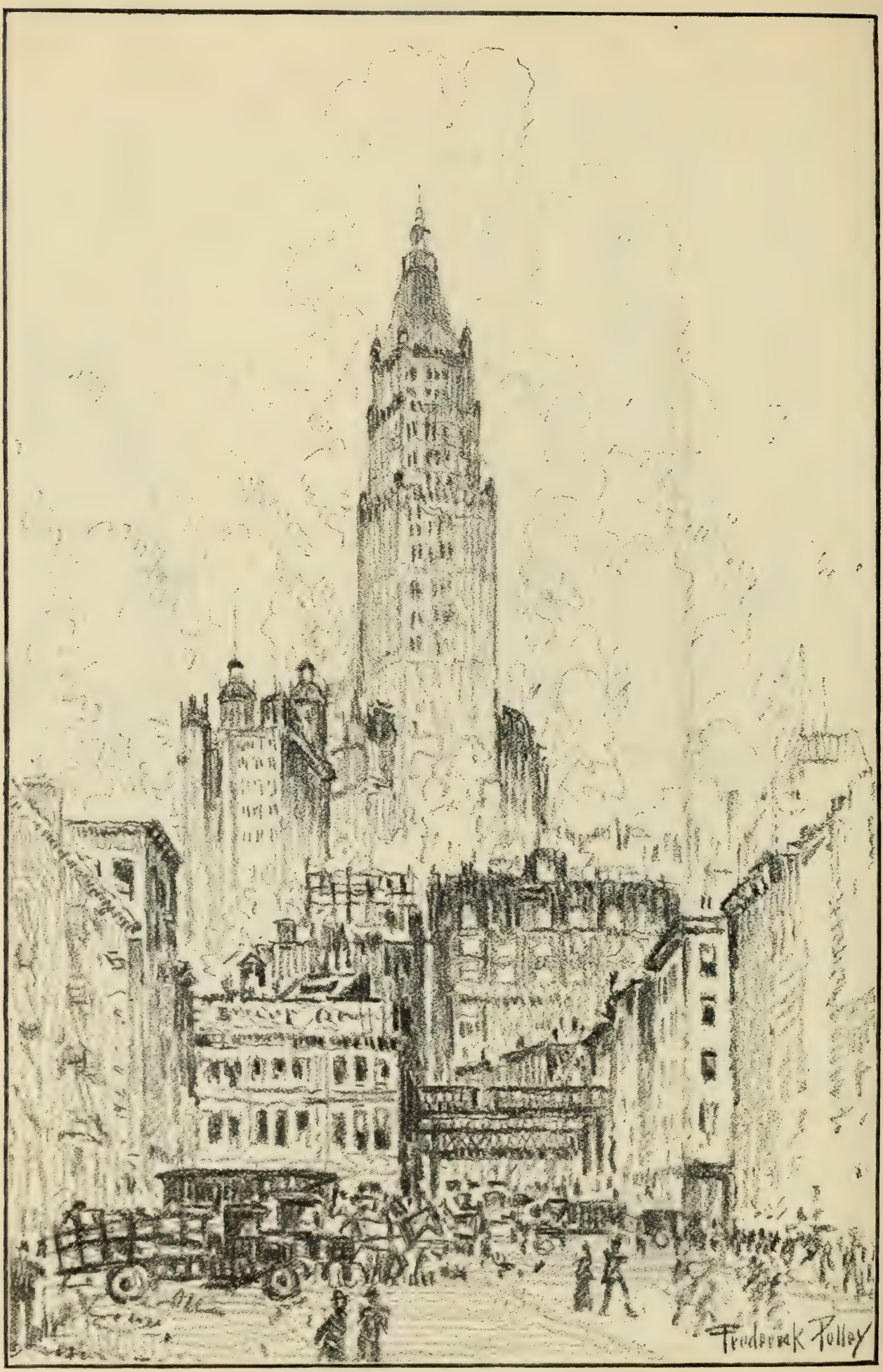
Wall Street.

Showing Trinity spire in the background and the Bankers' Trust Company on the right.



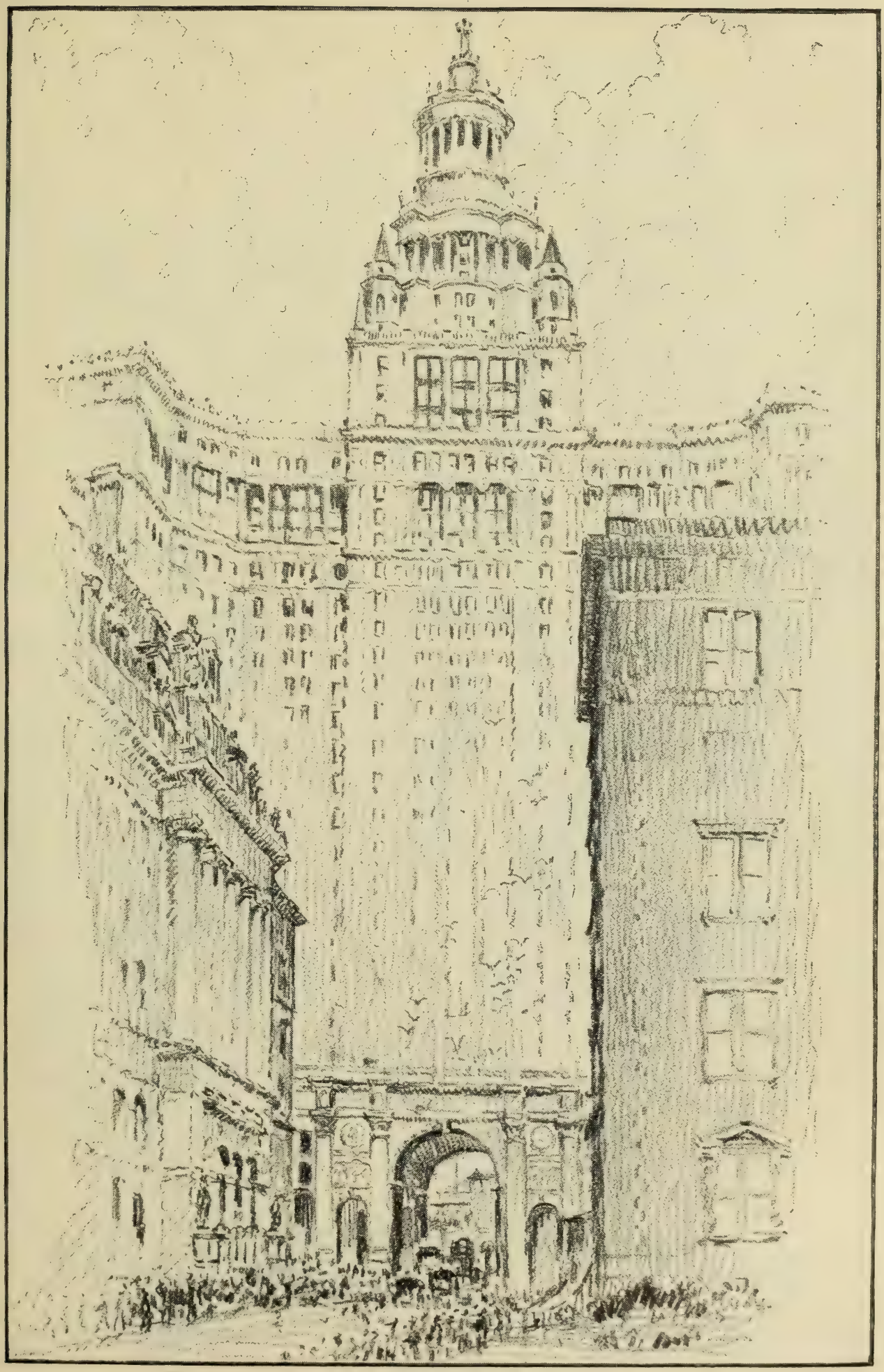
St. Paul's, 1776. Broadway and Vesey Street.

A relic of pre-Revolutionary times nestling amid great sky-scrapers. To the left is seen the wing and tower of the City Investing Building.



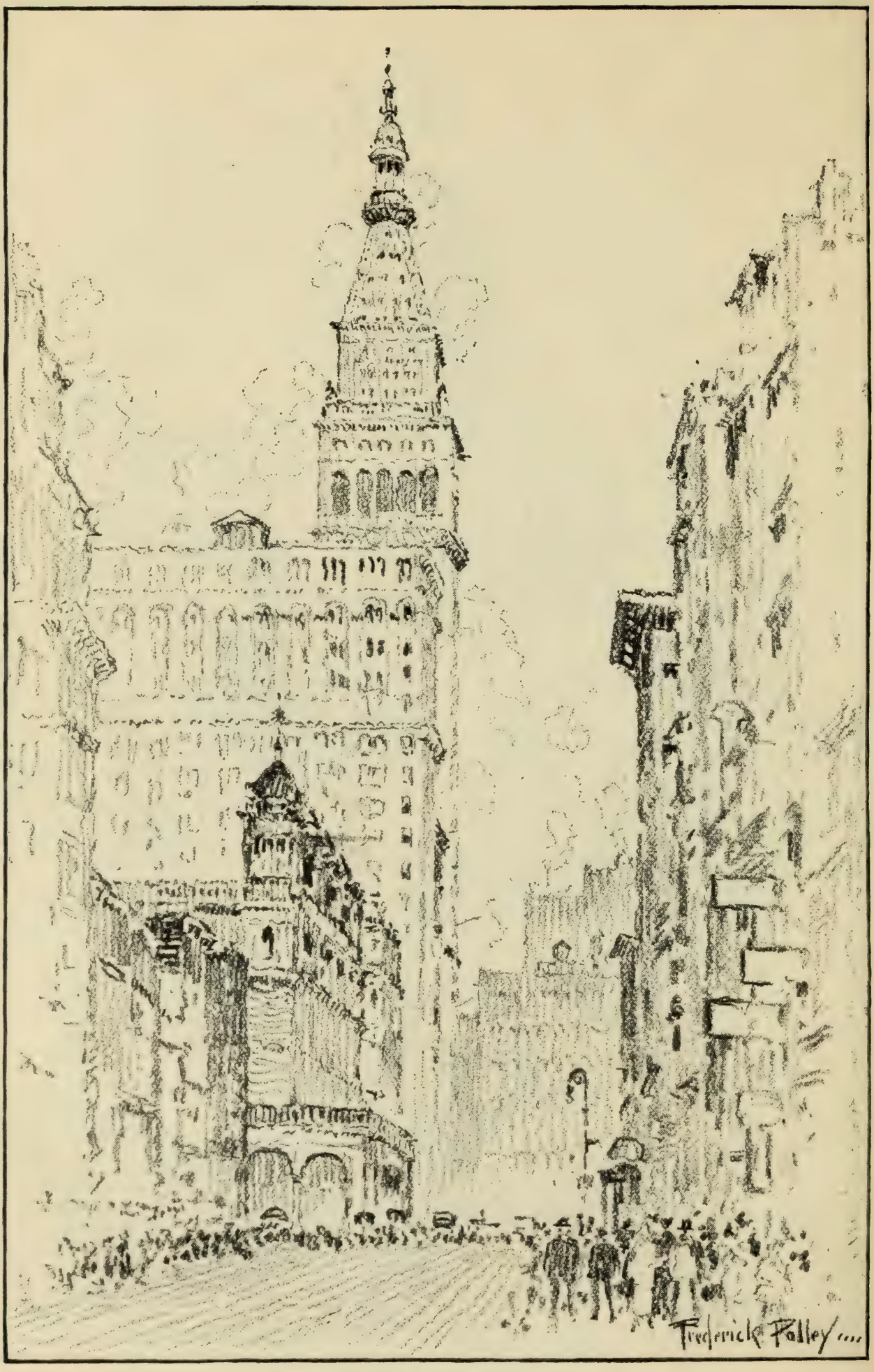
Fulton and South Streets.

In the background, at the left, is the Park Row Building. To the right of it the Woolworth Tower, exemplifying the "Excelsior" motto of the metropolis.



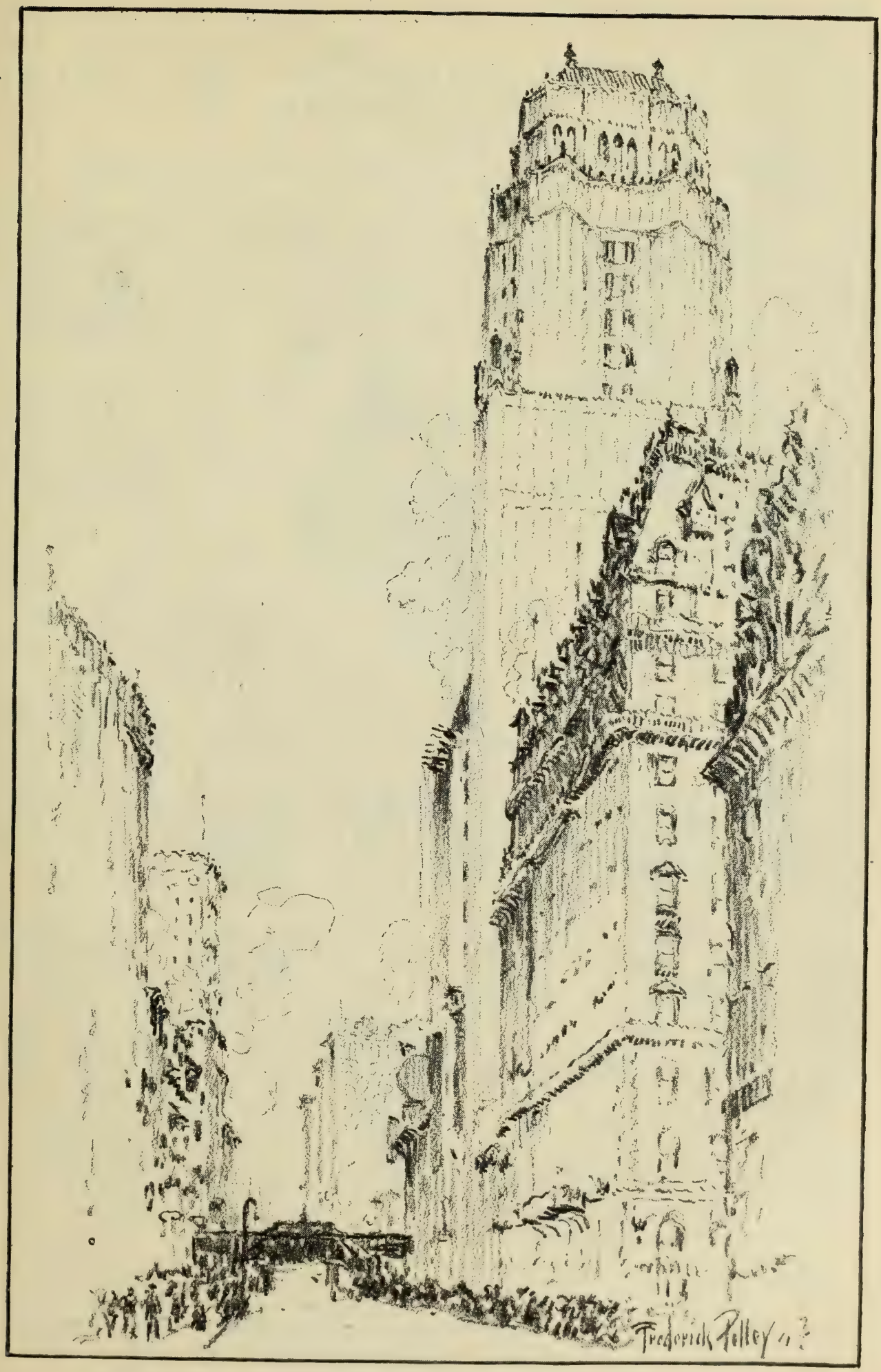
Façade of the Municipal Building.

In the centre foreground is the Chambers Street archway with the Hall of Records on the left.



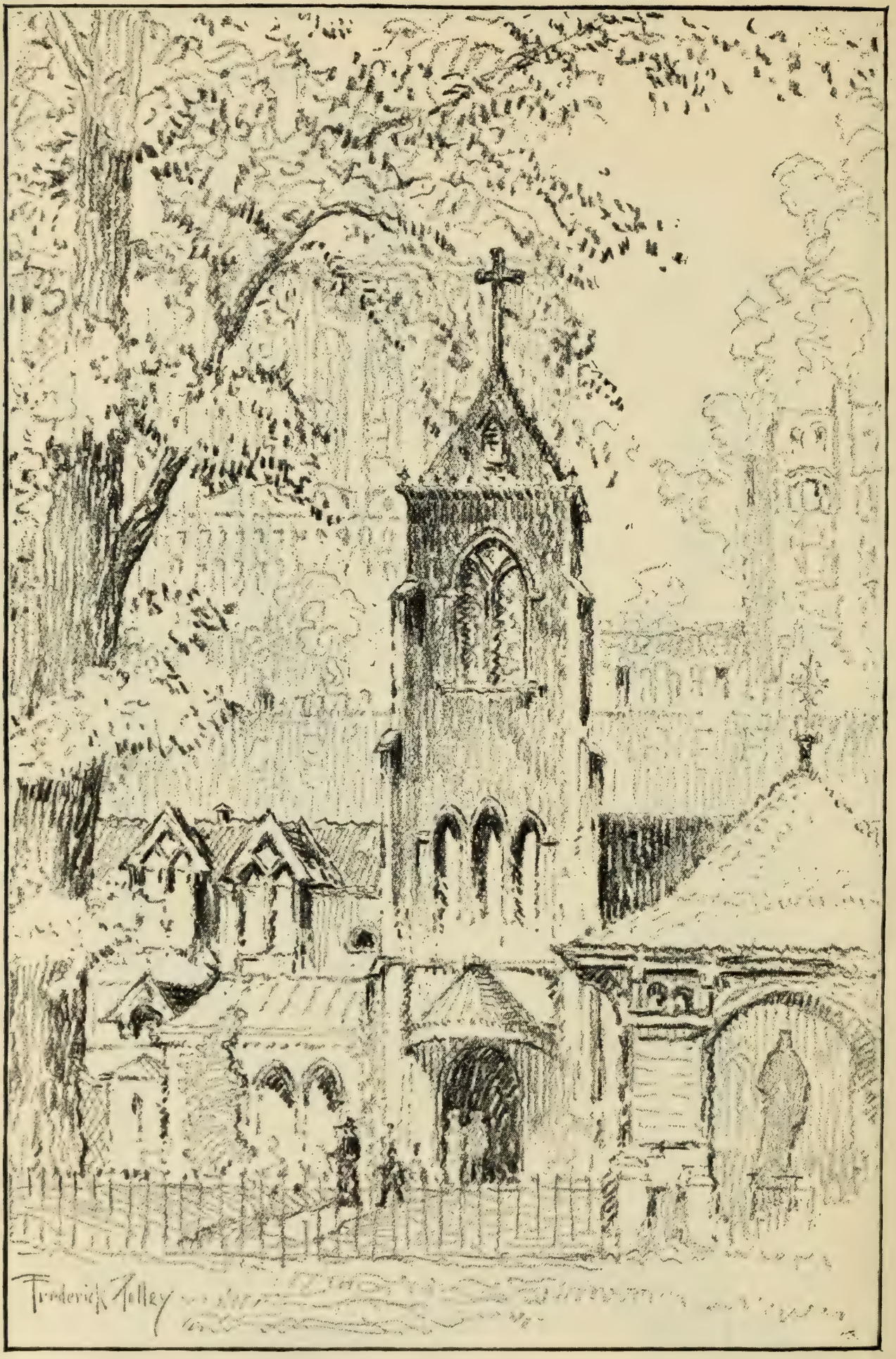
Madison Avenue near Madison Square.

Showing, on the left, the domes and portico of Madison Square Garden and the tower of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Building.



West Forty-second Street from Broadway.

The former Hotel Knickerbocker stands on the corner. In back of it is the tower of the Bush Terminal Sales Building.



Church of the Transfiguration.

A Protestant Episcopal edifice on East Twenty-ninth Street, popularly known as "The Little Church around the Corner."

FRENCH EVA

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

THE real *dramatis personæ* are three (for Schneider was only a sign-post pointing): Follet, the remittance-man, Stires, and French Eva. Perhaps I should include Ching Po—but I hate to. I was the man with his hands in his pockets who saw the thing steadily and saw it whole—to filch a windy phrase. I liked Stires, who had no social standing, even on Naapu, and disliked Follet, who had all the standing there was. Follet dined with magnates; and, believe me, the magnates of Naapu were a multicolored lot. A man might have been made by copra or by pearls—or by blackbirding. We were a plutocracy; which means that so long as a man had the house and the drinks, you asked no questions. The same rule holds—allowing for their dizzier sense of figures—in New York and Chicago. On the whole, I think we were more sensible. There is certainly more difference between good food and bad than between five millions and fifty (which, I take it, is a figure that buys immunity over here). I don't think any man's hospitality would have ranked him permanently on Naapu if his dinners had been uneatable. Though perhaps—to be frank—drinks counted more than food as a measuring-rod of aristocracy.

Well, Follet trained with the people who received consignments of champagne and good whiskey. And Stires did not. Anyhow, Stires was a temperance man: he took only one or two drinks a day, and seldom went beyond a modest gin-fizz. With the remarkable native punch, compounded secretly and by unknown ways, but purchasable, and much esteemed by the knowing, he never would have anything to do. Stires looked like a cowboy and was, in truth, a melancholy New Englander with a corner-grocery outlook on life, and a nasal utterance that made you think of a barrel of apples and a corn-cob pipe. He was a ship-chandler in a small—a very small—way. Follet lived at the ramshackle hotel, owned by the ancient Dubois and managed, from roof to kitchen-midden, by Ching Po. French Eva dwelt alone in a thatched cottage built upon poles, and sold eggs and chickens and fish. The poultry she raised herself; for the fish, she was a middleman between fishermen and householders. As she owned a gramophone and one silk dress, it was clear that her business prospered. Even Ching Po bought eggs of her, though there was a nameless, uninterpreted hostility between them.

Let me give you, at once, the few facts I could gather about French Eva. There were rumors a-plenty, but most of them sifted down to a little residual malice. I confined my questionings to the respectable inhabitants of Naapu: they were a very small circle. At last, I got some sort of "line" on French Eva.

None within our ken fathered or mothered her. Old Dubois knew most about her, but old Dubois, a semi-paralyzed colossus, "doped" most of the time, kept his thick lips closed. "An excellent girl" was all that any one could wring from him. As she had begun life on Naapu by being *dame de comptoir* for him, he had some right to his judgment. She had eventually preferred independence, and had forsaken him; and if he still had no quarrel with her, that speaks loudly for her many virtues. Whether Dubois had sent for her originally, no one knew. His memory was clouded by opium, and you could get little out of him. Besides, by the time I arrived on Naapu, French Eva belonged to the landscape and to history. She was generally supposed to be pure French, and her accent supported the theory, though she was in a small way a linguist. Her English was as good as any one's—on Naapu, where we were by no means academic. She could speak the native tongue after a fashion, and her bêche-de-mer was at least fluent.

I had heard of the lady before I ever

saw her, and had wondered why Naapu chose to distinguish a female fish-vender —even if she had begun with old Dubois. As soon as I clapped eyes on her, I perceived her distinction, her "difference"—the reason for the frequent "Mam'selle." She was, at first glimpse, unusual. To begin with, never was so white a face matched with hair and brows and eyes so black. In the ordinary pursuit of her business she wore her hair half loose, half braided, down her back; and it fell to her knees like a heavy crape veil. A bad simile, you will say; but there are no words to express the unrelieved blackness of her hair. There were no lights in it; no "reflets," to use the French phrase. It might have been "treated" with ink. When, on rare occasions—not often, for the weight of it, as she freely explained, made her head ache—she put it up in coils, it was like a great mourning bonnet under which her white face seemed to shrink away. Her eyes were nearly as black as her hair. Her figure was very lovely, whether informing the loose native garment or laced into her silk dress.

You will say that I have painted for you a person who could not, by any possibility, be beautiful; and yet French Eva was beautiful. You got used to that dull curtain of her hair; it made Madame Maür's lustrous raven locks look oily. It came to seem, after a time, all that hair should be. Her features were nearly perfect, from our finicking European point of view, and she grew in grace even while I, a newcomer, watched; for the effect of the tropic sun upon her skin was curious and lovely: it neither blotched nor reddened nor tanned her, but rather gilded her pallor, touching it with the faintest brown in the world. I must, in the interests of truth, mention one more fact. Mam'selle Eva was the sort of woman who has a direct effect on the opposite sex. Charm hardly expresses it; magnetism, rather, though that is a poor word. A man simply wanted to be near her. She intrigued you, she drew you on, she assailed your consciousness in indefinable ways—all without the sweep of an eyelash or the pout of a lip. French Eva was a good girl, and went her devious ways with reticent feet. But she was not in "society," for she lived alone in a thatched hut, and attended native festivals, and swore—when necessary—at the crews of trading barques. I am not sure that she did not, of all tongues possible to her, prefer bêche-de-mer; which is not, at its most innocent, an elegant language. She had no enemies except Ching Po—for reasons unknown; and she paid her occasional respects to any and all religions that Naapu boasted. When there was a row, she was always, of course, on the European side; though she would stretch a point now and then in favor of the native constabulary.

So much for French Eva—who was by no means so important in the Naapu scheme of things as my long description may imply. She had her eminently respectable, her perfectly recognized niche, and we all bought eggs and fish of her when we could. She was a curious figure, to be sure; but you must remember that on Naapu every one, nearly, was unaverage, if not abnormal. Even the agents and officials were apt to be the least promising of their kind—or they would have been somewhere else. It was a beautiful refuge for utter bounders and men who, though not bounders, had a very low limit of achievement. The jetsam of officialdom was washed up on that lonely, lovely shore. The magnates of Naapu were not to be trusted. Naapu was a rich island, the richest of its group; and, being off the main lines of traffic, was an excellent field for the unscrupulous. Tourists did not bother us, for tourists do not like eighty-ton schooners; maps did not particularly insist upon us; we were well known in places where it was profitable to know us, and not much talked about anywhere. Our copra was of the best; there were pearls to be had in certain waters if you could bribe or fight your way to them; and large groups of natives occasionally disappeared over night from one of the surrounding islands. Naapu was, you might say, the clasp of a necklace. How could we be expected to know what went on in the rest of the string—with one leaky patrol-boat to ride those seas? Sometimes there were fights down by the docks; strangers got arrested and were mysteriously pardoned out; there were always a good many people in the landscape who had had too much square-

face. We were very far away from everything, and in spite of all these drawbacks we were happy, because the climate was, most of the year, unexceptionable. When you recall what most civilized climates are like, "unexceptionable," that cold and formal word, may well take your breath away. Lest any one should suspect me of blackbirding or gin-selling, I will say at once that I had come to Naapu by accident and that I stayed because, for reasons that I will not go into here, I liked it. I lived in a tiny bungalow with an ex-ship's cook whom I called Joe, and several thousand cockroaches. I had hired Joe to cook for me, but his chief duty soon became to keep the cockroaches out of my bedroom. As a matter of fact, I usually dined at Dubois's hotel or at some private house.

Why so idle a person as I should have looked down—as I did, from the first—on Follet, I cannot explain. The money I lived on was certainly not of my own making. But, strictly speaking, I could have gone home if I had chosen, and I more than suspected that Follet could not have. Follet was not enamoured of Naapu, and talked grandiloquently of Melbourne and Batavia and Hong-Kong. He continued, however, to be a resident of the island, and none of his projects of removal to a better place ever went beyond mere frothy talk. He lived at Dubois's, but spent much of his time with the aforesaid magnates. He had an incorruptible manner; some grace that had been bred in him early never forsook him, and the ladies of Naapu liked him. Even good Madame Maür, who squinted, squinted more painfully at Follet than at any one else. But his idleness was beginning to tell on him; occasionally he had moody fits, and there were times when he broke out and ran amuck among beach-combers and tipsy natives along the water-front. More than once, Ching Po sought him out and fetched him home.

My first intimation of trouble came from Stires. I had nothing to do with this particular Yankee in the way of business, but I lingered occasionally by his door in the cool of the afternoon, just to feed my eyes on his brawn and my ears on his homely and pleasant nasality. Stires's eyes were that disconcerting gray-blue which seems to prevail among men who have lived much in the desert or on the open sea. You find it in Arizona; and in the navies of all the northern countries. It added to his cowboy look. I knew nothing about Stires—remember that on Naapu we never asked a man questions about himself—but I liked him. He sat about on heaps of indescribable junk—things that go into the bowels of ships—and talked freely. And because Follet and I were both in what Naapu would have called its best circles, I never talked about Follet, though I liked him no better than Stires did. I say it began with Stires; but it began really with Schneider, introduced by Stires into our leisurely conversation. This is Schneider's only importance: namely, that, mixing himself up in French Eva's context, he made other men speak of her.

The less said about Schneider, the better; which means always that there is a great deal to say. In this case, there was perhaps less to say than to surmise. He did not give himself away—to us. Schneider had turned up on a trading schooner from Melbourne, was stopping at the hotel in one of the best rooms, and had a general interest in the potentialities of Naapu. I say potentialities advisedly, for he was not directly concerned, so far as I know, with any existing business there. He frequented everybody, and asked questions in the meticulous German way. He wandered all over the island—islands, I should say, for once or twice I saw him banging off in a creaky motor-boat to the other jewels of the necklace. Guesses as to his real business were free and frequent. He was a pearl-smuggler; the agent of a Queensland planter; a fugitive from justice; a mad scientist; a servant of the Imperial German Government. No one presumed to certitude—which was in itself a tribute to German efficiency. Schneider was blond and brush-haired and thick-lipped; he was unpleasant from the crown of his ill-shaped head to the soles of his ill-shaped shoes; but, though lacking in every charm, he was not sinister. He had seen curious places and amusing things, and could cap most adventures with something relevant; but his type and temperament prevented him from being a "good mixer," and he was not popular.

Stires, however, had his own grievance, and his judgment of Schneider went deep. He did not mind the shape of Schneider's skull, or the hint of goose-step in Schneider's gait; but he minded, very much, the kind of interest that Schneider took in French Eva. He told me that, straight, emphasizing his statements with a rusty spanner, which he wielded in a curious, classical way, like a trident. According to him, Schneider was bothering the life out of the girl. "Always asking her to dress up and come over to chow with him at the hō-tel." And the spanner went down as if Neptune were rebuking the seas.

"Does she go?"

"No."

"Well, then—can't you leave the lady to discourage him in her own way?"

"She won't go to the hō-tel, because she hates Ching Po. But she walks out with him Sunday afternoons. He gives her gimcracks."

"Then she likes him?"

"There's no telling. She's a real lady." And the discouraged Stires beat, with his spanner, a refrain to his involuntary epigram.

"She can take care of herself, can't she?" I had watched her deal with a drunken Solomon Islander, and did not see how Schneider could be a match for her.

"I don't know." Stires's lazy drawl challenged the sunset.

"Anything I can do?" I asked as I rose.

"Unless you go in and cut him out," he meditated with a grin.

"But I'm not in love with her," I protested.

"You might take her to church."

But I refused. Philandering was not my forte, and church, in any case, was the last thing I should venture to propose.

"Why don't you go in yourself?"

Stires scratched his head. The trident trailed upon the ground. "It's serious or nothing with me, I guess. And she's got something against me. I don't know what. Thinks I don't blarney the Kanakas enough, perhaps. Then there's Follet."

"Oh, is he in it?" I forgot to go.

"He's more in it than I am, and I'm darned if I know what she's up to with the three of us. I'm playing 'possum, till I find out."

"If you can stand Follet butting in, why can't you stand Schneider? Safety in numbers, you know."

"Well, Mr. Follet belongs here. I can have it out with him any time. He'll have to play the game. But if I know Schneider, there's no wedding bells in his. And Mam'selle Eva hasn't, as you might say, got a chaperon."

The spectacle of "Mam'selle Eva," as I had last seen her, perspiring, loosely girdled, buying a catch of fish at a fair price from three mercenary natives adorned with shark's-tooth necklaces, rose before me.

"Man alive, you don't have to chaperon *her*," I cried. "She's on to everything."

The sun-and-wind-whipt eyes flashed at me. The spanner trembled a little.

"Don't misunderstand me," I insisted. "But it stands to reason that, here on Naapu, she's learned a good many things they don't teach in little red schoolhouses. I have a great respect for her, and, between you and me, I shouldn't wonder if she had sized Schneider up already."

The eyes were appeased. "Maybe, maybe," he grunted. "But lies come easy to him, I guess. Miss Eva wouldn't be the first he'd fooled."

"Do you know anything about him?"

"Not a thing, except what sticks out all over him. For a man's eyes, that is. You never can tell what a woman will see."

I left him poking in the dust with his spanner.

I dined that night at Lockerbie's. There was no Mrs. Lockerbie, and it was a man's party. Follet was there, of course, and Schneider, too, his teeth and his clothes whiter than the rest of ours. I was surprised to see Schneider, for Lockerbie had suspected the Teuton of designs on his very privately and not too authentically owned lagoon. Lockerbie did a fair business in pearls; no great beauties or values among them, but a good marketable cheap product. But no one held out very long against any one on Naapu.

Schneider was drunk before he ever got

to Lockerbie's that night. It was part of the Naapu ritual not to drink just before you reached your host's house, and that ritual, it soon became evident, Schneider had not observed. I saw Lockerbie scowl, and Follet wince, and some of the others stare. I could not help being amused, for I knew that no one would object to his being in that condition an hour later. The only point was that he should not have arrived like that. If Schneider had had anything resembling a skin, he would have felt about as comfortable as Mother Eve at a woman's club. Lockerbie's scowl was no joke; and Follet had a way of wriggling his backbone gracefully. . . . It was up to me to save Schneider, and I did. The honor of Naapu was nothing to me; and by dint of almost embracing him, I made myself a kind of absorbent for his worst breaks. It was not a pleasant hour for me before the rest began to loosen up.

In my eagerness to prevent Lockerbie from insulting his guest, I drank nothing, myself, after the first cocktail. So it came to pass that by the time I could safely leave Schneider to the others, I found myself unwontedly incarnating the spirit of criticism.

They were a motley crowd, coalesced for the moment into a vinous solidarity. Follet spat his words out very sweetly; his poisonous grace grew on him in his cups. Lockerbie, warmed by wine, was as simple—and charming—as a wart-hog. Old Maskell, who had seen wind-jammer days and ways and come very close, I suspected, to piracy, always prayed at least once. Pasquier, the successful merchant who imported finery for the ladies of Naapu, rolled out socialistic platitudes . . . he was always flanked, at the end of the feast, by two empty chairs. Little Morlot began the endless tale of his conquests in more civilized lands: all patchouli and hair-oil. Anything served as a cue for all of them to dive into the welter of their own preoccupations. Just because they knew each other and Naapu so well, they seemed free to wander at will in the secret recesses of their predilections and their memories. I felt like Circe—or perhaps Ulysses; save that I had none of that wise man's wisdom.

The reward of my abstinence, I found, was to be the seeing home of Schneider. It would have come more naturally to Follet, who also lived at Dubois's, but Follet was fairly snarling at Schneider. French Eva's name had been mentioned. On my word, as I saw Follet curving his spinal column, and Schneider lighting up his face with his perfect teeth, I thought with an immense admiration of the unpolished and loose-hung Stires amid the eternal smell of tar and dust. It was a mere discussion of her hair, incoherent and pointless enough. No scandal, even from Schneider. There had been some sense, of a dirty sort, in his talk to me; but more wine had scattered his wits.

I took Schneider home, protesting to myself that I would never be so caught again. He lurched rather stiffly along, needing my help only when we crossed the unpaved roads in the darkness. Follet went ahead, and I gave him a good start. When we reached the hotel, Ching Po surged up out of the black veranda and crooked his arm for Schneider to lean upon. They passed into the building, silently, like old friends.

A stupid indisposition housed me for a little after Lockerbie's feast. I resented the discomfort of temporary illness, but rather liked being alone, and told Joe to refuse me to callers—even the Maürs, who were more like friends and neighbors than any one else in the place. My own affairs should not obtrude on this tale at all; and I will not go into them more than to say that I came to the end of my dosing and emerged upon the world after three days. The foolish thought came to me that I would have a look at French Eva's hair, of which little Morlot had spoken in such gallant hiccoughs.

The lady was not upon her veranda, nor yet in her poultry-yard, as I paced past her dwelling. I had got nearly by, when I heard myself addressed from the unglazed window.

"Monsieur!"

I strolled back, wondering if at last I should be invited to hear the gramophone—her chiefest treasure. The mass of hair spread out of the crude opening in the bamboo wall, for all the world like Rapunzel's. I faced a great curtain of black. Then hands appeared and made a rift in it, and a face showed in the loose black frame.

"Monsieur, what is the German for 'cochon'?"

My German is scanty, and I reflected. "'Schweinhund' will do, I think," I answered after consideration.

"A thousand thanks." The face disappeared, and the hair was pulled after it.

I waited. I could hear nothing distinctly, but in a moment Schneider came running quickly and stiffly down the creaky ladder from the door. He saw me —of that I am sure—but I did not blame him for not greeting one who had doubtless been giving aid and comfort to the enemy. I squatted on the low railing of French Eva's compound, but she herself was not forthcoming. After ten minutes I heard a commotion in the poultry-yard, and found her at the back among her chickens. Her hair was piled up into an amazing structure: it looked as if some one had placed the great pyramid on top of the sphinx.

"Do you need my further services?"

She smiled. "Not in the least. But I like to speak to animals, when possible, in their own language. It saves time." By way of illustration, she clucked to a group of hens. She turned her back to me, and I was dismissed from her barefoot presence.

Stires was my logical goal after that, and I found him busy with the second mate of a tramp just in from Papua and bound for the Carolines. After the man had gone, I informed Stires of the episode. For a man who had damned Schneider up and down for making presents to a lady, Stires reacted disappointingly.

"He got his, eh?" was all he said.

"Evidently. You don't seem to be much affected."

"So long as she's shipped him, that's all right," he drawled.

"I can't make out what your interest in the matter is," I suggested.

"Sure you can't." Stires began to whistle creakily, and took up some nameless object to repair.

"How long is Schneider staying round these parts?"

"Not long, I guess. I heard he was leaving on the Sydney packet next week."

"So you're only up against Follet?" I pressed him.

"I ain't up against anybody. Miss Eva'll settle her own affairs."

"Excuse me." And I made the gesture of withdrawing.

"Don't get het up under the collar," he protested. "Only I never did like this discussing ladies. She don't cotton to me for some reason. I'm free to say I admire her very much. I guess that's all."

"Nothing I can do for you, then?"

Stires lighted a pipe. "If you're so set on helping me, you might watch over Ching Po a little."

"What is he up to?"

"Don't know. But it ain't like him to be sitting round idle when there's harm to be done. He's got something up his sleeve—and a Chink's sleeve's big enough to hold a good-sized crime," he finished, with a grim essay of humor.

"Are these mere suspicions on your part, or do you know that something's up?"

"Most things happen on Naapu before there's been any time for suspicion," he rejoined, squinting at his pipe, which had stopped drawing. "These folks lie low and sing little songs, and just as you're dropping off there's a knife somewhere. . . . Have you heard anything about the doings up yonder?" He indicated the mountain that rose, sharply cut and chasmed, back of the town.

"Trouble with the natives? No."

"This is the time o' year when the heathen begin to feel their oats. Miss Eva, she's interested in their superstitions. They don't usually come to anything—just a little more work for the police if they get drunk and run amuck. The constabulary is mostly off on the spree. They have gods of wood and stone up in the caves yonder, you know. But it's always a kind of uneasy feel to things till they settle down again."

I leaned against a coil of rope and pursued the subject. "But none of the people you and I are interested in are concerned with native orgies. We are all what you might call agnostics."

"Speak for yourself, sir. I'm a Methodist. 'Tain't that they mix themselves up in the doings. But—well, you haven't lived through the merry month of May on Naapu. I tell you, this blessed island ain't big enough to hold all that froth

without everybody feeling it. Just because folks don't know what's going on up yonder, it kind of relaxes 'em. I don't say the Kanakas do anything they shouldn't, except get drunk, and joy-ride down waterfalls, and keep up an infernal tom-toming. But it sort of gets on your nerves. And I wouldn't call Naapu strait-laced, either. Everybody seems to feel called on to liquor up, this time o' year. If it isn't one pré-text it's another. Things folks have been kind of hesitating over, in the name of morals, they start out and perform, regardless. The authorities, they get worried because a Kanaka's spree lands him, like as not, in a black-birder. Mighty queer craft hang round at this season. There ain't supposed to be anything doing in these blessed islands that ain't aboveboard, but 'tisn't as though the place was run by Americans."

"And I am to watch Ching Po? Where does he come in?"

"I wish't I knew. He makes money out of it somehow. Dope, I suppose. Old man Dubois ain't his only customer, by a long shot."

"Ching Po isn't likely to go near French Eva, is he? They don't speak, I've noticed."

"No, they don't. But that Chink's little ways are apt to be indirect. She's afraid of him—afraid of the dust under her feet, as you might say."

Stires puffed meditatively at his pipe. Then a piratical-looking customer intervened, and I left.

Leisurely, all this, and not significant to the unpeeled eye. And then, within twenty-four hours of the time when I had left Stires, things began to happen. It was as if a tableau had suddenly decided to become a "movie." All those fixed types began to dash about and register the most inconvenient emotions. Let me set down a few facts diary fashion.

To begin with, when I got up the next morning, Joe had disappeared. No sign of breakfast, no smell of coffee. It was late for breakfast at Dubois's, and I started out to get my own. There were no eggs, and I sauntered over to French Eva's to purchase a few. The town looked queer to me as I walked its grassy streets. Only when I turned into the lane that led to French Eva's did I realize why. It was swept clean of natives. There weren't any. Not a stevedore, not a fisherman, not a brown fruit-vender did I see.

French Eva greeted me impatiently. She was not doing business, evidently, for she wore her silk dress and white canvas shoes. Also, a hat. Her face was whiter than ever, and, just offhand, I should have said that something had shaken her. She would not let me in, but made me wait while she fetched the eggs. I took them away in a little basket of plaited palm-fronds, and walked through the compound as nonchalantly as I could, pretending that I had not seen what I knew I had seen—Ching Po's face within, a foot or two behind the window-opening. It startled me so much that I resolved to keep away from Stires: I wished to digest the phenomenon quite alone.

At ten o'clock, my breakfast over, I opened my door to a knock, and Follet's bloodshot eyes raked me eagerly. He came in with a rush, as if my hit-or-miss bungalow were sanctuary. I fancied he wanted a drink, but I did not offer him one. He sat down heavily—for all his lightness—like a man out of breath. I saw a pistol-butt sticking out of his pocket and narrowed my eyes upon him. Follet seldom looked me up in my own house, though we met frequently enough in all sorts of other places. It was full five minutes before he came to the point. Meanwhile I remarked on Joe's defection.

"Yes," he said, "the exodus has begun."

"Is there really anything in that?"

"What?" he asked sharply.

"Well—the exodus."

"Oh, yes. They do have some sort of shindy—not interesting to any one but a folk-lorist. Chiefly an excuse, I fancy, for drinking too much. Schneider says he's going to investigate. I rather wish they'd do him in."

"What have you got against him—except that he's an unpleasant person?"

By this roundabout way Follet had reached his point. "He's been trying to flirt with my lady-love."

"French Eva?"

"The same." His jauntiness was oppressive, dominated as it was by those perturbed and hungry eyes.

"Oh—" I meditated. But presently I decided. "Then why do you let Ching Po intrude upon her in her own house?"

"Ching Po?" He quivered all over as if about to spring up from his chair, but he did not actually rise. It was just a supple, snake-like play of his body—most unpleasant.

"I saw him there an hour ago—when I fetched my eggs. My cook's off, you see."

Still that play of muscles underneath the skin, for a moment or two. Then he relaxed, and his eyes grew dull. Follet was not, I fancy, what the insurance men call a good risk.

"She can take care of herself, I expect," he said. They all seemed surer of that than gentlemen in love are wont to be.

"She and Ching Po don't hit it off very well, I've noticed."

"No, they don't." He admitted it easily, as if he knew all about it.

"I wonder why." I had meant to keep my hands off the whole thing, but I could not escape the tension in the Naapu air. Those gods of wood and stone were not without power—of infection, at the least.

"Better not ask." He bit off the words and reached for a cigarette.

"Does any one know?"

"An old inhabitant can guess. But why she should be afraid of him—even the old inhabitant doesn't know. There's Dubois; but you might as well shriek at a corpse as ask Dubois anything."

"You don't think that I'd better go over and make sure that Ching Po isn't annoying her?"

Follet's lips drew back over his teeth in his peculiar smile. "If I had thought he could annoy her, I'd have been over there myself a short time ago. If he really annoyed French Eva any day, he'd be nothing but a neat pattern of perforations, and he knows it."

"Then what has the oldest inhabitant guessed as to the cause of the quarrel?" I persisted. Since I was in it—well, I hate talk that runs in circles.

"She hasn't honored me with her confidence. But, for a guess, I should say that in the happy time now past he had perhaps asked her to marry him. And—Naapu isn't Europe, but, you know, even here a lady might resent that."

"But why does she let him into her house?"

"That I can't tell you. But I can almost imagine being afraid of Ching Po myself."

"Why don't you settle it up, one way or the other?" I *was* a newcomer, you see.

Follet laughed and took another cigarette. "We do very well as we are, I think. And I expect to go to Auckland next year." His voice trailed off fatuously in a cloud of smoke, and I knew then just why I disliked him. The fibre was rotten. You couldn't even hang yourself with it.

I was destined to keep open house that day. Before Follet's last smoke-puff had quite slid through the open window, Madame Maür, who was perpetually in mourning, literally darkened my doorway. Seeing Follet, she became nervous—he did affect women, as I have said. What with her squint and her smile, she made a spectacle of herself before she panted out her staccato statement. Doctor Maür was away with a patient on the other side of the island; and French Eva had been wringing her hands unintelligibly on the Maürs' porch. She—Madame Maür—couldn't make out what the girl wanted.

Now, this was nothing to break in on me for; and Madame Maür, in spite of her squint and her smile, was both sensible and good—broke, moreover, to the ridiculous coincidences and unfathomable dramas of Naapu. Why hadn't she treated the girl for hysterics? But I gathered presently that there was one element in it that she couldn't bear. That element, it appeared, was Ching Po, perfectly motionless in the public road—no trespasser, therefore—watching. She had got Eva into the house to have her hysterics out in a darkened room. But Ching Po never stirred. Madame Maür thought he never would stir. She couldn't order him off the public thoroughfare, and there was no traffic for him to block. He was irreproachable and intolerable. After half an hour of it, she had run out across her back garden to ask my help. He must go away or she, too, would have hysterics. And Madame Maür covered the squint with a black-edged handkerchief. If he

would walk about, or whistle, or mop his yellow face, she wouldn't mind. But she was sure he hadn't so much as blinked, all that time. If a man could die standing up, she should think he was dead. She wished he were. If he stayed there all day—as he had a perfect right to do—she, Madame Maür, would have to be sent home to a *maison de santé*. . . . And she began to make guttural noises. As Félicité Maür had seen, in her time, things that no self-respecting *maison de santé* would stand for, I began to believe that I should have to do something. I rose reluctantly. I was about fed up with Ching Po, myself.

I helped Madame Maür out of her chair, and fetched my hat. Then I looked for Follet, to apologize for leaving him. I had neither seen nor heard him move, but he was waiting for us on the porch. He could be as noiseless on occasion as Ching Po.

"You'd better not come into this," I suggested; for there was no staying power, I felt, in Follet.

He seemed to shiver all over with irritation. "Oh, damn his yellow soul, I'll marry her!" He spat it out—with no sweetness, this time.

Madame Maür swung round to him like a needle to the pole. "You may save yourself the *corvée*. She won't have you. Not if any of the things she has been sobbing out are true. She loves the other man—down by the docks. *Your* compatriot." She indicated me. Her French was clear and clicking, with a slight provincial accent.

"Oh—" He breathed it out at great length, exhaling. Yet it sounded like a hiss. "Stires, eh?" And he looked at me.

I had been thinking, as we stood on the steps. "How am I to move Ching Po off?" I asked irritably. It had suddenly struck me that, inspired by Madame Maür, we were embarking on sheer idiocy.

"I'll move him," replied Follet with a curious intonation.

At that instant my eye lighted again on the pistol. "Not with that." I jerked my chin ever so slightly in the direction of his pocket.

"Oh, take it if you want it. Come on." He thrust the weapon into my innocent hand and began to pull at my bougainvillea vine as if it were in his way. Some of the splendid petals fluttered about Madame Maür's head.

We reached the Maürs' front porch by a circuitous route—through the back garden and the house itself—and paused to admire the view. Yes, we looked for Ching Po as if we were tourists and he were Niagara.

"He hasn't moved yet." This was Madame Maür's triumphant whimper. Inarticulate noises somewhere near indicated that French Eva was still in sanctuary.

Follet grunted. Then he unleashed his supple body and was half-way to the gate in a single arrow flight. I followed, carrying the pistol still in my hand. My involuntary haste must have made me seem to brandish it. I heard a perfectly civilized scream from Madame Maür, receding into the background—which shows that I was, myself, acquiring full speed ahead. By the time Follet reached the gate, Ching Po moved. I saw Follet gaining on him, and then saw no more of them; for my feet, acting on some inspiration of their own which never had time to reach my brain, took a short cut to the water-front. I raced past French Eva's empty house, pounding my way through the gentle heat of May, to Stires's establishment. I hoped to cut them off. But Ching Po must have had a like inspiration, for when I was almost within sight of my goal—fifty rods ahead—the Chinaman emerged from a side lane between me and it. He was running like the wind. Follet was nowhere to be seen. Ching Po and I were the only mites on earth's surface. The whole population, apparently, had piously gone up the mountain in order to let us have our little drama out alone. I do not know how it struck Ching Po; but I felt very small on that swept and garnished scene.

I was winded; and with the hope of reaching Stires well dashed, my legs began to crumple. I sank down for a few seconds on the low wall of some one's compound. But I kept a keen eye out for Follet. I thought Stires could look out for himself, so long as it was just Ching Po. It was the triangular mix-up I was afraid of; even though I providentially had Follet's pistol. And, for that matter,

where was Follet? Had he given up the chase? Gone home for that drink, probably.

But in that I had done him injustice; for in a few moments he debouched from yet a third approach. Ching Po had evidently doubled, somehow, and baffled him.

I rose to meet him, and he slowed down to take me on. By this time the peaceful water-front had absorbed the Chinaman; and if Stires was at home, the two were face to face. I made this known to Follet.

"Give me back my pistol," he panted.

"Not on your life," I said, and jammed it well into my pocket.

"What in hell have you got to do with it?" he snarled.

"Stires is a friend of mine." I spoke with some difficulty, for though we were not running, we were hitting up a quick pace. Follet was all colors of the rainbow, and I looked for him to give out presently, but he kept on.

"Ching Po, too?" he sneered.

"Not a bit of it. But they won't stand for murder in open daylight—even *your* friends."

We were very near Stires's place by this time. There was no sign of any one in the yard; it was inhabited solely by the familiar rusty monsters of Stires's trade. As we drew up alongside, I looked through the window. Stires and Ching Po were within, and from the sibilant noise that stirred the peaceful air, I judged that Ching Po was talking. Their backs were turned to the outer world. I pushed open the door, and Follet and I entered.

For the first time I found myself greeted with open hostility by my fellow countryman. "What the devil are you doing here?" I was annoyed. The way they all dragged me in and then cursed me for being there! The Chinaman stood with his hands folded in his wicked sleeves, his eyes on the ground. In the semi-gloom of Stires's warehouse, his face looked like a mouldy orange. He was yellower even than his race permitted—outside and in.

"If I can't be of any service to you or Miss Eva, I should be only too glad to go home," I retorted.

"What about her?" asked Stires truculently. He advanced two steps towards me.

"I'm not looking for trouble—" It seemed to me just then that I hated Naapu as I had never hated any place in the world. "She's having hysterics up at Madame Maür's. I fancy that's why we're here. Your yellow friend there seems to have been responsible for the hysterics. This other gentleman and I" —I waved a hand at Follet, who stood, spent and silent, beside me—"resented it. We thought we would follow him up."

How much Ching Po understood of plain English, I do not know. One always conversed with him in the pidgin variety. But he certainly looked at peace with the world: much as the devil must have looked, gazing at Pompeii in the year 79.

"You can do your resenting somewheres else," snapped Stires. "Both of you."

"I go," murmured Ching Po. He stepped delicately towards the door.

"No, you don't!" Follet's foot shot out to trip him. But the Chinaman melted past the crude interruption.

"I go," he repeated, with ineffable sadness, from the threshold.

The thing was utterly beyond me. I stood stock-still. The two men, Follet and Stires, faced each other for an instant. Then Follet swung round and dashed after Ching Po. I saw him clutch the loose black sleeve and murmur in the flat ear.

Stires seemed to relent towards me now that Follet was gone. "Let 'em alone," he grunted. "The Chink won't do anything but tell him a few things. And like as not, he knows 'em already, the—" The word indicated his passionate opinion of Follet.

"I was called in by Madame Maür," I explained weakly. "Ching Po wouldn't leave the road in front of her compound. And—Miss Eva was inside, having hysterics. Ching Po had been with her earlier. Now you know all I know, and as I'm not wanted anywhere, I'll go. I assure you I'm very glad to."

I was not speaking the strictest truth, but I saw no reason to pour out Madame Maür's revelations just then upon Stires's heated soul. Nor would I pursue the subject of Follet.

Stires sank down on something that had once been an office-chair. Thence he

glowered at me. I had no mind to endure his misdirected anger, and I turned to go. But in the very instant of my turning from him I saw tragedy pierce through the mask of rage. The man was suffering; he could no longer hold his eyes and lips to the expression of anger. I spoke to him very gently.

"Has Miss Eva really anything to fear from that miserable Chinaman?"

Stires bowed his head on his hands. "Not a thing, now. He's done his damnedest. It only took a minute for him to spit it out."

"Will he spit it out to Follet?"

"You bet he will. But I've got a kind of a hunch Follet knew all along."

"I'm sure he didn't—whatever it is."

"Well, he does by now. They must be nearly back to the hō-tel. I'm kind of busy this morning"—he waved his hand round that idle scene—"and I guess——"

"Certainly. I'm going now." I spared him the effort of polishing off his lie. The man wanted to be alone with his trouble, and that was a state of mind I understood only too well.

The circumstantial evidence I had before me as I walked back to my own house led inevitably to one verdict. I could almost reconstruct the ignoble pidgin-splutter in which Ching Po had told Stires, and was even now telling Follet. The wonder to me was that any one believed the miserable creature. Truth wouldn't be truth if it came from Ching Po. Yet if two men who were obviously prepossessed in the lady's favor were so easily to be convinced by his report, some old suspicions, some forgotten facts must have rushed out of the dark to foregather with it. French Eva had been afraid of the Chinaman; yet even Follet had pooh-poohed her fears; and her reputation was—or had been—well-nigh stainless on Naapu, which is, to say the least, a smudgy place. Still—there was only one road for reason to take, and in spite of these obstacles it wearily and doggedly took it.

Joe, of course, was still absent; and though I was never more in need of food, my larder was empty. I would not go to Dubois's and encounter Follet and Ching Po. Perhaps Madame Maür would give me a sandwich. I wanted desperately to have done with the whole sordid business; and had there been food prepared for me at home, I think I should have barricaded myself there. But my hunger joined hands with a lurking curiosity. Between them they drove me to Madame Maür's.

The lady bustled about at once to supply my needs. Her husband was still away, and lunch there was not, in any proper sense. But she fed me with odd messes and endless cups of coffee. Hunger disappeared, leaving curiosity starkly apparent.

"How's Eva?" I asked.

Madame Maür pursed her lips. "She went away an hour ago."

"Home?"

The lady shrugged her shoulders. "It looked like it. I did not ask her. She would go—with many thanks, but with great resolution. . . . What has happened to you?" she went on smoothly.

I deliberated. Should I tell madame anything or should I not? I decided not to. "Ching Po went back to the hotel," I said. "I don't believe he meant to annoy you."

She let the subject drop loyally. And, indeed, with Ching Po and French Eva both out of the way, she had become quite normal again. Of course, if I would not let her question me, I could not in fairness question her. So we talked on idly, neither one, I dare say, quite sure of the other, and both ostensibly content to wait. Or she may have had reasons as strong as mine for wishing to forget the affair of the morning.

I grew soothed and oblivious. The thing receded. I was just thinking of going home when Follet appeared at the gate. Then I realized how futile had been our common reticence.

"Is Eva here?" he shouted before he reached us.

"She went home long ago." Madame Maür answered quietly, but I saw by her quick shiver that she had not been at peace, all this time.

"She's not there. The place is all shut up."

"Doesn't she usually attend these festivities up the hill?" I asked.

His look went through me like a dagger. "Not to-day, you fool!"

"Well, why worry about her?" It was I who put it calmly. Six hours be-

fore, I had not been calm; but now I looked back at that fever with contempt.

"She's been to Stires's," he went on; and I could see the words hurt him.

"Well, then, ask him."

"He was asleep. She left her beloved gramophone there. He found it when he waked."

"Her gramophone?" I ejaculated. "Where is Stires?"

"Looking for her—and hoping he won't find her, curse him!"

Follet took hold of me and drew me down the steps. "Come along," he said. Then he turned to Madame Maür. "Sorry, madame. This is urgent. We'll tell you all about it later."

Félicité Maür did not approve of Follet, but he could do no wrong when she was actually confronted with him. She took refuge in a shrug and went within.

When we were outside the gate, I stood still and faced Follet. "What did Ching Po tell you and Stires?"

"Don't you know?" Sheer surprise looked out at me from his eyes.

"Of course, I think I know. Do you really want to tear the place up, looking for her?"

"It's not that!" he shouted. "If it had been, every one would have known it long since. Ching Po got it out of old Dubois. I shook Dubois out of his opium long enough to confirm it. I had to threaten him. . . . Ching Po's a dirty beast, but, according to the old man, he told the truth. Ching Po did want to marry her once. She wouldn't, of course, and he's just been waiting to spike her guns. When he found out she really wanted that impossible Yankee, he said he'd tell. She had hysterics. He waited for her outside the Maürs', hoping, I suppose, it would work out another way. When we appeared, he decided to get his work in. He probably thought she had sent for us. And he was determined no one should stop him from telling. Now do you see? Come on." He pulled at my arm.

"In heaven's name, man, *what* did he tell?" I almost shrieked.

"Just the one thing you Yankees can't stand," Follet sneered. "A touch of the tar-brush. She wasn't altogether French, you see. Old Dubois knows her pedigree. Her grandmother was a mulatto, over Penang way. She knew how Stires felt on the subject—a damn, dirty ship-chandler no self-respecting officer deals with——"

"None of that!" I said sharply. "He's a good man, Stires. A darned sight too good for the Naapu grafters. A darned sight too good to go native—" Then I stopped, for Follet was hardly himself, nor did I like the look of myself as a common scold.

We did not find Stires, and after an hour or two we gave up the search. By dusk, Follet had got to the breaking-point. He was jumpy. I took him back myself to the hotel, and pushed him viciously into Ching Po's arms. The expressionless Chinese face might have been a mask for all the virtues; and he received the shaking burden of Follet as meekly as a sister of charity.

I bought some tinned things for my dinner and took my way home. I should not, I felt sure, be interrupted, and I meant to turn in early. Madame Maür would be telling the tale to her husband; Follet would, of a certainty, be drunk; and Stires would be looking, I supposed, for French Eva. French Eva, I thought, would take some finding; but Stires was the best man for the job. It was certainly not my business to notify any one that night. So I chowed alone, out of the tins, and smoked a long time—alone—in the moonlight.

It was not Stires, after all, who found her, though he must have hunted the better part of that night. It was three days before she was washed ashore. She was discovered by a crew of fishermen whom she had often beaten down in the way of business. They brought her in from the remote cove, with loud lamentations and much pride. She must have rocked back and forth between the shore and the reef, for when they found her, her body was badly battered. From the cliff above, they said, she looked at first like a monstrous catch of seaweed on the sand. Her hair . . .

Follet had treated himself to a three days' drinking-bout, and only emerged, blanched and palsied, into a town filled with the clamor of her funeral. Stires had

shut up his junk-shop for a time and stayed strictly at home. I went to see him the day after they found her. His face was drawn and gloomy, but it was the face of a man in his right mind. I think his worst time was that hour after Follet had followed Ching Po out of his warehouse. He never told me just how things had stood between French Eva and him, but I am sure that he believed Ching Po at once, and that, from the moment Ching Po spoke, it was all over. It was no longer even real to him, so surely had his inborn prejudice worked. Stires was no Pierre Loti.

In decency we had to mention her. There was a great to-do about it in the town, and the tom-toms had mysteriously returned from the hillsides.

"I've been pretty cut up about it all," he admitted. "But there's no doubt it's for the best. As I look back on it, I see she never was comfortable in her mind. On and off, hot and cold—and I took it for flightiness. The light broke in on me, all of a sudden, when that dirty yellow rascal began to talk. But if you'll believe me, sir, I used to be jealous of Follet. Think of it, now." He began to whittle.

Evidently her ravings to Madame Maür had not yet come to his ears. Madame Maür was capable of holding her tongue; and there was a chance Follet might hold his. At all events, I would not tell Stires how seriously she had loved him. He was a very provincial person, and I think—considering her pedigree—it would have shocked him.

French Eva's cerebrations are in some ways a mystery to me, but I am sure she knew what she wanted. I fancy she thought—but, as I say, I do not know—that the mode of her passing would at least make all clear to Stires. Perhaps she hoped for tardy regrets on his part; an ex-post-facto decision that it didn't matter. The hot-and-cold business had probably been the poor girl's sense of honor working—though, naturally, she couldn't have known (on Naapu) the peculiar impregnability of Stires's prejudices. When you stop to think of it, Stires and his prejudices had no business in such a place, and nothing in earth or sky or sea could have foretold them to the population of that landscape. Perhaps when she let herself go, in the strong seas, she thought that he would be at heart her widower. Don't ask me. Whatever poor little posthumous success of the sort she may have hoped for, she at least paid for it heavily—and in advance. And, as you see, her ghost never got what her body had paid for. It is just as well: why should Stires have paid, all his life? But if you doubt the strength of her sincerity, let me tell you what every one on Naapu was perfectly aware of: she could swim like a Kanaka; and she must have let herself go on those familiar waters, against every instinct, like a piece of driftwood. Stires may have managed to blink that fact; but no one else did.

Lockerbie gave a dinner-party at the end of the week, and Follet got drunk quite early in the evening. He embarrassed every one (except me) by announcing thickly, at dessert, that he would have married French Eva if she hadn't drowned herself. I believed it no more the second time than I had believed it the first. Anyhow, she wouldn't have had him. Schneider left us during those days. We hardly noticed his departure. Ching Po still prospers. Except Stires, we are not squeamish on Naapu.

THE TRAIL TO KAIETEUR

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN FALLS, 822 FEET HIGH, AND 400 FEET WIDE

By Eleanor Beers Lestrade

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

IN the heart of the South American forest, in a region that is called by the natives "Behind God's Back," is a waterfall that for its width is the highest in the world, but as the trip from Georgetown, British Guiana—the nearest point of civilization—is long and difficult, it has not been seen by more than a hundred white men, and, at the most, ten white women.

Last spring my husband and I went to British Guiana, and during the voyage we heard of the Kaieteur Falls from two of the passengers who had seen them. What they told us filled us with such a longing to see these falls that we spent twelve of our sixteen days' stay in British Guiana in making the trip. We were very fortunate in persuading Mr. and Mrs. Philipps, friends of ours from Trinidad, to join us.

As far as we could learn, we are the only party to have made the trip in May, which is the rainy season, when the falls are at their best but when reaching them is the most difficult; and I believe I am the only American woman ever to have seen the Kaieteur Falls.

The following is a slight elaboration of the diary I kept during the trip:

Thursday, May 8th.

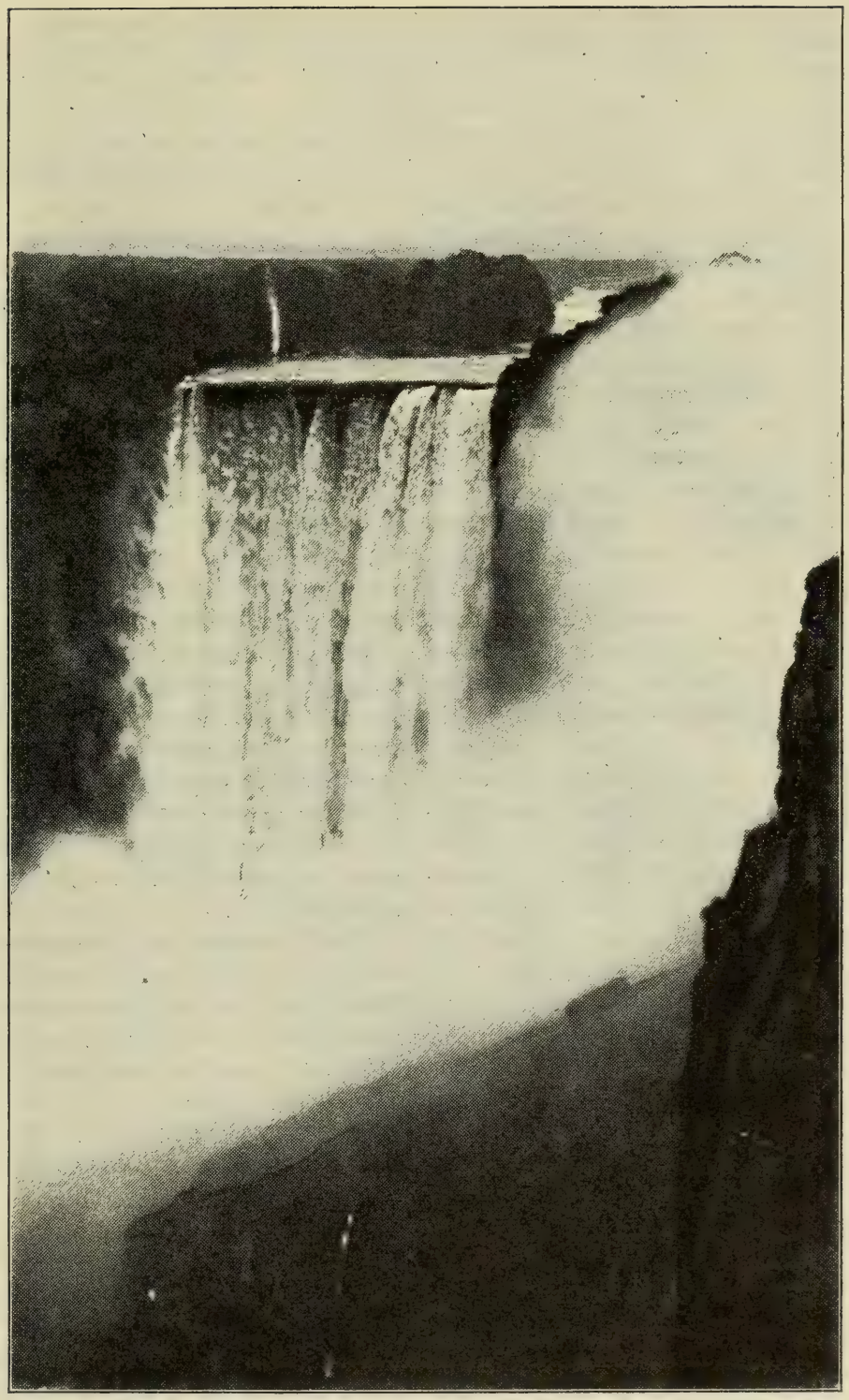
We left Georgetown early in the morning by a small river steamer and started up the wide, brown, Demerara River in a shower—this being the wet season, it was more apt than not to be raining—steaming past plantations of sugar and cocoa, rows of tall palms, and feathery, pale-green bamboos.

As the boys in the tropics are nearly amphibious, we were surprised to see no bathers in the river. We were told that river-bathing all through Guiana is very dangerous, on account of a fish called the "perae," which is very voracious, and can bite through flesh and bone, as the stumps of missing fingers and toes of natives testified. We saw at once that the bathing-suits we had brought were going to be entirely superfluous.

The farther we went up the river the more dense the undergrowth became. Huge trees weighted down with vines and creepers hung over the water. Nothing of the bank could be seen, only a tangled mass of vegetation tumbling over itself in dank waves of brilliant green. The oozing, dripping jungle that we had read and dreamed about, and had come two thousand miles to see, was closing in upon us.

But it had not closed in entirely. Every few miles the steamer would whistle and slow up, and a "curial" would put out from the shore, paddled by blacks, Chinese, or East Indian coolies. Into these curials would be tumbled a passenger or two, a barrel of flour, or a letter, to be paddled back to a little clearing where there were a few thatched huts, with some cassavas planted around them, and a little patch of cane or of maize, so that with fish caught in the river, these pioneers could exist very comfortably, and only superfluous luxuries like flour and tinned goods need be imported from Georgetown.

There was always the greatest excitement in unloading the cargo, human or otherwise, into these superlatively unsteady little boats. The boatmen would shout, and the passengers would chatter like monkeys in some incomprehensible patois, while we hung delightedly over the rail, convinced each time that the curial must upset. But, though providence



The Kaieteur Falls.

was tempted to the breaking-point repeatedly, this never happened.

We saw a great many curials during the day, and also passed rafts of green-heart logs, lashed to some lighter wood, as green-heart will not float. In the centre of these rafts were shelters, and in these improvised house-boats whole families would live, and drift with the tide to Georgetown. When this was adverse they would tie up to the bank and wait for a change of tide to take them farther on their journey. This method of bringing logs to market often consumed two or three days, but as time on the Demerara River is not of the slightest value, and all such expenses as rent and house-repairs are avoided, it is really an excel-

lent profession. A green-heart log squaring twenty inches is approximately two hundred and fifty years old; so, although these logs are extremely valuable, it would hardly be a short cut to fortune to plant green-heart trees in one's back yard.

Just before breakfast a grizzled old negro came and bowed obsequiously, introducing himself as Jones, who would serve us in the capacity of cook and butler—and serve himself with any liquid refreshment he could get hold of—though we did not find this out until later.

He brought us a very fair breakfast of fish that was just caught, and therefore delicious; and meat that was just killed, and therefore tough and tasteless, helped out with potatoes, cassavas, and yams that all taste very much alike. At about three we had tea, and soon after arrived at Wismar, the great shipping centre for green-heart logs, sixty-six miles up the Demerara River and the end of our day's journey by steamer.

From Wismar we took a little, narrow-gauge train to Rockstone on the Essequibo River, eighteen miles away, where we were to spend our first night. The engine of the little toy train burns wood, so that showers of sparks pour from the smoke-stack and over the passengers, who have anything but a restful trip as they have constantly to dodge and brush off sparks to keep from being burnt.

When we arrived it was too dark to see anything but a large rest-house built on stilts, surrounded by tall grass with the forest quite close behind, and overlooking the Essequibo River. We were grateful for an excellent dinner, cooked and served by a little old negro in charge of the rest-house. Our retainer Jones made the most of being off duty by getting drunk, and grandiloquently ordering the other old negro about, assuring us all the while that our comfort was his first consideration.

The beds, to which we retired early, were carefully screened—not from mosquitoes, as there were few—but on account of the vampire bats which have always to be guarded against when in the bush. With the booming of frogs, and the occasional howls of baboons (called red howlers) in the forest behind us, we dropped off to sleep.

Friday, May 9th.

At daybreak we started up the Essequibo River, which is as wide and smooth as a lake in spite of the very strong current, and is brown as are all the rivers of Guiana—not from mud, but from decayed vegetation.

In the launch were our boatmen—twelve muscular, grinning blacks—the few clothes they wore so patched that often the original garment had been lost sight of entirely. These people are undoubtedly lazy, but the persistence with which they patch, and repatch, and then patch the worn-out patches of a garment shows thrift which is hard to reconcile with their general shiftlessness.

The scenery on the Essequibo is on a much grander scale than on the Demerara. The river is wider, and the trees on either side are higher, and are moulded into fantastic shapes by the creepers that cover them like draperies. Lianas seventy feet long trail from the tops of giant trees like halyards on a ship. No bank is visible—nothing but the riot of tropical vegetation struggling for existence, and crowding over the banks into the rain-swollen river.

We zigzagged up the river to avoid rocks and shoals. The Essequibo is wide, but very shallow even in the rainy season, and we kept close to the bank whenever possible because of the current. This gave us a close view of the vegetation, and we revelled in the colors of the flowering creepers and bushes, and of the brilliant butterflies that rose from the blossoms and flapped lazily over the water. Parrots flew over our heads, flying generally in pairs, though sometimes in flocks—easy to recognize even at a distance by their jerky flight. There was no sound but the chugging of the engine and the occasional metallic call of a bell-bird in the forest.

But when there is emptiness within it takes more than surrounding beauty to satisfy an earthbound soul, so the smell of bacon frying, and the sight of Jones bustling about, was very welcome. The old scoundrel gave us such an excellent breakfast of fresh fish, bacon and eggs, rice, potatoes, canned pears, and coffee that we forgot entirely his sins of the night before.

Soon after breakfast pale-gray mountains were faintly seen in the distance, at first hard to distinguish from the clouds that hung low over the trees. There were many small islands here, and we wound in and out between them, the trees nearly meeting over our heads. We saw small white orchids, big purple passion-flowers, bushes with great bunches of burnt-orange flowers, trees with fruit like yellow grapes growing in great clusters, and trees with red and yellow dangling pods—all these so near to us that we could pick them as we passed. Soon after we passed a little settlement of Indian huts known as "ajupas," with pointed, thatched roofs and open on all four sides, affording the well-known privacy of a goldfish. But there was no living thing that we could discover but a few brilliant, long-tailed macaws, and a toucan high up on the branch of a tree, with such a tremendous bill we wondered he did not pitch forward on his head.

Late in the afternoon we reached the mouth of the Potaro River. The Potaro flows into the Essequibo, and, as it was to see the Potaro make its famous plunge that we had come into this beautiful tropic wilderness, we welcomed it as the beginning of our real pilgrimage.

Where the two rivers meet there are a few shacks and quite a collection of row-boats and curials. We stopped here for a few minutes, and the entire population, about ten in all, and all very black, came down to look at us. There was a very large sign which read: "No boats and canoes can be removed without the permission of the C. in C." A gentleman unobtrusively dressed in about a quarter of a yard of red bathing-suit may possibly have been the commander-in-chief, but we could not, of course, be sure. It must have been a very responsible position.

From the mouth of the Potaro it rained incessantly. We all huddled together in the dryest corner we could find until we heard the roar of rapids, and the launch stopped at the landing at Tumatumari.

The rest-house—like the one at Rockstone, but about half the size—is built on rising ground above the rapids. Here, after dinner, we met the Carib Indian captain who was to take us to the falls.

Saturday, May 10th.

It was a beautiful clear morning when we started, and the sun shining on the swirling white rapids made a dazzlingly lovely picture. We walked to the farther side of the rapids, where a launch was waiting to take us and our boatmen the ten miles to Potaro Landing. All our supplies, including ten bitterly complaining chickens, their feet tied together, were stowed away on board, and we started slowly up the river, keeping as close to the bank as possible on account of the current.

As we brushed past trees, some dripping orange-colored fruit into the water, some covered with big, pale-mauve flowers, and some with little hanging brown bells, we disturbed flocks of small bats which fluttered out over the water, and hurried back to the shelter of the forest when we had passed.

Little brown monkeys jabbered and parrots screamed over our heads. We saw several snakes stretched along branches, their coloring making them almost impossible to distinguish from the creepers. Numbers of big blue butterflies flapped lazily about, and many colored dragon-flies hovered in the hot, still air. A bill-bird, sitting on the end of a branch—mostly bill as his name implies—solemnly eyed our approach.

At about one o'clock we saw a few houses in a clearing and a dock where some boats were tied, and one of the boatmen blew on a big copper horn to announce our arrival to Potaro Landing.

The river above Potaro Landing is full of rapids, so that we had to walk the seven miles from there to Kangaruma, where we were to spend the night. The first two miles were over a hot, red, sandy road where pineapples grew and little basking lizards whisked their brilliant, flexible bodies out of our way. The rest of the walk was through the forest, which seemed deliciously cool by contrast, with its tall liana-hung trees and bright rust-colored streams that we crossed on greenheart logs.

Kangaruma is a little clearing on the bank of the Potaro River. The only buildings are a rest-house and a little shack where an old caretaker and his wife live. These old people interested us



Soon after we passed a little settlement of Indian huts known as "ajupas."—Page 565.

very much, especially the old woman, who was a mixture of Spaniard and Indian, and had a fine face, although it was as wrinkled as a raisin and she was quite toothless. She told us that they had lived there for eight years, but that two or three times a year they walked to Potaro Landing to do some shopping and get the news. We thought of Potaro Landing with its two or three houses, and little store that didn't sell anything, and we told her she was quite right to keep up with the outside world.

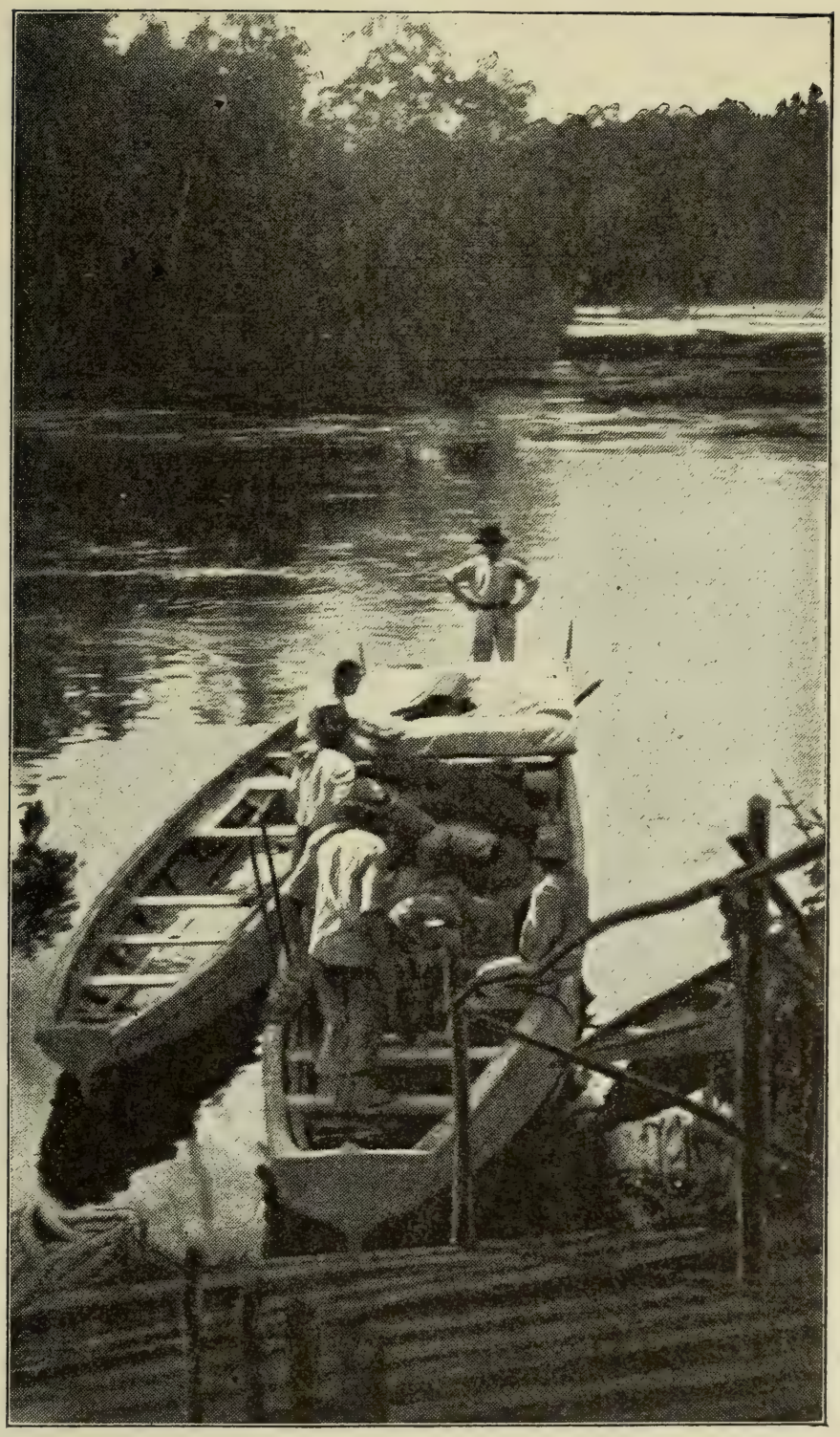
The rest-house at Kangaruma, and the ones that followed, could not be classed with the palatial luxury of the rest-houses at Rockstone and Tumatumari. They were nothing but shacks, with two main rooms and two or three little enclosed alcoves, where a really fastidious traveller, equipped with a jug of rain-water, could bathe in privacy.

Here we were first introduced to the folding canvas beds that we were to carry with us for the rest of our trip. They were exactly six feet long by two and a half feet wide, and as we are all of us fairly good-sized, we had the greatest difficulty in lying in them without touching the net, which, on account of the vampire bats, it was advisable not to do.

Perhaps I should say a word here about vampire bats, lest any one should confuse them with the film variety of vampire. They are blood-sucking bats that will attack sleeping animals and even human beings, and suck enough blood to be seriously weakening, though probably not dangerous. It is a particularly unpleasant experience, and, as a member of the last party to make the trip had lost a part of a toe and a great deal of blood, we took special pains to tuck in our nets carefully, and sleep with lights.

Sunday, May 11th.

We and our men and supplies were loaded into a thirty-foot boat that was to take us to the next falls at Amatuk, and we left Kangaruma soon after sunrise. The bowman stood or squatted in the bow, then came four pairs of pad-



Loading our boat at Kangaruma.

dlers, then Jones half asleep, then the four of us, and in the stern three paddlers and the captain, who steered. The men had short paddles that threw the water high in the air with every stroke, and clicked in unison on the gunwales of the boat.

There was a tremendous current, and even keeping as close to the bank as we did, our progress was very slow. When we watched the water that raced past us, it seemed as if we were flying, but when we watched the bank we saw that we scarcely moved.

One of the paddlers called out, "Water me, water me." Another splashed some water with his paddle. This meant that the first paddler had a song that he could not rest until he had sung, and the other

by splashing the water showed that he was waiting with the greatest impatience to hear the song and join in the chorus. These songs, or chanteys, were very simple and monotonous in words and music, but wonderfully melodious when sung by a dozen happy, lusty blacks paddling up a tropical river. The men clicked their paddles on the gunwales in time to the chantey, and paddled much better when they sang.

Sometimes we could understand and make sense out of the words, but more often not. The chantey-man would sing the first line of the song, and the others would join in the second line. If it was a pretentious song with more than two lines, the chantey-man would sing the third line, and the chorus would wind up the verse. This would be repeated over and over again, until the chantey-man was tired, or thought of a new song he would rather sing. Then he would call, "Compliment! Compliment!" and we would clap, and tell him we were enchanted with his performance.

As it was Sunday, they interspersed the programme with "Sunday chanteys." One of these ran something like this:



The Amatuk Falls.

The rushing brown water tumbles over big boulders, churning itself into foam that fills the river below.—Page 570.

"David mourning for his son, Absalom;
(Chorus) Son Absalom, son Absalom.
David mourning for his son, Absalom;
(Chorus) Absalom, Absalom, Absalom."

I remember the chorus only of the other Sunday chantey, which ran:

"Fire burning down below, hey ho!
Fire burning down below!"

Our favorite chantey, the words of which almost made sense, was: "Blow de man down." The man was to be blown down with a bottle of rum or a bottle of gin, or anything that wasn't prohibition, and he was to be blown down to Amatuk,

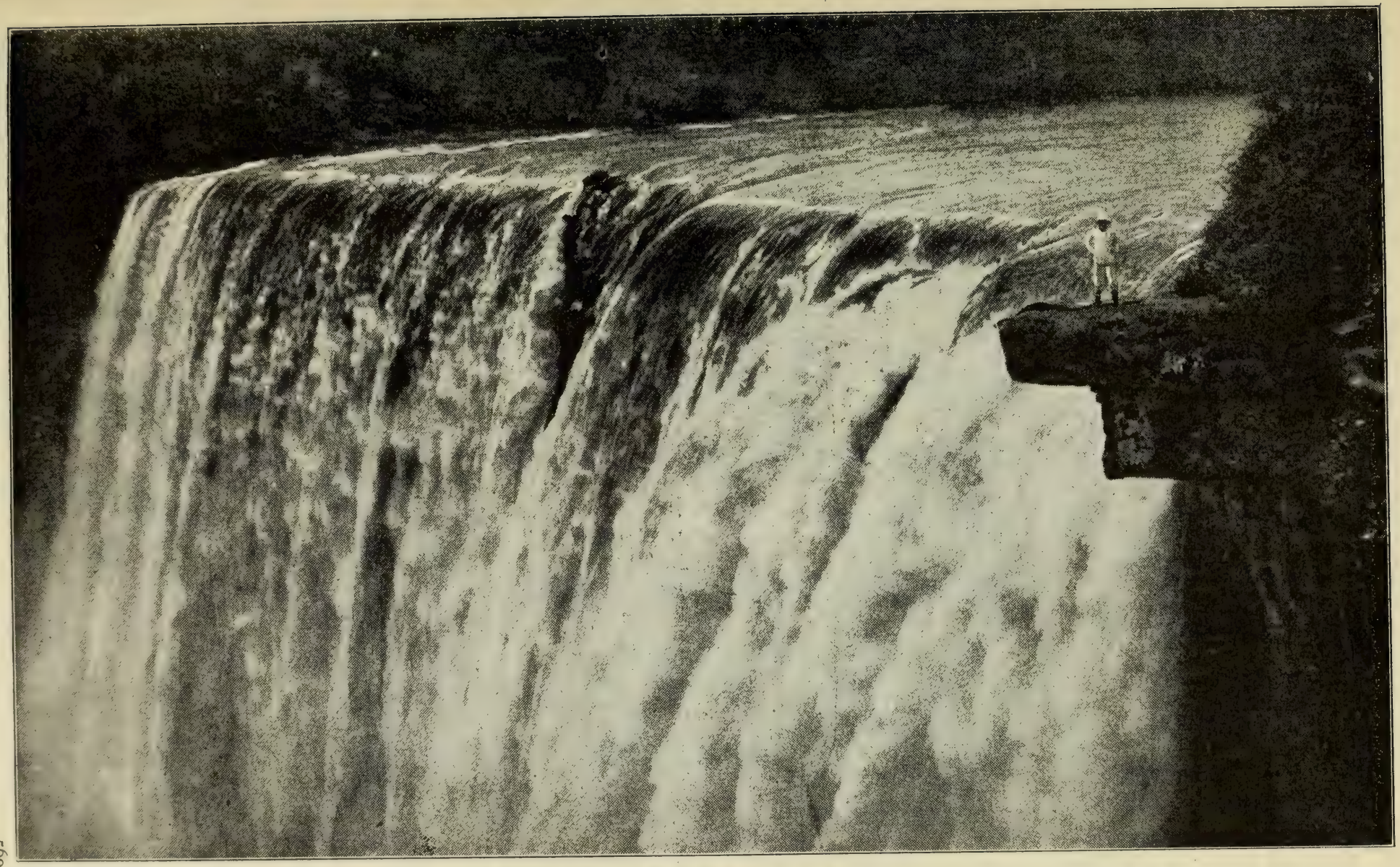


Table Rock.

It is an unforgetable experience to crawl out on Table Rock, that juts out into the chasm, and look down into the gorge below.—Page 572.

Waratuk, or Kaieteur Falls, or anywhere the chantey-man wanted him blown. With this range of variations to choose from, this song could be kept up much longer than the others.

Often we had to tie up to the bank to rest the men, and sometimes the current was so tremendous that the boat had to be dragged along by ropes from the shore, and by the overhanging branches. This latter method is called "monkey-jumping," and we became very familiar with the term, as we used it often.

It had rained off and on all the morning, the clouds hanging low over the trees with only occasional bursts of sunshine, but toward noon the clouds lifted and we saw high mountains in the distance, mostly covered with trees, but a few with sheer precipices of bare pinkish rock.

We tied up to the bank for lunch, and the men went ashore and built a fire, and cooked a mixture of rice and tomatoes and meat. We stayed in the boat, as the bank was very wet, and had tinned sausage and bread and jelly, which didn't look nearly as good as the men's hot lunch. The tree to which our boat was tied was covered with fruit like huge green cherries, and over it trailed a creeper with scarlet, star-shaped flowers. The smell of the cooking and the damp, pungent smells of the forest, the chattering, soft-voiced negroes, and the brilliant vegetation combined to make the scene very fascinating to our unaccustomed northern eyes.

Late in the afternoon we reached the Amatuk Falls, which would be worth seeing in themselves if the great falls did not entirely eclipse them. They are about forty feet high, but the drop is not sheer. The rushing brown water tumbles over big boulders, churning itself into foam that fills the river below. On the other side of the falls, above the dense forest that borders the river, rises Mount Amatuk, a straight wall of pinkish rock fringed with dark green.

We spent the night at Amatuk and the next day pushed on, as we thought to Tukeit, which is the landing-place for the falls. But, driven back by the current as we were, it was the next afternoon before we reached the Waratuk rapids, where there is a stop and a portage. Here we were delayed further, as it took the men two hours to drag the boat a distance of perhaps fifty yards through the rushing white water. They were so exhausted that they could not go any further that night, which meant that we slept practically in the open—our four little cots clumped together under a shelter that was no better protection against the rain than the Indian "ajupas" we had turned up our noses at on the way to Tumatumari.

Tuesday, May 13th.

In the morning, four limp, bedraggled-looking creatures, who had slept in their clothes and looked it, straggled out about sunrise. Fortunately, the sun did rise in a blaze of gold, and our spirits rose with it.

The river was running like a mill-race, and when we started in the boat we had to monkeyjump for about a quarter of a mile to keep from being swept back into the rapids.

We shot these rapids on our return in less than a minute, in contrast to the two hours it had taken the boat to get through them going up; and the trip from Tukeit to Kangaruma took eight hours instead of the best part of three days.

The mists slowly lifted, and the mountains began to appear. Often we seemed entirely surrounded by mountains, and then a turn of the river would show us the valley ahead through which our route lay. The absolute stillness and isolation were very impressive to me. We heard nothing but the occasional call of a bird, and we saw no human being not in our party from the time we left Kangaruma until the old couple greeted us on our return.

After about two hours' paddling we saw, far in the distance, a whitish patch that was almost obscured by a round knoll of a mountain. This was our first sight of the Kaieteur Falls. The men, cheered by the sight, redoubled their efforts, and though it was the stiffest kind of paddling, and they often had to monkeyjump, we reached Tukeit, the landing-place for the Kaieteur trail, about noon.

Tukeit is at the foot of the round, knoll-like mountain we had seen from the river. The great falls cannot be seen, but the scenery is majestic and very beautiful. The Tukeit Falls stand sentinel to the



Standing at the brink of the falls and looking back over the way we had come—the trail to Kaieteur.

Kaieteur Gorge, a narrow defile between high green mountains, through which rush swirling white rapids, driven on by the tremendous leap of the river.

The name "Kaieteur" was originally "Kaietuk," and means "Old Man's Fall." This name resulted from a pleasant practice of the early Indians of sending their old people over the falls when they were too old to be of further use. These Indians and their language have now disappeared, and their present-day descendants, who are themselves rapidly dying off, know nothing of the meaning of the old names. In Georgetown I tried to find out the meaning of Tumatumari, Amatuk, Kangaruma, etc., but could learn nothing except that where "Tuk" forms part of the name it means falls, as Amatuk, Waratuk, Tukeit, and Kaietuk.

We started the climb at about two o'clock, with the captain as a guide. It was very wet walking, as the rain of the night before had drenched everything. At first the incline was gradual, but soon it became steeper, and finally nothing but a scramble.

We crossed several streams on greenheart logs and scrambled over boulders—all very slippery, as they were covered with wet moss; and we had to stop often to rest and catch our breath. The slippery slope would have been impossible to climb if it had not been for the interlacing roots of the trees that acted as steps, and for every step that we took forward we had to take a step upward.

After two hours of hard climbing we came to a level space. This was the end of the climb, but we still had to plod on through a drenching rain for about an hour before coming in sight of the rest-house. Heavenly sight!

After a short rest and a long drink, we went to get our first look at the falls. The rest-house is situated on a small plateau covered with sand and pebbles. Due to the heavy rains, there were many little rivulets that the sun, which had just come out, was doing its best to dry. In this open space grew sissal, bamboo orchids, which are sweet-smelling, and other varieties of orchids, bluebells, and lilies.

We walked to the edge of the gorge and stood for the first time beside the Kaieteur Falls.

The sight of this great fall thundering alone in the heart of the wilderness, seldom seen and almost unknown, is impressive in a way that Niagara, or any other of nature's wonders that has been exploited by man, could never be. We involuntarily drew back, dizzy from looking into the awful depth of the chasm into which the river plunged.

I think that even the man who said, "Gosh, that's neat," of Niagara, would have been speechless before the far greater spectacle of Kaieteur.

It reminded us of the story of "Jack and the Bean-Stalk," the impression of two worlds was so distinct. One starting from the base of the falls and stretching in a broken silver thread, surrounded by green-covered mountains, as far as the eye could reach—the world that we had left to climb the bean-stalk into that other upper world that started at the edge of the falls; a world of green savannahs, enclosed by distant blue hills, through which flowed a placid river.

Connecting these two worlds was a drop of eight hundred feet over which poured a flood of foaming water, varying in color from white spray to a deep coffee color. The force with which the river rushes over the precipice starts turning it into spray soon after it commences its long plunge, and the base of the fall is entirely hidden by the mist that rises in clouds. The sun shining on the mist makes long rainbows, starting at the top of the falls and losing themselves in an opalescent swirl at the base.

The falls are four hundred feet wide, and eight hundred and twenty-two feet high. The sheer drop is seven hundred and forty-one feet, but below that the fall is broken by rocks. It is easier to visualize this height if one remembers that the Woolworth Building in New York is about eight hundred feet high.

It is an unforgetable experience to crawl out on Table Rock, that juts out into the chasm, and look down into the gorge below. The base of the fall is veiled in rising banks of pale-colored mist, beyond this the river can be seen—a ribbon of white foam that from this distance looks motionless. Enormous boulders covered with vivid green moss border the river on either side.

As far as the eye can see, the river winds between steeply sloping green banks—the trail that leads to Kaieteur.

Above the falls are the savannah lands—wonderful cattle country, and promising to be a source of great future wealth to the colony when they are opened up. Beyond the savannahs are high mountain ranges that, as we watched, changed from blue to purple in the rays of the setting sun.

That night we sat on the steps of the rest-house and watched the mists that rose from the Kaieteur Gorge turned to an ethereal silver by the rising moon. The men had slung their hammocks under the house and were singing softly:

"Blow de man down to Kaieteur Falls,
Yo, ho, blow de man down.
Blow him right down wid a bottle of rum
Yo, ho, blow de man down."



It was a soft, dreamy, Mediterranean night, a night of romance.

CYNTHIA AND THE CROOKED STREETS

By Arthur Tuckerman
Author of "Black Magic"

ILLUSTRATIONS (WITH FRONTISPIECE) BY C. R. WEED

ON her last night aboard the ship Cynthia managed, with stealthy steps, to escape from the tiresome after-dinner circle of grayheads to which her aunt had attached herself. She skipped away to the promenade-deck and found friend Willoughby idling in a deck-chair, smoking his inevitable cigarette. The night was warm, the sea like rippled ebony satin-streaked with silver from a rising moon. It was a soft, dreamy, Mediterranean night, a night of romance.

She slipped into a chair beside Willoughby, very quietly, eying him with a furtive glance of admiration. Willoughby was twenty-three—years and years older than Cynthia. His uniform, from the pith helmet upon his head to his shining leather boots, was remarkably becoming. Cynthia realized with a little sigh that she could not possibly expect romance to come into her life for the first time in such a magnificent form as this.

Willoughby had distinguished himself in her eyes by introducing himself in a singularly unconventional manner. On the morning they had left Naples he had watched her futile efforts to play the game of quoits—with which, for some mysterious reason, every good steamer is equipped—in profound and silent amusement for fully ten minutes. And then he had suddenly said:

"You can jolly well do better. Let me show you!"

To Cynthia this was delightful. She scorned convention, because she was always having the importance of it drummed

into her head by Aunt Kate and other elderly people.

For some time she sat beside her idol, gazing wistfully out to sea, her chin cupped in very small white hands. Willoughby, absorbed in an Egyptian guide-book he had borrowed from the ship's library, did not seem to be aware of her existence; now and then he blew large smoke-rings from his mouth and sent them drifting down the deck with an air of pleased accomplishment.

Cynthia began to think it was high time that he spoke to her.

"What a perfectly won-der-ful night," she sighed ecstatically. "It makes me long for adventure. If only something exciting would happen to me—to take me away from ordinary, every-day people and things——"

Willoughby closed his book with a bang and stared at her with surprised blue eyes.

"Say that all over again, would you?" he commanded.

She repeated her wish in as dreamy a tone as she could summon.

"To tell the truth," she concluded impressively, "I think I must be an adventuress. That's what's the matter with me."

Willoughby was slightly shocked.

"I say," he protested, "just because you're looking out for adventure, it doesn't make you an adventuress—really. An adventuress, y'know, is—well, a brutish sort of a woman with green eyes and red hair. She generally fills diplomats with drugged *crème de menthe*, robs them of their papers, and that sort of thing. A bad lot, altogether."

The sordidness of the definition horrified Cynthia.

"Of course I'm not *that*," she said, tossing her small head indignantly, so that the curls of her russet hair danced in the evening breeze.

"But I expect, just the same, to find adventure when we reach Egypt. A—a beautiful maiden cannot travel in these foreign lands without becoming involved in some kind of an intrigue—sooner or later. At least, that's what I've read."

The young Englishman stared at her solemnly for a moment.

"You're not half bad-lookin'," he conceded with a chuckle. "I suppose you'll find somethin', if you look out for it long enough. Strikes me you've been readin' too much nonsense."

Cynthia rose with grave dignity. That Willoughby should adopt the tactics of Aunt Kate was really the last straw.

"Good night," she said, nodding coldly. "I have some important correspondence which I neglected to finish—if you will excuse me. Besides, it is pretty late for two young people—like ourselves—to be sitting out on deck together."

She walked away with head erect. It was as well to be grown up when one could, without being laughed at.

In the library she curled up on a corner sofa like a young kitten and began to read. The title of her volume was "Harem Life in Islam." Had a learned professor with leaning toward psychology glimpsed the inner workings of Cynthia's mind at that moment he would doubtless have been horrified at the seething mass of romance, adventure, and intrigue that whirled within her mind—the dreadful effect of an overdose of light fiction, in which she constantly imagined herself as the heroine. But Cynthia was disgusted; nothing ever happened to her. In a word, she found the whole world much too well-behaved to suit her.

At eleven o'clock Aunt Kate pounced upon the red volume she was reading and sent her off to bed.

"I'm only getting the proper atmosphere," Cynthia protested, "before I reach Cairo. It is a city of mysteries, the book says. One should be prepared for anything."

As she undressed she looked at herself in the mirror. For a moment she gazed critically at her round childish face—pink cheeks like hard fresh young apples, large velvety-brown eyes, a pert little retroussé nose.

"After all," she said thoughtfully. "I don't think I'm pretty enough to be abducted—they have to be *really* pretty to be abducted, don't they?"

Aunt Kate gave a little shriek.

"Cynthia! What *have* you been reading?"

Cynthia's first week in Cairo was a staggering disappointment. At the end of it she had a confused impression of



The title of her volume was "Harem Life in Islam."—Page 574.

numerous and tiresome excursions to mosques, caliphs' tombs, pyramids, and museums, accompanied by the usual paraphernalia of guides, books, and kodaks. There was no mystery in Cairo.

On the afternoon of the eighth day Uncle John, looking enormous in a new white-serge suit and pith helmet—which he had purchased at a so-called English shop run by a wily Greek—came onto the terrace of Shepheard's Hotel, and proposed a second trip to the Pyramids.

"I suppose we should go twice," Aunt Kate admitted in a tired voice. "The first impression is never the best. One is so awed by their immensity that details pass unnoticed——"

She rambled on, unwittingly quoting her guide-book, of which she was a devoted student. Uncle John turned to Cynthia, who was balancing herself perilously on the terrace railing with a generous display of her shapely legs that had already brought forth a sharp reproval from Aunt Kate.

"Do you want to go to the Pyramids, Cynthia?"

Cynthia shook her head vigorously.

"Once is enough, uncle," she answered tartly. "Those Arabs almost pulled me to pieces last time we climbed up. I'm sore from it still."

Uncle John lighted a cigar and looked vaguely worried.

"If we go, you've got to stay right here on the terrace till we get back."

"Why, I'd love to," said Cynthia with unexpected sweetness.

After she had seen her aunt and uncle leave in an *aribeyeh*, driven by a youthful Arab who wore a red tarbush jauntily over one eye and belabored his horse unmercifully, Cynthia sat down in an armchair at the end of the terrace to watch the brilliant throng that filed unceasingly past the doors of the hotel. The Sharia el Kamel that afternoon was a seething mass of plodding camels, overburdened donkeys followed by shrieking donkey-boys, fruit and cake venders, fortune-tellers and snake-charmers—the whole glorious pageant of an Arabian Nights' tale unfolded itself before her eyes in a brilliant multicolored picture.

Behind her, on the terrace, an Englishman and an American were discussing the scene. Cynthia could not help overhearing their words.

"I had no idea," the American was saying, "that Cairo was so civilized. Except for the natives, it isn't very different from any European city. In a way it's disappointing—after all you hear about the dangers, the mysteries of Cairo——"

The Englishman interrupted:

"Cairo, like any other town, has its different aspects. You're in the European quarter here, under government protection. I dare say you're as safe as on your own Fifth Avenue.

"All these things you read about—the secret murders, the robberies, the intrigues—they happen in the native quarters, in old Cairo——"

He paused to wave a hand toward the east, where a minaret pointed to the blue heavens above a squalid mass of crooked gray houses.

"The real Cairo is over there beyond the Esbekieh Gardens, in those dark, crooked little streets at the end of the Mouski—that's where your Arabian Nights begin."

Cynthia's attention was suddenly attracted to a dragoman who, standing in the midst of a group of chattering guides at the foot of the terrace, was bowing obsequiously to her. He was a short, stout Arab, with skin the color of coffee. She recognized him as Achmet, a guide who had accompanied her uncle on several excursions. He came up to her, rubbing his fat, oily hands.

"My lady. You remember Achmet, your very clever guide?"

Cynthia nodded, half-alarmed.

"It is a be-utiful day, my lady. Would you not like to go somewhere?"

Cynthia's eyes suddenly danced with excitement. She clasped her small hands impulsively.

"Yes. Take me—somewhere. Take me to the bazaars, to those funny little crooked streets I've heard about."

Achmet paused before answering, lost in thought:

"Would my lady like to go to the Bazaar of the Perfumers—perhaps to buy some attar of roses? It is very sweet."

Cynthia glanced hurriedly around the terrace.

"I must be back before five," she said tremblingly.

Achmet assured her that they would be back before five.

"All right. Just wait here till I get my camera," she told him, and ran into the hotel.

She reappeared five minutes later, and they started down the Sharia el Kamel together. As they passed the Greek cafés more than one dapper young Egyptian, sipping his afternoon coffee at a marble-topped table, turned curious eyes



Uncle John, looking enormous in a new white-serge suit and pith helmet.—Page 575.

toward this strange pair—the fat Achmet in his flowing white galabeah, and the very small and dainty little American who tripped along gayly at his side.

Adventure! The word rang in Cynthia's mind as they turned from the parched, dusty streets into the Esbekieh Gardens where Cairene gentlemen of leisure smoked their cigarettes and read their newspapers under the cool shade of the leafy lebbek-trees. They crossed the Mouski—the street that is a connecting-link between the new Cairo and the old—and plunged into a dark, crooked alley, so narrow that only a ten-foot strip of blue sky was visible between the roofs of the squalid sombre houses. Furtive eyes peered down at them, now and then, from behind latticed windows framed in quaint arabesques of stained glass; from shadowed corners crippled beggars called for alms and fortune-tellers screamed their trade. Cynthia found a swarm of half-naked little brown boys trailing after her with filthy outstretched palms clamoring for the inevitable *bakshish*. They passed by the white walls of a mosque, and through the half-open doors of chiselled bronze she caught a glimpse of a richly mosaiced courtyard where a foun-

tain flashed red and blue in the sombre light that penetrated the colored windows.

They turned into another street lined with tiny shops, and Achmet paused to greet a cross-legged sheikh upon a straw mat.

"Peace be with you," said the holy man.

"God's mercy and blessing," replied Achmet devoutly.

The romance of Islam was about them, even in the smell of the air, which was fragrant with many subtly mingled odors—jasmine, myrrh, and Tonkin musk.

"This is the Street of the Perfumers," announced Achmet, and led Cynthia suddenly down a flight of steps into a very small and dingy shop, where a crooked little old man crouched amidst a thousand fantastic bottles of old perfume. Cynthia looked at the old man's face and averted her eyes quickly; she didn't like his twisted smile and his long yellow teeth.

"How much does he want for that?" she asked Achmet, indicating a long thin bottle of jasmine. The senile one became instantly voluble in a series of guttural sounds which Achmet translated to her.

"For you, my lady, he says the price will be only one pound, English gold."

Cynthia's eyes widened. It was her first experience of Arabic salesmanship.

"A pound for that!" she said, and looked at the bottle doubtfully. Achmet shrugged his shoulders apologetically and began to haggle with the merchant. Presently he turned again to her.

"He says my lady may have it for twelve piastres—as a gift from him."

Cynthia paid the money into the old man's trembling, wizened hand and started to leave the shop.

As they passed up the narrow steps Achmet's flowing robes brushed against a counter, and a bottle of musk went crashing to the earthen floor, where it shattered into a hundred gleaming fragments. Achmet turned back and reluctantly handed the merchant a silver piece.

"Here," he said in Arabic, "this for thy flask of musk which I have broken."

The old one snarled and showed his yellow teeth.

"Child of a Jew!" he screamed, "that is worth three gold pounds. Did I not bring it all the way from Shubra?"

Achmet laughed.

"The price is a handsome one; if thou canst get it for the remaining bottles, thou art lucky." He prepared to escort Cynthia from the shop. But Hassan the merchant laid a skinny hand upon his shoulder to detain him.

Cynthia screamed and Achmet flew into a rage.

"Take thy vile hands off me!" he roared. "Thou offspring of a humped buffalo!"

"Thou wouldst rob a dead sheikh of his turban," quoth Hassan in a shriek that could be heard in the Street of Carpetsellers a quarter of a mile away. The two of them began to hurl insults at each other at the top of their voices, while Cynthia stood by looking at them both with frightened brown eyes.

A white-uniformed native policeman suddenly plunged down the steps past her. For an instant he surveyed the quarrelling ones, coolly, with folded arms. Then he seized both of them and dragged them from the shop. Down the street he took them, still screaming, while a motley evil-smelling crowd of Arabs collected about Cynthia, who stood bewildered upon the steps of the shop.

She watched the policeman as he disappeared round a corner with his noisy prisoners.

At first she was frightened, overwhelmed by a sense of her own helplessness. Gradually her fear changed to indignation as she thought of the buffoon policeman, so overcome with the importance of his duty that he forgot to notice her.

She turned her attention to the dozen or more native youths who were gaping at her with exasperating intensity.

"Shoo!" she said, and waved her arms as if she were trying to get rid of so many flies. Apparently the Arabs found this a new cause for diversion, for they stared at her harder than ever. One of them grinned, showing large white teeth.

She glanced up the street.

"Oh, well," she said to herself with a bravely assumed calm, "I guess I can find my way home all right, after all."



Drawn by C. R. Weed.

Cynthia clutched the other end of it firmly and pulled with all her strength.—Page 580.

And she started off—in exactly the opposite direction from which she had come.

In the shadowed wall of El Ahmar, which is the Red Mosque, Cynthia saw an open door, and being of an inquiring disposition, she halted to glance within it. In the great courtyard of tiled marble and mosaic, surrounded by walls bearing gilded quotations from the Koran, some kind of a meeting was taking place. Several hundred young students were squatted in a great semicircle about the court, listening with rapt attention to the speech of a tall man who stood in their midst.

The speaker's impassioned gestures and strident tones interested Cynthia; she knew that the man was a Mecca pilgrim because he wore a green turban —so much she had learned from her guide-book—and because he was very handsome and very picturesque she drew her camera from its pigskin case and pointed the lens toward him.

Just as she snapped the shutter the man looked at her; in an instant he had cleared the width of the courtyard in three gigantic bounds and was clutching her wrists with his lean brown hands. He began dragging her round a corner of the wall, beyond the sight of the students. Cynthia opened her small red mouth to scream, but the man clapped a hand over her lips.

She began to struggle violently, twisting and squirming—trying to trip him up, but nothing would break the steely grip on her wrists.

Even in this terrible moment her craving for adventure, her love of excitement, gradually conquered her fear. She was thrilled to the core; something had happened to her at last—just like the things which happened in books. She looked up at her captor.

He was good-looking, his features clean-cut, his nose aquiline, his complexion the color of fine bronze. He was tall, too, and powerfully built.

"Let me go!" she cried, half sobbing, as soon as he removed his hand from her mouth. "How dare you! What right have you—to touch me!"

The man looked up and down the alley in which they were standing and, finding it deserted, released her. He smiled down at her with a scornful curl of his thin lips, then spoke for the first time—in excellent English:

"What right had you to take the photograph of a holy man from Mecca?"

"I—I'm sorry," stammered Cynthia, "I had no idea that it wasn't allowed."

The green-turbaned one shrugged his shoulders.

"Of course you did not know. Inglesi never know such things. All Inglesi are ignorant of sacred customs."

"I'm not Inglesi," pouted Cynthia, "I'm American."

"Inglesi—American, it is all the same. More ignorant even than the fellahin in the durrah fields——"

His voice suddenly took on an earnest tone:

"Now if the young lady will give me the film in her camera which bears my picture, I will let her go upon her way."

Cynthia stared at him in indignation:

"Give you the film—with all my pictures! Why, I never *heard* of such a thing! Of course I won't!" She began to count upon her fingers: "There's one of Uncle John climbing the Sphinx, and two of Aunt Kate at the Mena House, and a funny one of Achmet on a camel, and——"

The man from Mecca interrupted her angrily:

"Give me the film, or I will take the camera!"

He lunged forward and grabbed the handle of her camera. Cynthia clutched the other end of it firmly and pulled with all her strength, her teeth set determinedly; the man gave a sudden wrench and the handle came away within his hands. Like a flash Cynthia was down the alley, skirts flying, her precious camera tucked beneath her arm.

At ten minutes to five Cynthia dragged herself up the steps of Shepheard's, dusty and weary, and almost fell into a chair. She knew that she had eluded her pursuer somewhere in the maze of streets back of the mosque, but she could still feel her heart thumping hard. Because she knew that her aunt and uncle would

receive the news of her adventure, with possibly dire consequences to herself, she resolved to keep silent on the subject. She felt very hot and tired. How the man had chased her! It was only after she had lost herself in the swarming crowds of a bazaar that she had really escaped from him— Some one tapped her sharply upon the shoulder and she almost leapt from her chair; then she gave a little shriek of delight—it was friend Willoughby.

"Oh, how you scared me!" Cynthia said as he sat down beside her. For a moment Willoughby studied her thoughtfully.

"You've been runnin' deuced hard," he said with the air of a Sherlock Holmes. "Moreover, you've been somewhere you shouldn't have been—and your nose is all shiny. Otherwise you're the same delightful Cynthia. Come now, where were you?"

"That's purely my own personal business," retorted Cynthia, grimacing at the extremely personal quality of Willoughby's remarks. From some mysterious place within her dress she produced a minute powder-puff and mirror.

Willoughby watched the procedure with fascinated eyes.

"Might as well tell me where you've been," he suggested. "Strictly entre nous, of course."

"I'll tell you," she whispered, "if you promise not to breathe a word—to any one."

"Fire away," said Willoughby. "Mum's the word. Of course."

Cynthia immediately plunged into a breathless account of her afternoon, from the time she had left the hotel terrace with Achmet. When she told him of the meeting she had seen through the gate of the Red Mosque, Willoughby betrayed sudden unaccountable excitement. His blue eyes flashed strangely.

"And there was a man talking to all the students," Cynthia went on, "a very tall man who wore a green turban. He looked sort of picturesque talking there, and—well—I just took his picture, that's all I did. And all of a sudden he got very angry and came tearing across the courtyard. He grabbed hold of me and tried to make me give him the film which had his picture; of course I wasn't going to do that—and then——"

"Stop a minute!" interrupted Willoughby. "I can't keep up at that pace. I want to know what this chap was like. Was he fairly good-lookin', with straight features and all that kind of thing?"

"Yes," she admitted. "He *was* very handsome. But he acted like a brute. Ugh!"

Willoughby seemed lost in thought.

"Very strange," he murmured, "very strange." And then in a louder tone:

"Proceed with the next chapter."

When Cynthia had finished her story he leaned toward her suddenly.

"Where," he asked in a peculiar tone, "is the picture of this fellow now?"

Cynthia pointed to the camera on her lap.

"Right here. But I've just got to get to the photographer's before Uncle John and Aunt Kate get back. If they ever heard about all— Oh, my gracious heavens! Here he comes now——"

"Give me the camera!" said Willoughby quickly. "I'll take your pictures to the photographer. I'll bring them to you in a couple of days."

It occurred to Cynthia in a flash that he was extraordinarily anxious to help her. She looked at him curiously.

"Oh, well," she said, as she handed the camera to him, "I'll trust you, if I trust any one. Be sure and keep it dark, though."

"Rather!" said Willoughby, and escaped just in time to avoid Uncle John, who was mopping a wet brow as he climbed the terrace steps.

Two days passed—then three, then four. At the end of a week there were no signs of Willoughby. Cynthia grew angrier every day; he left her camera at the hotel office one afternoon while she was out, but no pictures with it. Willoughby slumped fifty per cent in her estimation.

"Men never can be trusted, anyway," she told her aunt with a toss of her russet curls.

"Apropos of what?" queried Aunt Kate.

"Oh, nothing."

Cynthia realized that the old advice

about thinking before you speak was important—at times.

On the night before they were due to leave Cairo for the Nile trip, a great ball was given at Shepheard's. The halls were crowded with a gay throng of marvellously dressed women and uniformed officers; the garden was transformed into a magic land of fantastic beauty with a thousand colored lights concealed amidst the flower-beds.

Cynthia spent much time arraying herself for the gala evening. At eight o'clock Aunt Kate, waiting impatiently in the lotus-columned hall outside the dining-room, spied her niece descending the great staircase slowly and with extreme self-possession.

"Good gracious!" she said to her husband, "Cynthia's wearing black! Cynthia! Where did you get that dress? Black at your age! It's fit for a woman of thirty!"

Uncle John chuckled.

"Funny how they all want to wear black when they're Cynthia's age."

Cynthia groaned inwardly. They were at it again. Thank heaven she would be grown-up some day, and then she'd be able to wear what she wanted without invoking perpetual criticism.

"This is the dress I bought the last day in New York—when you told me to go out and get something in a hurry. What's the matter with it, anyway? I think it's divine."

She pirouetted before a tall mirror, perking her head on one side, and eying the effect with obvious satisfaction.

Suddenly Uncle John's nostrils began to twitch strangely:

"Um-um— Somebody around here is just drenched in cheap perfume——"

Cynthia sidestepped quickly.

"Let's go in to dinner," she said nervously.

As she sat down at the table, with a bowing head waiter at her chair, some one called to her from a near-by table:

"Cheery-oh, Cynthia!"

She nodded coolly and proceeded to study the menu from end to end. Willoughby had been neglectful for too long to be forgiven so easily.

After dinner he joined her in the hall. He was superb in a new blue-and-gold mess uniform; he wore large silver spurs at his heels. He offered a gallant arm to her.

Cynthia looked up at him coldly.

"Didn't you forget to give me something that belongs to me?" she asked.

But the irrepressible Willoughby only laughed.

"Talk to you about that later. Meanwhile, how about a dance? The music's top-hole, A1."

She rose with as much reluctance as she could summon and went into the ballroom with him. There was no doubt that Willoughby was the perfect dancer. She seemed to float through roseate clouds with him; they danced through an open door onto a moon-bathed terrace, while the orchestra lilted a soft Parisian waltz—one of Cremieux's things, in perfect keeping with the subtle fragrance of the night.

When the music had died away Willoughby led her to a bench beside a fountain which flashed streams of mauve and silver water. Above them a myriad stars were scattered like gold-dust across the purple canopy of the sky, and a young moon like the white finger-nail of an Egyptian princess looked down and smiled upon them.

"Do you know," said Willoughby suddenly, "that you have done a very wonderful thing for Egypt?"

"What do you mean?" she gasped.

"That photograph you took, at the mosque of El Ahmar—I had my suspicions when you told me about the man with the green turban, so I had the pictures developed by a government photographer. The man whose picture you took was Yusuf Ali, a very dangerous fellow. We thought we had him locked up in Rosetta, but apparently he fooled us all—somehow. As a matter of fact, he's in league with a dangerous crowd up in Petrograd, and he's been tryin' to raise all kinds of hades here for the past few months."

"Good gracious!" gasped Cynthia. "I thought he was a holy man!"

Willoughby chuckled.

"Very unholy, I should say. He had no business to be talkin' to those students. We've got him now—thanks to you."

Cynthia leaned back and closed her eyes in ecstasy. It was like a story-book, and she was the heroine. Willoughby suddenly pressed something in her hand—a small leather case.

"A little present from the government," he said. "They thought perhaps you'd accept it—just as a remembrance."

Under the dazzling rays of the illuminated fountain she opened the case—and found a large turquoise pendant set in brilliants.

"Oh!" she cried, clasping her hands. "It's perfectly beautiful. Is it really for me?"

Willoughby smiled benignly at her pleasure and took one of her small hands in his.

"You know," he whispered, "you're rather a dear. How old are you, by the way? Seventeen, say?"

Cynthia rose with dignity from the bench and nodded toward the lighted windows of the ballroom.

"They're playing my favorite fox-trot. Let's go in, shall we?"

ON THE DIFFICULTIES OF WORLD-CITIZENSHIP

By Henry de Man

Author of "The Remaking of a Mind"

ARE we really becoming citizens of the world? The answer to this question does not depend on our attitude toward the merits or demerits of the League of Nations born at Versailles. It implies something much more fundamental than that. World-citizenship is a state of mind. As the ideal of a cultured minority, it is as old as Christianity. It is independent of political institutions, and roots in a desire to commune with the spirit of humanity that talks through the tongues of all nations.

It is not incompatible with patriotism. On the contrary, it presupposes it. The beginning of world-citizenship is—citizenship. But how much of what is commonly called patriotism is really citizenship? If it were, there would be no wars.

What really hinders most of us in acquiring a universal view-point is not that we love our own nation too much; it is that we love it too little. It is that our patriotism is too often a formula for the egotism of a group, or a class, or a locality, that stands as much in the way of real patriotism as in that of world-citizenship. Therefore, the difficulties of world-citizenship are very much the same as the difficulties of patriotism.

In the course of my own career as an apprentice cosmopolitan, there are two such obstacles which I have met more frequently than any others. One consists in the individual conservatism that makes us react adversely to anything that impresses us as new or foreign, especially in the field of the physical sensations such as a traveller experiences wherever he has to adopt himself to unusual ways of living. The other is that, in judging a foreign civilization, we can seldom rid ourselves of the limited outlook that is, as a rule unconsciously, implied by our belonging to a definite class of society, or a particular profession, or a certain intellectual group united by a community of training or of opinions. These, I think, are the two main obstacles that stand in the way of the search for a universal standard for comparing, say, the relative level of American and European civilization.

A European may spend a long time in America, and see lots of people and lots of things; yet he may, and in most cases will, if his mood is introspective enough, find at the end of his journey that most

of what he saw was within a well-defined and relatively small circle, circumscribed by his class or group outlook. The America known to the foreign lecturer who has been received and lionized in academic and intellectual circles is very different from that which impresses the immigrant laborer—though both may have come from the same country, hold the same social and religious opinions, and have everything else but their class allegiance in common. The image of America that a European manufacturer gets on a business visit will, again, be very different from that which, say, Leon Trotzki has taken back with him to Russia, via Halifax. None of these images, of course, correspond to the reality of America. In fact, there is no such reality which we can perceive except a certain spiritual quantity which all these fragmentary images have in common, and thus forms a complex of national characteristics.

We cannot even relinquish these limitations of our outlook when we are thinking of our own country; less so, in many cases, than when we are making a conscious effort at understanding a foreign civilization, when it is, after all, easier to get a view-point more detached from particular views and interests than when we stay at home. Many Americans—or Belgians, for that matter—will think they know London well, because they have spent a long time in the region between Marble Arch and Cheapside. It will seldom occur to them that the area to which their investigations were confined represents less than one-twentieth of the whole London. As a matter of fact, the other nineteen-twentieths, although they are, in many a sense, a good deal more real than the cosmopolitan artificialities of the headquarters of pleasure and leisure, are not real—to them. They would only acknowledge them as such if they belonged to another class—the class of those who have to look for a job or go hunting after cheap lodgings. True as this is of the average foreign traveller, it is still more true of the average native. For he usually lacks the general curiosity which the traveller brings with him. Consequently, the percentage of those who know Haggerston, East Ham, or Battersea is perhaps still smaller amongst the wealthy classes of London than amongst visitors from abroad; of the bulk of these Londoners, it is still true that they know more about the ways of living and the psychology of the savage tribes in Central Africa than about the millions who live only half a mile away but whose haunts are as unfamiliar as if they were terra incognita on the map of the world.

These social cleavages are less marked, or less simplified, in America. Still I found, in my travels through this country, that there are many Americas even to Americans. And the same curious illusion prevails here, that makes Americans of different social groups consider that part on which their peculiar social outlook is focussed as the only real America. "Don't you make the mistake of looking at America in the same way as they do in the East Side of New York," one friend would say soon after my landing; "that is a colony, an overflow Ghetto of Europe, not real America." But then some of my proletarian friends would retort: "You must not allow yourself to be deceived into thinking that the fashionable clubs who receive you, the millionaires who dine you, and the pleasure palaces where they entertain you, represent anything but a small part of the country; if you want to know how the masses of America live, and what they think, you will learn more in the East Side than between Broadway and Fifth Avenue." In Boston, a lady, whose ancestors are said to have come over on the *Mayflower*, advised me thus: "Of course, you know, you should not think that New York or Chicago, or any of those places, represent America; to know what real Americans are, you should stay with some of our fine old Yankee families." Just across the River Charles, however, the wife of a university professor had another tale to tell: "What a pity that you have met so many of these horrid manufacturing people and business men; real, thinking America, you know, is quite another world; I think you ought to see more of that before you go back." In an industrial town in Ohio, an engineer who had ciceroned me through a plant, thus aired his feelings: "I'll bet you, young man, that they gave you no idea of what America really is as long as you stayed in New

York, Boston, and Washington. The average-sized industrial town like this one here is America's microcosm. In these days, the heart of America beats in its manufacturing plants; the typical Americans are those that live in those rows of workmen's cottages and those small stores over there." But a farmer in Dakota whom I had been interviewing about the Non-Partisan League told another story: "It's the farmer, my friend, who has made these United States what they are. Most foreign travellers stay in the cities, and go home without having seen real America. The country's backbone is in the farming districts; that's where you've got to study American life as it is." A little later, I was on the Pacific coast, where they told me: "You ought to stay in the West longer. This is where you will see real America. The East, you know, is still half European." I do not know what they would have said in the South, since I left that out of my itinerary. But, to crown it all, a friend in New York who, I think, belongs to the staff of a radical weekly, made this comment on the tale of my peregrinations: "I guess you have seen a good deal, old chap; but I am afraid you have not always met the right people; you have stuck too much with those Chambers of Commerce and those A. F. of L. unions; sorry you did not meet more of the real Americans."

Of course, if I had taken all these remarks literally, I should either have been driven mad, or gone to an Indian reservation to find out what the aborigines had to say about it. But I knew by that time that all these people had been equally right; except that my friend the engineer and my friend the farmer were, perhaps, a little bit more right than the others. What every one of them called real America was real enough indeed—to themselves. They were only wrong in so far that they did not acknowledge the reality of what America meant to the others.

If the foreign visitor happens to be a celebrity, or if he is here, as I was myself twice, in an official capacity that opens many doors to him wherever he goes, it is all the more difficult for him to get a synthetic view. More so, indeed, than it is for the American who travels in Europe under similar conditions. For the European is, on the whole, much less hospitable than the American; much less readily disposed, at least, to give a foreign visitor access to his home. And when he does, he usually leaves his guest more alone than they do in America, where the notion of what should be done for a guest's "entertainment" is much more exhaustive (and sometimes exhausting) than in Europe. The result is that a guest who is in the slightest degree "distinguished"—and most Americans are more liberal in their interpretation of this term than the average European—is in danger of getting little contact with Americans except that minority of well-to-do and well-educated people whose hospitality he will enjoy. Now this élite of wealth and education not only forms an infinitesimal minority of the population of any country, but it is to a large extent, by the very width of its experience and intellectual training, a cosmopolitan group. In these days of extensive travelling and world-wide reading, well-bred people are so very much alike in all civilized countries that their intercourse is much more likely to confirm resemblances than to disclose national peculiarities.

A knowledge of foreign conditions that is limited to these "higher circles" is all the more likely to prove deceptive, as it makes the comparison of levels of civilization almost impossible. My experience is that there is hardly any perceptible difference between the level of culture of the most cultivated of all countries. I knew this before I visited America; and my only surprise there was, with regard to that cultured minority, to find it much more numerous than I had expected. What deceives home-staying Europeans in this respect is the fact that relatively more Americans travel in Europe, than Europeans in America. Consequently, there is comparatively a larger proportion of the uneducated element amongst the Americans who are seen in Europe; and as this class of moneyed pleasure-seekers is much more obtrusive than the well-bred, who usually are hardly noticed since they do not want to be, the average European is very likely to underrate both the quantity and the quality of the American élite. Be that as it may, there would be no trouble at all in matching

say a thousand of the best-educated representatives of all European nations with an equal number of equally educated Americans, and vice versa; and then it would be very difficult to tell them from each other.

Similarly, I hardly think that the level of technical and spiritual perfection reached by the best artists, writers, and scientists of a cultured nation affords a useful basis for the comparison of national civilizations. First of all, the number of people concerned is so small on all sides that a comparison would have to deal with individual differences rather than with national characteristics; so that there might be an apparent chance superiority on one side at a given time, due to some perhaps isolated case, that would give an entirely false idea of the more permanent and more general national values. On the other hand, the aristocracy of those who devote their energy to the quest of truth and beauty is, again, a more or less cosmopolitan élite, that draws on a fund of knowledge and inspiration common to all nations. Anyway, as far as America is concerned, and with the single exception, perhaps, of music, it seems to me that to confront the foremost names in the field of art and science with those of Europe would only show that the maximum level reached on both continents is pretty much the same.

The example of music, by the way, shows how futile such comparisons are with regard to the general level of national culture. Germany produced her best musicians of the classical period at the time of her deepest national degradation. No country has in the last generation had composers who have more deeply influenced the musical world than Russia; yet who would claim that the Russian nation as a whole had therefore reached a higher level of culture, even in that particular field? There probably are, on the other hand, some circumstances, proper to the peculiar character of contemporary American civilization, that have hampered the development of musical talent on this side; yet one cannot see any reason except chance why some overtowering musical genius should not have been born on American soil, in which case he would probably have created abroad an entirely too favorable impression of the general level of musical culture of his countrymen. That American musicians on the whole appear to be inferior is apparently due to some general causes; but that such an individual genius has not turned up here is just as much a matter of chance as it would have been if he had.

Can we, then, find a universally agreeable, objective standard to measure a level of civilization? Candidly, I think that there is no such thing; for the very notion is subjective. Ask a Buddhist philosopher what he thinks of our Occidental ways of attaining happiness and perfection, and you will find out. As a rule, every nation calls the other nations civilized to the extent that they resemble the ideal which this nation has formed of itself.

It has been very fashionable at one time to condemn German "Kultur." From the fact that a great majority of the people who indulged in that entertainment hardly ever had had an opportunity to judge German civilization for themselves, one would gather that what was meant was not deprecation of this civilization in itself, but resentment of the German assumption that it was a blessing for the other people to have it extended to them. But which nation has not been guilty, and is not guilty to this day, of a similar overestimation of itself, or at least of the image it had formed of what it would like to be? Is not this self-extolment the essence of that magnified manifestation of the egocentricism that is inseparable from human nature, patriotism?

But as soon as we use our reason and recognize the coexistence of different national ideals as justified, we can, by comparing them among each other, get at least near enough to a definition of civilization to be acceptable as a basis of discussion by, say, all whose vision is wide enough to admit the existence of a universal standard. Our ultimate conclusion will, of course, always be influenced by our individual or national bias; but we can at least reduce those discrepancies which are due to the lack of any common view-point, and steer clear of some of the most obvious errors of perspective that

prevent most people from getting such a view-point.

The most common of these mistakes is to confuse civilization and comfort. Most of the national self-complacency with which the insular type of American condemns European civilization as inferior originates in his impression that there is very much less comfort there than on this side. Some Europeans are just as likely to make the same mistake with regard to their nearer neighbors. The insular Briton—a type which, as everybody knows, is not altogether exceptional on John Bull's island—derives most of his satisfaction with things as they are in England from his conviction that—to him—they are so very comfortable. The "foreigners, I am sorry to say, do as they do" statement is intimately associated with the idea of the British bathtub, the British tea, the British grate fire, and similar symbols of comfortable British middle-class respectability. An English friend of mine once told me that the dominant impression he had retained from a long voyage around the world which he had made when he was about twenty was his gratification in finding on his return that, after all, England was the most comfortable country on earth. And this from a polyglottic, well-read, widely travelled young man, with bohemian and socialistic leanings into the bargain!

I remember reading an excellent article in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, shortly before the war, that warned the Germans of that day against overestimating the excellence of their own "Kultur," as most of them were too much tempted to do when contrasting the higher level of their material achievements with that of some of their neighbors. The article was written with special reference to Germans travelling in France, and the advice, "Komfort ist noch keine Kultur," was sound enough for those who, from the fact that hotels and railways were less comfortable, and public services and administrations less efficient generally than in the Fatherland, were all too ready to infer that France no longer ranked amongst the civilized nations and needed—what most Germans thought she needed; and how badly mistaken they turned out to be, they and all the world know well enough to-day.

And yet they would have been right if civilization were the same thing as material well-being. When Germans crossed their frontier, whether it was into France or Russia, Austria or Belgium, they must indeed have been impressed with the superiority of their own standard of comfort and efficiency—with regard, at least, to those public institutions with which a travelling foreigner is most likely to come into contact. I have crossed these frontiers myself many times in the course of the yearly tramps which I used to have before the war; and whether it was in the Vosges or in the Erzgebirge, I never needed the frontier posts to tell me that I had left German soil. I could tell by the neglected look of the farms, the dirty towns, the slovenly aspect of the rolling stock, the *laisser-aller* of the public officials, the filthy little post-offices, railway stations, or custom-houses, the ill-kept hotels or inns. And who would deny that pre-war Berlin, the shrine of Prussian efficiency, was a better-administered, cleaner, and in all material respects save the cooking of its restaurants more comfortable city than Paris, or Vienna, or Rome? Or, to choose a somewhat less *terre-à-terre* standard of comparison, where is the scholar who has as good a recollection from his research work in the Paris Bibliothèque Nationale, the Viennese Universitätsbibliothek, or the Florence Uffizi, as from the Königliche Bibliothek in Berlin? Yet all this did not prevent Berlin from being the ugliest and least "cultivated" capital in Europe, and its people the most uncouth and the least sympathetic, even to the average German. It almost seems a sacrilege, when one talks of civilization, to mention the name of Berlin alongside with that of Paris. Why, the only spot within one hundred miles from the Brandenburger Thor that an international committee of artists would have thought worth preserving, if the place had ever been within range of the Allied shells or bombs, was —Potsdam. And that is eighteenth-century French!

A warning like that given by the writer in the *Berliner Tageblatt* is profitable advice to the citizens of any country that prides itself on superior efficiency and a higher standard of living. It is all the

more timely in America just now, as the war has immensely accentuated the contrast between American prosperity and European poverty. Moreover, the peculiar circumstances under which masses of American soldiers have been brought into contact with Europe during the latter stage of the war have, far from removing prejudice and misconception, put new obstacles on the road to a mutual understanding.

Of all the romantic fallacies that current literature has popularized about the alleged uplifting effect of warfare, none is so hard to explode as the belief that a better mutual understanding of national characteristics and a greater mutual love have resulted from the sending of troops —like the British and American Expeditionary Forces—into allied countries. This may be true of a small minority of educated men who made a deliberate effort to use their presence in a foreign country to satisfy a previous intellectual curiosity. But then the probabilities are that this particular class of people would have found means to appease their curiosity anyway, even without being sent over in uniform—and means a good deal more suitable than they were able to use under war conditions. But as far as the immense majority of, say, British and American soldiers are concerned, I am very much afraid that their stay abroad has not increased their respect or appreciation of foreign civilizations. Of course, a certain amount of knowledge has been gained about conditions and people abroad; but then this is very similar in its character to the information collected about Indian civilization by a sailor who has spent a couple of days in Madras or Bombay strolling along the quays, and possibly investigating the local facilities for the entertainment of his class. It was fragmentary and one-sided knowledge; it saw only one aspect of foreign life, and as this was an abnormal, artificial, and not, as a rule, a noble or even sympathetic aspect, the chances are that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it has increased the original bias instead of reducing it.

The very roughness of army life made the thought of comfort loom all the larger in the mind of the soldier abroad, and made him all the more disposed to blame the backwardness of foreign civilization for the inconveniences he had to endure. Small wonder, then, that the results were very different from those expected by the romanticists who had predicted an era of international brotherhood and love with the billeting areas along the European front as the Mecca of the new creed. As far as the United States are concerned, any candid observer will agree that France, England, Belgium, and Italy are much less popular now with the general public than they were before this country became "associated" with them. There are, of course, other and far more important causes of this state of things than the unfavorable impressions of returning doughboys. But it seems to me that if the experience of the couple of million Americans who have been over there had been such as to make them understand and love European culture better, there would have been a reaction from these quarters against the present tendency to xenophobia. I for one have failed to detect any manifestations of the sort. On the contrary, as far as my own experience on this side goes—and many of my American friends have corroborated it from their more intimate knowledge—the bulk of the returned soldiers have added fuel to the fire. Their recollections of France centre around primitive billets, sordid little estaminets, repulsive railway-cars, cheating cab-drivers, and profiteering shopkeepers. Supposing even they spent a few hours in the Louvre, and saw some of France's cathedrals or châteaux—what did these incidental excursions mean to them as compared with the impressions of their every-day life? What have they learned about French home life? What about French literature? What about French womanhood? Either nothing, or worse than nothing—what the bulk of the members of a French Expeditionary Force would learn in America (an America as disorganized and exhausted as France was in 1918) if they were kept in trenches and billets, in some backwoods district, with an occasional few days escapade into those quarters of her cities which are the most hospitable to men suddenly relieved of the pressure of discipline and enforced asceticism. Would these French

soldiers carry back to their country a true image of America and American ideals?

What is true of the American doughboy in France, applies in a somewhat smaller degree to the ordinary type of traveller abroad under normal circumstances—that is, with the exception of the very small number of those whose primary purpose is a thorough, open-minded, and sympathetic study of foreign civilization. Even then, one's view is likely enough to be distorted by the difficulty in adapting one's physical life to different habits and different notions of comfort. I cannot help thinking, in this connection, of a foremost French journalist of the pre-war period, whose books about the United States had done a great deal in his country to popularize a better understanding of American civilization. Yet in no passage of his works does one find such genuine emotion as where (as he does in every second chapter) he contrasts the merits of French cooking with the to him unpalatable sustenance of the Americans. There you have your travelling "average Frenchman" all over. But is the travelling "average American" very different, except in so far that his criterion of civilization is in the bathroom, instead of in the kitchen? All of us are alike, when we are travelling for purposes which are not primarily scientific study, in that we cannot separate our souls from our bodies, and are all too willing to lend an ear to the complaints of the Sancho Panza we all have inside. And most of us, when we have as good a reason to deem our material standard of comfort and hygiene so superior as have the Americans who travel in most parts of Europe, are all too much inclined to forget that "Komfort ist noch keine Kultur." It is merely one of the many conditions that make civilization possible. If the claim of America's superiority in civilization had no other foundation than her higher standard of efficiency and material well-being, it would be no more founded than was, on the continent of Europe, Germany's claim in 1914.

Fortunately for America, there are facts of a different and a higher order to support her contention. The real test of a civilization is its capacity to survive. Such a practical test is now being applied to our Western civilization—the severest ordeal it has faced yet. Will our society, based on individual freedom and political equality, be able to satisfy the new demands of the mass of its membership—demands which it has itself created by putting unlimited wealth, and power, and wisdom, within the reach of every one's desire? Can civilization fulfil this desire by gradually making itself accessible to all who want access? At this juncture, then, it seems to me that the real criterion of our level of civilization is not what refinement it has given to the refined, but what possibilities of refinement it gives to the unrefined. What matters now is less the achievement of the past than the promise of the future. It is in its promise that the greatness of our democratic civilization lies; for in the attainment of an ideal of harmonious cultural perfection, it has thus far remained well behind the achievement of Athens or of Rome. If it is at all viable, then we are only at its dawn; then all we have done hitherto is to collect the raw materials—the immense wealth of means of production and communication—of which a higher kind of social perfection can be built. Not the most refined, but the most democratic nation is the fittest to survive.



"She'll go far with that kind of saving disposition," he began jocosely.—Page 593.

"AU BONHEUR DES CO-EDS"

By Sarah Redington
Author of "The Parthenon Freeze"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. E. HILL

"DOES it seem queer to be back, Ed?"

"It's just as if I'd never been away," Matherson answered. His wife laughed and pointed to the wicker baby-carriage that all but filled the end of the tiny porch. "Some things are different," she said. "That wasn't there in 1917."

"That's right; she wasn't." Matherson spilled his long length out of the parti-colored hammock and tiptoed creakily over to the perambulator. For a long moment he stood looking down at his sleeping year-old daughter, then he bent over her and rearranged the pink afghan with exaggerated care. "Fierce little kicker, that kid—she gets herself uncovered all the time if we don't watch her," he explained as he climbed into the hammock again, and Adele Matherson nodded understandingly. She knew that the afghan had been taut and snug—but she also knew why her husband had pretended to be doing something for "Sister." He adored Buster, his first-born, openly and joyously; he honestly believed there was no finer five-year-old in all Southern California. But the daughter that had been born to him while he was in France with the A. E. F. inspired him with a strange, soul-stirring love that he could not put into words. Not even to his wife could he have said how he felt about Sister, what he thought when he gave her his big finger to steady her stumbling, adventurous attempts at walking, or when he watched her asleep. In fact, he talked about her hardly at all. But

Adele understood. She knew that all the fussy little things he did for the baby were as a service of love and praise and thanksgiving. And she forbore to tease him about it. That was the kind of wife she was.

On this occasion she only said: "Yes, and it's kind of drafty in that corner; I mustn't let her take cold even if this January *is* warm enough for June. I guess I'll bring her over here into the sun." She got up and wheeled the carriage over by the hammock, placing it so that Matherson could gaze at his daughter the while he smoked and swung. Then lowering her voice to nap pitch, she asked:

"How do you feel about going on with this grocery business, Ed? You've been home almost two weeks now, and kind of got your bearings again, haven't you? I didn't ask you at first, for I thought it would only fuss you——"

He interrupted her affectionately. "Say, I'll bet Lon Reed would like to swap wives with me, all right! Saw him at the post-office yesterday and asked him what was eating him, he looked so grouchy. And what do you suppose it was? His wife was making home happy by nagging him to go back to the land. 'As if a California town like this didn't give you all the land you need right in your own back yard!' he says to me. 'Minnie can pick her oranges and grapefruit not ten feet from her back door, but she thinks I ought to be grubbing up sagebrush on a desert ranch fifty miles from



"He just up and told her that driving Snyder & Hill's delivery wagon looked good to him."—Page 592.



"'That's a girl's dress!'" he says; "'boys don't wear girls' dresses!'"—Page 596.

the movies, just because highbrows are writing stuff in the magazines about getting the returned soldier back to the land.' He was sore about it, and I don't blame him. He just up and told her that driving Snyder & Hill's delivery wagon looked good to him after hiking through French mud for almost a year, and then she up and says that's no work for one of our returned heroes. 'Can that hero stuff!' says Lon to her, and then there was fireworks—wow! She's hardly spoken to him since, she's so mad with him. Can you beat it!" Matherson found some difficulty in pitching the blasting scorn in his voice down to the husky whisper calculated not to disturb Sister's peaceful sleep.

"Oh, Minnie Reed!" Adele said with a little indulgent laugh. She seemed to consider further comment superfluous, for she returned to her subject, ignoring the grievances of Lon, the husband of Minnie, and, incidentally, veteran of the Great War. "The way I feel about buying that grocery is like this, Ed. It's a small business, but it's a big business, too, if you see what I mean——"

"Sure I do," Matherson agreed. "Small profits and lots of them, that's like that little store I was telling you about at St. Jules—*Au Bonheur des Dames.*" His voice lingered lovingly on the French syllables, which he pronounced after a phonetic method all his own. "Say, Adele, you hear a lot about how we were gouged in France, but they weren't all that way. The woman who ran that little place, Madame Marcel, she was fair and square as they make 'em. And smart! Talk of American business women—they had nothing on her."

"It's such a queer name—what does it mean?" Adele asked.

Matherson wrinkled his brow over that illusive thing, a translation. "Well, *bonheur* is pleasure, I guess, and *dames* is ladies, of course. 'For the pleasure of the ladies' sounds dippy, all right, but that's the idea. Madame sold things that women wanted——"

"What sort of things?"

"Well, everything for the kitchen, and sort of household stuff. Of course she didn't have much in war-time; even the towns that weren't invaded had an awful

time getting anything to sell, but she did a mighty lot with her stock, such as it was. All French people are that way. I'd sure like to see that country in peace-time—I bet they can make their everlasting fortunes just selling two and three cent things. You can spend a coupla cents in one of their shops and not feel ashamed to be buying so little. It's a great idea."

"Now that's exactly the kind of thing we need in a college town like this," Adele exclaimed. "I wish I could run this grocery on those lines; it would be a real charity to all those poor co-eds who are doing light housekeeping. Did I tell you about the girl who wanted to buy half a bunch of carrots?"

Matherson whistled. "She'll go far with that kind of saving disposition," he began jocosely, but his wife interrupted him. "No, she was quite right, Ed—I saw exactly how she felt. A whole bunch would have meant that she'd have had to eat carrots every day for a week; it's all very well to say they'll keep, but in a two-by-four kitchenette you don't have any place to put vegetables away;



The resourceful Matherson sent Miss Morton back to the store for an all-day sucker.—Page 597.

it's bad enough finding shelf-room for your staples. Three carrots instead of six—that was all she wanted; only Mrs. Green don't do things that way; it's not the custom."

"Well, why didn't she buy the bunch and throw half of the carrots away? You wouldn't catch a Frenchwoman doing that, but an American could without getting arrested."

Adele looked at him reproachfully. "Why, Ed Matherson! Didn't you ever hear of Hoover?"

"Hoover? Hoover?" Matherson pretended to look puzzled. "Is he the gentleman Buster was talking to Sister about the other day? Say, Adele, did I tell you about that? She was dawdling over her bottle, the way she does, and Buster thought she wasn't going to finish it, and he stands over her and says: 'Look here, Sister,' he says, 'don't you leave any of that, or I'll tell Mr. Hoover on you!' Is that the way you used to talk to him when you were all saving bread and that sort of thing?"

"It certainly was," Adele said firmly. "And that's just the point, Ed; we all got the habit so hard that we go on hooverizing, as far as not wasting's concerned. I tell you those co-eds who are light housekeeping are just as saving as any of your Frenchwomen; I wish to goodness we could *au bonheur* them, poor things. Why, what's the matter?" For her husband had bounded out of the hammock and was striding up and down the little porch, positively radiating the big idea that had suddenly struck him.

Thus "Au Bonheur des Co-Eds" was born. Matherson bought out the goodwill, stock, and fixtures of the little "West Side Grocery" where Adele had been cashier while he was in the army, and with her enthusiastic co-operation turned it into The Kind of Store Where Pennies Are Welcome. That was their first ad in the *Purple and Green*, the college paper; they didn't attempt to translate the intriguing new name of the store, only relied on the curiosity of the co-ed to bring her to the place where she was apparently being welcomed in the French tongue. She came, she saw, she bought. Bought, too, in the small quantities that Adele had rightly prophesied would make a hit with light housekeepers; at *Au Bonheur des Co-Eds* one might invest in three cents' worth of vegetables, if a nickel's worth seemed too much, and Adele was always willing to cut a loaf into halves at the hint that it took an awfully long time for one person to eat up a whole one. While other shopkeepers said firmly, "No, half a pound is the least we can sell you," the Mathersons sold a quarter pound of butter quite as a matter of course. At the delicatessen counter it was amazing how many different good things could be bought in small quantity, and when Matherson, profiting by his recollections of the *charcuterie* at St. Jules, decided to sell cold roast chicken at so much per slice or wing or second joint, there wasn't a light housekeeper in Orangeville who didn't buy her bit—if she was lucky enough to get to the shop early. Three times a week was "chicken day" at *Au Bonheur des Co-Eds*, and thrice weekly did Adele put stripped carcasses in her soup-pot the while Buster ecstatically sucked the crispness from a "pope's nose."

"What tickles me to death is that it's beginning to pay so well," Matherson said jubilantly to his wife one warm afternoon in early May. They were sitting on the little bungalow porch in the lazy contentment that belonged to the three o'clock hour, dedicated to pleasant memories of a good Sunday dinner. Sister, scorning the smart, black-hooded go-cart to which she had recently been promoted, trotted up and down the porch on pudgy, sandalled feet, stopping from time to time to poke an inquisitive finger at the latch of the little gate which meant Safety First for her when it was fastened across the steps. On the tiny grass-plot below, Buster was making a weird racing automobile out of a box marked "six doz. Cornhearts" and the wheels from a red tin wagon that had outlived its usefulness as a fire-engine truck. Beside Matherson in the striped hammock, St. Mihiel, the family cat (generally called "Yell" for short), dug rhythmic claws into the cushion that Adele had made out of automobile banners, and purred a hymn of content under the soothing massage of his master's big hand. The little scene was as domestic as a cover designed for a



Drawn by W. E. Hill.

"Oh, *isn't* he a picture—they copied it after that poster, didn't they?"—Page 597.

woman's magazine, and there was unconscious appreciation of this quality in Matherson's next remark: "But maybe you don't want to talk about the shop while we're just lazing like this. How about going on with that yarn you were reading me last night?" He picked up the latest number of *Nippy Stories* and waved it invitingly, but Adele shook her head. "I love to talk about the shop, dearie; it interests me a lot more than any magazine story. We *ought* to be doing fine when you write such catchy ads. That one in the *Purple and Green* yesterday was simply great. How you ever think up such cute ideas beats me!" She looked admiringly at her gifted husband.

"You mean that one about the special sale of condensed milk—'Have you a little dairy in your home?' Yeh, that wasn't so worse," Matherson chuckled. "Sorry I had to go out of town yesterday, I'd like to have seen how that took. Lots of cans sold, then?"

"I should say they did; and listen, Ed, don't you think this was a cute idea?" Adele leaned forward, her eyes dancing with eagerness. "'Long about six o'clock, when it got time for the children's supper, I fixed a little table for them right in the shop and gave them wheat pufflets and the kind of milk you said we ought to push——"

"Yum-yum brand?"

"Yes, and I put Sister into her new piqué rompers, and made Buster wear that Dickens suit, and they certainly looked like something on an art calendar —I was proud of them, all right! And of course everybody noticed them, and that gave me a chance to say that they were real healthy because I fed them on simple things and plenty of milk. And on the nearest counter I had stacks and stacks of every kind of breakfast-food. You ought to have seen how people bought them." Adele rocked with laughter, in which she was joined by her younger confederate, who thumped her mother's knee with a battered Teddy-bear the while she gurgled and dimpled over the profitable jest.

"Now what do you know about that?" Matherson said appreciatively. "Say, that's a great idea having the children do a close-up like that—we could try that supper stunt some time with canned soup and whatever kind of crackers eats well with it. Not for Sister, perhaps," he added hastily, as he saw Adele beginning to shake her head, "but Buster—he can eat things like that now, can't he? And if you'll make him that costume I was telling you about——"

"Gracious, Ed; haven't I told you what an awful time I had with him?" Adele lowered her voice mysteriously as she glanced at the mechanic on the grass-plot only a few feet away. "I got black sateen, just like you told me, and cut it out and basted it into a cute little apron—though I can't for the life of me see what's the sense of dressing children in black, as if they were going to a funeral. Do you really mean little French boys wear that sort of rig all the time?" There were moments when Adele found it hard to believe all her travelled husband's tales of strange customs in foreign lands.

"Sure they do, till they're great big kids old enough for long pants. Buster didn't fall for it?"

"Fall for it! Ed, when I told him to try it on, he just gave me one look and backed off like he thought I was crazy. 'That's a girl's dress!' he says; 'boys don't wear girls' dresses!' And when I told him it was what little French boys wore instead of overalls, he wouldn't believe me. I could no more have tried it on him—my!" Adele looked flustered at the mere reminiscence. "*You* tackle him, Ed, if you feel equal to it—perhaps if you show him that French poster, he'll listen to reason. I wish he *would* wear it; but you know how children are; they just hate to look different. I know we never had any trouble about his Greek costume for the Parthenon Freeze, but he was only three then——"

"Say, what did you tell me he was teasing you for the other day—a push-mobile?" Matherson interrupted with apparent irrelevance. At his wife's understanding nod and smile, he leaned over the porch rail and whistled to his conservative son. "Say, Buster," he asked confidentially, as the mechanic looked up from his lapful of wheels, "if dad does something nice for you, will you be a good boy and do something for him?"

Father and son visited the "Kiddies'

Bazaar" the very next day. That evening, while Buster tore up and down the cement sidewalk on the new pushmobile until the next-door neighbors complained that the noise was spoiling their nightly concert on the victrola, Adele put the finishing touches on the black-sateen apron and looked up the *beret* that had been strenuously voted against when Matherson had produced it from his overseas luggage. Into this Boutet de Monvel costume the parents inserted the unwilling Buster on Tuesday afternoon; a special sale of washing-powders was advertised for the two popular hours, from four to six, and his presence was requested accordingly. The ceremony of robing began at three-thirty, and at three-forty Miss Morton, the saleslady, left her post for a minute to run over to the bungalow and to beg for the policy of the closed door (and window)—it distracted customers, she said, to hear such howling, and one old lady had said that she could *not* stand cruelty to little innocent children, and that she was going to report the case to the police. The resourceful Matherson sent Miss Morton back to the store for an all-day sucker, and things calmed down sufficiently for Adele to finish the dressing process. Promptly at four the exhausted trio arrived at *Au Bonheur des Co-Eds*, to find it full of bargain-hunters, too absorbed in the relative merits of Scouro and Scrubsit to pay much attention for the moment to the son of the house, be he dressed never so picturesquely. Mentally thanking Heaven for the respite, however brief, Adele pushed Buster behind the counter, in fetching proximity to the French poster that Matherson had tacked up the night before on the wall-space by the cashier's desk. "You stay right there like a good boy," she whispered, "and by and by mother'll let you take it off and go out and play." As she turned to wait on a customer, she heard an ecstatic chorus of "Oh, *isn't* he a picture—they copied it after that poster, didn't they? Well, any one would know Mr. Matherson had been in France!" The sales of Scouro and Scrubsit stopped pro tem, while all the bargain-hunters crowded up to the counter to admire the "real little bit of heroic France," as one enthusiast put it. Matherson found an excuse to saunter over from his end of the shop to whisper gleefully to Adele, "Well, we put it over, all right; I told you that apron would fetch them," and then they both had to turn and answer a lot of questions from an elderly lady who mistook Buster for a French orphan, and wanted to know if adopting him had turned out a success. "He looks kind of sulky-tempered," was her comment. While they were earnestly assuring her that Buster was one hundred per cent American, and that, under more favorable circumstances, his disposition was a sunny one, they were interrupted by an excited young woman with a focussed kodak in her hand. "I don't know *what* you'll think of me," she gasped, "but I made your little boy come out on the sidewalk with me so that I could get a snap-shot of him in his costume, and the minute we were outside he just took to his heels and ran down the street and into that park over there! And I couldn't run after him, because I'm just getting over a sprained ankle. Don't you think you'd better follow him, *quick?*"

"I don't know but that it was a sort of good advertisement for the store, after all," Matherson said that evening, when he and Adele were discussing the flight of Buster and his ultimate capture and return. "I bet you every one of those women will turn up again to know if he got back safe, and if you have a special sale of something or other, like as not, they'll buy. How about canned soups?"

"All right, only don't expect to have Buster demonstrating them at supper-time, the way you planned to do," Adele responded with a rueful little laugh. "I guess the less that child stays around the store for the next few days, the better for our peace of mind! He won't forgive us that apron in a hurry. By the way, Ed, when you go down-town this afternoon, just leave it at the Salvage Shop, will you? I guess it will be of more use to some of their customers than it will be in *this* house."

"You might give it to the girl who brought him back, to remember him by," Matherson suggested with a chuckle. "I guess she'll be in again, she seemed so in-

terested in him, and I don't think you half explained what his tantrum was all about, you were so glad to get him back safe. Was she a regular customer?"

Adele shook her head. "No, I never saw her before. I'm sure I'd have remembered her if I'd ever sold her anything; she was too pretty to forget in a hurry, with all that hair and those big eyes. I'd have said she was in the movies, if I hadn't seen her college pin."

"Hope she'll turn up when I'm in the store; I'd just as lief be vamped as not," Matherson suggested jocosely. Adele smiled at him, knowing just what the jest was worth. "She won't be in early in the afternoon, anyway," she said. "Students always have classes until three or four. If you're back by half past five, Ed, I guess you'll be here in plenty of time to be vamped."



The daughter of the house, an eleven-year-old imp with Mary Pickford curls, who was passionately interested in the affairs of all the boarders. —Page 600.

But it was at a quarter to three, right in the middle of the dull time for *Au Bonheur des Co-Eds*, that Buster's rescuer turned up to inquire for him. Adele, frankly pleased to see her again, shook hands gratefully, and explained at some length the reason-why of the frenzied flight. The girl smiled and looked relieved. "So that was it—well, I'm glad to know that the poor little tad wasn't delirious," she said. "When he crawled out from under that big plumbago bush in the plaza, his eyes 'most shut up from crying, and sniffing, 'take it off, take it off quick!' I honestly didn't know what to think. Why didn't he take it off himself if he hated it so?"

"It fastened at the back of his neck, where he couldn't reach it, and I'd sewed the buttons on with shoe-thread, so it wasn't any use his trying to yank it off," Adele answered. She laughed a little shamefacedly. "I suppose you think we were real mean to put the poor child into a rig that he hated so bad, and I guess we were—only we didn't think he'd mind it, once we got it on him. You see, the store having a French name, and Mr. Matherson having just come back from France——"

"Now I wanted to ask you about that," the girl interrupted. "I never heard of a grocery store having a French name—milliners and dressmakers go in for that sort of thing, but there isn't anything very French about canned goods and breakfast-foods. What's the idea?" She looked round the prosaic little shop with a sort of puzzled interest.

"Well, you see it was like this," Adele began, delighted with the chance to praise her husband's originality and business instinct. "Mr. Matherson was in a place in France called St. Jules—" And she told at length how and why *Au Bonheur des Co-Eds* had sprung into existence in the little college town. The girl listened attentively, never taking her eyes from Adele's eager

face. "Yes, I suppose there *is* good money in lots of small sales," she agreed, as the narrative came to an end, "but you say you feel you're really helping the students, Mrs. Matherson, and that you're so glad. Why do you care—what makes you so interested in the co-eds? Are you a college woman yourself?"

"No, I never had the chance. But you better believe our baby's going to be!" Adele paused to laugh at her own enthusiasm. "I guess you think I'm crazy, talking that way about a child that isn't a year and a half old yet," she said. "But I believe in looking ahead; I don't see any reason why I shouldn't think about Sister's graduation just as much as of her wedding. Mr. Matherson and I talk all the time about what our children are going to do in college——"

"How do you know she'll want to go to college—lots of girls aren't so crazy about it."

"She'll want to go, all right," Adele answered confidently. "A college like Wharton right here in her home town—how could she help liking the idea? And think what a lot it'll mean to her; she can get a real good position somewhere, teach perhaps, if she graduates high."

"There's not much money in teaching," the girl said contemptuously. "Send her to business college, and make a stenographer of her, if you're thinking of jobs."

"I could let her go into the movies, if it's a question of making money," Adele



"I'd have said she was in the movies, if I hadn't seen her college pin."—Page 598

answered. "Maybe she'll want to do that—you never can tell. But the point is just this—the best thing she can do *first* is to go to college, and she's going! And I guess if you pin me down, one reason why I'm really glad to be helping the students is on Sister's account. Maybe somebody will be doing the same for her some day, if we aren't living here, and she has to look out for herself."

"Well, I guess the girls who do light housekeeping are lucky to have this nice little place," the girl admitted. "I board, so I'm not much interested in the price of canned tomatoes. But I think you're fine to feel the way you do about the students; I hope they appreciate it!" She said this with a rather bitter little laugh, then added suddenly, averting her eyes from Adele's pleasant young face: "I wonder how you'd feel about girls who aren't crazy about college, who kind of wish they'd never tied themselves up with that sort of thing? I—I know a girl who's a sophomore, and she's just about sick of the whole game. She could make a lot of money if she left at the end of the term and went into the—into a kind of business that she knows she's sort of suited to. Do you see any reason why she should drag on in college for another two years?"

"Why does she call it 'dragging on'?" Adele asked. "Seems to me that if I were in college and studying hard, things would be jumping for me, instead of dragging! And this business—how does she know she'll want to stick to it? If she's changed her mind once, she's just as likely as not to change it a second time. I can't give advice to a girl I don't know, but if you're a friend of hers, why don't you tell her not to be a quitter?" The girl flushed under the unsuspicious and friendly gaze of the honest blue eyes that were looking straight into hers. "A quitter," she said, more to herself than to Adele. "I wonder!"

"Is the man you're engaged to a student, too?" Adele asked abruptly. The girl gasped. "Yes, he's in my class—but how did you know I was engaged? I wouldn't let Jack get me a ring, because I don't want a cheap one, and I don't see how you ever guessed!" Adele looked at her exquisite prettiness with a tender and understanding little smile.

"You're too pretty *not* to be engaged," she answered. "Listen; why don't you give up boarding, and take rooms with some nice girl? It'll be good practice for your own home some day, you know. And then I can have you for a customer, and get you all excited about special sales of canned fruits and salad-oils." They both laughed, but the girl put out an impulsive hand. "Would you let me come and see you again some time, Mrs. Matherson? I'd like to talk to you some more, even if I don't need canned fruit!" And with Adele's cordial invitation ringing cheerily in her ears, she went slowly out into the sunny street.

A ten-minute's walk brought her to her boarding-place, an ugly turreted house in a discouraged-looking neighborhood. She went to her room, sat down at the rickety, golden-oak desk, and began to write—not a theme, but a letter, evidently a difficult one, for it was not finished without much penholder chewing. After she had put it into its envelope, she got up suddenly, and seizing a hand-mirror from the dressing-table, looked long and earnestly into it, as if she were seeing herself for the first time. When she finally laid the mirror down, it was to say with a rueful little smile: "Perhaps they'd have had me do atmosphere for months and months, and I'd have hated that. I guess it's not so easy to be a star right away, even if you *have* got the looks." Then she picked up the letter, addressed it to "Miss Myrtle Merrick, Film City, Calif.," slipped it into her shopping-bag, and went down-stairs to the telephone. Presently the daughter of the house, an eleven-year-old imp with Mary Pickford curls, who was passionately interested in the affairs of all the boarders, was enjoying the following one-sided conversation from her ambush behind the pantry door:

"That you, Jack? . . . Listen, dear; I've changed my mind; I'm coming back next year, after all, and I'll stick it out and graduate. . . . Yes, I thought you'd drop dead! . . . I knew you'd feel like that, you hated the idea of the movies so! . . . Yes, I've written Myrtle and told her it's all off, and I'm just going out to mail the letter. . . . Of course she'll be mad, hopping—but we should worry! 'Tisn't as if I'd signed a

contract. . . . Who's been advising me? Why, nobody—at least, it wasn't exactly *advice.* I sort of got a new slant on things, that's all. . . . Why, of course I will, when I see you. . . . Now? Right away? Why, yes, I guess I could. Where? . . . All right, the *'Varsiteria* has the best sundaes, I guess. . . . All right, dearie, you meet me at the corner of Orange and Sunset in five minutes. Good-by!"

"Well, I guess you thought I was never coming home," Matherson said to his wife that night as he came into the little sitting-room. Adele looked up from her sewing with her pleasant smile of welcome. "It isn't so awfully late considering you hadn't seen Joe since you left France," she answered reasonably. "I guess you two had a lot to talk about. What's he going to do, now he's got back?"

"Going to get a good-paying business like this, if he can find it. How about selling out to him at a big profit and trying something else, huh? Shall we let him have this store?" Matherson picked up and opened a magazine with a nonchalant air, but he watched his wife's expression just the same. And at her distressed "Oh, no, Ed, *do* let's keep it!" he gave a sigh of relief. "It was up to me to pass along the chance, but I'm mighty glad you feel as I do," he said. "Somehow or other, it's a *cosey* proposition, this shop—I don't mind telling you I'm dead stuck on it."

"So am I, and I don't want any partners, or anything. Just the way we run it suits me. Of course, if you ever get tired of it, that's a different matter." Matherson shook his head. "You and I aren't going to get tired of a nice little business like this," he said confidently. "Let's consider it wished on us for keeps. Unless old Wharton or the trustees object to the name, and want to buy me out big," with a reminiscent chuckle.

"Oh, they won't—this isn't the same kind of thing at all," Adele demurred. "It was the decorations of The Parthenon Freeze that they objected to, and the costumes, and our getting into the papers. This is so quiet and *refined.*" "Sure," her husband acquiesced, in perfect good faith. Then he looked at her with his quizzical, affectionate grin. "Did you do much boy scout work to-day?" he asked.

"Boy scout work?"

"Yeh, kind deeds, you know. Feel as if you were really au-bonheuring the co-eds?"

"Ed, I honestly do," the little wife rejoined, growing suddenly serious. She pulled her chair around so that she could lay her hand on his knee. "There was a perfect raft of them here from five to six, and they were so friendly and appreciative—they're just as nice as they can be, some of those girls! One of them said to me: 'You don't know how much this little store means to us, Mrs. Matherson——'"

"Was that the vamp?" Matherson interrupted suddenly. "Did she turn up?"

"The vamp? Oh, you mean Buster's friend. Yes, she came—I'll tell you all about her." Adele plunged into narrative, and when she had finished her story she looked a little wistful. "It makes me feel kind of bad to think that there's a co-ed I can't do anything for," she said slowly. "You see, she boards—I can't au-bonheur her any. And she was so nice about Buster— Sister crying, Ed? I didn't hear anything." For Matherson was obviously listening to a sound from the bedroom, rather than to his wife's conversation.

"I thought I heard something, but I guess it was only Yell jumping out of the window. But let's go in and see if they're O. K." They tiptoed into the bedroom and cautiously switched on the light. Over the first little bed, where the push-mobile shared the pillow with a rumpled blond head, Matherson whispered proudly: "Some kid, isn't he? Honest, Adele, don't you think he's a wonder for his age?" Then he leaned over Sister's crib and turned back a blanket with big, gentle hands. "She's too hot with all that stuff on, this warm evening," he explained. And as Adele nodded, looking at the sleeping baby with a tender little smile that was as much for her husband as her daughter (though he could not guess that), he bent over the crib again and very cautiously kissed the flushed little cheek.

"Pleasant dreams, Co-Ed," he whispered. "Say, Adele, do you suppose she'll make the swell sorority and graduate top of her class in 1939?"

REACTION OF A LAYMAN TO PSYCHOANALYSIS

By Harvey Carson Grumbine, Ph.D.

Professor of English in West Virginia University. Author of "Stories from Browning," "Humanity or Hate," etc.

CAN any one who is not an expert in Psychology have anything of interest, let alone value, to say regarding a subject so esoteric as the term Psychoanalysis suggests? At once the layman, that is the person not admitted by title to the degree of Doctor of Medicine to the charmed circle of professional psychoanalysts, answers: "Of course not! Do I want to know about the liver or arteriosclerosis? It will be folly for me to consult the man in the street, and worse than folly to pay heed to the catch-penny advertisements of newspaper fakirs who acclaim the virtues of some electric belt or porous plaster. None but the psychoanalysts can know anything worth while about psychoanalysis."

That is one attitude of mind: an attitude which pleases greatly the professional for reasons that are patent. No human being will resent—and psychoanalysts themselves are human—such homage. The medicine-man as a fetich has the path to practice not only cleared of all obstacles, but a Pullman placed at his free disposal. If he then fails in his journey to fame and riches the fault will not lie with his worshippers. This is an awkward way of saying that he will not resent but rather will he heartily welcome the confidence placed in him. Has he not asserted from time out of mind that such confidence is essential to his success? Thus there is an element of favorable disposition, a psychic state bordering on faith in witchcraft or the occult, on the part of the patient.

But the patient is in most cases a layman. If he desires to submit to treatment he must have an opinion; and his opinion will vary directly with his intelligence and his willingness to use it. The treatment he wants will be treatment for his nerves, perhaps. Assume his case to be psychic. He will then be discovered to have a psychosis and his treatment will be psychoanalytical, whether he be told so or not. The point is that, if he knows what the treatment is, he will have an opinion about it. As said, the opinion desiderated by his physician, the healer, will be born of absolute surrender. Yet, in any wide-spread application of a method, this standard can hardly obtain. There must occur many cases of mental reservation or downright scepticism. Surely it will be allowed that a non-professional may have judgment of value, if he be otherwise intelligent. He must at least know enough to decide whether he will or will not place himself in the hands of the psychoanalyst. To the latter the decision will be of paramount importance. Nor will he be averse to learning the steps leading up to it.

I know a person—a layman—who says that he doesn't care much for psychoanalysis; and he has been frank enough to tell me why. He bases his aversion on three notions. As he is only a layman he attaches no public interest to his opinions, but he cannot avoid giving them enough weight in his private mind to deter him from transacting any business with the psychoanalyst. It is with the hope, though not exactly with the expectation, of doing the Freudians a service that I submit his views. It will be seen that some knowledge of the subject is taken for granted; and it is believed that this, in view of the growing popular interest, is not ill-advised.

I

My friend asserts that the Freudians make three assumptions which he cannot accept. He does not know whether they are aware of the exact character of their assumptions, which he himself regards contradictory. He rather thinks they are

not clearly cognizant of their bearings. They have to do with the answers to the questions: (1) What is "Reality"? (2) What is their standard of neural health? (3) Is Mind the only fact in the universe? The metaphysical look of these inquiries need frighten no reader. They are familiar, in one guise or another, to every person who has listened to the talk of Freudism, however uncritically.

"Phrases one meets over and over again in psychoanalytic literature run like these: 'The neurotic lives in a dream-world. He is prey to his fancies. In his fancies, his dreams, he seeks refuge from "Reality." A psychosis is a mental illness resulting from a conflict between wish and fact, or between wish and propriety. It is a foreign body lodged in the mind and—metaphorically speaking—causing suppuration there. Remove the offending body and you cure the sufferer. More literally: Make the subject aware of his repressed wishes—repressed because they are offensive to him—and you help him toward a saner state of mind. That is, you do one of two things. You help him realize that his wish, which is usually sexual, is not so offensive since it is natural. You say to him, "Gratify your wish." And the neurosis vanishes. Or you do another thing, the alternative entailed by the impossibility to gratify. You tell him to substitute something for his wish; which something, if attained, will give him almost or quite as much mental satisfaction as the fulfilled wish could yield. You tell him to work harder at his business, to cultivate a hobby, cultivate God, or art, or literature, or Red Cross work, or war. Which means that you require him to replace one instinctive craving for another. If you can't get what you want (not every Jack can have just the Jill he fancies, but there are as good fish in the sea) get the next best thing. Above all, get *busy*. But don't bother any more with your old fancies. Get busy with the things of "Reality"!'

"Ah, there's the rub. 'Reality'! What is Reality? One knows very well what the psychoanalysts mean by it. They mean the world as it is, things as they are. And on that assumption, whatever is is right, presumably. And yet, when you press them closer, they will cheerfully admit that whatever has been hasn't been regarded as right, else no one would have ventured to better it. Behind every deed there has floated some dream. Around every 'Reality' that ever was there has swung the rainbow of promise of better things. Deed and dream have always been at war. Fact and fancy have never been in accord. And this is as it should have been. Why? Just because of the insistent conviction that fact is not reality nor ever has been. Reality is the conquest of fact, and not acquiescence. Reality is conflict, not adaptation.

"Without going into the contentions of Darwinism, nor yet the history of human institutions, the upward curve of progress due to the slow subjection of reality to desire, of things as they are to the dream of things as they ought to be, the *impasse* here reached is fundamental and far-reaching. For what does it mean? It means that your psychoanalyst asks his subject in one and the same breath to do one of two contradictory things, two mutually exclusive things: either to submit to his environment, whereby, of course, he would prove himself renegade to his heritage of triumph over it; or to sublimate his now wrong, but once right, desire (libido) by helping perfect some human institution and the entire fabric of civilization, themselves the ejects of other libidos, sublimated like his own, whereby, necessarily, he would not only be frustrating the legitimate or natural issues of his libido, but also building upon the defeated libidos of those who have been the pillars of advancement everywhere and always from the dead level of brute existence. In a word, your psychoanalyst says to you: 'Be civilized, but not too civilized; be a brute, but not all brute. Conform, but not too closely. Digress, but not too far afield. You want to keep neurally well, and to this end you shall have to strike a mean between your *do's* and *don't's*.' By all of which he shows that his vaunted 'Reality' corresponds to nothing that can be seen and handled, but is merely a mode of expediency.

"And once the subject sees this, he is in the position of one deflowered of innocence; and to the extent of his de-

florescence he is incapacitated for relief and cure. He is like the subject of hypnosis who renders himself innocuous to mesmerism by inquiring too closely into the mechanism of the mystery. 'But, no,' the Freudian retorts, 'he can practise upon himself.' Yet can he—effectively or at all—do so? Can any one bewitch or hypnotize himself? Should, according to the code of medical ethics, the *bona fide* medicus attempt to cure himself of a grave malady? A more pertinent question: Has or has not the medical man, by the very acquisition of his professional skill, sophisticated himself almost beyond the pale of effective treatment of himself? If this be true in a professedly scientific art, how much more will it hold with regard to practices not so rigidly intellectual, but, on the other hand, primarily emotional and neural? The element of make-believe would appear to assume fatal proportions."

II

"But now as regards the second objection: 'What is the psychoanalyst's standard of neural health?' That he assumes such a standard he tells you the instant he says you are sick. His effort, of course, will be to make you well. Either you are to be helped to return to a condition you once enjoyed, or you are to be wholly made over according to a pattern existent outside yourself. What are the possibilities in these two directions? What are all the implications of the situation? Well, they are something of this sort.

" 'What you are,' so runs the teaching, 'depends upon what you have been in the past. Not only that; it depends also upon what all those who have contributed to your existence have been in the past, and upon what they thought you, as an integral part of their dream-world of civilization, should become for the future. As now you have two worlds for your existence, the one to which you react, namely, the realm of objects in the present tense, and the one you try to create by your reactions, so you have two memories: the memory of your reactions to the life of your senses, and the memory of your ancestors' reactions to their respective worlds of sense plus the memory of their conflicts with objects as they found them—in short, their aspirations or dreams. You have your individual memory, which extends to the dawn of your consciousness; and, added to that, you possess your racial memory. The characteristic difference between the two is that your individual memory is capable of recall, whereas your racial memory is not thus capable. Or, looked at from the other side, your racial memory speaks the language of instinct; your individual memory does not thus speak.'

"Take a concrete case. Mary Ann is a dreamer of dreams: two sorts of dreams, waking and sleeping. And both sorts are significant. In her waking moments she conjures up a vision of a cottage embowered somewhere in roses, with bright-eyed children playing in the sunshine, with sweet lavender on the pillows in the bedrooms, with her chosen swain of brawny arm and raven ringlet carving the joint of his providing on the shiny silver of her polishing, calling her and the children his own, and taking her and theirs to church of a Sunday. She blushes at the thought; for all the swain has done thus far has been to nod approvingly as he passed the gate. Mary Ann in her sleeping hours, most likely about the time of waking, has other dreams which are less subject to control, and therefore more confused. She dreams in the dead of night, so she thinks, of her chamber-door creaking on its hinges as it slowly opens to the push of another brawny arm. A face with a mask over its eyes looks in and is followed by a stalwart figure in khaki. She would scream but chokes with fear, for it is a burglar. Then the mask falls, and the brawny arm draws an umbrella from his belt where his sword should have been, spreads it over his head, for it has begun to rain—copiously. She does scream now, wakens, and buries her face in the pillow to shield her bewildered eyes from the strong sun in the window.

"The one dream—that of the roses and the cottage—is mostly individual; the other dream—that of the umbrella—is rather racial. In the former, Mary builds upon the memory of a raven ringlet she saw by the garden-gate. In the latter, Mary's ancestors show her pictures or

symbols of things they used to think about when they went a-courting. There is a very close connection between umbrellas and burglars and lovers, and that connection is established in the nervous system. Once allow the nervous system to become deranged by disappointment in love—by a world-wide separation of lover and Mary Ann—and that system will obtrude burglars with umbrellas or other such significant symbols upon her attention in her dreams by night."

"But how is this possible?" I ask. "Surely the days of witchcraft have gone forever to the limbo of outgrown superstitions!"

"Yes, and No. There *is* a sorcery that yet possesses us. It is the necromancy of the Libido (capital L). It is the prestidigitation of the Unconscious (capital U). But it is nothing Occult (capital O). Oh, no! Scientifically, it is the operation attending a kink or series of kinks in the nervous system, all inherited together with the system, by Mary from her ancestors, each one of the ancestors successful in the game of love, each one of the ancestors a living reagent to the 'Reality' of his or her day. And Mary's instincts are the record Mary's grand and great grand-pères and dames have written on her Unconscious. The only thing Occult about this Unconscious is that it works much like a third person, as Instinct; much like a foreign body when Instinct has been thwarted. Should the cottage dreams fail to materialize, the umbrella dreams might persist and leave their marks in sallow cheeks and listless brooding. That would be the revenge of her Unconscious, who thus would fetter her with a 'Psychosis.'

"Mary, it is held, might bring back the bloom to her cheeks and banish the umbrellas from her dreams by divulging her troubles to her Father Confessor. That would set right the disordered kinks in her nervous system, or exorcise the Unconscious who caused them. She would then transfer her affection from flaxen-haired babies in the future to the Crucifix and the Child in the bosom of the Virgin. Or she might give herself to the ecstasy of Altruism, or to the fuller development of such other racial Instincts as were left her to cultivate. Yet"—and here my friend's second objection asserts itself—"was Mary 'cured'? True, Mary might be reclaimed from a life of withering upon the stalk, but was she restored to her former bounding health, or made over into a person whose mental and physical functions conformed to a Norm of perfect well-being? Perhaps all that was done for her was to reclaim her for society by helping her to gain the opportunity of breaking herself upon the wheel of 'Reality,'—the grim realities so different from her hopes—to the problematical glory of better things for happier persons and the world!"

"Well," said I, "what more could you expect? What in the nature of things, can you mean by 'cure'?"

"It isn't the nature of things I'm discussing. It's the question of cure and health. Take the other alternative. Suppose Mary's husband had materialized. Then, to be sure, the burglars and the umbrellas would have stayed away politely, as their real congeners would have taken possession forever both here and in Heaven. Then, you say, she would have had her wish; and then, too, there would have been nothing more to tell of her out of the ordinary than that she lived 'happily ever afterward,' as all perfect heroines do, and the world for her would have been the perfect blank which follows the end of a beautiful romance. To be of interest to herself and to the world, she would have had to find or have brought to her by her Unconscious—that semiscientific and half-occult otherhood of herself and her ancestors—new opportunities for creating a Psychosis. Psychoses! Yes, of such is the kingdom of the Earth. And the irony of it all is that of such, also, is the kingdom of Heaven."

"How do you make that out?"

"How? Why, this way. No Psychosis, no struggle; no struggle, no Heaven. Or no struggle, no Psychosis; no Psychosis, all Heaven. Don't you see? The assumption of a neural Norm, so omnipresent in psychoanalysis, is neither here nor there, corresponding to reality nowhere either in Heaven or on Earth. To analyze the psychoanalyst, I would say it is based on 'circular reaction.' It is the product of the same sort of cerebration which makes the baby blurb, 'Bla-

bla, bla-bla,' and deceives the wee boob into the notion that it is saying something rational. A state of perfect immunity from nervous complexes is as possible as the permanence of the condition of Eve in Eden or of Helen in Troy."

III

"The last objection to Psychoanalysis is, I think, the least apparent of all, but for that reason the most important. It lies in the one grand implication of the doctrine: that—but wait till we examine some concrete material before we present our conclusion.

"We have supposed Mary to have sought propitiation of her rebellious libido by embracing the God-child in the arms of the Virgin or by fixating her starved Instinct on the Crucifix, and deriving thence the sustenance she missed from her hero of the brawny arm and the raven ringlet. One cannot question the wisdom of her refuge nor the truth of its healing effects—at first. Indeed, one might applaud the advice of her healer, if one could waive its implications. And one could waive them the more easily were the Freudians not eager to unfold them to the world. Not satisfied with praxis, they elaborate a metaphysic. So, really, weighing one against the other, bulk for bulk, one must suppose that they set more store by the metaphysic than the praxis. It is their philosophy they prize as much as their healing powers. Now this were all very well did it not involve a consequence approximating nullification.

"It has often happened that Mary Anns of an inquiring turn of mind have, in her situation, looked a little farther into the story of the consolations of the Crucifix, prompted to do so on the score of 'Reality.' *Was* there a Virgin? *Was* there a Christ-child? *Was* there a Crucified One? If not, wouldn't her consolations turn to ashes? Full of gratitude to her psychic deliverer, Mary Ann addresses him for answer. He may put her off evasively or with overdone assurance. She will look into the matter, and she consults the literature on the subject: such subjects as Dreams, Symbolism, Taboo, Fetich, etc. What then?

"Why, then she learns that there have been many religions, of which that of the Virgin has no more practical efficacy, and no securer basis in reality, than any of the other religions of to-day or yesterday; and her illumination comes directly from the teachers of her revered psychoanalytic healer: first, the brute of the jungle with brute passion rank and shaping life like the very finger of God; then, with perhaps some steps in the slow rise from the brute level passed over, an era of more than brute license with phallic symbols spelling a religion of sex, followed by a long period of reaction in which the symbols are invested with a new meaning of shame and remorse and desire projected skyward; and, finally, evolved from these, the consolations of the Crucifix and the Virgin's Child—symbols all, and reeking with primitive sexual significance.

"The result for Mary Ann? Poor thing! Kneeling over her beads by the altar, she counts them vainly for their store of magic balm, their gift of refreshment and strength, to meet presently elsewhere other 'Realities' as hollow as these. She extends her arms in one lingering appeal, but turns revolted and buries her face in her hands. Her rosary, a thing erotic, takes the form of the Serpent himself, and the incense smells pungently of human flesh roasting for an orgiastic revel.

"Her old Psychosis has gone, yes. But she laughs bitterly as she recoils from the sting of another."

"Would you then question the truth of Psychoanalysis?"

"Scientifically, No; as the so-called scientific is not the most vulnerable side of the business. But as a workable theory for the sophisticated, certainly Yes. It may rank well as philosophy, and take its chances there. One cares little for philosophy as a system in these days of pragmatism. What you and I want to know is, How does it work? And this you have seen.

"No. The Freudian assumption that Mind is the only fact in the universe is false. For Mind, in order to work right, must have something outside itself to work on. But this the Freudians will not allow."

THE GRAY VALLEY

By Alexander Hull
Author of "The Argosies"

Illustrations by Denys Wortman

THE quality of the dawn was that of a shimmering silver-lavender when Ben Woolford stepped from the crude kerosene glare of the jail lamps into the freedom of a new day. He might have savored his release the evening before, the jury's verdict of "Not guilty" having been rendered late in the preceding afternoon. He might have celebrated his acquittal with such drab cheer as the little county-seat town of Cochran afforded. The insinuation of rhythmic sound had penetrated to his cell, where, because his mountain acres were more than thirty miles distant, he had elected to spend one more night, a voluntary night that had lost the terrible compulsion of the five months of nights that had gone before it. Once that sensuous lure of violin and cornet and trap-drum might have enmeshed him, the swaying, colorful forms of the warm, scented girls have maddened him, the molten flame of drink have consumed his flimsy inhibitions in the smoke of excess. But that would have been many years ago, before the grace of God had touched his heart, before he had married and bidden farewell to license. Last night he had lain upon his hard jail cot, barely conscious of the music save as an impediment to sleeping, and had read the sounding scholastics of great Paul in his bethumbed and tattered Testament, that constant companion of his later days.

No solitary footstep fell upon the gray flags of the courthouse square; the false fronts of the stores turned blank, unseeing eyes upon the empty street; revelry was dead, silence filled the world to overflowing.

Ben Woolford stretched the sleep from his stiffened limbs, yawned, shivered in the silver cold that saturated the air and lay upon the courtyard blue grass in cloudy gray dew, and began to use his long arms like flails, beating them briskly and noisily against his sides. Warmed presently, he stood waiting in silence for his team. It was still early. Half-past three. Or perhaps a quarter of four. Five months ago, Ben would have told unhesitatingly which. Prison had dimmed, made inaccurate, that outdoor lore. He cast his eyes upon the growingly luminous east, and then to the zenith, where the sky was a velvety, deep-blue expanse still pierced with a myriad misty sparks. Probably nearer a quarter of four, he decided. In the same instant his quick ear caught the creak and clatter of an approaching vehicle. He went, with a stirring impatience revealed in his long, hurrying strides, to meet it.

His cousin, Jim Lainey, was driving; a shapeless, swaddled form, from which protruded mittened hands lightly clutching the reins. He halted at Woolford's approach, and, as the latter climbed to a seat beside him, said, without formal greeting:

"Mackinaw under the seat, Ben. Awful cold driving this morning. Damp—sort of. Seems like it penetrates right through yuh." And after a slight pause, he added uninventively and inaccurately: "Cold as hell."

Woolford drew on the mackinaw, frowning at Lainey's approach to profanity, but offering no criticism of it.

"Had your breakfast?" queried the driver.

"No," said Woolford.

"We'll eat at Three-mile, then," said the other. "Feel warmer after that. Batch of buckwheats and sausage, and 'bout three cups of coffee, and then a little nip—a morning's morning. That's what a fellow needs in him weather like this. A little fortification to enable him to face with equanimity and dispatch the cares and duties of the day."

To this unregenerate bit of self-con-

scious humor, Woolford offered no comment. "Everything all right on the farm, Jim?" he inquired. "Minnie got over her cold?"

"'Bout," said Lainey. "Yeh. Everything's doing all right. You'll be glad to see the old place again, I reckon."

It wasn't a question, nor did Woolford treat it as one. A quarter of a mile farther on, Lainey spoke again:

"Well, they let yuh off, didn't they, Ben? I told yuh all along they would. Hell, they wasn't nothing to it a-tall. Half the folks in the county was glad yuh killed him. He'd been a-honin' for trouble as far back as anybody could remember. He was a low-lifed skunk, that's all. He got what was coming to him. Jury was out five hours, wasn't they? I bet that was a pretty skittish time for yuh, eh, Ben? Hell, if I'd been on that jury, we wouldn't have been out five minutes . . . why . . ."

He broke off to put the reins in Woolford's hands while he renewed his quid. Then, taking them again, he resumed:

"Of course, being no witnesses that way, made it bad for yuh. But then, its takin' place right down by your barn in the night was in your favor. What was he doing there, everybody'd naturally ask, if he wasn't looking for trouble? Of course, half the valley had heard him threaten to fix yuh, too. There really wasn't nothing to it a-tall. They hadn't ought to have held yuh in jail all that while, neither. Yuh hadn't done any wrong. . . ."

Woolford stirred. "*Thou shalt not kill*," he said gloomily.

"That wasn't killin'," protested Lainey. "That was self-defense. Everybody knew it. Yuh only gave him what was coming to him."

There was a certain admiration in his tone, which was bitterly abhorrent to Woolford.

"There's something I never told yuh, Ben," pursued the other. "That's this: I went to Crosby one day and warned him 'bout shootin' off his mouth and pesterin' yuh. 'Yuh plumb fool,' I said to him, 'don't yuh know better'n that? Yuh might better be monkeyin' with a buzz-saw than a Woolford. The Woolfords are dangerous. Ain't yuh heard of the black blood of the Woolfords? Now,' I said to him, 'I'm just a-warning yuh straight. Just a act of kindness. Don't yuh bother Ben. He's a Woolford. They ain't so turrible slow to anger as yuh seem to have got it in your head they are. If yuh think, because Ben's got religion, an' ain't done any hell-roarin' for a matter of ten years or so, an's mild-spoken and easy-seeming, that yuh can walk on him and spit in his face like yuh been a-doing here lately—why, yuh think *twice*, Crosby. Just a little friendly warning,' I said to him, 'but yuh might better give an ear to it.' That's what I said to him, Ben. Yuh didn't know 'bout that, did yuh?"

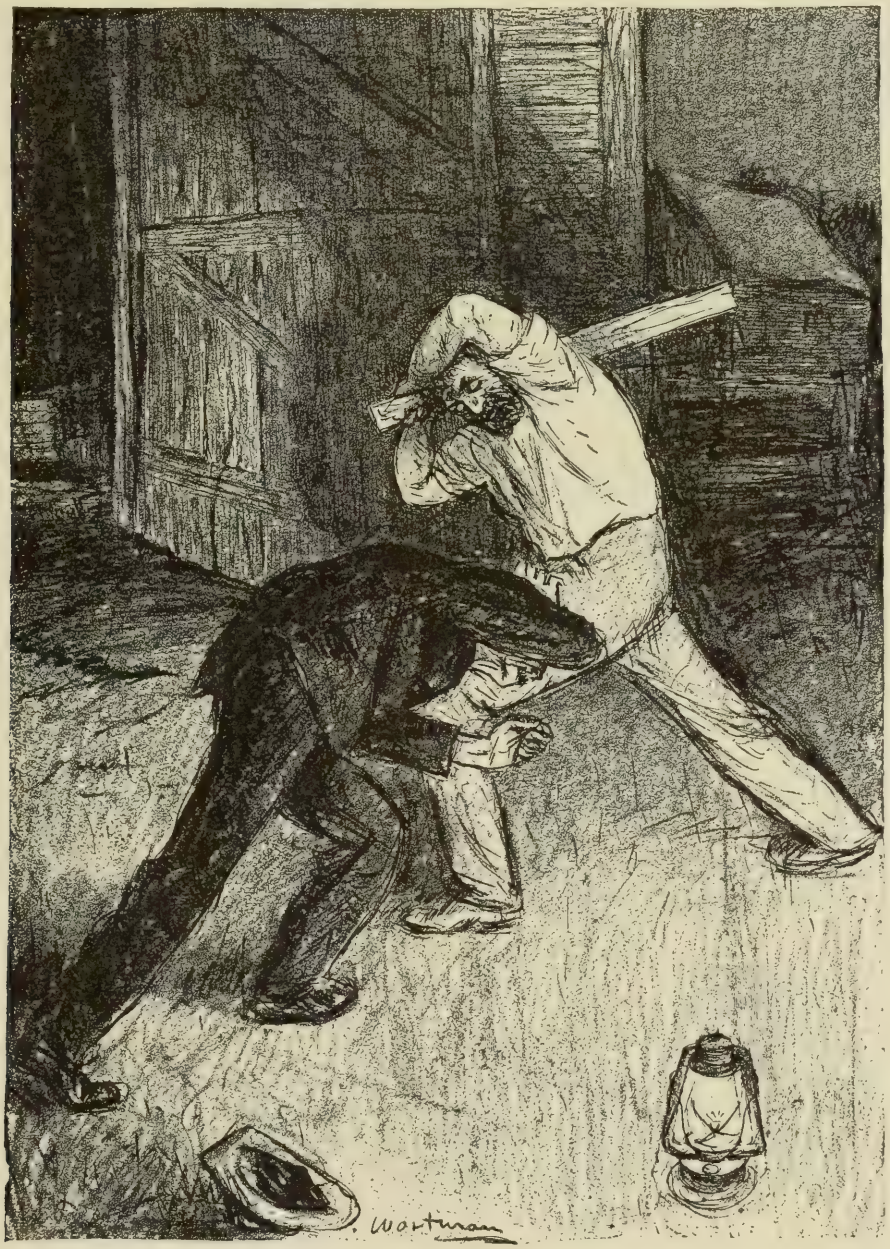
The words enmeshed Woolford in a black horror. All his faith, then, and his professions, had seemed to Jim, and perhaps to many others, but the hypocritical veneer of religiosity. They had not believed that he had subdued the black blood and the black heart of the Woolford in him. Was it to be no longer possible for him to see himself victorious over his recreant flesh, his damning heritage of rebellious passions? Were those years of apparent quiescence, of submission to the ways of righteousness, of comparative peace and hopeful, lambent faith, only lies? The fight that he had waged, vain—the goal, defeat?

For it was evident that Jim Lainey never had believed the blood of the Woolfords conquered, but merely sleeping, or perhaps pent up to burst forth—as it had burst forth—in a crimson, murderous flood.

Was he then, he asked himself, lost, still damned in his sins? Were those dreams of peace, those unturbid years, but delusion? Had he never, after all, experienced salvation? He was immeasurably distressed in the warming, flowering morning, by his doubts.

He had come upon Dan Crosby that fatal night, just entering his barn. Stunned with surprise and suspicion, he had clutched Crosby powerfully by the arm, jerked him from the threshold, and flung him into the convicting glare of his lantern. And in Crosby's hand there still remained a mop of oil-soaked waste. There was but one verdict. Crosby would have burned his barn and his stock.

A spasm of terrible rage, the typical Woolford rage, such as he had not felt for years, mastered him. With a hoarse bellow he struck out at Crosby, felling and panting in the vain effort to hold him. His arm brought free. One quick, stunning blow with the wood, then another, and a third. The pressure of



Ben Woolford . . . lifted the length of stove-wood and brought it down with a terrific force upon his head.—Page 610.

him at the first blow. Crosby got up cursing, with a length of stove-wood in his hand. Woolford closed with him so quickly that he had no more than time to strike a futile, glancing blow. They went to the earth, Ben falling beneath. And as he fell, his hand touched, then closed on, the stick of wood that Crosby had dropped in the clinch. A tense, straining ten seconds, perhaps, Crosby snarling Crosby's hold suddenly lessened. Almost Crosby had become an inert weight. Woolford flung him off and rose.

Crosby staggered to his feet and lurched toward him. The thought of the oily waste, of the smother of yellow flames it would have engendered, of the tortured outcry of his horses, flashed over Woolford and rendered him temporarily mad. A very little blow would have disposed of

Crosby for that night, and probably have deterred him for the future. But Ben Woolford, as his enemy lunged blindly toward him, lifted the length of stovewood and brought it down with a terrific force upon his head, with the exalted sense of one slaying the devouring dragon of incendiarism for all time.

A purely momentary exaltation that had faded almost at once—leaving the blackness of despair in the wake of its incandescence. Intangible things are never to be slain by a length of stovewood. How bitterly he knew that, now that the fire of passion was cold! He had —merely—murdered his neighbor. His neighbor? His brother. The black tide of Woolford blood, thought dead, had risen and destroyed him. He, like his father before him, and his grandfather before his father, had killed!

In his depression he made no defense at his trial. The destination of his body, be it the gallows, mattered but little. For Minnie's sake he would live, perhaps, but be that as it might. Without evasion he told his story. The verdict, with, he felt and would always feel, a dim and doubtful justice, had been "Not guilty."

Jim Lainey spoke again, tearing his attention from his gloomy introspection and doubt.

"Three-mile," he said succinctly. "We eat. And I'm damned glad of it."

The prospect, after five months of jail food, was faintly attractive to Woolford. With rather more animation than he had yet shown, he specified to Lainey the precise amount of nourishment which his body felt equal to encompassing. Lainey grinned. They clambered down from the seat, tied the horses, and went into the house.

They emerged an hour later and resumed the journey. It was full morning now, with the gray dew become diamond upon the grass and leafy coverts, and the air promising generous warmth. The road wound with the meanders of a stream toward the mountains that rose abruptly from the level of the plain, only a few miles distant. The horses' plodding feet scuffed incessantly the deep powdered dust of the roadbed, and it rose in stifling clouds, enveloping them, yellowing them. It was near ten and very warm when they entered a rift in the hills from which flowed a clear and turbulent creek, and they at once passed into a stretch of cool green-and-gold shade, and hard, and almost dustless roadway. Here, before going far, they stopped in a wordless mutual consent, and bathed hands and faces in the stream, resuming their progress immeasurably refreshed.

The road diminished in width, grew rougher, steeper, and obviously less travelled. The ridges closed in, forcing the stream in their stricture to a white, brawling protesting, and compelling the road to cross again and again in a series of bridges, some new and sturdy, others doubtfully safe, and still others decrepit and palpably dangerous. The sun climbed high in the fleckless, luminous blue, and, where the shade failed, beat down upon their heads and shoulders malevolently. The air took on a keener, more pungent, woodsy smell; it was rarer, it had an edge in it. For three hours or more they had passed less than half a dozen arid hill ranches. They drove on, seldom speaking, and never in much more than monosyllables. Jim Lainey half-dozed as he drove, until the breath of disaster almost touched them where the side of the road fell away sheerly to the rocky stream a hundred feet below. Woolford suddenly lashed the horses, and they sprang forward, startled, to safe footing. Then he relieved Lainey of the reins and let him openly sleep.

It was afternoon with the westering sun far down in the sky when they descended a sharp declivity to the narrow mountain valley wherein, now in the long shadows of the sharp peaks, sending up a lazy spiral of lavender and blue against the dark-green background of forest and the pea-green of pasture (smoke from the kitchen chimney that wavered in a long stem to the very crest of the hills and there blossomed in a vague, formless, but lovely flower), Woolford's house lay.

As they reached the bottom, Woolford got out and stretched his legs. It was less than a quarter of a mile now to the house.

"I'll walk," he said briefly, and Lainey drove on.

He walked slowly. The familiar odors,



He patted her shoulder, kissed her . . . , and . . . uttered a half-distressed "There!—there!"—Page 612.

the bridge that he had repaired only a few days before he killed Crosby, a bit of fencing, a well-remembered tree of odd shape . . . all these impinged upon his consciousness, produced in him a mood and a poignant emotion. He was home again . . . home . . . and free!

He walked on faster. Suddenly in the distance he heard a sharp bark, then nearer, a crashing through the underbrush, and a shape of yellow fur hurled itself at him deliriously, almost sweeping him from his feet.

Don, his collie! Lainey had turned him loose.

He put down his hand to still the creature's mad delight, and his eyes blurred with tears. . . .

He emerged in his first clearing, and paused. Instinctively he raised his eyes to the sky. Far above the swinging smoke flower of his chimney, there soared, poised on motionless, buoyant wings, a great bird. Trivial thing . . . and yet the impression that it made upon him was profound . . . profound. For a long time he stood there with lifted head, watching the magnificent flight that spurned the earth and its attraction, that seemed beyond stricture or compulsion.

"Free . . ." he murmured, exalted. "Free . . ."

A sense of mastery, his doubts of the day now far removed, bore him onward and up to his threshold. Minnie, his wife, tearful with relieved anxiety, and flushed by her preliminary bouts with the kitchen range and supper, unnerved him for but a moment. He patted her shoulder, kissed her, blinked and swallowed, uttered a half-distressed "There—there!" and the pitfall of emotionalism was past. He was himself again, Ben Woolford, a strong, silent man, who kept his counsel, who ruled the temple of his body with a will of iron, who suffered and triumphed too deeply for the facile eye of his fellow men's detecting.

He controlled the leap of feeling that sprang within him, and went directly to the old chores, the old life, taking up the thread broken five months before. He filled the half-filled wood-box. He took a pan and heaped it from the grain-bin in the store-room and strewed it broadcast for the chickens. He moved tentatively toward the barn, where he would always be reminded . . .

But Lainey, coming up, intercepted him. "I watered the stock, Ben, and put down some hay. They'll do fine till morning. I won't stay round for supper, you tell Minnie, because Grace will be expecting me along. I saddled the gray. I'll ride her over to-night. Bring her back to-morrow."

Ben nodded.

"Well, s'long, then, Ben," said the other, embarrassed.

Ben watched him out of sight. Then for a time he stood motionless in indecision. Should he make himself go down to the barn—now? The sooner he went, the sooner the inevitable struggle, *that he must win*, would be over. He had taken half a dozen steps, when he heard Minnie's voice calling him to supper. To-morrow, then!

"Yes—coming!" he answered.

Minnie went in to dish up. He walked back to the house, drew water, and washed at the bench by the porch. He had put the last stroke of the comb through his damp, glistening hair, when he heard the sound of wheels. He stepped to the corner of the house, and saw in surprise, in the gathering dusk, that Jan Kramer, the stage-driver, had halted before his house. Some one alighted, whom he did not at once recognize, a woman, and Jan deposited a canvas telescope beside her, remounted to his seat, lashed his horses lightly, and drove off.

Woolford moved around the house, out to the front, and came face to face with his visitor coming up the walk, swaying deeply to one side with the weight of her telescope. She stopped with an air of defiance and yet of sureness, and let down her burden.

"You can bring it up," she said coolly.

With nascent dismay, Ben recognized her. It was Louella Crosby, Dan Crosby's widow. He stared at her, perplexed, uncertain. Louella Crosby? His mind darted swiftly back to his pagan youth. He remembered the Louella of then with startling clarity—a slim, willowy girl, full of challenge, ready to give and take, a little too ready. There had been brief passages between them . . . that had, fortunately, come to nothing. This was but the shell of Lou Tarby. She had married Dan Crosby, and Crosby had ruined her, broken her pride, tarnished and destroyed her beauty, beaten her even, it was said. What was she doing here? Here at the home of her husband's murderer?

He felt that he might expect resentment, and yet, knowing the misery of her life with Crosby, he was amazed by the depth of bitterness in her tone.

"They let you off," she said intensely. "God be their judge! You killed him—and they let you go free! Well, Ben Woolford, what about me? He was my man. He's dead now. What chance have I for another—even with my forty acres, what chance have I? Who'd look at me? Who'll plough my fields and reap my grain? Who'll tend my stock? And when I'm old . . ."

Ben Woolford's thoughts sped back to the bird, and to his sense of false security, now vanished . . . a bubble into nothingness . . . gone . . . forever. Free? No, never free. Freedom was illusion. The bird must descend to earth. He must wear the chains of his own wrath.

"I'll plough your fields and reap your grain," he said heavily.

Her eyes burned passionately upon him. "It's for that I've come," she declared. "Your roof shall be mine, your fireside mine, your food mine, and your labor mine. The law let you go free—but what have I to do with the law? Or you, Ben Woolford—*Christian?* I've brought my things. I'm going to stay."

Ben Woolford stood there tranced in thought evoked and not to be put to rest.

She stirred impatiently. Minnie's voice came pleasantly from the house. "Supper, Ben!" she cried. Lou Crosby's eyes held him, threatened him, mastered him. He moved, stooped, lifted the battered gray canvas telescope, and said:

"Come in."

A last faint radiance from some hidden, reflecting surface touched them and revealed them as they entered the dark hall, he white and resigned, she pale with enmity. He fumbled for a moment at the dining-room door, caught the knob, and flung it open, disclosing the laden supper-table and the lighted room, and themselves to Minnie. She looked at them with a wide and puzzled questioning in her face.

"This is Louella Crosby," he said in measured, heavy tones. "She is going to live with us—from now on."

Minnie accepted that with no protest, save what flickered momentarily in her eyes, and laid an extra place.

There was no conversation during the meal. What lay nearest their desire for speaking was rendered impossible by the inimical presence of Lou Crosby.

She, with a frank pleasure in her food that disclosed the probable truth of the rumors that had persistently denominated her "a slommick and no 'count at cookin' victuals," addressed herself to the crisp brown chicken, the snowy potatoes, and above all to the flaky yellow biscuits and the wine-red currant jelly. Her avidity was gross and unashamed. She consumed no less than four huge cups of tea, thickly creamed and sweetened. Ben Woolford watched her as, with the ends of a chicken bone between her greasy fingers, she gnawed, rolling her gains in her mouth with open gusto. He watched covertly, dismayed, sickened, distressed beyond measure. Not by her inordinate consumption of food in itself—for he would have had all mankind "hearty eaters," and he had a theory that the man that didn't eat well was poor shakes for working—but by the implication in such gluttony that the woman was half-starved.

This distressing speculation was interrupted and then set going again by Lou Crosby. She laid down a stripped and shining bone and queried:

"What's dessert? We're going to have dessert, I s'pose?"

It developed that there was pie, as well as pink-and-white marble cake to be eaten alone or with pear preserves.

"You can bring me a middling-sized piece of pie," stated Lou Crosby, "and a small dish of p'serves, and a right sizable slice of cake. I'm partial to cake."

Minnie flushed, but, commanded by the dark, brooding eyes of her husband, she rose, cleared away her enforced guest's leavings, and brought the dessert required.

Filled to repletion and sighs, Lou Crosby commandeered Ben Woolford's chair by the sitting-room fireplace, ensconced herself therein, and lapsed almost at once to dozing.

Minnie was at work upon the dishes; Woolford heard her even, almost rhythmic, clatter with them. Barred by a never-worded but sacrosanct custom from Minnie's chair, which was really very comfortable, he sat upright, in faint torture, in the chair that he most disliked and looked at the dozing woman. It didn't seem possible that she was Louella Tarby of his unregenerate younger days. Lou Tarby had been so alert, so vital, so good-looking. Now she was faded, aged, repellent. Scarcely a single link was visible to connect her present self with the colorful, vivid personality of Louella Tarby. There was tragedy in it, and Ben Woolford felt a faint stirring of sympathy that presently disappeared in the birth of a dislike that endured and increased throughout the coming years.

The moments ticked by. Once Ben replenished the fire. Lou Crosby stirred when he did so and then relapsed to napping. The clatter in the kitchen ceased. He heard footsteps over his head. Minnie was getting ready the spare room. The clock that had struck the seven and the



"This is Louella Crosby," he said in measured, heavy tones. "She is going to live with us—from now on."—Page 613.

eight now boomed a melancholy, metallic nine. Minnie came into the room. Ben Woolford rose and went to the table by the window. It had a red-and-white figured cover, and there were on it three potted plants, a geranium and two primroses, a willow basket of sewing, and a large family Bible. Woolford took the book and went back to his chair.

"It has been my custom to conduct family worship every night at nine," he remarked.

As applied to Minnie the remark could have had no significance. Louella Crosby stirred and rose. A quality of ineffable contempt was revealed in her face.

"I'll go 'long to bed," she stated positively. "I've had a long, hard day. I came over from beyond Cochran to-day. Nor do I feel quite up to prayers—yet. Maybe in time I should become accustomed to them. I can't say as to that. Not having been raised in a family of *killers* . . . I'm not right *used* to family worship. You see how 'tis."

The Woolfords made no reply. Minnie rose and led the way for her to her bedroom, presently returning.

Without interchange of words, Woolford opened the Bible and read the passage that contained the Ten Commandments, in a grave, low voice that did not falter upon "*Thou shalt not kill.*" Closing the book, he rose and sank to his knees beside the intractable chair. They knelt in silence for long moments. Presently Woolford said aloud: "O God, have mercy upon us, for thy beloved Son's sake, amen." He got to his feet, lowered the lamp, and blew out the flame. Then, preceded by his wife, he went upstairs. They undressed in silence, put out the light, and got into bed. Presently Minnie's hand sought his, and he clasped it gratefully, reassuringly. From the muffled sounds, and the periodic upheaving of the bedclothing, he knew that she was crying. He put his arm about her and comforted her.

In the morning he went to Crosby's place and brought Crosby's stock, to simplify feeding and save time, to his own

corral. And, not to be tricked, for he discovered an instinctive distrust of Louella Crosby, he at once made a separate list and accounting for everything that was hers, an accounting that he kept running for many years, and faithfully rendered to her from time to time.

If he had needed a seal set upon his conviction that Lou Crosby was his appointed penance, he would have found it in a simple incident of his farming that fall.

Don, the collie, had killed a chicken. Woolford, ploughing, let the fowls follow the furrow, and at nightfall commanded the dog to drive them back to the house. The big collie never took that task very seriously, seeming to realize that it was at best no more than seriocomic. He made sport of it, barking happily, hurrying the matronly gray birds along with playful, pretended nips that sent them into squawking protest. This evening one of them at the gate made a determined dash past him for the freedom of the field, and Don, snapping swiftly at her as she passed, broke her neck.

Ben Woolford saw the happening, knew well that the dog had meant no harm, and was no doubt astonished at the ease with which a chicken could die. And yet he felt that the dog must be punished. He mustn't be allowed to believe the birds of no importance.

And he said at supper that he thought he must do a thing he never had done before, and hated to do, because he didn't believe in it—he must whip Don.

Louella Crosby spoke. "I shouldn't do that," she said. "There's a better way. You take the hen and tie it round his neck, and make him wear it. It'll hurt him worse than a whipping, and it won't break his spirit, either."

Ben felt her eyes upon him, and saw that she was smiling maliciously. For a moment he was at a loss to fathom her sardonic amusement. Then the analogy caught him with full force. *He* was like Don . . . he could not doubt it. The incident came with all the simplicity of revelation.

He met her eyes, so mocking, with a steady inscrutability. "I'll do it," he said briefly.

She became, as time passed, more acrid and biting of tongue, more demanding. Her allusions to the dead Crosby were infrequent, but always barbed with poison. She was not a taciturn woman, however, and there was no lack of her conversation upon topics, in the main disagreeable, that interested her. She made no pretense of helping Minnie with the housework; purchased herself shortly, from the proceeds of Woolford's adroit handling of her farm, new, and for the mountain valley, modish, clothing, and developed a pleasant and lasting leisure. She resisted the encroachments of age suddenly with such a vigor and determination that actually she seemed to gain upon the enemy, to grow younger, more vivacious.

If, in the beginning, Ben Woolford had hoped that religion might mollify her vindictive heart, soften her contumacy, he was soon disillusioned. She was steadfastly recalcitrant; never could she be lured to worship, to prayer, or even to tolerance. She sat easily, and for some inscrutable reason unpunished, in the seat of the scorner. That seemed to Woolford hardest of all to bear; it struck so insidiously at the roots of his faith.

The days and nights, those calm, inexorable travellers, slipped by, indifferent to, unconcerned by, his burden. Dying summer became autumn fully confirmed, the hills' green was splashed and mottled with gold and flame, with bronze and scarlet and yellow, fading anon to a sere brown; then there were naked branches, dull gray and black, the gaunt firs and cedars alone faithful to their earlier green. The gray dews of dawn became white hoar-frost, the bleached grasses were rimed, sharp slivers of ice quivered upon the surfaces of the still pools of the streams. Then, one blinding gray morning, the howling of winter swept up the valleys, through the gaps, over the mountain summits, and there was snow.

Yet the travellers paused not. There came one presently bearing the breath of spring and the promise of warmth, and left the hills melting their snows in the downfalling tears of the bleak sky. The mountains were scarfed in fog and mist, the ice-bound streams swollen to threatening, roaring torrents. The air grew tender, redolent of decaying leaf-mould.

Suddenly the clouds lifted from the peaks, sailed in diminishing armadas for the dim ports of evaporation. An ineffable turquoise-blue expanse overhead looked serenely down upon the weather-scarred hills and found the black of the old firs generously mingled with a faintly burgeoning, watery green. Spring, the ever old, the ever new, had come again.

It had been a year since Woolford had killed his neighbor. That thought, too, was never far from his mind. The weight of it was lead to the wings of his spirit. The peace, the deep, abiding joy that he had had of his communion with God in other years, had disappeared. It was as if his inner life were a complicate tapestry from which all the bright, relieving threads had been plucked, leaving it worn, faded.

Never a talkative man, he had become now actually a silent one. The presence of Louella Crosby was a perpetual enjoinder to silence. Those words absolutely necessary to the pursuit of his daily life were few, and he had reduced his speech very nearly to that number.

Moreover, the fugitive, half-shamed tendernesses that he had been accustomed to show his wife now must wait for the seclusion of their bedroom—a postponement that resulted almost inevitably in their suppression. To be possible, to be worth giving, they must spring spontaneously, evoked by the emotion of the moment—and what is so fleeting as emotion? Treasured up, they were by nightfall stale and dead. And in sober fact, had they been yet palpitating and warm, Ben Woolford found himself after his long days in the fields of two farms immersed too soon in the Nirvana of sleep. So little, so contemptible a thing as that physical need, was Louella Crosby's imperious ally. The lack of that little tenderness, too, in the alchemy of marriage altered it, made it cold and barren. He felt the warmth of it going, groped for it . . . that, too, he knew he must endure.

And yet he put each day behind him with a sustaining sense, as of one applying a little to a long debt Be it ever so little it would accumulate, grow, and consume in the end both debt and interest.

Minnie had not that feeling to sustain her.

And as the summer waned, she, always pleasantly talkative before the arrival of Lou Crosby, became almost as silent as Woolford himself. She grew thinner. In her face appeared the alternate flashes of pallor and pink that boded ill for her health. There was in her manner a nervous quickness, in her body a visible tenseness. Woolford, considering, was in the end alarmed.

He came upon her one day sitting alone, as she was so rarely permitted to do, in the flickering shade of the grape-arbor, her eyes closed, a look of hopeless misery in her face. She was definitely attractive still, a certain grace lingered about her compactly built body, and there was always a sort of indescribable freshness about her—a bloom of complexion, of glance, of manner. Not remarkable, for she was many years younger than Woolford, in her late twenties. The grapes above her head were growing to a delicate wine-red, and a wind was tossing the leaves so that they were first green and then silver. In the sweep of it she had not heard his approach, and her mask was down. He saw how the prolonged disaster was overwhelming her, and a rush of feeling caught him and tossed him like the leaves.

"Minnie—Minnie!"

She sprang to her feet and looked at him wild-eyed.

He caught her in his arms, and suddenly she burst into passionate tears.

"It's the end of . . . everything . . . for us!" she sobbed in pagan despair. "I knew it . . . from the first. She means to stay . . . for years . . . forever! And we'll both die . . . and be dead . . . forever, too, maybe . . . and we'll have missed . . ."

"No—no!" cried Woolford, in a blaze of rebellion. "You mustn't think such things! We will live forever! This life is only a day in a life of a thousand thousand years. God . . ."

"And over there," she interposed, "there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage . . . and . . . oh, Ben, Ben, it seems to me maybe I might stand it . . . if you'd tell me . . . only once in a while . . . that you . . . you . . . still care for me!"

That surprised from him something

very like a groan, and he caught her fast, and told her, and succeeded in quieting her at last.

"I want you should go away," he said finally, "for a little while. Go to the seashore, maybe. Why not? It's been too much for you. A change would do you good."

"And leave you here with her?" she asked scornfully.

"I could manage," he insisted. "And it isn't as if money was so scarce with us as once . . ."

Her eyes accused him, demanded if he knew her so little as that. Nor could any persuasion he was able to devise move her. She would not leave him, she declared with flat, monotonous persistence.

Yet the incident seemed to have relieved her in itself, to have broken down her tenseness. It had indeed brought them a cheerless unity—sufficient solvent—and Minnie was enabled to face the threatening years, dark with the menace of Lou Crosby, with a tithe, at any rate, of her husband's sterner purpose.

And like the gray fogs of winter upon the mountains, those gray years settled down over the Woolfords. They grew older, more submissive, less resilient of mind and body and spirit.

After six years, Louella Crosby fell ill. Doc Myers was summoned, and diagnosed, rediagnosed, and at length professed himself baffled. Ben Woolford got a practitioner from Cochran, knowing that God would require it of him. This man, more suave if less honest, assigned the trouble to a cause that could be removed only by the use of the knife.

At the word, Ben Woolford caught the terror in the fevered eyes of Lou Crosby, gleaming in agonized appeal from her emaciated face. He had himself an unreasoning terror of the operating-table. Nor had he more than a perfunctory confidence in the physician. He refused sharply to have Lou taken to Cochran to be cut at. The doctor departed in an angry, dignified silence.

Lou Crosby began to mend almost at once. "Scared into convalescence," hazarded Doc Myers openly. Within a few months she was able to be about, not well, but not broken, more querulous, more exacting than before. From that time she rapidly improved.

She devoted even more of her time and attention to her personal appearance, becoming, as the valley noted with its tongue in its cheek, "real dressy," developing a bizarre note in her attire and manner, that seemed to Woolford in a woman of her age and awful uncertainty of destination, terrible. It was as if, facing the pit of eternal damnation, she danced upon the brink in flippant scorn—shameful, blasphemous.

She exhibited now a penchant for capricious and inconsequential calling upon neighbors whom for years she had noisily affected to despise as unsophisticated and "trash." In the midst of haying, or it might be after a long, grilling day in the harvest-field, Ben would find himself confronted by her demand that he hitch up and drive her over to the Gateses' or the Turners'.

It was Indian summer for Louella Crosby—Indian summer terminating in an amatory intermezzo as sudden and unexpected as it was fraught with the deceptive promise of release.

Lou had come home late one afternoon from town, where she had indulged in a little orgy of extravagance comprising the buying of a silk waist of strikingly variegated design, other miscellaneous purchases of apparel, and indulgence in a movie, ice-cream, and candy. She was without appetite at the supper-table, but quite normally garrulous and unwontedly good-natured.

"Who should I see in town," she volunteered presently, in her long-accustomed monopoly of conversation, "but Lin Deems. He's real handsome, I think. Stylish. He's seen an awful lot of the world, Lin has. Lin was quite a hell-roarer in his younger days. I remember the time that him and some others took that girl from Marr's Corners outside of Bailey's dance-hall there in Cochran, right in the dead of winter, and ducked her in the crick. Clothes, paint, powder, false hair'n all. Of course . . . but I needn't tell that here. No doubt Minnie knows all about it. You remember, Ben, you were the one that . . ."

She rattled on in gay malice. Minnie sat flushed and visibly distressed, a savor

which Lou tasted to the full. Ben listened in silence. She could no longer pierce him with such blunted shafts.

". . . and Lin has been in Louisville, Kaintucky, for the last twelve years," said Lou. Then, giggling, she pronounced with mock-modest triumph: "And he wanted to come out and call on me." She smiled in pleased reminiscence for a while. Then she added gayly: "I told him all right—some day. But, no, sir! That wouldn't do for Lin! Lin's right impetuous. Just like he always was. I remember . . . no, that wouldn't do for Lin. He wanted to come right off. I said Saturday. He wouldn't listen. Tomorrow, then, I said. But Lin's the same old Lin. 'It's been years since I've seen yuh, Lou girl,' he said, 'and I ain't aiming to let any more grass grow under my feet!' I should expect he might be out t'night, from the way he spoke.

"I told him he wouldn't like it out here, 'twas awful slow. Told him you'd got to be Christians now, very sparing with language, and real select. Lin was always right handy with language. I told him he'd find you pretty dull company. But he said he didn't 'low to see much of you, anyway. Coming to see me. He made that real plain."

Lin Deems drove up about seven-thirty that evening in a livery rig and made himself at home. He spent the evening on the porch with Lou, smoked not less than half a dozen cigars, drank many glasses of Minnie's raspberry shrub with audible regrets for its lack of worth-whileness—"no more kick than a new-laid aig," he averred mournfully—consumed half a cake, and resurrected the disreputable ghosts of a frowzy past.

Ben Woolford heard Lou's periodic outbursts of laughter as he lay in bed, unsleeping, and could not escape catching now and then the point to some shady anecdote of Lin's booming narration.

He knew Lin Deems for what he was, a dishonest, unclean, loose-mouthed gambler. He suspected that the Deems broadcloth, just now decent and new, hadn't been invariably so, that it had known gutters and dark doorways. He dimly apprehended the depths of makeshift to which Lin had been driven, without doubt, by harassing life. He wondered if the man had spent his last stake for new garb in which to embark upon this desperate endeavor, or if the rumor of Lou's acres had been but a chance bit of gain to be snatched at in passing . . . or, proving too unenticing, to be rejected, maybe, after examination. It rested with Lin's degree of self-realization, he saw. If Lin knew himself now for a beaten man, a man that has shot so many missing arrows at the bull's-eye of fortune that he has lost belief in his ability to make a counter . . . then Lou Crosby's property was in a very real danger. If not . . .

And it came to Woolford that this, too, was his duty. To protect her from the sharper. He must warn Lou of her risk. Lin was a very constant caller. Coming, he brought profanity and the malodor of a musty worldliness; going, he left the reek of vile cigars, emptied glasses, the memory of off-colored stories, behind him. Ben wondered if, after all, it might not be better to speak to him. Lou would be difficult. He had no doubt of his ability, however, to make Lin understand . . . and heed.

He was spared that, for suddenly Lin stopped coming. Lou Crosby presently disclosed that he would come no more. There was in her manner a strange mingling of conceit and regret.

"He wanted," she stated, "that I should marry him. He was right insistent about that. Well, for a little I had a notion to do it. Lin's a real fine fellow in some ways. Why, I remember things about him that . . . but I'm getting too old for that kind of bedevilment now—nor I don't feel well enough for it, either. I feel—poorly.

"And I've got a good home as 'tis. I figured it that I'd be foolish. I expect, though, I should've enjoyed Louisville, Kaintucky, a right good deal. Lin, he wanted I should sell the farm, and go back there with him."

She was silent for a moment. Then she laughed faintly, looked at Ben with a sudden flicker of knowingness in her eye, and remarked unblushingly:

"Lin was right fond of me before I married Crosby. Lots of men were. Trouble with Lin was, I guess, I knew him too well. He's a fine man—in some



He seemed to see against the sky a great bird, soaring on strong pinions . . . free . . . free!—Page 620.

ways. But he's always had sort of slippery fingers. . . ."

The intermezzo was ended.

Throughout that fall and the ensuing winter she complained now and then of feeling "poorly," but she did not surrender, and she drove her failing body remorselessly to its few remaining pleasures.

The following winter her former malady made a definite reappearance, and for two years she lay bedridden, expected momentarily to die, but evading that finality with a cool, malevolent determination, frankly expressed, "to be a burden as long as she could." She would squeeze the last drop from the sponge of vengeance. The spark of life flickered again and again, but with grim rallying she kept it aflame. Woolford himself attended her frequently at her command. Minnie, toward the last, she would not have in the room.

There came a night when she demanded a lawyer. In the morning Ben drove to town across the mountains and returned late with one, Eben Haley. She demanded two neighbors for witnesses, and excluded Woolford himself from the room wherein the business of making her will went on. At length Haley, with the witnesses, came into the hall where Ben stood waiting.

"She wants you," said one of them.

He went in. Louella lay almost inert, evidently greatly fatigued by the sustained attention required in disposing of her estate. After a long interval she opened her eyes languidly, and looked at him. It seemed to Woolford that there was something very odd in the way her eyes rested upon him. Odd . . . as if the malice was gone from them . . . as if something, perhaps even more terrible, a helpless tenderness, was in them. He bore the scrutiny for a long time in silence. The silence, fraught with a meaning never before exchanged by those two, lengthened, seemed interminable. Woolford had become finally convinced that she would not speak, when she whispered:

"Ben . . . I left you . . . the farm . . . my money . . . you are . . . a good man. . . . I didn't know there were . . . any. Crosby wasn't good . . . he was a devil. . . . I thought you were . . . a hypocrite. No. . . . No. . . . You're good. . . ."

He was amazed and deeply depressed by her words. He said nothing.

"Something in it . . . after all? I've been bad . . . bad all my life . . . bad girl . . . bad woman. Wilful . . . wicked. I tried to break you . . . but you . . . too strong. Read me . . . Ben."

"Read?" said Ben Woolford incredulously.

"Your Bible."

At the end of ten minutes she signed him that she had heard enough.

Ben left her to the ministrations of one of the neighbors and went down-stairs.

He went out on the little lawn before his house, and stood there in the darkness, leaning against the fence, looking at the mountain that rose massively before him, its serrated summit etched against the sky by the silver radiance of a moon that would not be visible for another quarter of an hour. The stillness of the dark valley was pierced now and again by the muffled crowing of roosting cocks. Twice an owl hooted wailingly. Once he heard a shot in the far distance. He stood there immersed in a flow of consciousness that was not thought. There was in it the quality of expectancy, of waiting. The moon leaped the mountain summit and flooded the valley with a cool molten radiance. A door opened behind him. He half turned. He heard Minnie's voice.

"That you—Ben?"

"Yes," he replied with an effort.

"Louella is—gone. Just a few minutes ago."

She said no more. The door softly closed. He heard for a moment the vague murmur of voices within; then there was silence again.

He stood there, leaning against the pickets, with bowed head, a man of fifty now, the major part of his life behind him, a man that had fought the good fight, that had kept the faith . . . a good man. Louella Crosby had testified for him. A good man.

He lifted his head suddenly, flung his clenched hands high, and looked up at the indifferent stars through a blurring mist of tears. After a long moment he seemed to see against the sky a great bird, soaring on strong pinions, above the dark mountains and drab valleys of earth . . . free . . . free!

AMERICAN ENGLISH AND BRITISH ENGLISH

By Brander Matthews

I

MRS. MALAPROP was not alone in her anxiety about her "parts of speech," and in her sensitiveness when aspersions were cast upon her "nice derangements of epitaphs." To most of us the language we have in our mouths and at the end of our pens is always interesting even if our attention is directed to it only occasionally, and only when we are suddenly surprised to discover that somebody else does not use words exactly as we do. We are all inclined to accept our own vocabulary and our own usages as standards by which to judge the vocabulary and the usages of everybody else; and we are often not a little shocked and even grieved when we find that others do not always accept our ways of speaking and writing as necessarily right and proper.

When we take the trouble to analyze our own standards we cannot help seeing that they are first of all personal; secondly, local and sectional; and thirdly, national. I know that I employ certain words in certain meanings and that I pronounce them in a certain fashion—first, because I am the son of a Massachusetts father and of a Virginian mother; second, because I have been for now threescore years a New Yorker by residence, and thirdly, because I am an American by citizenship and not a British subject. And perhaps the more significant of my individualities of speech are not personal or sectional so much as they are national. I use either *autumn* or *fall*, whereas my cousins in England employ only the former word, their forefathers having allowed the latter to fall into innocuous desuetude. I wear a *tuxedo*, whereas my friends in London don *dinner-jackets*. And these divergencies of the every-day vocabulary of the United States from that of Great Britain seem at first glance to be so many that there is an impending danger of a splitting up of the English language into dialects, American and British.

When Rudyard Kipling, in the immaturity of his juvenility, made his trip from sea to sea, he set down his premature impression that American was a language only speciously resembling the English he had always heard spoken by the British; but before he was many years older he had mastered the intricacies of our vernacular and learnt how to write it and even how to appreciate its vigor and its variety. Among the "general hints" prefixed to the English version of Baedeker's "Guide to the United States" there is to be found a cautiously selected glossary, to enable the wandering Briton to translate the unaccustomed Americanisms he is likely to hear into the corresponding Briticisms with which he has always been familiar. And there ought to be a similar glossary in the "Guide-Book to the British Isles" for the benefit of the voyaging American.

We may assume that this Baedeker glossary was prepared by Mr. Muirhead, an Englishman long resident in the United States. It catalogues about a hundred instances of the divergence of vocabulary; and to the untravelled American this list is instructive; it is an aid to his understanding of imported fiction. It informs us that what we call a *bedspread* is known in England as a *counterpane*. Our *bureau* is their *chest of drawers;* our *elevator* is their *lift;* our *drummer* is their *commercial traveller;* our *muslin* is their *cotton cloth;* our *calico* is their *printed cotton cloth;* our *notions* are their *small wares;* and our *spool of cotton* is their *reel of thread*. It fails to mention our *commutation-ticket*, which is their *season-ticket*, and which has given us *commuter* to describe a resident of the remoter suburbs—a word quite incomprehensible to the Londoner. It defines Americanisms for which there are no equivalent Briticisms because the things themselves are more or less unknown in Great Britain—for ex-

ample, *cowboy* and *cuspidor*. It seems to imply that we always substitute *fall* for *autumn*, *rooster* for *cock*, *deck* for *pack* (of cards), and *wilt* for *wither;* and this implication is unwarranted since we use both *fall* and *autumn*, *rooster* and *cock*, *deck* and *pack*, *wilt* and *wither*. And the attention of the wandering Briton might have been called to the fact that *fall* and *deck*, *rooster* and *wilt* are not new words of American manufacture; they are good old English words of honorable lineage, which our kin across the sea have allowed to die and which we on this side of the Western Ocean have kept alive.

Of course, the glossary in Baedeker's "United States" is incomplete in its record of divided usage; probably it would be possible to add to its hundred words two or three hundred more. It omits, for example, our *farm-hand*, whom the British designate as an *agricultural laborer*, and our *stem-winder*, which they call a *keyless watch*. And if it had been prepared for the use of American visitors to the British Isles it would have had to be enlarged to contain the Briticisms for which there are no corresponding Americanisms, because we do not happen to have the custom which called them into existence in England. There would be advantage in explaining to the American visitor that if he goes to an English hotel for a dinner at a fixed price, he will be at liberty to call for a second helping of anything which may please his palate, if the bill of fare declares that "a *follow* of any dish will be served without extra charge." And perhaps it might be as well to notify this same American visitor that when he chances to discover on his baggage a label containing only the strange and mysterious word *excessed*, he is to understand that this misbegotten vocable is merely a record of his having paid the extra fee for the weight of his trunks in excess of the number of pounds allowed on a single railway-ticket.

The first time the voyaging American beholds a *follow* or *excessed*, he is likely to be as bewildered as the wandering Briton is when he first encounters *commuter* and *cuspidor*. Yet no one of these four words, two Briticisms and two Americanisms, is to be stigmatized as slang or dismissed as dialect. On each side of the Atlantic there are local dialects, differentiated by many departures from the standard English of literature; and both in Great Britain and in the United States slang is forever springing up overnight, flourishing for a brief season, and dying unregretted. It is not to be expected that an American should be acquainted with all the local dialects of England or that an Englishman should be able to apprehend at sight the meaning of all the variegated expansions of American slang.

A New Yorker is justified in his surprise when he first overhears one cockney condemn another cockney as "a *bally* idiot," *bally* being an adjective of reproach insistently disseminated by the unregenerate contributors to a London weekly paper, generally called *The Pink Un*. A Londoner may be excused if he shies at our "Fables in Slang." It was the late Andrew Lang, I believe, who followed the career of one of Mr. George Ade's heroes up to his entrance into an Italian restaurant, which the American humorist picturesquely entitled a *spaghetti-joint*, whereupon Lang remarked plaintively that he "did not know spaghetti had any joints."

Imagination balks at the blank helplessness of Lang if he had been called upon to explain a sentence uttered in the hearing of a friend of mine, and immediately decipherable by every New Englander. It was a score of years ago in the forgotten days when young fellows used their vacations for bicycle trips in the unexplored back country. My friend went into a remote Vermont inn for his midday luncheon, and after the obligatory roast-beef and fried potatoes, he asked the waitress what there was for dessert. When she told him that he could have his choice of pie or pudding, he inquired: "What kind of pie?" To which she made answer: "Open-top, crisscross, and covered." After due consideration my friend decided upon apple, declining custard and mince.

II

When all is said that needs to be said and when we have set up a few score Americanisms over against a few score

Briticisms, we cannot help seeing that the divergencies between British English and American English are relatively very few, if only we keep in mind the immense vocabulary of our ever-expanding language. These localisms are mostly colloquialisms, and they seem to be far more numerous than they really are because most of them belong to the vocabulary of every-day life, because they are familiar household words, often spoken and only infrequently written. The English of literature and even the English of journalism is comparatively free from local peculiarities. In the dialogue of their novels Hardy and Howells necessarily make artistic use of appropriate dialect; but in their narratives, when they speak in their own persons, the English of the American is as pure and simple as the English of the Briton. Both of them have the skill to utilize all the resources of their common language, and to either of them we can apply Milton's commendatory phrase: "His words, like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command." We discover the same reliance upon the common stock of English words, the same avoidance of localisms in the leaders in the London *Times* that we find in the editorials of the *New York Times.*

So long as the novelists and the newspaper men on both sides of the ocean continue to eschew Briticisms and Americanisms, and so long as they indulge in these localisms only in quotation-marks, there is no danger that English will ever halve itself into a British language and an American language. We may rest assured that all the superficial evidences of a tendency toward the differentiation of American English and British English are not so significant as they may appear to the unreflecting, and that the tendency itself will be powerless against the cohesive force of our common literature, the precious inheritance of both the English-speaking peoples.

I have read somewhere that not long after we had proclaimed our independence of the English crown, a perfervidly patriotic member of the Continental Congress moved that we renounce the English tongue and devise a new language of our own, a speech which we should not have to share with the enemy; and as I recall it, Roger Sherman moved as an amendment that we retain the English language and compel the British to acquire some other. Even if the original motion had slipped through without opposition, it would soon have been made evident that legislative fiat is helpless in the face of linguistic tenacity. In all the long history of mankind no people has ever coerced itself or its conquered neighbor into giving up an ancestral tongue. The roots of the mother speech are intertwined in the human soul so inextricably that it is beyond the power of man to pluck them out.

It is fortunate for the citizens of the United States, and for the widely scattered subjects of the British Empire, that neither of the motions brought forward in the disheartening days of the Revolution, which separated these two peoples politically, that neither of the two impossible proposals could be carried into effect. The possession of a common language is a bond of unity, more potent than our joint ownership of the common law; and for the future peace of the world nothing is more important than that British and Americans shall recognize all the immense advantages of their kinship. Even if we have fought two wars, we have not drawn the sword against one another for more than a hundred years, in spite of many occasions for quarrel and in spite of three thousand miles of undefended frontier between us and Canada.

Perhaps we may go further and say that it is also fortunate for the language itself that each half of it, the British and the American, feels itself at liberty to venture upon linguistic experiments while never relaxing its loyalty to the traditions of English. Localisms are often signs of vigor and of vitality; they are novel terms on probation as candidates for acceptance in the common speech. A language is forever using up old words and in need of new words to replace those that are dead and dying. Americanisms and Briticisms, Canadianisms and Australianisms, which we are often inclined to despise when we first see them, may come to be accepted by our children as necessary replenishments of the vocabulary. If they succeed somehow in getting a foothold in

the speech of the two peoples they may in time make good the right to be received into the lexicon of literature; and if this comes to pass their humble origin will be forgotten and forgiven. They will have to struggle for existence and to battle for a place in the sun, and to overcome the proper prejudices of the more fastidious of speech who have constituted themselves guardians of the language, standing at its portals with drawn swords and challenging all newcomers.

Men of letters, always very conservative in their choice of words, and often unfamiliar with the laws which govern the growth of language, never find it easy to acknowledge the truth of Darmesteter's pregnant saying: "Universal suffrage has not always existed in politics, but it has always existed in linguistics. In matter of language the people are all-powerful and infallible, because their errors, sooner or later, establish themselves as lawful."

III

If we can once get ourselves to consider these localisms from this point of view, and to regard them disinterestedly as possible candidates for promotion from the speech of the populace to the language of literature, we shall have abandoned the attitude of contemptuous hostility from which we are prone to look down upon all linguistic novelties. Furthermore, we shall find ourselves surrendering our natural prejudice against a localism because of the locality where it sprang into being. A Briticism is none the worse because it is known only to the inhabitants of the British Isles, and an Americanism is not to be despised because it is current only in America. The question is not where it was born but whether it is worthy to live. Of course, any localism is at first more or less outlandish in the eyes of those who do not dwell in the locality where it originated, and its chance of survival and of adoption elsewhere is never strong.

Some British critics have been shrill in their denunciation of invading Americanisms, and some American critics have been colonial in their apologies for these linguistic exports. This colonialism leads these American critics to steer their course by the longitude of Greenwich, and to ignore that of Washington. They are glad to trace if they can an ancient and honorable ancestry for one or another of the Americanisms which the British critics have denounced; but if this comfort is denied them, they are swift to shirk all responsibility for any word or any usage "that would have made Quintillian gasp and stare." They are modestly unwilling to recognize the obvious fact that Americanisms are more likely to be vital and viable than Briticisms, because we are a younger people, still endowed with the energy and the ingenuity of the pioneer.

Our localisms are, as a matter of fact, more boldly imaginative than those observable in Great Britain; they have more of the right Elizabethan freshness and freedom; they are at times truly "sabre-cuts of Saxon speech." To call an Italian restaurant a *spaghetti-joint* is fabulous slang, no doubt; but it is imaginative, none the less, it is not feeble and inept, like calling somebody "a *bally* idiot." And it is pleasant to be able to recall that the vernacular vigor of many Americanisms has been courteously acknowledged by not a few British writers. Mr. William Archer, for one, expressed his willingness to accept, as a welcome addition to standard English, our useful phrase "that's the *limit*"; he explained that this seemed to convey to him a shade of thought not otherwise conveyable. It is interesting to note that the French have a colloquialism exactly equivalent to this —"*c'est un comble.*"

In the sedate columns of the excellent Literary Supplement of the London *Times*, I recently discovered one of our latest Americanisms, "*joy-ride*," printed (it must be admitted) in quotation-marks but employed without apology and with apparent approval. When our attention is thus called to it, we can all see that *joy-ride* is indeed a good word for a bad deed, and probably the authors of the books which shall delight our grandchildren will employ it without compunction and without consciousness of its former condition of servitude as slang.

One of the treasures diligently sought by the collectors of Americana is "A Key into the Language of America; or a help to the Language of the Natives in that

part of America called New England." It was written by Roger Williams, and it was published in London in 1643. It is an inquiry into the dialects of the Indians, and therefore it is not the earliest attempt to catalogue Americanisms. There are, however, American critics of language who are as unsympathetic in their attitude toward our native idioms as if these idioms belonged to the strange tongues of the Choctaw and the Chickasaw. They do not hesitate to employ *cad* and *fad*, which were once only Briticisms and which have only recently been received into the common speech of the two English-speaking peoples, while they cast into outer darkness the equally useful Americanisms, *joy-ride* and the *limit*. As Colonel Higginson once reminded us "a true cosmopolitan ought to be at home—even in his own country."

A few years ago in reviewing one of the periodical parts of the Oxford Dictionary, a writer in the Literary Supplement of the London *Times* declared that he who wished to keep English pure, that is to say, loyal to its own genius—"recognizing in popular speech the soil from which our standard language has had its origin, and to which it must return to renew its life, will look with no unkindly eye on the vivid terms which come to us from the fields, the workshop, and the sea." And we may add that this purist, who must not be a pedant, will not greatly care whether the fields, the workshop, and the sea whence these vivid terms may come shall be guarded by the Union Jack or by the Stars and Stripes. "As he will try to keep the speech he uses in close touch with the popular vernacular, so he will use his best endeavors to prevent the growing divorce between the standard speech and the language of literature."

IV

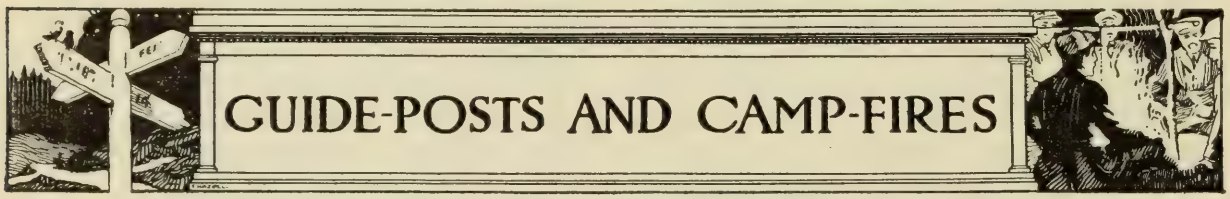
JOY-RIDE is only one of a rapidly increasing group of double-barrelled Americanisms, if I may so call them, new compounds put together by a swift flash of inspiration. Some of them are nouns: *spell-binder*, *sky-scraper*, *calamity-howler*, *strap-hanger*, *fool-killer*, *rough-rider*, *road-hog*, *grub-stake*, *scare-head*, *sky-pilot*. Some of them are adjectives: *bone-dry*, *bone-headed*, *fool-proof*, *gun-shy*, *tangle-foot*, *foot-loose*, *pussy-footed*. The nouns have been formed in the same fashion as the earlier literal compounds, *sky-light*, *type-setter*, *bread-box;* but on examination they reveal themselves as not literal but figurative. To call a thing a *sky-light* is to characterize it prosaically, whereas to call a thing a *sky-scraper* is to characterize it poetically. There is the same absence of literalness in the adjectives; *pussy-footed*, for example, and *bone-headed* are of imagination all compact.

In the making of these novel locutions their unknown American manufacturers were only exercising the perennial privilege of marrying any two words whose union promises to be fruitful. Of late the privilege has been less frequently exercised in Great Britain than it has in the United States; and this British self-control in compounding is probably due to conservative dislike of all linguistic novelty. The contributor to the London *Times*, from whom quotation has just been made, suggested a clever explanation for this reluctance to accept these verbal novelties: "Our good native compounds affect us—to use a homely phrase—like good new boots; they are not comfortable until they have been a little worn."

In his illuminating discussion of the "Rise of English Literary Prose," Professor Krapp has pointed out that in the "Arcadia" of Sir Philip Sidney "poetic compounds of a kind prescribed by Renascence theorists and employed by many Elizabethan poets frequently occur"; and he instances "*day-shining* stars," "*honey-flowing* speech," "*sun-staining* excellence," and "*eye-ravished* lover." And it is obviously not difficult to parallel each of these double-barrelled Elizabethanisms with a double-barrelled Americanism. That this imaginative compounding should now be more frequent in the United States than it is in Great Britain may be accepted, if we so choose, as added evidence in behalf of the belief that on this side of the Western Ocean we have retained a slightly larger share of the imaginative license of the Tudor writers than has been preserved by their direct descendants in the British Isles.

We may even venture to ascend from the prose of Sidney to the poetry of

Shakespeare, if we are seeking further support for the validity of these compounded Americanisms, some of them certain sooner or later to win a welcome in the language of literature. No one can fail to see the kinship between our *sky-scraper* and the "*cloud-capped* towers" of the "Tempest"; and there is a relationship almost as close between our *pussy-footed* and "these most brisk and *giddy-paced* times" of "Twelfth Night." When we are told in "Measure for Measure" about "a man whose blood is very *snow-broth*," we may companion this daring noun with *joy-ride* and *scare-head* and *moss-back*. Other of the innumerable instances of Shakespearian compounds are *true-fixed*, *trumpet-tongued*, *quick-coming*, *mouth-honor*, and *sticking-place*. We may be sure that Shakespeare would never have rebuked the venturesome Americans who spontaneously generated *fool-killer*, *sky-pilot*, and *calamity-howler*. And I make no doubt that if he could have known the skunk, he would have been delighted with the New England euphemism which, so Lowell told us, called that pervasive animal an *essence-peddler*.



BY HENRY VAN DYKE

SUICIDAL TENDENCIES IN DEMOCRACY

[THE TENTH PAPER]

DEMOCRACY is a word variously employed. It signifies a government, a theory, a way of living, and (like Boston) a state of mind. In the United States of America it is also used, and capitalized, to denote one of the two political parties which alternately control and criticise the conduct of the state. With this last meaning the present essay does not deal.

Toward the other four significations of democracy I stand thus. As a state of mind it is wholesome. As a way of living it is convenient, although not always the most comfortable. As a theory it is admirable with mild reservations. As a mode of government it is the most promising yet devised by man.

This is not as much as to say that it is always possible or even desirable for all nations at all stages of their growth. What has been written by Rudyard Kipling of the Bandar-Log or commonwealth of monkeys, is pertinent also to the Boob-Rah or régime of the ignorant by force of numbers.

But granting a moderate degree of self-knowledge as a preparative for self-determination, and a reasonable consent to those natural and moral laws which cannot be altered by popular vote, probably democracy offers more to man than any other way of regulating his common affairs.

It is costly in discussion and debate; but by way of recompense it promotes general intelligence and the most Christian virtue of patience. It is subject to errors; but it has the merit of bringing home the responsibility to those who make them; for where all decide, all must share the consequences. Under a rule in which you yourself partake, weak complaining is a form of self-reproach, violence is treason, and the only wisdom of the discontented lies in the continued effort to bring the majority to a better choice. Thus democracy, rightly considered, has in itself something bracing, salutary, and educative.

"Government of the people, by the people, for the people," as Lincoln ennobled it in his imperishable phrase, has a superior quality in its ideal of perfec-

tion. Even in its imperfection or approximation, (and as yet the world has seen no more,) it outranks and outclasses the other methods of human government by its ultimate intention of appeal to reason and the right mind in man.

Thus avowing my democratic convictions, and thanking God that He has cast my lot under a government which derives its just powers from the consent of the governed, I feel bound, (and at liberty,) to confess my hesitations and doubts concerning the modern presentation of *democracy as a substitute for religion.*

It is a good thing, no doubt: but not so good as all that. It has the defects of its qualities. Its possibilities carry its perils. Subject to the infirmities of its makers, it needs a corrective and a guide. It is as wise and just as mankind,—no more. Perhaps they are right who say that it has more of wisdom and justice than any one man can ever have. But even that collective sum is not enough. For human wisdom has its sharp enclosing ring; and when we pass that, we do but find another horizon. Human justice has a twist in it, being warped unconsciously by our fond blindness to our own blame, and our failure to feel the needs which may explain, if not excuse, the faults of others.

This double defect is as common in juries as in judges.

To praise democracy overmuch is to invite a scrutiny of its mistakes. To trust it beyond its ability to perform, is to court the loss of all our confidence.

Do not overload the ship which carries your hope.

Vox populi, vox dei, says the proverb. Yes, but what god is it that thus speaks? An idol of the market-place, or the True and Only?

You might think that the new religion proposed by Auguste Comte,—*Culte systématique de l'Humanité,*—would have been popular. Not so! For the enthusiasm of the multitude for itself, though violent for a time, is transitory. The hot fit passes into the cold.

The crowd, when not hypnotized by the spell-binder, or inflamed by the demagogue, mistrusts itself even more than the philosopher who knows the *common sense* which lives within its limitations.

The man in the crowd, pressed and incommoded, is conscious mainly of the deficiencies of his too near neighbor, and whispers to himself, "Am I to be overridden by the likes of you?"

You may often hear one say, in mock-modest self-depreciation, that he belongs to the rank and file. But in his heart he does not place himself entirely there. He thinks he is a little different, stands somewhat apart.

This is why even a popular writer does not fear to abuse the multitude, to pour scorn upon it, to buffet it with hard words. He knows that none of his readers will take offense, because none will consider his remarks personal.

Thus Emerson, high-handed democrat that he was, wrote in his "Considerations by the Way": "Leave this hypocritical prating about the masses. Masses are rude, lame, unmade, pernicious in their demands and influence, and need not to be flattered, but to be schooled. I wish not to concede anything to them, but to tame, drill, divide, and break them up, and draw individuals out of them. The worst of charity is, that the lives you are asked to preserve are not worth preserving. Masses! the calamity is masses. I do not wish any mass at all, but honest men only, lovely, sweet, accomplished women only, and no shovel-handed, narrow-brained, gin-drinking million stockingers or lazzaroni at all. If government knew how, I should like to see it check, not multiply the population. When it reaches its true law of action, every man that is born will be hailed as essential. Away with this hurrah of masses, and let us have the considerate vote of single men spoken on their honor and their conscience. In old Egypt, it was established law, that the vote of a prophet be reckoned equal to a hundred hands. I think it was much underestimated. 'Clay and clay differ in dignity,' as we find by our preferences every day. What a vicious practice is this of our politicians at Washington pairing off! as if one man who votes wrong, going away, could excuse you, who mean to vote right, for going away; or as if your presence did not tell in more ways than in your vote. Suppose the three hundred heroes of Thermopylæ had paired off with three hundred Persians; would it have been all the same to Greece, and to history?"

Now whether this be an example of

what George Meredith calls a "rough truth" or not, I cannot say; but it is certainly a specimen of plain discourse. One would like to know after what election in Massachusetts Emerson wrote it, or whether it was conceived after a confabulation with Carlyle in his "Ercles' vein."

But at one point,—the last,—Emerson leaves his belaboring of the unconscious masses, and turns to thwack a far more sensitive class, the politicians. And that, forsooth, on the score of their old-established, highly honored, and generally practised custom of pairing off! Here is candor to the verge of rashness! I reckon, calculate, and guess the sage of Concord heard from his representatives at Washington about that rude assault.

'Shall not a weary Congressman or Senator pair off when he has important business of his own to attend to, and when a vote on one side practically cancels and annuls a vote on the other? Instead of being blamed, should he not rather be praised for having taken the pains to arrange a "pair" before forsaking the high halls of republican council? Is not this a pestilent idealist who ventures to set up a higher standard of duty than the convenience or interest of the men who have been honored, and so to speak promoted to a kind of nobility, by the people's choice?'

A specious defense! Yet Emerson was right. The point he makes against the pairing politicians is that their mating of opposites is productive of mere negation; it is a barren match. And this, mark you, because it proceeds upon the false assumption that voting is the highest if not the sole function of man in a democratic state, and that all votes are equal, not only in the numerical count, but also in worth and significance.

This assumption, if granted, would be fatal to true democracy. It would level down, not up; render the appeal to reason and the right mind nugatory; and consecrate the Teller as High-Priest of the God of Numbers.

Yet it is precisely the democratic state that seems to breed this self-destroying fallacy most frequently and to its own hurt. *One man, one vote*, is the modern "slogan." (Vile word, beloved by advertisers of ready-made clothing and cosmetics, I use thee in derision!) As a protest against proved inequities of suffrage, like plural voting and the disfranchising of women on the ground of sex, the saying has its portion of truth. But push it beyond the mark, infer from it that, because the privilege of voting works best when equally conferred on all citizens, therefore all citizens and all their votes have an equal vital value, and you propagate an absurdity which not even the rugged digestion of democracy can endure.

In old Calvinton, when I was young, we had a professor who was a saint, a sage, and a joy to the heart. Every one in the town knew and loved him. As he rode along the main street in his little one-horse carryall on election day, we would say, "There goes the old Doctor to vote the Republicratic ticket." When he had deposited his ballot, he would come out, climb into the back seat of the wagon, and smilingly hold the reins, while his Irish coachman went in to exercise the proud privilege of suffrage. As Pat emerged from the polls, he would grin, and whisper behind the back of his hand to the bystanders, "Begorrah, oi've just nulligated th' ould Docther's vote!" But had he done as much as that? Neither Pat himself, nor the laughing bystanders really thought so. There was something in the example of that wise and venerable man faithfully performing a simple duty of citizenship, that counted far beyond the ballot he had dropped in the box. It could not be equalled save by a man of equal wisdom and character.

Why, then, should those who prefer a democratic form of government and believe in *one man, one vote*, as the best means of securing it, surcharge their faith with inferences which are manifestly false; like the dogma that all men have equal worth and influence because they have an equal right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." The founders of our republic neither held nor practised that inane creed.

Such an excessive orthodoxy has all the vices of a heresy. The preaching of it, either in serious fanaticism or for campaign purposes, injures and imperils the republic. It is, in effect, an illustration of the theme which I have been meditating by this month's autumnal camp-fire, —*suicidal tendencies in democracy.*

These are not carefully matured purposes of self-destruction; nor even sudden impulses and resolves which have that end clearly in view as a certainty or a risk. They do not fall under either head of Blackstone's definition of *felo de se* as one who "deliberately puts an end to his own existence, or commits any unlawful act the consequence of which is his own death."

The tendencies of which I speak are marked by a lack of deliberation. Nor can they be called unlawful acts, since the body which commits them has authority to make them legal. They have for the most part the quality of unconscious self-betrayal and inconsistent action,—the harboring of views and the forming of habits which carry seeds of decay and presages of dissolution for the democratic state. And these are at their worst, most secret and perilous, precisely in those times and countries where the democratic theory is presented as a substitute for religion, and the ancient heresy that "the king can do no wrong" is twisted to read "the sovereign people can make no mistakes."

This dogma of popular infallibility goes directly in the teeth of experience, and cancels that wise and needful maxim of the Hebrew commonwealth, "Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil."

A thoughtful consideration of the self-begotten errors and morbific propensities which brought about the downfall of such democracy as existed in Athens, in republican Rome, in revolutionary France, and more recently, for a few months, in unhappy Russia, dreaming of freedom and walking straight into the ditch of Soviet slavery,—such a study would yield matter for a book of profitable warnings. But for our present purpose of a camp-fire talk, (with side-reference to guide-posts,) there is no need to go so far back or afield. There is a plenty of small instances and significant illustrations close at hand in these States where democracy has undertaken its greatest task.

THE REFERENDUM HABIT

What shall we say, for instance, of the tendency to supersede the considerate processes of representative government by submitting complicated questions which require long thought and enlightened judgment, to the direct, immediate yes-or-no vote of the masses? Calling it a referendum does not alter its nature. It is a demand upon the multitude for what the multitude has not got and cannot deliver,—expert knowledge on a variety of subjects and a careful solution of intricate problems. Or else it is an attempt to get rid of the burden of responsibility by throwing it upon the untrained shoulders of the people.

A California woman has told in a recent magazine the unconsciously pathetic story of her first experience at the polls in her glorious native State. She was confronted, a few weeks before the election, with a vast, portentous referendum which summoned her to stand and deliver her judgment on forty-two points of public policy. (I think that was the number, but a few more or less would make no difference.) This conscientious and heroic woman shivered, studied, struggled, did her best to perform her enormous duty in a more than manful way. But at the end she was rather in the dark as to just what she had done, and the joy of her first vote was troubled by spasms of dubiety.

Lowell wrote: "Direct intervention of the people in their own affairs is not of the essence of democracy"; and further: "The founders of our democracy put as many obstacles as they could contrive, not in the way of the people's will, but of their whim." That is sound doctrine. Real reform and progress in politics must be accomplished bit by bit. Sudden revolutions may succeed, but do not prosper. To change personnel, machinery, and methods in a factory at one sweep, is usually fatal. New men, machines, and processes, must be brought in by degrees. It is only in her destructive work that Nature operates by the catastrophic method.

The referendum, no doubt, has its use and justification in certain cases,—in matters which have been long discussed and are generally understood,—in questions which are clear and definite and admit of a categorical answer,—will you or won't you have it so? Even then, I think it takes its best form in the choice of representatives who stand definitely on one side or the other of the clear question at issue.

But the formation of the indiscriminate, indolent, universal referendum habit in a democracy looks to me like a vice with suicidal tendency.

LEGIMANIA

Another bad habit which seems to endanger the security, or at least the sound health of a democracy, is the propensity to make too many laws on too many subjects.

Somewhere in my filing-cabinet I have the statistics in regard to the number of laws enacted by the legislatures of New York, California, and other States, in a single recent year. It runs well up into the thousands; and if you add to it the Acts of Congress passed in the same time, you have a sum total which represents a solemn revel of legimania.

'Tis as if a doctor should seek to win respect and confidence by the extraordinary number of his prescriptions, or a schoolmaster to establish discipline by multiplying his rules. The thing cannot be done in that way.

Doubtless some of these laws are wise and needful. Probably most of them are well-meant. They have a good heart, as the saying goes. It is in the head they are lacking. And so in practice many of them produce either no effect at all, or the contrary of what was intended.

Not even the Puritan Fathers in their palmiest days went as far in sumptuary legislation as some of our modern regulators would have us go. Of old, men were rebuked by the Divine Master for asking continually, "What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" Nowadays it seems to be no reproach to be asking continually, "What food and drink and raiment shall we permit our neighbors to use?"

"You can never make men virtuous by legislation," said the Bromidian Philosopher. "Perhaps not," replied the Acidulous Reformer, "but we can make them very uncomfortable."

It is a historic fact that the American form of government has as its basis and its aim, liberty,—the largest amount of liberty in action for the individual that is consistent with a due regard for the liberties of others. To abandon that basis is to impair the stability of the republic: to renounce that aim is to deprive democracy of one of its main appeals to the common sense of mankind.

As few rules as possible, but those well-enforced: that is the régime of wisdom and strength.

You can never secure by popular vote that which is not supported by public opinion.

The tyranny of a meddlesome majority is as obnoxious as the interference of a capricious king.

The democracy that goes beyond its duty of abating public nuisances and protecting public health, to indulge its illusion of omnipotence by regulating private affairs, weakens its own power by overstraining it.

The craze for super-legislation in a democratic state has a suicidal aspect. It undermines authority, lessens respect, and begets a brood of resentful evasions under the smooth apron of hypocritical compliance.

FICKLENESS

We expect the masses to be fickle, and they seldom disappoint us. But it is only when that frivolity of mind takes a violent form and swings to the alternate "falsehood of extremes," that it becomes dangerous to the state.

Republics are always looking for heroes and always pulling them down. How many Washingtons and Lincolns has America discovered, only to revile them afterward as would-be Cæsars! A study of newspaper cartoons from the Jacksonian period to the present would show the head of many a good and faithful servant of his country encircled with the mocking laurels of imperial ambition.

It is a bad habit of democracy to oscillate between adoration and abuse. When Admiral Dewey came home from his famous victory at Manila Bay, nothing was too good for him; he was a second Nelson, the savior of his country, worthy of the highest place. But a few months later, when he quite properly made his wife a wedding present of the house in Washington which the public had given to him, (thinking, honest man, that as he and she were one, the sharing of the gift was natural,) the fickle populace could find nothing too bad to say of him. He could not have been elected to a seat in the House of

Representatives. Yet he remained just what he always was, a great, quiet naval commander.

Death has a way of silencing these violent reactions in the people. It is only a few among the journalists who cherish the malice of their oppugnancies and pursue the men whom they have scorned into the grave. For the public at large, the vanishing of the contestant from the field of partisan strife, means a calmer and deeper vision of the man and his services. I know more than one New York clubman who used to swear profanely at the mention of Roosevelt's name while he was alive, who walked among the mourners at his funeral when that strong and valiant soul was gone.

Yet most assuredly this habit in democracy of first blindly adoring and then cruelly abusing its public men while they are in life, is a suicidal trait. The danger of it is twofold. Some day an idol of the public may come along who is really a Napoleon or a Lenin in disguise; and then, —good-by, democracy. That is one danger. The other is quite the reverse. Many a day the republic imperils the usefulness of a noble servant, cripples him or maims him for the time, by the extravagance of partisan scorn and vituperation. This also is madness and folly, vanity and a striving after wind.

Even worse than fickleness in regard to heroes is the democratic propensity to shift and veer on matters of public policy, and the inclination of minor politicians to maintain their leadership by following what looks like the crowd.

I remember a certain President of whom it was often said that he had his ear to the ground. "Watch him closely," a shrewd critic said to me, "and before long you'll see dust on the other ear."

What does it signify when at a certain time there is general enthusiasm in America for a league of nations to maintain peace and the leaders of both parties cry out that it is the hope of the world, and then, two years later, the enthusiasm has cooled and half of the leaders exclaim that such an idea is preposterous, impossible, the menace of the world, and of the United States in particular? This also is vanity and a striving after wind.

What does it signify when at one time the Monroe Doctrine is extolled as the Palladium of our safety, and at another time the proposal to give it a recognized standing in international law is refused with mockery? when men claim effusively that the United States is now a world-power, and soon afterward shout "What do we care for Abroad?" This also is vanity and a striving after wind.

Inconsistency may be "the hobgoblin of little minds," as Emerson said. But for a great democracy it is something worse than that. It is a bar to a sober and settled foreign policy, and a disturber of domestic order and progress. It makes the pomp of politics ridiculous, and exposes the republic to that kind of laughter among the nations which is a warning of trouble. It needs correcting, either by our sense of humor, or by our sense of honor.

SCORN OF KNOWLEDGE

There are other self-destroying propensities in a democratic state which we might well consider and discuss if there were time. But the camp-fire wanes; and before the logs break apart and fall, we must give a thought to the most dangerous tendency of all,—contempt of learning for its own sake, scorn of that elemental knowledge which is the basis of character, and frivolous neglect of popular education.

But is not America free from that defect? Are not Americans the best educated people in the world? They are not. And the worst of it is, they think they are.

In the matter of universities and professional schools we have done astonishingly well, as Bryce remarked, to our great satisfaction, in his excellent book on "The American Commonwealth." Yet even in this respect, if we may take the testimony of recent home-made and much-praised books on American college life, there is much to be desired in the way of manners, morals, and mental culture among the average frequenters of what we call our higher institutions of learning. To speak frankly, these pictures do not charm, though they may inebriate.

But when we turn to the broader field and look at the general condition and actual results of popular education in these States, the view is dismal. It would be laughable if it were not appalling. Half a dozen small European states, Canada,

Australia, New Zealand, and Japan are all ahead of America in school attendance and literacy. The selective draft of 1917 uncovered the ugly fact that about twenty-five per cent of the men of America between eighteen and thirty-five years of age are unable to read a newspaper or write a letter. Ten per cent cannot write their own names. There are seven and a half million people in the United States over sixteen years old who can neither read nor write English or any other language. Negroes, you say, or ignorant foreigners! If that were so, would it make the case any better, since these are actual or potential voters, our future masters? But in fact more than half of these untaught sovereigns of the state are white, and nearly one-third of them are white Americans, home-born and home-bred. What was democracy thinking of when it suffered this perilous bulk of ignorance to grow within its own body? Are the national institutions in which we take such a just and honorable pride safe in the hands of men and women whose minds are left in darkness and whose moral training is committed to chance or charity, while we use their bodies to work our farms, dig our ditches, build our railways, and run our factories?

We are breeding a Helot class of our own flesh and blood. We are ignoring the rightful claim of every citizen to be prepared for the duties which the state lays upon him. We are debasing the human currency of the republic. We are laying unbaked bricks in our foundations and building our walls with untempered mortar. We are heaping up at the doors of our own temple piles of tinder and quick-flaming fuel, ready for the torch of the anarchist or the insidious slow-match of the cunning usurper. We are recruiting the sullen armies of ignorant unrest.

> "For every soul denied the right to grow
> Beneath the flag, shall be its secret foe."

But who denies that right? Democracy denies it, by neglect and parsimony, by a careless disregard of the crying needs of popular education.

But is not our public-school system open to all? It is, it is; but the door is narrow, and few there be that find it,—few, I mean, of those who need it most. For the children of the rich, the well-to-do, the moderately comfortable, the provision of schools is ample. It is the children of the poor who suffer and go in want.

In the great city of New York last year one hundred thousand poor children were deprived of schooling. And why? Because there were no teachers to instruct them. And again, why? Because the pay offered to teachers was too small to keep them alive.

Democracy gives its carpenters, bricklayers, plumbers, and the like, more for their work than it gives to those who have the supreme task of enlightening and training its children. Does not this look as if it cared more for its houses than for its offspring, more for its goods than for its soul?

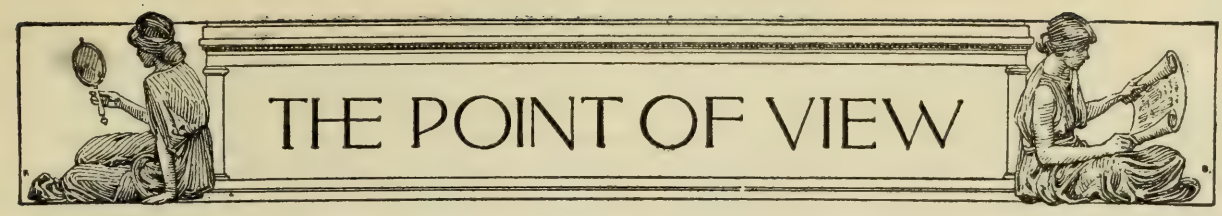
In the labor-unions of New York the average yearly wage of skilled workers was $2,496, of unskilled workers $1,664. The wage of teachers was $1,240. Is not this indisputable evidence that scorn of knowledge and silent contempt of education prevail to some extent in America?

Is this safe? Is it true economy to indulge the proletariat and starve the *educariat?* (There may be no such word, but there is such a thing, the whole body of teachers, consecrated to a common task and bound together by mutual dependence for the success of their work.) Is liberty itself secure in a country which boasts of its possession but takes no care for its preservation?

"Freedom, to be desirable," says Stevenson, "involves kindness, wisdom, and all the virtues of the free." But these do not spring out of the ground by nature. They must be implanted, nurtured, developed, and trained.

Nothing is more difficult to preserve than the true love of freedom in a free country. Being habituated to it, men cease to consider by what sacrifices it was obtained, and by what precautions and safeguards it must be defended. Liberty itself is the great lesson. And in learning it we need teachers,—the wise, the just, the free of all ages. Most of all we need the help of religion, by which alone the foundations of the state are laid in righteousness, and democracy is saved from suicidal tendencies.

Come, let us cover the fire, and so to bed, not forgetting an honest prayer for the country we love best.



THIS is not the heyday of the grasshopper and the sluggard. If either still persists—which is improbable—the grasshopper must be lightly dancing and the sluggard must be heavily sleeping far from earshot and eyesight. For ours is, primarily, a day of workers. We work uninterruptedly, we work obtrusively, we work vociferously. We

Working Classes

"Work through the morning hours,"

and we likewise

"Work while the night is darkening."

Conscientiously, we seek to

"Give every flying moment
Something to keep in store."

Work is in the air, virtually inescapable though we are not all charged with dynamic force, we are not all possessed with genius which must be provided with a way out, we were not all born on Saturday. What is work, really? Is it doing something hard or doing something distasteful? Is it just anything that brings in money, or must it be earning a living? Is it a vocation or an avocation? Is it necessarily manual labor? What do we mean when we say "Work has killed Mary," and the next minute assert "Work has saved Jane"? And, finally, why, when both Mary and Jane call their employments "slavery," do we onlookers respectfully refer to those ladies' "careers"? Yet when Mary and Jane pridefully mention their careers, why do we lament their slavery?

Work, one must suppose, is a strictly personal matter, depending for its identification on such psychological peculiarities as interpretation, predisposition, and habit. There can hardly be a better example in all literature of the value of view-point in connection with work than may be found in a certain American classic, one chapter of which is concerned with the ways and means of whitewashing a fence. To one young gentleman (employed) comes another young gentleman (unemployed). He speaks:

"Say, I'm going in a-swimming, I am. Don't you wish you could? But of course you'd druther work, wouldn't you? Course you would."

"What do you call work?"

"Why, ain't that work?"

Tom resumed his whitewashing and answered carelessly:

"Well, maybe it is and maybe it ain't. All I know is, it suits Tom Sawyer."

Tom's interpretation of work brought results, it will be remembered, that included not only the many-coated whitewashing of Aunt Polly's fence but, in addition, a bonus of nineteen offerings which ranged in value from an apple to a dead rat and a string to swing it with.

But Tom's successful demonstration in business and psychology was, I suspect, a triumph of personal genius and, too, of sympathetic "subjects." For there must be some predisposition on which a suggestion, adroitly launched, may fall. And age and previous condition of employment will also have their influence. Even Tom Sawyer could not, I think, have aroused a desire in Lovinia's heart to exchange places with me yesterday morning. It was about nine o'clock and I was completely happy planting violets. The day was one of April's best (though the calendar said January); the sky was a soft gray with a promise of rain to make my violets grow; a sweet olive was in heavy, cream-colored bloom in the middle of the narrow bed to which I was giving a border; a rose-geranium, long under suspicion, had proved every crinkled leaf to be replete with life and ambition; a clump of narcissus was just under my nose; I had found the first bud vouchsafed by an outraged group of rose-bushes which had deeply resented being transplanted; and I was freely and without fear of reproach plunging my hands into the soft earth, burrowing for hospitable openings, and patting and pressing little mounds around each violet plant. And into the midst of this agreeable diversion came Lovinia, direct from dish-washing and on her way to scrubbing. She leaned over the gallery railing, watched me for a few moments, and then sighed commiseratingly:

"'Fo' Gawd, that's worrisome work, ain't it!"

I like the phrase "worrisome work."

(Lovinia contracts it to "wor'som wuk".) The expression covers all the teasing, irritating employments which are the experience of every one occasionally and of some people continuously. Worrisome work, I fancy, is never difficult, but rather is monotonous, tiresomely detailed, personally distasteful. But, of course, it must always be remembered that the heart and hands know their own drudgery, and what to one person is worrisome work is to his neighbor delightful relaxation.

In the era of feather and alum flowers, of hair landscapes, or even of patchwork quilts, there were doubtless many apologetic women. It is painful to think how many millions of clumsy-fingered persons—men as well as women—must have gone through life humiliated by a superfluity of thumbs. Curious it is to see what unstinted approval we give to all forms of manual labor and what qualified recognition we offer to mental exertion—as exertion *per se*. Oddly enough, a man may speak openly of the success of his hands although he would not dare hint at an accomplishment of his mind. Nobody lifts an eyebrow if he glows with pride over the table he has polished or the furrow he has ploughed, but everybody regards him with scorn if he commend ever so slightly a poem he has written or music he has composed. Undeniably, working with the hands is a delight for most people, but it does seem an ill-chosen subject for vain-glory.

Of course such manual and mundane matters as needles and threads are, and have ever been, and will always be, an inseparable part of every woman's life. However exalted her position, she has spun or woven or embroidered or knitted. They are ancient and honorable occupations—those of spinning and weaving and knitting. With our very thought processes they are closely woven, and our language is full of threadbare metaphors about warps and woofs, ravellings and patterns, distaffs and threads. We have talked about the "seamy side" until we have been forced to abandon the phrase to the collection of commonplaces upon which we draw unwillingly (though frequently).

Our ready references show a similar influence, for we are accustomed to charge the responsibility for well or ill planned lives to Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos; we find a useful comparison in Penelope's pious ravelling and in Arachne's *lèse-majesté* weaving; we quote admiringly, and not enviyingly, the approval lavished upon that lady of *Proverbs* who arose while it was yet night in order to spin and weave. We thrill over the pretty princess who, from nettles, wove twelve shirts (less one sleeve) for her twelve brothers; we lament the prick of the spindle that brought a hundred years of sleep to another pretty princess; we marvel at the ease with which Rumpelstiltzken spun common straw into gold thread; we shudder at the long foot, broad thumb, and protruding lip of the three expert spinsters whose skill won an eligible youth for a lazy girl. No mediæval tale is complete without a picture of the lady at her embroidery frame, surrounded by spinning maidens. And no didactic writing of long ago fails to exhort the womenfolk to accomplish their appointed service with shuttle and needle. Says Piers the Ploughman (and so say his ascendants and descendants):

> ". . . ye wives that have wool, work on it fast,
> Spin it speedily, spare not your fingers."

"Spinsters and knitters in the sun" (and shade) have women been from generation unto generation. Only recently, women knitted so indefatigably that we began to hear of "knitting-nerves." That means that some people found knitting to be worrisome work.

Work is an important factor in the life of a modern fiction heroine. The wealthy maiden who is reduced to work and the working maiden who is advanced to wealth are best-selling material. The careers of such persons occasionally remind one of the regrettable experience of the old lady in a very long ago *St. Nicholas* who lived on the top of a high tower and planned to descend by means of a strip of knitting. But

> ". . . some knot in the worsted producing a hitch,
> This cheerful and pleasant old girl dropped a stitch."

Consequently, when she tried to slide down from the tower, ravelling set in. An illustration which accompanies the poem shows the terrible results of her carelessness. The particular stitch which is dropped by most of the fiction laboring class is the inability to "place" themselves. They refuse absolutely to seek their obvious levels. Work they will have, but it must be work of their own choosing. They do not hold with King Alfred that "every man must, according to the measure of his understanding, and ac-

cording to his leisure, speak that which he speaketh, and do that which he doeth."

Certainly, every working person, whether his employment be of the head or the hands, should supply himself with a full complement of hobbies and, furthermore, he should keep them in good repair, ready for active service when "six days shalt thou labor" will cease to have a personal reference. No grown man ever liked work less or loved play more than did Charles Lamb, and probably no toiler ever missed work more. When unlimited leisure became his portion, it was his hobbies alone that saved him from despair: they became his work. The narrowness of the unimaginative man, who when relieved from toil is unable to find any interest beyond food and sleep, often troubled that philosopher who wrote *An Apology for Idlers;* but after considerable experience as an amateur indigent and as an observer of indigents, Stevenson could say: "It has to me been always something of a relief to find the poor, as a general thing, so little oppressed with work."

But, after all, just how hard a man should work is difficult to determine. Yokes and millstones and sweating brows would seem to have gone out of fashion as gauges of labor. Equally puzzling is the question how long a man should work, or what should be the money value of his work. And the three problems are less elusive than the identity of work. Tom Sawyer's definition, "that work consists of whatever a body is obliged to do, and that play consists of whatever a body is not obliged to do," would probably be satisfactory to all children and to most adults. But although we grown ups accept Tom's definition, we add to it, for many of us term "work" not only the employment that is forced upon us but also any occupation which we invest with dignity and importance. "My work" may mean keeping shop or cobbling shoes, but no less surely and sincerely "my work" may mean the effort to write, to paint, to invent. Lovinia looks at the sunset and talks of the cooking and cleaning she has done and will do. But a poet might look at the same sunset and say, with Sidney Lanier:

> "And ever by day shall my spirit as one that has tried thee,
> Labor, at leisure, in art,—till yonder beside thee
> My soul shall float, friend Sun,
> The day being done."

Yet neither a cook nor a poet knows just what work is. Chameleon-like, it takes color from the spirit of him to whom it cleaves. Therefore, to one person work is joy, to another drudgery; to one work is action, to another surcease. I am inclined to think that work is any occupation that has a definite end in view (the kind of occupation and the degree of purpose to be named by the worker). There is just one thing about work that we assert absolutely: that there will come a day

> "When man's work is done."

The Literary Background

PERHAPS it is old-fashioned to dwell upon the perfections of the past, but I confess to a somewhat pharisaical feeling of being glad that I was not deprived of the literary heritage which so many parents in these days seem to have forgotten to leave with their children, along with the dollars and cents so carefully distributed and later fought over by their heirs.

If I knew that some terrific cyclone was about to sweep away the contents of my mental closet, the thing that I should try to rescue would be the literary background washed into the canvas of my life by a wise father. I mean, of course, the taste for good reading planted by him in my early childhood, watered and tended and cultivated until he saw that it was in a fair way to grow.

In our home we had all the good magazines. They could be counted on the fingers of one hand in those days: *The Harper, The Century, The Scribner, The Young Folks,* which later became *The St. Nicholas, The Little Corporal,* and some years later *The Youth's Companion.* We regarded with supreme awe *The Atlantic Monthly* and wondered how father could pore over a book with no pictures in it. In the long winter evenings we stayed at home, there were no movies, and if we did not care to read and did not have to study, we played authors! Antediluvian, maybe, but it formed in us the habit of connecting the author with his work. To us "Snow-Bound" meant Whittier, and "Guy Mannering" could not have been written by any one but Sir Walter Scott, and so on down the line. It was a game, too, in which there was plenty of room for quarrelling just as one did over croquet or anything else.

We sometimes wish we could exchange lots with some one else, but if it came to the point, how few of us would care to be

moulded after the fashion of some one other than ourselves. Think of giving up all your pet theories, and imaginings and memories, and projecting your personality into new and untried channels! That would be shipwreck, indeed.

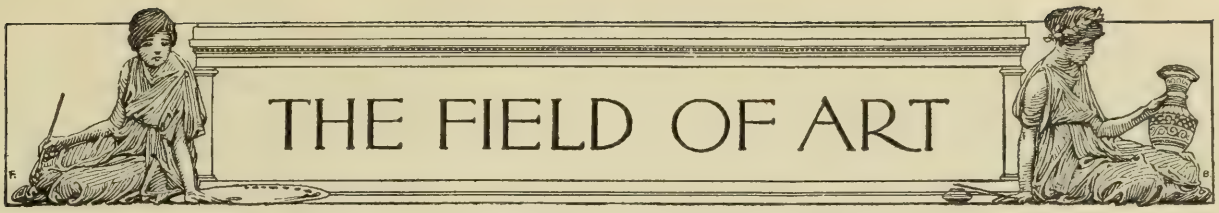
"Little Women" was one of the satisfactions of my girlhood, and I simply enjoyed it without a critical eye; but I was not surprised when I heard the verdict of the present day, at the movies. John Brooke was doing his level best to court Meg, even though Jo was running to tell Marmee that John was kissing Meg. I was unconscious of any lack of enthusiasm when I heard a disgusted voice behind me: "Aw, kiss her, man, give it a little pep." "The Little Princess" was beginning to unfold upon the screen one day, when a little voice piped up: "Oh, mother, it's a book and I've read it." The picture must have contained twice the pleasure to that child that it would to one who had never heard of "Sara Crewe," from which the story was adapted, or that it would have meant to a small boy who, when asked if he had ever read "Black Beauty," wondered if it was a red book. If one were disposed to joke with him he might have said that it was a much-read book. But it seems so tragical not to know anything but the color of the binding!

But children are not all alike. Few are so unimaginative as the little girl who listened politely to a fairy-story about a child who had become tired of play and wandered behind the divan, where he discovered a door into fairy-land, and then remarked quite soberly that you could not expect her to believe that he could push aside the vine on the wall-paper and walk through. There are others who lose themselves entirely in the story and live with the characters in their books, knowing them as well as they do their schoolmates. I know a little girl of seven who listens carefully while you read, and if you are obliged to stop, she always asks for the name of the next chapter, and if you are too long in resuming the reading, she will gently hint that she would like to know what they are doing in that next chapter.

Some children like to be "read into" a book, as one small boy expressed it, and one or two chapters generally sufficed to start him on his way rejoicing. After he had once crossed the Rubicon of dry introductions, for which Sir Walter is specially noted, the rest was plain sailing, and "Ivanhoe" or "The Talisman" became absorbing. Some one remarked that if a boy wanted a real-for-sure dime novel, he ought to read Homer's "Iliad." Perhaps if he approached it with that intent, he might forget that it was on the list of required reading.

Boys and girls of the high-school age are often given subjects to write about to which their minds present an utter blank. They have no background from which to draw material; they are absolutely bankrupt. Whose fault is it that they know nothing of mythology, for instance? Why did not their mothers supply the myths done up so attractively in the "Wonder Book" and "Twice-Told Tales," or in Bulfinch's "Age of Fable"? Why have they not been taught that books contain the record of the ages, without which life is as incomplete as the house without a foundation? The average modern girl cares nothing about the story of "Opal Whiteley," because she cannot understand Opal's background for all her quaint and lovely fancies, for her beautiful spirit, which rose above all the incongruities of her surroundings. If we have nothing to bring to a book, we get nothing out of it. Take a book like "The Education of Henry Adams," for instance, so compactly written that one must understand much of American and European history to enjoy it. The book is peopled with celebrities of two generations, and becomes intensely interesting to one who knows the characters.

There are boys who have never heard of "Robinson Crusoe," "Rob Roy," "David Copperfield," "Treasure Island," "Don Quixote," nor "Tom Sawyer"; there are girls who have missed "Vanity Fair," "Kenilworth," "The Old-Fashioned Girl," "Our Mutual Friend," "Little Dorrit," and the rest. You cannot convince them that thereby they have lost anything. If we can take them at the impressionable age and go *with* them on the quest of the best that literature affords, the trail will be easier for them to follow, and having entered therein, the mediocre will prove undesirable. The present-day tendency to banish the books to the attic or sell them to a second-hand dealer because the one room, in-a-door-bed flat will not hold them, is a pitiful concession to the modern spirit. But there is always the public library, where one may browse at will, and take home what one wishes to read.



SPEAKING OF PEN DRAWING

By Walter Jack Duncan

LAMENTS and complaints, however just and reasonable in themselves, have small arts to please, and seldom, it will be confessed, make a home happier for their presence. Yet in speaking of art, the darling of the Muses, one naturally resorts to the language of discontent. It is the language of the studios, the bickering of lovers' quarrels. The history of art, in the modern state at least, like that of women, is one of protest; they prosper upon complaints, they progress by revolt. They have the secret of perpetual youth: they are never satisfied. Forever indulged, they are forever unhappy. Like true lovers, they are exalted by adversity. In truth, Providence, knowing what is best for them, gives them much of which to complain. Who, for instance, can answer for the present lamentable condition of pen drawing? I mean the surprising disappearance—hitherto unrecorded—of an art which lately enjoyed extraordinary popularity in this country of ours, where it was as universally practised as esteemed? Mr. Pennell, in his admirable book on the subject, written at a time when the art, though in its nonage, yet flourished wondrously, devoted a chapter in his "Hopes and Fears for Pen Drawing." With

> " . . . something of a mother's mind,
> And no unworthy aim,"

he warned it—against too much success. Good easy man! he thought it irresistible. Little did he imagine, I dare say, that a thing so apt, so rare, so versatile, so eminently fitted for its task, so evidently born to conquer, could, after a season of brilliant triumphs, so soon wear out its welcome and become, to the ensuing generation, little more than a memory and a name. Where now is your stalwart race of Abbeys, Pyles, and Reinharts, your Brennans, Blums, Frosts, Smedleys, and Kembles, those kind magicians who once worked magic in our magazines, and delighted and fascinated us all by the exercise of their *black art?* Gone is their glory, their art a song of yesterday. With the exception of Gibson, the last of the old school and a most excellent master, scarcely a vestige of it remains. That this gay and mature science should wane, that its vogue should fall out of fashion as it has, is truly a wonder; and, for my part, I confess I am perpetually astonished at it.

Only consider this matter a moment. In pen and ink we had a medium at last, thanks to the introduction of photo-engraving, which handsomely met every requirement of popular illustration. Nothing was wanting. For the artist it was autographic, to the publisher it was practical, on the printed page it was beautiful. What more could be asked? It *solved the problem*, as the phrase is. It solved it to perfection. And in art as in life, to solve the "problem" is everything. Bad taste or bad business results from failure to do so.

The problem, in any event, merely consists in adapting ourselves to conditions. What are the conditions? is always the question to be asked before we can proceed with any hope of success. Take a book or magazine for example. In the matter of a book or magazine the conditions precedent to its making (leaving out its spiritual content, with which we are not here concerned) are paper, ink, and type; its problem, their proper allocation. This being admitted, it follows that whatever is akin to these in substance or texture will contribute to the general harmony of the whole, and be a welcome addition. On the other hand, whatever is foreign to their nature, if introduced —like a pun out of season—is impertinent, in bad taste, indigestible, and in no instance to be excused or tolerated.

Now an oil-painting, considered as an illustration, is just that. An oil-painting, as you will agree, has nothing in common with paper, ink, or type. Consequently it is as out of place in a book or magazine as—what shall I say?—a gilded rolling-pin or a

painted coal-scuttle in a parlor. We can smile at these trumperies now (they enjoyed considerable vogue as interior decorations some thirty years ago); we were pleased to see nothing incongruous then in their vulgar misapplication. And are we, nowadays, a whit more sensitive to the spiritual significance and true fitness of things? Do we feel, for instance, as we examine our current publications, that a water-color, a pastel—even a mural decoration, if vicariously introduced as an illustration—is an uncalled-for intrusion in their pages, a glaring impropriety, a "rolling-pin in a parlor?" Not at all. Custom has dulled our sense, it has given abuse authority. Yet this misuse of media—bordering on grossness—is an heinous offense against the first principles of art, which oblige the artist, first, to consider every project he undertakes as a special problem; and second, to choose his materials accordingly. Those who disregard these injunctions, as well as those who thoughtlessly encourage such malpractice, are, I solemnly declare, out of their reckoning; they have bungled their problem, and their art suffers accordingly.

Not so with pen drawing. A pen drawing is another matter. Drawn in line with a pen, in ink, and in the manner that types were originally designed, when reproduced and printed it is, naturally enough, in perfect keeping with the text, and with it sparkles enchantingly against its sunny background of white paper. Simple, logical, cheap, autographic, beautiful, say what you will, as a vehicle for the practical illustrator it is unique and beyond compare, the prince of mediums. Strange that a thing so adapted to its purpose should of all means at the disposal of the artist and publisher be at present the one neglected!

The trouble is, I fear, we nowadays do not consider well what we do; we are too easily carried away by effect and give little heed to what is well chosen and appropriate. As a result the art of illustration has been steadily on the decline. Compared with that of twenty years ago it has reached a low level indeed. Is it not time we roused ourselves and grasped anew the idea of the organic beauty of printing? No time surely was ever more favorable to the revival of pen drawing than the present. For one thing, the scarcity of good print paper and the increasing demands of the photo-engraver would seem to make its revival imperative. Happy for the printer would be the day that would see the last of coated paper. With it would go, of necessity, the fad of half-tone reproduction, for which it is indispensable. Then would pen drawing come into its own. An honest pen drawing has need of no such expensive auxiliary. Indeed, machine-finished paper, or even the cheapest stock, is better suited to its purpose and sets it off handsomely. Like a thoroughbred gentleman it makes the shabbiest coat respectable. And in the matter of expense, it is but a trifle in comparison with the specious luxury of the half-tone. Where economy adds to primitive integrity the virtue of simplicity and beauty, the neglect of line drawing seems anomalous; and the wonder is, in such pressing times as these, it is not more employed.

The public, I know, is sometimes blamed for this deplorable state of affairs. The public, like the absent, as the French say, is always in the wrong. In respect to its appreciation of the sterling merits of pen drawing, however, the accusation seems singularly ill-considered and unjust. The whole-hearted admiration bestowed upon the art in the past acquits it of indifference. Consider the history of illustration in England from John Leech to Du Maurier, and that of America during its palmiest days; does it recount other than a series of brilliant successes of pen draughtsmen? When was there ever so popular an illustrator as Phil May? He carried the public by storm. He was admired equally by Whistler and the poorest costermonger. Gibson too enjoyed a following unequalled and unknown before his time in America, which united in paying homage to his genius. No illustrator since who has confined his art to half-tone reproduction has succeeded in moving the public to a degree of enthusiasm comparable to that evoked by any one of twenty practitioners of line drawing one might mention—French, German, English, or American—who distinguished themselves, not because of talents superior to those we see about us in abundance at present, but because, as it seems to me, their talents were fittingly applied. They made the most of paper and ink, they adapted their art to its limitations, they recognized it as the natural province of pen drawing; and consequently in this province they reign supreme. It is true, the novelty of half-tone and color

reproduction for a while has usurped the rightful place of line; the introduction of the half-tone process, like that of the "cinema," has seduced us for the moment from the true and legitimate. But reassure yourself, an interest which is not based on nature and reason cannot long endure. For this reason I venture to predict the time is near at hand when the sovereign beauty of line will be restored again to its true domain. It will shortly assert its rights and dominate the field of popular illustration. There is virtue in it, and virtue will not be denied.

I once had the honor of meeting Mr. Howard Pyle, the best of men and illustrators, at a time when he enjoyed, for a brief season, the directorship of the art department at *McClure's*. One day, when I went to see him with some pen drawings, he confided to me—with a kindness which I could not mistake—that there were no *lines* in nature, but only *mass*. Considering that Mr. Pyle's most distinguished work, perhaps, was executed in line, inevitably put me in mind of Elia's paradoxical cousin James who, often declaring there was no such faculty at all in man as reason, "enforced his negation," as Lamb says, "with all the might of *reasoning* he was master of."

Admitting that a line, as such, has no existence except in the addled brain of a metaphysician, one cannot but wonder how man came first to have a conceit of it, and turned this facile pretense, this mere outward shape and "exterior semblance" of things, to purposes of substantial human expression.

The earliest art in the world, as we know, was linear. For ages drawing in simple outline, their spaces sometimes relieved by color, enjoyed dominion over the minds of men. Not till they had achieved a degree of sophistication and departed away from primal innocence did large simplicity lose favor, and the craze for close imitation, high finish, and modelling, become the mode of the day. In developing thus, as man has, from abstract to literal truth, he has seemed to reverse his usual mode of procedure. Oriental art was better inspired. Oriental art, at least, had the wisdom to develop the original bent of the human race for line.

Look where we may, we are constantly impressed by the spell which line exerts upon the minds of the generality of mankind. As it was ever the chosen medium of primitive souls, we should not be surprised as we observe the magic it works on the imagination of innocent children, whose eyes, still undefiled, and divining enchantment in each common sight, are clear with the freshness of the morning. Given a few signs, a mere hint or scrawl upon a wall or blackboard, and with the swiftness of thought their fancy clothes the naked skeleton in all the rich furnishment of substantial nature, restoring the bare bones, Lazarus-like, to life, and with all the pleasure that comes of seeming to contribute to, and perfecting, the artist's intention.

Intention is the word. For does not the artist by means of lines *write*, as it were, and in short-hand, but a summary of nature, her *main lines;* which indicate, vividly enough, to be sure, to those who have eyes to see, the finished story? How it comes the minds of children have been gifted with the miraculous power to read and aptly interpret this *picture-writing*—unless it is that they are simple of heart themselves, and so conversant with rudimentary things—is a divine mystery to me. But so it is. Yet, even with the evidence of babes before them there are those (with nothing but their own blindness to confirm them) who still will maintain that the magic of line is above the comprehension of men!

What a thing is obstinacy! Charles Keene—excellent draughtsman that he was! —once had a drawing in *Punch* showing a jury-room in which there were eleven exhausted jurymen and one hot-headed Irishman. You should see that Irishman. He is a true son of Erin. That is to say, he is incensed. Beating his fist in his hand he exclaims with the anguish of despair: "Be th' Lord, eliven more obstinate men I never met in me life!" Perhaps I am like that. I am struggling against odds. Please pardon my pertinacity. For me pen drawing is more than a choice of mediums, it was one of the passions of my youth; I had a desperate love for it then, and it still commands my admiration. In its defense, as you see, I feel impelled to go to any lengths, "upon vast and more than Indian voyages," to bring home reasons to do it reverence.

But an art, however fallen into neglect, that has had in its service in the past such men of genius as Rembrandt and the old masters, and among the moderns Meissonier, Menzel, Fortuny, Vierge, Raffaelli, Forain, Abbey, and Gibson (to mention no others—the list is endless), surely wants no defense of mine. Merely to mention it is to

evoke, in the minds of those who know it well, a vision of past triumphs, a vision of delight, brilliant, ingenius, adventuresome, bold, natural, witty—in short, a review of the candid personalities of those charming masters of an art, which exposes them to the light "sans peur et sans reproche."

Were you to ask me what is the best method of making a pen drawing, I would have to confess I do not know. Mr. Pennell, who is an authority on the subject, and for whom I entertain an infinite respect, seems to favor a neat, clever, brilliant style of handling, the style of Rico and Vierge; and his liberality permits him to accept anything drawn with a pen as a pen drawing. I think he might have made a distinction. Pen and ink, like any medium of artistic expression, should always be true to its nature, "subdued to what it works in" and never—if I may say so—exert itself beyond its strength. Brilliance is an excellent thing. But the truth is, an artist suffers in the end whose talent sets in the zenith of steady excellence. Its daily brilliance wearies us. That style is best which is natural to the man, and luckily few men are brilliant. Rembrandt was not a brilliant man; he was one of the clumsiest in the world, always tentative, never having found a formula—that bane of budding talent. Indeed, this medium more than any other lends itself to naturalness, and its exercise, it seems to me, should be unaffected and intimate. As the drawings of Charles Huard will show, it is peculiarly sympathetic to the easy play, the whim, the curiosity, the idlying experiment of the imagination. For my part, the unconscious style is the one to be preferred, one that leaves no doubt the medium is pen and ink, and is—if I may so describe it—"frank, plain, and English all over."

I shall refrain from saying, what is often said, that pen and ink is difficult to manage. That it is of all mediums in the world the most exacting, has been wearisomely reiterated. But what does this signify? A fish can swim only in its own element. And an artist may be sure he has mistaken his medium unless he feels at home in it.

As a matter of fact, pen and ink is a difficult—even an embarrassing—mode of expression, for those who have nothing to say. Unlike other means artists employ, it will not bear disguise. Nay, though a man has carefully guarded his want of talent all his life long by a thousand tricks known only to artists, the moment he sets his hand to pen he instantly commits himself, nothing can save him. Was it not Apelles who made his presence known at once to a brother artist, introducing himself by the simple expedient of drawing a beautiful line? Such a touchstone to genius is this, that I believe its application will hold general. I believe a sketch by an artist, taken unawares, will infallibly show all a man has of talent, exposing and measuring it at once beyond a peradventure.

Needless to say, no medium that has virtue in it will bestow its favors upon every passing stranger without a struggle. Good things must be won in this world before one can claim mastery. However, a little difficulty evident in a drawing is not necessarily a bad thing. It only shows the spectators that one has gone to some trouble. The public likes to be treated to such confidences. An artist fixes its attention by seeming to pick and choose his way. But the search ought to be rapid and the choice sure, and never degenerate into downright embarrassment. That would be to make his audience suffer, by an involuntary sympathy, the fatigue which he himself experiences. Rather than that, I have known of certain artists, excellent men like Robert Blum, for instance, though evidently in great pain at times, with great courage to affect an air of carelessness, and with a manly flourish seem to sweep it all aside. On the other hand, a draughtsman who is too sure of himself, who makes a display of his facility—which apparently costs him nothing—soon inspires in the onlookers a doubt of his sincerity and no more than a superficial interest. Let him play if he will, let him sport as he pleases, let him enjoy himself by all means, only let his play be serious, the sport of a purposeful mind. For the natures of men are such, they love to be concerned in the affairs of others, as much as they hate to be troubled by them. What they ask above all is to be amused. This can be best accomplished when they are allowed to share in the enjoyment of the artist in the seeming easy management of his affairs, admiring the worthiness, fitness, and the obedience of the medium itself, which at once invites his authority and rewards his concessions.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

THE TURN OF THE ROAD

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

THE expectation entertained during many perplexing months by financial markets and business community, that the autumn of 1920 would tell the real story of the year, has already been fulfilled. It is not a new experience. The general trend of things will usually have shown itself much earlier in a year, but with cross-currents, counter-movements, and confusing influences which will have left the financial mind in uncertainty as to which of the phenomena of the day were passing incidents and which were landmarks of a change in direction of the whole economic current. But the tests of the active business season in the markets for merchandise, for investments, and for money have finally cleared up the situation. We now know in what direction events are moving.

The Situation Clears Up

It is now manifest that there will be no great financial crisis; that the presidential campaign has had no influence on business; that the prodigious surplus of exports over imports, built up in our foreign trade since 1914, is rapidly decreasing; that prices of merchandise and cost of living have entered on an era of drastic downward readjustment; that, in the face of these events, movement of values in the investment market has taken a direction different from any that has been witnessed in Wall Street since the first year of the war. Of the Stock Exchange and the political campaign I shall speak more at length in a moment. The evidence for the other conclusions regarding the situation is visible even on the surface.

MONEY rates, while still abnormally high, were lower at the beginning of October than in midsummer, thereby plainly reflecting relief to the structure of credit through the long-continued closing out of loans for speculation and through early preparation for the legitimate autumn needs of merchants. The foreign trade returns for August, published late in the following month, showed the smallest surplus of exports ($65,000,000) of any month since October, 1914. It followed a continuous decrease which made the balance in our favor during the three months since May a thousand million dollars less than that of the same months last year. The wholly unprecedented export surplus of $3,000,000,000 in the first eight months of 1919 had been reduced exactly one-half in the same eight months of 1920. This had resulted partly from actual decrease in exports during the past few months but chiefly from an import trade larger by 70 per cent than in any corresponding period of our history.

Money Market and Foreign Trade

To what extent this remarkable change was a consequence of our producers keeping prices higher than those of other countries is a question on which opinions differ. That some such shrinkage in our own wholly abnormal surplus of exports must occur, when the rest of the world was already loaded down with an accumulated current debt to the United States which it could pay only with merchandise, had been accepted as a certainty by all economists and financiers. The striking fact about the movement was that it should have occurred when prices of merchandise were falling in the United States as well as Europe; a condition which in years before the war used to stimulate the export trade and curtail our imports.

THE average price of American commodities, as drawn up by the commercial agencies, showed a decline of about 14 per cent between February and September. This decline was much larger than the maximum fall in average prices during the three months after the armistice, but it still left the mercantile community hoping that curtailment of production might yet reverse the movement in the autumn. What they discovered, however, was the uncompromising refusal of the consuming public to buy at anything near the prices lately prevalent.

The Fall in Commodity Prices

When the autumn business season had fairly begun, longer delay was impossible. The American Woolen Company, the largest producer in that branch of the textile trade, began early in September with reductions of 15 to 25 per cent in its standard goods. "It is time business started up," so the president of the company publicly declared; "we are going after orders. The way to start the market is to slash the price." The immediate comment of the distributing trade in dry-goods was that the reduction was not great enough to serve the purpose. A week later the Amoskeag Mills, occupying a similarly important position in the cotton-goods trade, announced a reduction of 33⅓ per cent in its products. Numerous other reductions followed by both manufacturers and merchants, the makers of one of the most widely distributed staple articles of cotton clothing cutting its prices 34 per cent, another group of textile manufacturers making as large a cut as 40 per cent.

THESE announcements had to do with contracts for merchandise which would be sold at retail in the spring trade of 1921. It therefore still remained doubtful whether the retail buyer of goods would get any immediate benefit from the lower prices, and if not, then how the course of trade would be affected. These questions were brought to an immediate issue by several other occurrences which quickly followed. The two largest Western houses which directly supply the retail trade through the "mail-order" system announced simultaneously immediate reductions ranging from 20 per cent in the price of shoes to 60 per cent in certain cotton fabrics.

Wholesale and Retail Buyers

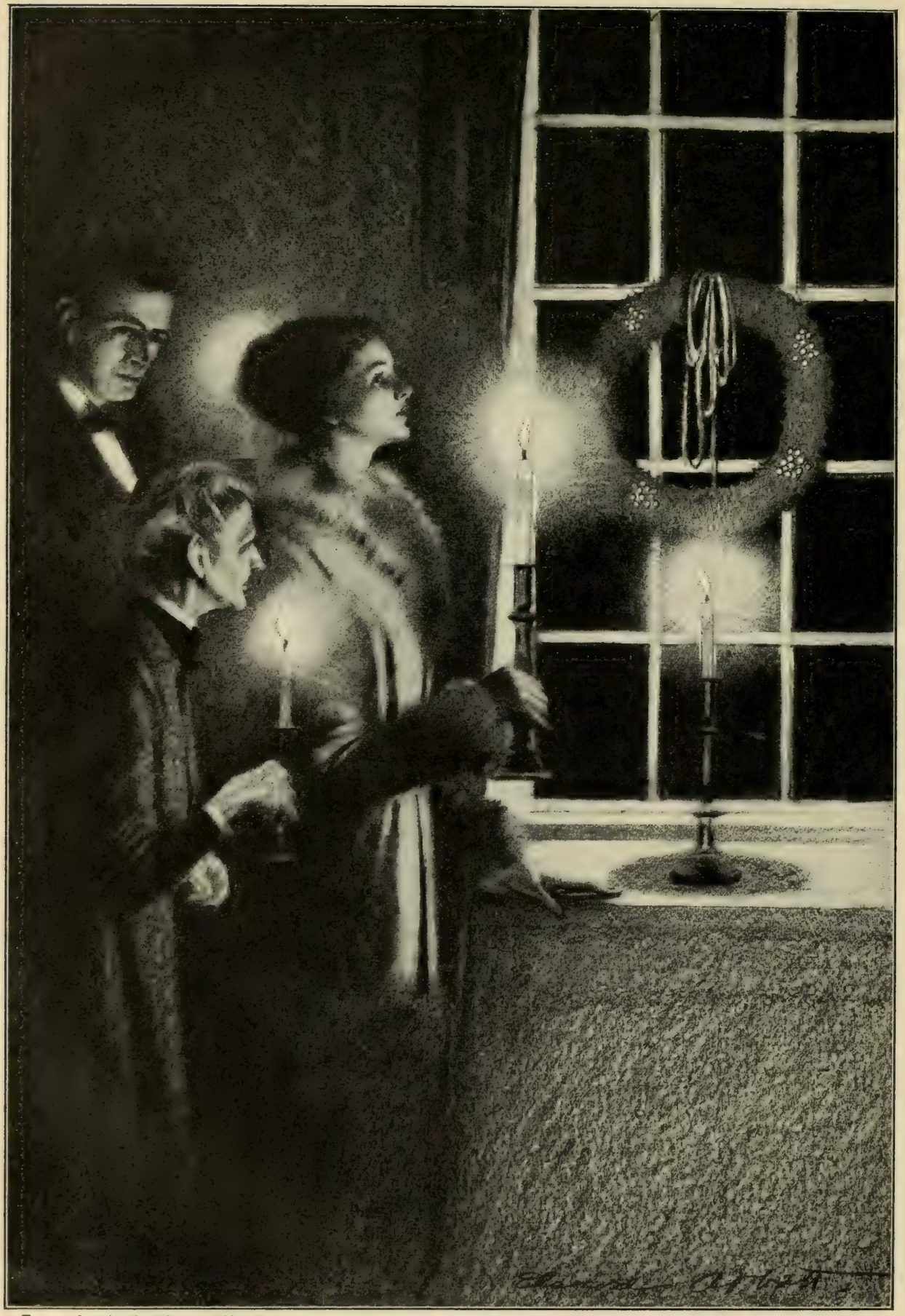
The reductions, so the head of one of these houses frankly declared, were absolutely necessary to bring back the consumer, whose refusal to buy was "the necessary result of the rapid increase of prices," due to extravagant demand "which has now ceased when necessary expenditure has caught up with increased earnings." Almost simultaneously, the Ford Motor Car Company announced reduction in prices for its goods to something like the pre-war level, this cut in prices perhaps attracting less attention of itself in the business community than did the language of the announcement, which affirmed that "volume of consumption is growing less and less through the self-denial of the people," some of whom "feel the injustice of the situation," and that there is now "no sense in trying to maintain an artificial standard of values." Announcing a similar reduction of 17 to 41 per cent, another motor-car company remarked that "we could not possibly have taken this step unless we felt thoroughly justified in anticipating reduced costs of materials."

EVIDENTLY that meant the steel and iron market, whose attitude had for many weeks been watched with much perplexity, for the reason that this traditional "barometer of industry" had given no evidence, up to the beginning of autumn, of the reaction in trade and prices which had prevailed in so many other industries. But at the end of September *The Iron Age*, the leading organ of the trade, announced in regard to those steel products whose market is the chief test of prices that "all of them have yielded," some reductions of $5 to $10 per ton being made in that one week.

In the Steel and Iron Market

Less attention began to be paid to the fact that steel had lately been difficult to get because of blockaded transportation and more to the fact that the price of iron at the end of summer had been 70 per cent above that of a year before, while steel in September was still selling 40 per cent above the present year's low level

(Continued on page 71, *following*)



From a drawing by Elenore Abbott.

IN EVERY WINDOW A CANDLE BURNED AND THE LIGHT OF THEIR FAITH GLOWED IN THE LONG QUIET STREET.

—"Candles of Faith," page 734.

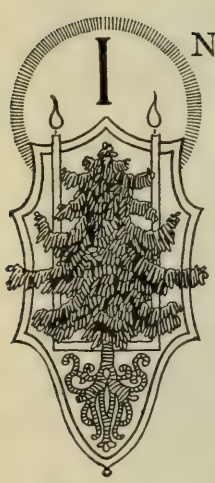
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S CONTRIBUTION TO LITERATURE AND LIFE

By Lauchlan MacLean Watt

Author of "The Hills of Home, and Stevenson's Pentland Essays," etc., Vice-President of the Stevenson Club, Edinburgh *



IN considering what R. L. Stevenson gave to literature and life we have to remember what he received from both, to be transmuted and passed on.

No child is born empty-hearted, however empty-handed it may come into the world. The past, present, and future meet and whisper about the cradle of a new arrival. Each newborn has the throb of some "lost pibroch" in his blood.

Stevenson's richest personal benefit was his being born in Edinburgh, heir to the most romantic, historical, literary, and religious associations, perhaps, in all the world.

The city is unique. A huddled group of high houses, clinging to the ridge which extends from the ancient castle, that gray bit of stone and lime, plastered and clothed and deeply mossed over with history—down to Holyrood, shadowy with all that makes for Scottish romance—one long street, up which has marched heaven knows how many a majestic episode, triumphing with clang of trumpets, or with shrieking laughter of the pipes of the mountain people—up which, alas! with pathos of deepest defeat and sorrow, so many have moved to doom to the roll of the drums and the tragic wail of women—these and things like these make up the reality of the ancient place. The gaunt "lands" with the steep narrow closes have throbbed to the richest and best emotions of brave old Scotland. Feud has run shouting through the gloom; and the reluctant dawn, breaking out of the fog of early morning, has seen many a gruesome patch where bold fellows slain in quarrels of their lords had lain dying in the dark. Every phase of human experience has utilized that riband of causeway, running down between the houses, as a platform for its activities. Private hate, personal squabble, national victory, national defeat and shame—if we had the seeing eye, the footprints of them, gloomy and bloody, or radiant with splendid glory, would be plainly discernible before our gaze. What a mixed mass of people was crammed within those ancient narrow walls—peers and craftsmen, churchmen, common folk of all kinds, and noble ladies, crowding the plainstones; stepping apart to let grave Reformers move along to sermon, or crushed aside for some solemn procession to pass; or looking upon beautiful Mary, or some Scottish king, as they rode with jingling rein or clattering pomp from the palace to St. Giles; or a Montrose, or an Argyle, or some wan witness to the faith, led bound for the "Maiden" or the gallows.

Her situation, too, set up against the background of the hills, gazing over sloping fields to the blue flash of the shining Forth, with the hint of the Highland mountains stretching away into the glam-

* This club, newly formed, has purchased No. 8 Howard Place, where R. L. S. was born, where it is hoped the late Lord Guthrie's priceless collection of Stevensoniana will be housed.

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our of the North—what a prospect for a poetic child!

Fergusson and Ramsay were, in their way, the laureates of the Edinburgh streets; but they missed the magic and mysterious charm that appeals to us today, seen, as we cannot help seeing them, through the windows of witchery illumined by the genius of Scott. Even Burns failed when he attempted to express in verse the beauty and grace of the ancient city. But the spirit of its appeal entered most naturally and deeply into the heart of Robert Louis Stevenson, perhaps the truest child of Edinburgh that ever was born within the gates of the metropolis of the winds, the capital of the misty North. He caught its true significance. The bugles, up in the dark, in the Castle, called brave messages to his wakeful heart. The gleaming lights, the weird shadows, the haunted alleys, the memories of ancient days stirred him, followed and held him, wherever destiny led his wandering steps.

It was a great gift for a child of sympathetic soul to have all that Edinburgh had to give around him in his play and in the years of his growing manhood.

He loved to feel a kind of kinship with Fergusson, the hapless Bohemian whom Burns acknowledged as his forerunner and whose influence is so clearly manifest in many ways upon the work of the greater bard. Probably, in the gloomy closes, as he looked up at the narrow strip of stars that roofed them in, he felt himself kin also with Villon, in that strange spirit's rebellion against conventional formality in old Paris. And, of course, no native writer, in romantic story or in vernacular verse, could escape the mighty power of Scott's wizardry and the excelling virility and independent manliness of Burns. Nor could he evade that constant skirting of the unseen, that submission of the day's thought and work to the sanction and scrutiny of the eternal, that shadow of religiousness which so much meant religion in a people through whose memories were woven and entangled the days of the Covenant and the conflicts and confusions of the kirks.

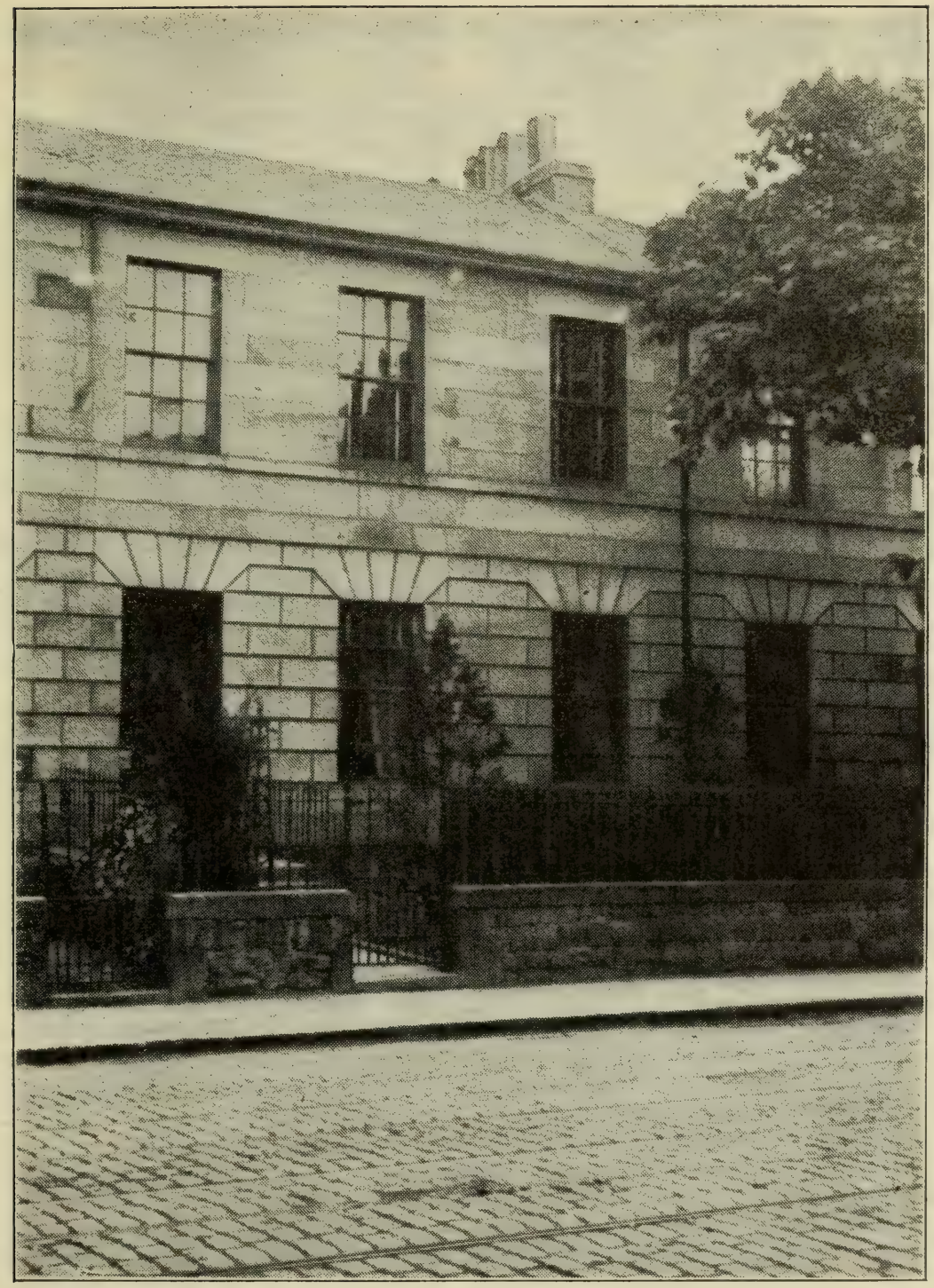
This last made it very difficult for a restless spirit like Stevenson's, keen in inquiry, quick in perception of analogies and incongruities, to sit still in folded-handed submissiveness to orthodoxy of faith or conduct. He was impelled to peep through boarded-up windows and forbidden doors, just because they were boarded up and forbidden, for he had the inborn curiosity of a live mind. His early environment made it seem almost a crime to court the applause of the world, or to defy its censures, by taking the world into your confidence, and sharing your thoughts with the multitude; while the marked Scottish reticence of his time made it seem like an impertinent intrusion to diffuse the light of happiness abroad, to shake the hard bonds of dogmatism in religion and morality, or to speak to hearts that had been bleeding in silence and darkness.

The natural rebellion of a gay heart, that loved the world of singing birds and streams, sunlight and quivering stars, provoked by the tip-toe conventionality and finger-on-lip etiquette of faith, was one of the gifts of his environment that helped—though by pain to himself and others, whereby the world was the beneficiary—to evolve his personality and utterance.

What he may have inherited from his great-grandfather, Doctor Smith of Galston, whom Burns mentions in "The Holy Fair," as opening out

> his cauld harangues
> On practice and on morals,—

or from old Doctor Lewis Balfour, his grandfather, through whom he had common ancestry with Sir Walter Scott, it is difficult to guess, though he himself thought it was "the strong Scots accent of the mind" and that tendency which would make him "rise from the dead to preach," most of all. His imaginative memory must have been touched by the story of his other great-grandfather, Alan Stevenson, with his great-granduncle Hugh, chasing the agent who had proved unfaithful on their West Indian property, from island to island, "in an open boat," till they were struck down by fever and died far away from home—early exiles of their race. There was a hint of destiny in it, and he recalled the "stream of lives flowing down there far in the North, with the sound of laughter and tears, to cast



No. 8 Howard Place, Edinburgh, where Robert Louis Stevenson was born in 1844.

me out in the end, as by a sudden freshet, on these ultimate islands." The mixed blood of border fighter, Jacobite smuggler, deep-sea sailor, and brave hearts that fought the salt sea-foam fixing lights for storm-bewildered mariners gave his life a beat of its own among his fellows.

An unforgettable, almost immeasurable gift was his good fortune in having for nurse such a woman as Alison Cunningham, the "Cummie" of his lifelong affection. Her mind was an inexhaustible storehouse of weird legend, of witchcraft and eerie lore, full of creepy, shadowy reminiscence of eldritch experience; and her heart was crammed with infinite tenderness and love. "Thrawn Janet"—the ghostliest thing since "Wandering Willie's Tale"—and "The Body-Snatchers," and countless episodes that come in

with the touch of memory among his imaginings, undoubtedly owe their origin to many a nursery hour when the young eyes widened as he listened to the whispered stories which had been gathered by the firesides of sea-beaten Fife. What Stevenson owed to his nurse he richly repaid in the dedication to her of "A Child's Garden of Verse."

His father's house also, at Baxter's Place, was a thoroughfare of shipmen, lighthouse folk, builders, and workers of all kinds, with the sough of the sea about them—a joy to the adventurous soul of youth. Thomas Stevenson had also imagination to use these materials in soothing the frequent unrest of his boy's nights, with tales of "ships, roadside inns, old sailors and commercial travellers, before the era of steam." We can understand the old man's interest in the growth of "Treasure Island."

Then came the gift that the hills had for him—the Pentlands, with their passes, whose very names, like Cauldstane Slap and Windy Gowl, shudder with lonesome memories; where smugglers stole through the mirk from hiding-hole to hiding-hole, and shepherds in their plaids, with their ever-watchful collies, sauntered on through rain and mist, driving their slow flocks before them; where gypsies had their squabbles; and the Covenanters, footsore and heart-weary, marched to disaster and to death. They became to him with affectionate insistence of heart-tug, the "Hills of Home." There, too, he gathered what still clung to the fading remembrance of old folk by the cottage fires, of what had been seen, and what had been done, in the daylight and the dark, long ago. And Todd the shepherd, Young the gardener, and the old soldier gaberlunzie who had a love for Keats, were choice enriching volumes of his human library.

And then, besides the Bible, the "Pilgrim's Progress," and Shakespeare, he had the masterly narrative of Dumas, the anecdotic personal charm of Sterne, Montaigne, and the moonlit romance of Scott, with the clatter of moss-troopers, riding together—the jingle of bridle and stirrup and blade; and the gleam of the pools in the moss-hags touched by the light of stars.

Put together, it was a very vast inheritance for a mind and heart prepared to receive it as its own.

Alongside of that there are three simple facts that have to be remembered.

First—the Scotsman loves his country. It may be poor. It may have treated him coldly, even scurvily, and with suspicion and outcasting, but he forgives it all. And it has the supreme faculty of impressing upon him the stamp of downright power of mind and memory, born of the hill and the sea, and the gray town.

Secondly—the Scotsman is essentially and basically a religious man. He may like to argue with the Creeds, and question the conclusions of the Shorter Catechism, but he will be found a very difficult bit of material for the making of an atheist. His rebellions against the acknowledged orthodoxy of his day are not rebellions away from faith in God. And,

Thirdly—the Scotsman is God's own Wanderer. He might give points to the Wandering Jew. No nation has sent forth more travellers. The children of no other race have looked into more strange places, walked more strange streets, fought in more battles of other folk, or taught in more alien colleges.

The Scot may not tell Scotland that he loves her, when he is at home in her; but only death can silence his talk of her and his yearning for her, when he has left her shores.

Stevenson added to the interest of his native land. He was, in this, just like his countrymen. He had to "put the world under his head," as we say in the North. But his heart dreamed of the old land; and a sob of the thought of her broke often from his longing. Alan Breck spoke for many another than himself, and he spoke also very directly for Stevenson, when he said: "I feel like a gomeril to be leaving Scotland on a day like this. . . . I would maybe like it better to stay here and hing. No but France is a fine place, but it's some way not the same. . . . I like it fine when I'm there, man, yet I kind of weary for the Scots divots and the Scots peat reek." Wherever Stevenson went he carried that thought with him. "Touch me!" said he, in California, "and you will find a thistle." When he heard the sound of a bell on the shore of Pagopago, off went

his heart on the wings of the wind, and there came to him "the gray metropolis of the North, a village on a stream, vanished faces, and silenced tongues." The past, to him, became "a kind of lamplit fairy land behind him." "O for ten Edinburgh minutes!" is his desire, "sixpence between us, and the ever-glorious Lothian Road, and dear mysterious Leith Walk." "The Pavilion on the Links" was finished in California; "Kidnapped" in Bournemouth; "The Merry Men" at Davos; "The Master of Ballantrae" at Waikiki; "Catriona" and "Weir of Hermiston" on an island in the heart of the far Pacific. Surely this is a unique record. He is the Scottish exile, *par excellence;* and no Scot has given to literature more deeply, because out of a deep experience, the tone, the throb, the intensity, the truth of the love and passion for the old gray land, under the cold North star.

He proved that, given the ready heart, learning may be independent of programme and syllabus. In his work we are struck by the feeling of an uncommon fulness of reading and experience. His father was fond of books, fond of dogs, and fond of freedom, though a Conservative in politics and religion. We are told that he used to stop little schoolboys and look at their bundled books with a "Tut! nonsense! You should read just what you like to read. That's education!" Stevenson followed that scheme by intuition. He was, in this, not unlike Doctor Johnson, who read everywhere and everything, but always where and what he chose—not page by page, or phrase by phrase, like a grammarian, but getting right at the heart of the essentials. No wonder Sam Bough was impelled to ask on a Highland steamboat, as he looked into the lad's sensitive face: "Where the devil did you read all these books?" It would almost seem not to have been possible in the time which he had at his disposal.

The father's heart received a double stab from which it must have been difficult to recover, when in 1871 came his son's twofold renunciation, first, of the engineering, which seemed to that father the natural destiny of a Stevenson, and especially so after that son had won the medal of the Society of Arts for a paper on a new mode of illumining lighthouses; and, secondly, of the cut and dry chart of life which had been the time-long satisfying document of the family soul.

To the old man, as we can understand, to question Calvinism was to be almost if not wholly an atheist. Only the very gifted or the very earnest can discern the faith beyond the forms of faith; and just as few, perhaps, can understand the questioning of it. The scar, however, healed in the father's heart, and love had its unalloyed victory growingly to the end. Of course, a rapidly growing mind like Stevenson's was certain to be at times an atheist—falsely so called; and, in politics, a socialist—that is, before he had learned to laugh at himself. We all have our periods of rebellion; and walk in dreams, with crowned heads on dripping spears, though we do vote strongly Tory when the polling day comes round! This found expression in the secret society, the L. J. R., which met in a public house in Advocates' Close, and whose prejudice was that its members, confined to six in number, were to be free from prejudice! It was an advanced community; and held, as one of its tenets, the necessity for the abolition of the House of Lords, though this did not visibly affect the slumbers of that respectable body.

His father is worthy of our sympathy; for, though he had his prepossessions and tastes, he was a man charitably inclined to acknowledge the rights of others. For example, he was very fond of quiet music; and in St. Stephen's Church he used to ask the organist, after choir practice, to play some still and solemn chords. Another old member, however, who also attended that function, loved loud and blatant blastings that stirred his border blood. And the organist, at last, torn between the two contrasting tastes, said to Mr. Stevenson: "What can I do to please you both?" But the old man said gently: "Don't mind me and my fads. Play to please yourself." Which, like a true man, he did, and so satisfied both.

Stevenson showed that a man can be a true artist, and yet be industrious. That he had really chosen the better part was of course fully proved. His mother was always sure of it. She had been his first amanuensis, when he had dictated his "History of Moses" for his uncle's prize.

He who had been looked upon as the Bohemian idler, in six years became the world's creditor by three books, twenty-six critical and social essays, five short magazine and periodical sketches, two long serials to be reprinted, and tons of experimental stuff doomed to the flames, or to be held over for later use, all in the interest of good.

He had, besides, been hailed as "a new artist of first promise." But what is a "new artist"? It may not mean new truth, nor even an altogether new message, but it must mean a new presentation of indubitable and incontestable certainties, the re-illumination of forgotten inspirations, a fresh marching music, a *callida junctura*, or skilful setting—clever jewellership of words and thoughts; and, outside of all that, something the world has neither heard nor seen nor felt before. There is also, of course, the ever-varying library of humanity by which a man will interpret and test his reading. The wide world is his commentary—the heart of man his whetstone. True, there is little left, after the first century or so of thinkers, for anybody to invent; but the new arises from fresh combinations of elements. Everything that was ever discovered or invented was made out of material already existing, with, as novelty, the artist's presentation—sometimes representation, certainly that re-combination which is creative—and, above all, the artist's own personality.

Stevenson, by his consciousness of the artistic calling, and recognition of the artist's duty, made himself an industrious seeker in the realm of phrase, so that his thought came forth to the world so clothed that the music of it and the form of it touched perfection of highest style, while the truth of it was deepened, freshened, and personalized to a degree that made it arresting, and conveying a new power to words. And yet he never suggested to his readers that he had attained or was already perfect. There was a forward-leaning impulse in his work which made the discerning world feel that there was still a chord untouched, a potency unexhausted. And this impression was true. His style was a natural birth; but it was consciously and conscientiously developed and enriched; that is to say, he sharpened his sword, he polished his lantern, he mastered his tools. In his letter to Trevor Haddon, of 5th July, 1883, he puts that very plainly in regard to art. "You have to represent only what you can represent, with pleasure and effect, and the only way to find out what that is, is by technical exercise. . . ." "Think of technique when you rise, and when you go to bed. Forget purposes in the meanwhile. Get to love technical processes—to glory in technical successes. Get to see the world entirely through technical spectacles, to see it entirely in terms of what you can. Then, when you have anything to say, the language will be apt and copious." His own phrase, whereby he expressed his indebtedness to stylists who were before his day, to whom he said he "played the sedulous ape," has been squeezed almost dry by those who could not tell the source of a single phrase he used. It simply meant that he studied the sources of the great streams of literature, as a wise soldier studies the work of the great campaigners, even though never a single experience of theirs may be repeated in the battles of a later day. In all form in art a man must get familiar with everything of the best that has ever found uttermost fulfilment. That, as he says himself, "is the way to learn to write." He himself thought that he had drawn many a pitcher from the well of Patrick Walker, the Covenanting packman, who wonderfully wrote the lives of the suffering saints of his faith; but I cannot find Stevenson in Walker, nor Walker in Stevenson; yet all he read must have told in his responsive mind.

The late S. R. Crockett in his Foreword to Patrick Walker's "Six Saints of the Covenant" says: "I have always thought that a great deal of the incision and directness of the late Mr. Stevenson's style in narrative could be traced to his familiarity with Patrick Walker's account of the death of John Brown. Those curious in the matter, and familiar with the wonderful histories of Alan Breck and David Balfour, will be able to parallel many phrases in a somewhat remarkable manner—that is, *not at all literally, but in the spirit of them.*" The suggestion came from a hint by Stevenson himself, when he wrote: "When I was a child, and indeed until I was nearly a man, I consistently read Covenanting books. . . . I

have been accustomed to hear refined and intelligent critics—*those who know so much better what we are than we do ourselves*—trace down my literary descent from all sorts of people, including Addison, of whom I could never read a word. Well, laigh in your lug, sir—the clew was found. My style is from the Covenanting writers." The italics are my own. They throw real light along these sentences. The fact was that Walker wrote very directly of what he knew, and went at it with the best weaponage of words that were in his quiver; and Stevenson did the same. He was no cuckoo gramophone.

His toil truly to discipline his forces was a genuine toil; but he dipped his pen in his own fancy—he colored his canvas with his own experience. He knew always the effect that he was seeking. He was most keenly sensitive to phrase. And his written style was the natural embodiment of his personality. He did not need borrowed lights; he had his own magic mirror. He did not need to strut in borrowed garments, nor try to walk in dead men's shoes. Above all, he never ceased to look higher, always toward a better still. And so he was able to leave a great canvas at the last; and no man can suggest even a charcoal sketch of its conclusion.

He made the English essay vibrant, sunny, graceful, individual, modern. The criticism that his style is too self-conscious is futile, when we remember that the best definition of style is that it is just the man himself, and that the essay is essentially opinion. That is the main charm of Robert Louis Stevenson. It is a part of his most important contribution. It is sometimes complained also that his style suggests an audience. But an essayist and story-teller cannot get away from his listeners. He is not speaking in his sleep, nor soliloquizing. He is not flinging a bomb into the void air, blindly careless of its destination. He is aiming at human hearts, to awaken sympathetic interest, to touch joys and sorrows of mankind. If he is not, then his work will be a flat-thumbed fumble, and no life will feel an interest in him or what he has to say. This is, in fact, the power of Stevenson, especially in his essays. It is his contribution to the English essay; for he made it as personal as Montaigne's. And he is, for this reason, bound to make it as beautiful as he can. For he is to remind the soul of its high nobility and inherent grace, in a world of wonderful sunshine, scintillant light of stars, the mystery of falling waters and of quiet places. We are not surprised at his work, when we read his letters, so spontaneous, so full of character—a mass of writing which, for human interest, stands alongside of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," and is not eclipsed by anything I know.

He shewed life rich with other things than gold, proving the witness of those before him. He had at the same time, the old cry of the truth-seeker—the need of money, that need without which, after all, no seeker would go on seeking in face of the gaunt fact of daily bread. The discoveries in science as well as literature have not been made by millionaires. The devil of an empty purse and an empty stomach has often been the angel of continued enterprise. "Dibbs and speed," said he, "are my mottoes." Not that he believed that this was all, any more than Samuel Johnson did, who declared that nobody but a numskull ever wrote except for money! Stevenson said to an anxious inquirer: "About any art, think last of what pays; first of what pleases." It was not that he desired much. "On two hundred I am good for the world," he declared. And the terrible minor undertone of his life gave color to the strain—"The worst is my health." We find the same need in Johnson and Burns, in Balzac, and Rabelais, and Erasmus, all giving gold of eternal thought to a world that hardly gives them daily bread. The hundred pounds which he got for "Treasure Island" was like a bonanza to him. It lit all the road before him, as with a thousand candles. He early marked out his life's *desiderata:*

"*First*, good health; *secondly*, a small competence; and *thirdly*, O du lieber Gott, FRIENDS."

Heaven very liberally answered the last desire.

He was intensely human. And in this lies one of the great secrets of his benefactions. Nothing could be more touching than his cry across the sea for a "letter with a jest in it." "Man alive! I want gossip." From Davos, where he remembered the fate of John Richard Greene, and with Addington Symonds and young

Sitwell on the same glissade toward premature doom, he cries, "Write me something cheery—a little Edinburgh gossip." It was so natural with a man to whom death is so often saying, "Hush!" when he wants to talk or to be talked to. His humanness is especially seen in what we call "pluck." His letter to Henley is typical of many a moment. "You know the wolf is at the door, and I have been seriously ill. . . . My spirits have risen *contra fortunam*. I will fight this out and conquer." It is the old heroism, like Andrew Barton's, stricken on the deck, and his life's blood slowly trickling along the planks. But the seadog said:

> "A little Ime hurt, but yett not slaine;
> Ile but lye downe and bleede a while,
> And then Ile rise and fight againe."

And that is the infallible secret of victory. *Ego contra mundum* has been the motto on the banner of every thinker who has achieved, grinding the grist of immortality between the millstones of suffering and labor. The lasting joy, the highest peace, are won through sorest travail, and carry their deepest significance so.

His hunger for independence was continually with him. It is a national characteristic. It was the main lure in his application for a vacant chair in the university; and it slips out, without intention, from the testimonials of his friends, which were testimonials to the man, and not really to his suitability for the job. What a strange answer to the world's hunger for what they could give would it have been to put him and Burns on a lecture rostrum! The attitude of each of these to romance and poetry is not that of a teacher and examiner on the subjects of history and agriculture. A man is not necessarily cut out for being an architect because he admires St. Paul's, nor meant to be a Beethoven because he can keep time with his foot at a popular concert.

Stevenson is so many-sided that the commonest criticism of to-day is that which arises quite naturally out of a period of specialized activities—preferring a steady ray from a single luminous surface to the light of a thousand facets, however exquisitely cut. And further, so much that he played his search-light of laughter upon, no longer shews its face, so that, to many of the younger generation, it seems to have been only a sham fight with dummy figures after all.

As to quality—one cannot dogmatize. To some, the essays, with their subtle aroma of genius, their personal confidences, which irresistibly draw you into the feeling that you and the writer are intimate friends—to others "Prince Otto," or "The Master of Ballantrae," that has something of the piteousness of the Prodigal Son and the perversity of the elder brother pervading it—to one, one thing, and to another, another, all prove the universality of his view, and the excelling power of his touch.

A recent writer says, and says quite falsely, "The creatures of his fancy . . . usually become types of stage property. We can scarcely believe that his pirates, who were novel in their day, were not always part of the equipment of the world's nursery. . . . We are a little tired of their obvious manner. They have become characters not of fear but of ridicule." This, of course, simply means that there are still some people who cannot understand what they write about, and that Stevenson's genius is not for the man who could write like that. He is color-blind in regard to it. The test is easily found in Sir Philip Sidney's reference to a good tale "which can hold the children from their play, and draw the old men from the chimney-corner." I should not like to meet a boy who would not thrill to "Treasure Island," nor make the man my friend who could not feel lifted out of the world of wage-tables and time-sheets on the ship with Israel Hands, John Silver, Teach, and Pew. A book that caught Gladstone, and the unemotional *Saturday Review*, and made Andrew Lang say, "This is the kind of stuff a fellow wants. I don't know except 'Tom Sawyer' and the 'Odyssey' that I ever liked any romance so well—" has some guarantee of genuineness in it.

Another favorite thing to say is that, after all, Stevenson's characters are "only Stevenson himself in fancy dress." But every author who has anything to say and any criticism of life to offer is bound to speak his own opinions somehow; and the character that is on his side will be his medium. Goethe said, truly, that all his own works were the fragments of a great confession; and though it is inevitable

that we should rebel against the school of Gervinus and Ulrici, who see in Shakespeare mainly a kind of preacher tagging dramas on to a text, yet there are clear moments in literary creation when the creator himself speaks.

Stevenson shewed intensely how the soul is independent of the body. His victory over physical weakness is one of the proofs that man possesses a soul. The greatest mistake of all, by which most grave injury has been done to Stevenson, is to allow the thought of his physical weakness to obtrude itself between him and the estimate of his work.

So many, to-day, have seen courage and patience of dying men, with "To hell with surrender!" in the Valley of the Shadow, that Stevenson's courage seems perhaps even a slight thing to talk of, like the courage of a camp-follower, who gets the M. C. or the C. M. G. for keeping the fires burning at the base, while thousands die forgotten in the shell-torn trenches. An empire's young manhood has suffered in silence undecorated. What are they apt to think of a man in his bed, suffering ever so much, but not called upon to stand waist-deep in the mire of reality, and die on his feet in the wet? That of course will pass. It is easy to analyze it. In the mud, when shell and bullet, dirt and death, were around us, we were all in the same circumstance and condition. Hell was over and about us equally. When it was past, and we got out of the environment of beasts, we lay down and slept like men after a debauch. A man in his bed, however weak and dying, was to us a man well off.

But this was one who loved life—to whom the world was very preciously dear—to whose soul laughter was the sweetest music, and the joy of activity the expression of everything that was life's best—half the meaning of creation. Yet here he was, set on a footing which had no stability, shut up in a sick-room when he wished the open field, his right hand tied up to his side lest his lungs should spout blood—death's cold clutch clawing at him, and just slipping its grip upon him, God knows how often. And then, with a laugh, he is up and at it again, with his dream and his sunshine and his song. The sentry at the listening post has a quick interest of immediateness in time and eternity. Yet, if he live through the next two hours, he is relieved upon the watch. But this man, with a hole in his lungs, and the red froth on his lips, can only hope for respite, but for no release. Think what it meant for a soul like Stevenson to be told that "between now and forty he must live as though he were walking on eggs, and for the next two years, no matter how well he feels, he must live the life of an invalid . . . must not eat too much, drink too much, laugh too much . . . talk very little, and walk no more than can be helped."

We can believe him to be speaking the truth, from a vocabulary steeped in reality of feeling and experience, when he says, "I wish to die in my boots . . . to be drowned, to be shot, to be thrown from a horse, ay, to be hanged, rather than pass again through that slow dissolution." To a man like Stevenson, who loved the sunshine and the stars, this episodic death that was his destiny was a real affliction—this compulsory silence, that sealed his lips from speech, when he had so much to say to his fellows, an absolute martyrdom. And yet when he was able to face things again, he faced them as though he had no wounds; and, when he spoke his message, he spoke it with a smile on the lips just freshly wiped clean again from the froth of death.

Whitman, Rabelais, Shakespeare, Burns, never laughed more courageously in the face of life's grim mystery of pain than he did. It is not true that as a recent writer said, "It was a forced laugh to hide a Calvinistic frown." The man who wrote that made a phrase, but did not express a truth. You can, of course, get accustomed to death as an element of the day's work. Out of the Valley of the Shadow Stevenson sent forth his men and women, and his thought about them, clothed in sunshine. He speaks like a man who has all his reserves still unused in the battle, even though he is, in fact, in the last ditch, and with his bleeding feet set on the very edge of disaster.

He was not, nor did he wish to be, a specimen displayed and labelled. He did not pose as an invalid. He would hate to think of his biography as a series of bulletins. We cannot tell what part disease played in the creation and conditioning of his genius, though it gives, of

course, a pathos to our view of him. He is not a diseased author, but an author who was stricken sorely. No man will be put in the "dumps" through a single page he writes even when he is shivering in the draft that blows around Death's corner. His life is not interesting only as a tragedy. It is tragic because the chief figure in it is himself. Barbellion, who died the other day, touched it, though morbidly, when he said of himself, "I live now in the grave, and am busy furnishing it with posthumous joys." In Stevenson's egoism we find simply the expression of his passion for life in all its shapes and moods —an abandonment of ecstasy in its experiences—the zest of being, sublimated to a lyrical poignancy.

There are times in Stevenson's, as in Hood's, experience, when he is tempted to say something like: "Come along, old Death's head. You've grown familiar to me till I grow now familiar with you—only a bogy, airing yourself in your bones!" So he makes an "Aunt Sally" sport of him. It is an amusement set to the tune of defiance. But that tune has been learned note for note, in the bitter school of pain. He learned it there, but gave us in it a new note of victory.

He shews us the secret of the perfect use of landscape in fiction. See the description of a snow-storm in the setting of "Lodging for a Night"; or the day spent on the sun-scorched rock in "Kidnapped." He makes us see his landscape, but not as an exercise in clever scene-painting. It is a part of the drama. He sets the action astir, and it is fully going when he suddenly touches a stop, and you see the night all trembling with stars, or hear the sea and the wind in the gap of the hills, or feel the darkness sink deep and still about you. It is all a piece of the life of things. There is no flap of the canvas falling; there is no paint on his hands; you do not see the carpenter behind the scenes. In this way he makes geography live, because he puts living men, moving to their dramatic climax, in the heart of it. The Bass Rock ceases to be a lump of schist, forgotten from the scheme of creation, left in the waves that beat about the base of it; but becomes a bit of the lives of men, of their superstitious fears, their misty meteor-lit, prayer-girt faith, a living agency of scheme and plot, and crime, and daring sacrifice. The heather moor, the hummocked sand-dunes, the lone track through the hills, the gleam of the lamp in the window in the desert place, the water running along the drifting keel of ships at sea, the shadowy mystery of silent gray streets, the alleys in the snow, the woodland glade, all become vibrant with joys and sorrows of the play of human interests, living with the lives, and poignant with the trials, of men and women, fragments of the world of human souls.

In this, also, he had a marvellous gift of truthfulness of reminiscent sight. One can test that. For instance, in "The Merry Men"—I know how the tide-race runs around the craggy islands of the West. I have lost my shoes in the sea-pools in the dark—seen the white foam leap at me through the pitch-black gloom —slipped over wet rocks into the sea—heard the laughter of the herring gull and the cry of the tern—been awed by the witchery of the wave-swept desolations. And he has them all, in absolute reality. And he brings them into the life of the people folded in such an environment, as they ought to be, as a part of the people themselves. His time in the West and elsewhere in the days of his amateur engineering was not spent in vain.

It is not right to either Scott or Stevenson to take, say, "Kidnapped" or "Catriona," and measure it against "Waverley" or "Rob Roy." Stevenson never wrote to rival his masters. Because a man writes about the wars of Troy, or about Elsinore, it does not follow that the only just comparison of his work is with Homer or "Hamlet." The fact that there is a river in Greece and another in Wales is not a ground for either criticism or geography. It is only cheap foolery, and puts the critic out of court. There is no cheaper mode of classification than calling Stevenson "the modern Scott or Burns—the Scottish Addison or Steele." Lions' skins are not transferable commodities. The true comparison is that of a man with his own previous work, be it his best or his worst. And Stevenson can stand that as well as anybody. Yet Lang said truly of "Kidnapped" that it contained "more of the spirit of Scott than any other English fiction"—and Lang knew about Scott.

A favorite growl is that he failed in his heroines, in his depicting of womanhood —that he did not see that "women are creatures of impulse and passion." But all women are not so, except in the cheap sheets of matrimonial adventure where the mill-girl marries the marquis, or the duchess runs away with her groom. Stevenson was intensely interested in the impulses and passions of humanity. No man owed more to women, from the days of "Cummie" to the influence of his own wife. He was not insensible to the claim and rights of passion. He could himself adventure for love's sake. His flight across the Atlantic fully proved this to be so. Nevertheless, it is a fact that he did not make the use that might have been expected, of the complex nature of womanhood. It has been said so often that it is accepted, that he could not draw women at all. He felt a kind of fear of that himself. And though, of course, he was not seized early with the master-passion, he was not uninterested in women, and he could interest them in him. But it is well to remember that most of his stories are studies of certain actions of men who were impulse-driven by other motives than those of sex. They are the adventures of men, banished and driven from home, not through feminine intrigue but by greed of gold, by political passion, or sheer love of adventure.

The conflict of a heart against itself, or of a soul against its destiny, is quite sufficiently moving and absorbing in itself to fill a canvas. He concentrated in "Kidnapped" on the Appin mystery, and not on the sluggish fire of David Balfour's love. It is not a passion-story at all, but a study of Alan Breck the Highlander, in contrast to David Balfour the slow-minded Lowlander, set against the shadow of murder and feud. His women are in his stories as pivots, and in order that they may do something for the men; and this was quite natural and in accord with the position of women in a typical Scottish household. It was still the day of the indoors woman, of the sampler and "The Maiden's Prayer." Models of Mrs. Weir of Hermiston were not difficult to find, but they were by no means easy to portray livingly, as he did with such success. His own grandmother, Mrs. Robert Stevenson, was prototype sufficient—somewhat useless, "easily shocked, and associating largely with a clique of godly parasites."

His women were just as he found them. Had they been different they had been out of place. He had to depict them as *he* saw them, not as we do. Had they been otherwise they would not have "matched" the men.

In "Weir of Hermiston" the two Kirsties stand out clearly and possessingly. It is the fashion to praise the elder Kirsty; but it seems to me that Kirsty the younger is one of the masterpieces of literary portraiture of a girl's soul. The midnight scene of the elder Kirsty's pleading is unforgettable. It would be a vast loss to the literature of womanhood.

A common complaint is that Catriona is "only a boy in girl's petticoats." Whoever said that never understood the character of a Highland woman. She is not a dairymaid, but a Highland lady, slowly winning the hearts that are even cold toward her and suspicious of her, by her fidelity, patience, devotion, and constancy, as in real life she would have done. The nameless lass who helps Alan and David over the Forth is a rare vignette. She lives. I can hear the flutter of her skirts as she escapes from our presence. Alison Græme in "The Master of Ballantrae" is surely a delicately touched miniature—true to nature, and absolutely herself.

But this is a topic wide enough for a canvas of its own. He has given true women of a rare type, nearer life than the mere creations of romance; and a Raeburn is a richer gift than the sketchy face of a fairy woman of the wildest fancy. He knew these women; and it is most difficult craft to paint a portrait that is neither photographic nor a mere picture of imagination.

Life had for him varied experiences; as when, in 1869, he was run in by the Edinburgh police for his share in a student row, and was bound over to keep the peace. He was, of course, certain to be seen in any questionable concatenation of circumstance, for he was "kenspeckle," and seemed apt to arouse suspicion with a snarl to sniff at his heels. He tells with great humor how he was thrown into durance vile on the "Inland Voyage"; and inn after inn turned him from the

door as being too disreputable for admission—not a unique experience, as I can testify, on a tramping tour, in a world that so often estimates a man by his clothes.

Was it affectation? To many conventional minds, of course, it must have seemed to be so. There are so many who change their hats at once, when fashion dictates an alteration in the measurement of brim—who would rather be torn on the rack than wear a tie that was one week out of vogue. It was said to be affectation for him to carry a chair on his head, when he was taking it to a man who needed it. If he had stood on his head in it, I could see an eccentricity. But it is the easiest way to carry a chair; and the surest plan of seeing that your friend gets your gift is to take it yourself to him. It may be a sign of affection—though, as the world grows more selfish while the sun cools, even that may be considered an affectation. And many of his contemporaries and friends did not understand him. It is naturally more difficult to understand a person whom you thoroughly know, than it is to know a stranger. The feathers of a far-away bird are proverbially always admirable. A distant stretch gives the atmospheric effect which makes for mirage. They thought, often, that he was talking nonsense. Genius has, usually, to the bigger crowd, the effect of one man in a march-past being out of step with the mass. But he may be hearing other music than the band. And, as for velvet jackets and long hair—well, there is not a doubt that, next to a kilt, the dress ideal for absolute ease and comfort in thinking and working is a suit of pajamas and a dressing-gown. St. Francis must have been glad of the change out of fashionable doublet and trunk hose into his roomy and snug brown cassock and sandals. And the barber is sometimes an intrusion upon higher things and thoughts.

Stevenson's contemporaries, as a whole, could not, in fact, measure him. Of course not. You draw and you see all out of proportion when your picture is held close up to your eye. You need focus. Some of them can scarcely yet accept the general estimate of his stature. "He was at school with me!" seems a ready justification of an agnostic attitude of mind toward the allegation that a man, whom we knew, has achieved greatness. But it is most often a standard of measurement not of him but of ourselves. I wonder if there be any in Edinburgh still who will neither read him, nor acknowledge him to be anything but the youth they thought they knew—a wild, inconsequent creature who talked "rot" and looked it! Once among the ducklings, never a swan. All the biologists cannot prove otherwise to the barnyard officials whose experience is limited by the length and level of their own sight.

Even in his own day, in the Speculative Society in the University, his comrades did not listen to his papers. With some of them the main thing they recall is that one night when he was late and was to lead in a discussion, he simply jumped upon a cab at a stance, and drove it himself up to the door of the Society's rooms. I wonder, always, who the man was that was so bold as to drive it back again, and hand it over to the cabby it belonged to! He must have learned, in one brief fiery moment, if he was a student of language, more of the idiom of vituperation than a lifelong study could have otherwise secured.

Stevenson was the universal lover. Taine said, "In literature I love all." But Stevenson, like Fergusson, and Burns, and the rest, said in effect, "In life I love all. Whenever I crack my whip, and the team starts, I will take the whole length of the road—let who will take the breadth of it—all the way." He is eager to pass on, and see what is round the corner. It is the incomplete that hurts him. His tragedy lies not in what happens, but in what is withheld from him. It may be that such outbursts of the joy of life as are his, may be traceable to the effect of bacterial disease; but genius is not a pathological product. This hopefulness, the uplift of the onward gaze, is one of his richest contributions to life itself.

He is a consummate story-teller. He knows so well whom to keep in the background! He can keep his hand over the right thing. Manager of speech and silence, he knows when the bell should ring in the night—when the footstep should move in the dark.

To deny that he has humor, is folly on

the part of the denier. His irony is sometimes exquisite. He can take a strut or a swagger, and with a word make you and the swaggerer laugh together and without rancor for each other. That is the secret of the genius of the gentle cynic like Thackeray. The best cynicism in literature is that which makes a man laugh with you at his own foibles—the genius that would make a fool wholesomely see his own back. Look at Doctor Desprez and his wife in "The Treasure of Franchard"; or the unmeasured delight of "Providence and the Guitar."

Along with that, how notable is his tenderness. He dwelt in a house of love; but he liked to lean over the window, for he loved both the world without and the world within. He had, in fact, a double outlook always; as when he used to make "Cummie" read "a chapter" for the dark, but a book of adventure of Ballantyne's when the day was bright.

He loved Scotland; but he was not parochial. He was the true Scot; and he won the true Scot's guerdon; for the people that can love and laugh and pray have the secret of life's highest mastery.

Henley condemned his moralizing. But his morality was not street-preaching —not the buttonholing of the didactic bore with a fad, but the utterance of a man who had seen all aspects of life and death, and understands them, both in the depths and the shallows; and had come to the sane conclusion that life was to be a quest for good—honest, clean comradeship, a combination of truth and affection. "We are all nobly born," he wrote. "Fortunate those who know it: blessed those who remember it."

He had the Scottish gift of psychological insight, and especially the national skill in patho-psychology. One has only to see his Markheim, and his analysis of Olalla, and his soul-photograph of Seumas Mor MacGregor, for proof of that. He could sometimes express the innermost being of a man, as by a red-hot judgment-touch. How he etched the mock-religious hypocrite in his picture of Tod Lapraik—"a muckle, fat, white hash of a man, like creesh, wi' a kind of a holy smile that gar'd me scunner"! His "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," though more popular, is not so subtle and deep. In these he looked widely—to escape the tug of the Celtic pixy that haunted him, and the finger-on-the-lip of the sombre faith of his fathers. He was not morbid, but he could open the heart to the sense of the cobwebs in the inner chamber of the soul.

He is the Beloved Vagabond—the delightful Egoist—a Strayed Reveller. Though he might well have won a tense interest by saying, "See how I cough! Listen to that rattle in my lung! And observe how brave I am, writing brave things on the edge of the grave!"—he waves it all aside. "Victory over all!" is his cry. And the lamed and broken in life's battle raise themselves often on their elbow, and greet him with a cheer. He lifts our eyes to Eldorado, floating on the far horizon, which he sees all the clearer because he is ankle-deep in death himself, upon the shore. Even to-day, when the world has been in its greatest adventure, it is fresh and refreshing to share in his enterprise, and let selfishness lie untended for a while.

He gave, above all, a liberal contribution, and a solace to humanity. To be brave against fearful odds—to endure, even while the world you love seems slipping from you—to smile, while the ache irks under your breast-bone—to face the thunder, confident of the calm beyond—to go on hoping, while life crumbles, till you suddenly see God's face looking straight at you—to feel, like Josh Billings, that, after all is said and done, the greatness of life is not so much in winning, but in playing a poor hand well —that is a big creed for dying and toiling men; and he gave it to us very fully in his life, and in the quivering sentences of his written message. And, after all, men may float on varied craft to God; and not any one creed is the final revelation of the Will Divine.

Now he needs nothing that we can give him. Time is giving him, every passing day, a more abiding reward. Wherever he did a day's thinking, writing, or suffering has become a place to be remembered. And no place, except that hill-top where his dust lies sleeping, is more transfused with the remembrance of his spirit than the gray streets of Edinburgh, and the quiet hills of home. Well might we remember him, if only with a word of thanks for what he has given to us.

THE SECOND ROUND

By Mary Synon

Illustrations by W. J. Enright

TED FERRIS and the springtime came to Hickory Nut Gap on the same March wind. The springtime, whirling in gusty rushes which lifted the galax leaves along the summits of the Blue Ridge, sent the river dancing over the falls below Bat Cave and trumpeted to the bloodroots to don their white and gold of festal raiment. Ted Ferris, coming in a clanking, one-lunged motor-car which had seen better days even before the war, fell into the highway engineers' camp beyond Chimney Rock with a gusto which drove reverberating echoes up to the eagle's nest, and frightened a brood of cardinals out into flashing red against the evergreens. "Let the portcullis fall!" he shouted to the men who came to the door of the big shack to witness his coming. "I'm here!"

"And who are you?" Westley, the tallest of them, inquired with no unfriendliness.

"Chief resident," he told them so casually that they looked twice at him before accepting the truth of his amazing statement. In the second look they saw him to be neither as young nor as crass as his seeming, and they gave to him that offhand acceptance which is youth's deference to youth in authority, not yet telling him that the man they considered able to finish the highway job needed above all other qualifications the sure experience which they believed the prerogative of age. "Make yourself at home," Westley told him, abdicating his own interim reign. "It's yours."

Ferris flung his pack from the car, following it with a leap over the ancient vehicle's jammed door. "What does a chief resident do?" he asked them with a gleam of white teeth and a flash of gray eyes. "This is my first offense."

"How did you get it?" Brannan drawled.

"Nerve, son, nerve. Showed the highway commissioners my diploma, and asked them if they didn't like the trimmings on the border." Knowing that his persiflage concealed the qualities in him, good or bad, on which their work was to depend, they took the froth for what it was, still watching for a glimpse of the man's reality under the boy's mask. For they knew old Tom French too well to believe that he would send them for leader on a project as big as the crossing at the Eagle's Nest any youth as careless as Ferris seemed. "Want your dinner?" Westley asked him.

"Naturally," he said, "and presently." He dove down in the capacious pockets of his corduroy coat and brought out a paper. "Roll-call," he announced, and checked off Westley and Brannan, Howe and McMurray, Cramer and Dale. "Boys," he told them with the grandiloquence of a campaign orator at a Virginia mass-meeting, "we're going to finish this job by the Fourth of July."

"Of this year?" Brannan asked.

"It can't be done," Westley said.

"Friends, Romans, countrymen," he declaimed, "it's going to be done." He did not even trouble to see how they met his ultimatum, but walked away from them toward the shack. "Is the chuck wagon working?" he shouted over his shoulder.

"Yell for it," some one told him.

He yelled with a lustiness of lung which would have dispelled the doubt any one might have held that he had come into the North Carolinian mountains in search of health. The answer to his cry came promptly in the person of a tall, slab-sided woman, worn by work rather than by years, who stood in the doorway of the shack's dining-room, regarding him with lack-lustre gaze. "Where's dinner?" he asked her.

"Done," she said succinctly.

"Don't I get any?"

"No," she said. "It's past time."

"All right," he laughed. "I defer to the inevitable." He opened his pack and from its depths brought out a bag of bananas, biting into one with boyish enjoyment. A child of some seven years came from back of the tall woman and stood staring at Ferris's feast with wistful eyes. "Come and have one," he bade him, not knowing the invitation the reason for the cook's quick reverse of custom and decision: "I guess I can fix you up somethin' if you'll wait."

"I can wait," he said, "as long as there's any waiting to be done."

"There's always a good lot of waitin' in this world," she said as she turned back into the kitchen.

"What's your name?" he asked the boy. The child shook his head. "Ain't christened," he said.

"But you don't need to be christened to have a name," Ferris protested.

"Ain't no name," the boy insisted.

"What do you answer to? What does your mother call when she wants you?"

"She says, 'Yi-he-ah.' "

"I'm afraid I couldn't say it right, but I'm going to call you something while I'm on this job. This was old Andrew Jackson's country when he was a kid, wasn't it? Well, maybe you'll be President some day when a third party comes along, so I'll call you Andrew Jackson while I'm here. Mind it?"

"No," said the boy solemnly. "Not if I had another banana."

They made compact over it, the boy chewing solemnly. "You're certainly having a good time out of the pottage for which you sold your birthright," Ferris told him; but when the cook brought on his own belated meal he attacked it with an equally gourmandish joy. Then, with the table cleared, he dragged out blueprints and specifications, poring over them with an intensity which might have meant either concentration or the need of it. He pursed his lips into a whistle as he shoved the papers away. "Come on, Andy," he called, "and show me the way to the diggings." With the boy as guide, he set out toward the upper falls where he knew the work to be progressing.

The roar of the water grew thunderous as they struggled through the dense underbrush of rhododendron and laurel. "This is a grand little mountain," Ferris panted as they paused at a promontory. "With those guns going every minute, it reminds me of—" He broke off suddenly, the brightness going from his face. "What are you going to be when you grow up, Andrew Jackson?" he asked the boy.

"A soldier." His eyes gleamed with the joy of desire.

"God forbid," said Ferris. "I don't believe I'll pick you for President, after all," he added more lightly. His eyes scanned the view from summit to summit, returning to the point where the falls began their tumbling, tortuous cascading into the river. "Some job old French handed me," he mused. "No wonder the other fellow quit. Oh, well!" He braced his shoulders as if he were buckling on armor, and resumed the climb. At its summit he found Cramer and Howe sighting levels. "You're running off the line," he told them. Protestingly they sought to verify their correctness and found themselves wrong. "You certainly know the game," Howe told him, admiration lighting his squirrel-like young face.

"Any man has to know his own job," Ferris said.

He went at his that day "as if," McMurray told the other, "this highway was the first and last and only one in the world." They had all taken the work with the seriousness of engineers who see in the immediate task the urgency of need of good work, but no one of them had looked on the project with the solemnity with which Ferris seemed to regard it as he covered the ground, with the newly named Andrew Jackson tagging at his heels. Once back at the shack, however, he threw off all vestige of responsibility of leadership and became the cheerful road gypsy he had seemed on his coming. "What do you do for amusement around these parts?" he demanded after he had eaten avidly of the fresh pork and yellow yams, beaten biscuit and pie, which the cook had produced for supper.

"Watch the moon when there is a moon and the stars when there isn't," Westley said.

"Is he cynical by nature, or merely in love just now?"

"In love," they chorused. "His girl's in New York, and he lives from mail to mail."

"I hope they're frequent, and that she doesn't get writer's cramp. What do the rest of you do?"

"Go to bed," said Cramer.

"Phlegmatic temperament," Ferris diagnosed. He turned to Brannan. "What's your smoke?"

"I listen to Park Freeman playing the banjo and singing 'The Banks of the Wabash,' on the stage of the village post-office, all set with cracker-boxes and coca-cola bottles. I sometimes accompany old man Embree on the Saturday nights when he goes 'co'tin,' as he calls it. He's courting his fifth wife."

"I knew a chap named Embree," Ferris said, wrinkling his brows. "Jed Embree. He was——"

"Jed Embree's one of the old man's sons," Howe put in. "He was wounded in France, and he was paralyzed from it."

"Where is he?" Ferris asked.

"Back here," Howe told him. "His wife takes care of him."

"I didn't know he was married."

"Oh, he married when he came home. Girl thought he'd die of homesickness in the hospital."

"Some girl," Ferris said.

"I don't know," Howe said earnestly. "I never saw her."

Ferris laughed. "It was by the eyes of the spirit that I awarded her the apple of Paris," he said. "And what else may one do?" His eyes questioned Westley.

"You may slip over into Polk County," Westley told him, "and acquire some of the strongest moonshine in the world. Prohibition has increased both demand and supply. Then, if you live, you may rattle your tin lizzie all the way back to Asheville and revel from Saturday night till Monday morning in the delights of effete civilization."

"I can't say I care for its present manifestations," Ferris said with a sudden bitterness. "I haven't money enough to overpower it, and money seems its one standard these days."

"Well, you don't need a mint up here," Brannan said philosophically. "The mountain girls think you're rich if you buy them a box of candy once in a blue moon, and the moonshiners aren't getting Broadway prices for their product."

"I have entered Paradise," Ferris said.

The Paradise, however, was one of hard work and little play, he found as the days brought the springtime into glory. Although he took hold with a vim which spurred it onward, he knew too well for self-deception the appalling difficulty of the task he had undertaken. The survey, of itself, was an Alpine climber's job, skirting the edge of cliffs and hanging over precipices. The driving of the stakes for the road required a sureness of eye and of hand which he had to supervise with anxious care. It was the responsibility for the building of the bridge along the Appian Way and past the Eagle's Nest, however, which called for every fibre of courage and skill which Ferris possessed. Under the crest of the mountain, back of the Chimney Rock itself, rose that strange formation which, from the valley, simulated the outlines of a natural bridge but which was, in reality, a path so narrow that the few who dared its crossing had to cling to the rusted iron chain which had been set there years before. Across from it, on the other mountain, wound the trail, so narrow that a man must cling to the wall of rock and move foot over foot as he went, to the aerie of the Eagle's Nest. Between the two was to be flung that span of the highway whose building was Ferris's job. Up above the clouds he must blast and level and dig and pick the way to the edges, then from edge to edge swing the girders which would tie the winding ribbons of the road. "It's a good thing they didn't fight the war in the Alps," he told the men at the residency after long study of the problem.

"Oh, I guess we'd have won just the same up there," McMurray said.

"Were you all in the service?" Ferris asked them.

"You bet we were," Dale declared.

"Where?" His eyes, running over them one after the other, hardened into an authority which brought quick answer.

"I was in the navy," Howe boasted. "Crossed seventeen times. Submarined twice."

"Good boy!" said Ferris.

"Flying in Texas," Cramer gave testimony. "Got to Brest," said Dale.

"Held in Spartanburg," McMurray growled. "Staff in Paris," Brannan said, and "Washington," said Westley briefly. "The war ended too soon for all of us," he added.

"Fought some hard battles, didn't you?" There was no sting in Ferris's voice, but every man except little Howe winced.

"It wasn't our fault that we didn't get to the front," Brannan said.

"Were you all officers?" Ferris asked in a silky rebuke which sent swift blood mantling to five faces and brought out Howe's hasty, "I wasn't." With a rush of words the others sped into talk of the difficulties of their time in service: Cramer cursing the luck which kept him on a hot southwestern field, Dale exploiting the mud of Brest, McMurray reviling the South Carolinian camp, and Westley and Brannan fighting over once more the battles of Washington and of Paris. Ferris listened to them with a completeness of detachment which rose above scorn, puffing at his cigarette almost ominously. His eyes seemed to be looking above and beyond them, seeing things afar, as they talked. Finally he rose. "I think I'll look up Jed Embree," he said quietly. "Did you say he lived in the first place beyond the Rock post-office?"

"The second on the left," said Howe.

He went to the door, gazing downward on the moonlit way to the gap, and reached for his hat from its peg near the window. "By the way," Brannan asked, setting down his pipe with a deliberation which portended battle, "were you a conscientious objector or just plain pacificist? I heard you telling Andy that you hoped you'd never see another war in your lifetime."

Ferris halted at the door, swinging around swiftly to face the six curious, half-hostile faces. "I was neither," he said, "but, if I prayed, I'd pray every day of my life that war would never come to us again."

"Were you drafted?" Brannan baited him.

He lifted his hat to the back of his head and thrust his legs apart, as if waiting an onslaught. His jaw set hard and his gray eyes flashed fire as he spoke. "I enlisted as a private, voluntarily," he stressed every word, "in the Second Engineers of the Regular Army five days after we went into the war. It took me the five days to find them and get to them. If any of you ever heard what happened to most of the men of the corps, you may understand why I don't long for another war!" In their silence he flung out of the shack, banging the door so hard that it flew open again and he heard Brannan's muttering, "Damned snob," and Howe's, "Well, if you'd had one hundred and forty per cent replacement, and were in every big battle except Cantigny," then Westley's, "Oh, well, you'd stick up for anything in the Second Division because the Marines were with it!" The door shut once more, leaving him alone in the soft April night.

For a long time he stood, battling with that bitterness which always flooded him after thought of the war. It had begun, he realized, on that day when the *Leviathan* had docked at Hoboken, and four thousand of the walking wounded had come down the gang-plank, cheering themselves because there had been only a handful of canteen workers there, other than themselves, to give any shout of welcome. It wasn't that they wanted glory, any one of them—they hadn't fought for that any more than he had fought for it—but the carelessness and selfishness of people from whom they had expected something better seemed to hit them between the eyes; and it hit Ferris, who wasn't wounded, harder than any of them, and on their account rather than on his own. He had felt then the rooting of that sense of injustice which had grown so high in the months between. He had come back from a world where men fought through hells of days and nights for something bigger and better and finer than life. He found himself in a world where men fought for existence, for power, for money, and most of all for money. It was a mad scramble, too lacking in dignity to be called a battle, a sordid, soul-sickening rush. Handicapped already by his delay in return out of the Army of Occupation, he found himself even more handicapped by his contempt of the conflict. In his despair he had taken easy roads he had been wont to scorn until they had brought him, Ted Ferris, who for all his youth had won his spurs as a builder of

bridges, to the place where he was glad to take this highway job; and to-night in hot anger against men who could not, would not understand what war could mean to a man who had breasted its crimson wave at high tide, he was going down a mountain trail to Jed Embree, who would know, even as he knew, the language of two years before.

So intent was he on his musings that he was taking the trail in blind instinct when a low sound brought him back to consciousness of his immediate surroundings. He halted, looking ahead toward the source of the noise. Even before he had realized it for what it was, a crooning ballad of the mountains, he saw the singer, a girl seated on a high rock at the place where the trail met the road through the Gap. She was crouched, Turk fashion, her hands spread palms down, and there was something of an Indian gesture in the uplifting of her chin, but the words of her song were of that old English which the mountains have held for their own. Ferris, moving forward before she heard him, drank in the richness of her voice and the loveliness of her upturned face. Then his foot went crashing through the twigs, and the girl ceased from her song.

"Don't let me frighten you," he called to her. "I'm from the engineers' camp."

"You didn't frighten me," she said in her slow, low voice when he had come in front of her. "Nothing scares me in the Gap."

He could see the golden glints in her hair and the deep blue of her eyes. The spell of her kept him lingering, and she did not seem to resent his halt. "Where do you live?" he asked her, and she pointed to a little cluster of lights in the valley below. "I come up here to think," she said, and because he had so often taken his problems to the high places and found solution of them there he nodded in quick understanding. "What were you singing?" he asked her, and she said over for him the ballad that had come down from generation to generation of the mountain women. In return he said others for her, songs of the Sioux which he had learned in the West in his boyhood, a Chinese lullaby which a cook in a British Columbian camp had taught him, a quaint little folk-tune he had overheard in France. She listened to them raptly. Then, "Tell me about the outside," she said, making room for him to sit on the vantage point of the rock, and gazing at him with a childish wonder.

"The outside?" he questioned.

"Beyond here," she explained. "I've never been out of the Gap. I've heard a lot about the outside, though, but I never hear enough."

Story-weaver he would never be, but in the spell of the April moonbeams, with the odor of the woodland earth rising in pungent power around them, Ted Ferris spread out for the strange girl by the roadside that carpet of many colors which he had been making as he went over the world. So avid was her interest and so joyous his delight in holding it that it was not until the moon went down behind the fringe of pines on the western mountain that she arose. "I'm a-going," she said. He looked at his watch. "So was I," he laughed, "but it's a little late for visiting now. May I see you home, though?" She shook her head. "I'm a-going alone."

They had said no word of meeting again, but Ferris, knowing the smallness of the world in which she must move, felt the certainty of such a meeting. The thought lifted his spirits through the days while the men at the residency, except Howe, who was giving him open adulation, contrived to cold-shoulder him and while the work dragged in dangerous slowness which even his zest could not overcome. For three nights, though, he went down the trail without meeting her again, but she came on the fourth, and they drifted back into that curious intimacy of thought which they had established. After that she came oftener. Always she held to that impersonal interest in what he could tell her rather than in any evinced predilection for the teller, but Ferris, out of the springtime and loneliness and youth, felt the need of her rising in him like the streams above the falls, and knew that he loved this girl whose very name was hidden from him. For he had fallen into calling her "Arbutus," and she had let the name suffice. Because of the very sweetness of these meetings he had no wish to change them until it should be needful. He would tell her



Drawn by W. J. Enright.

She said over for him the ballad that had come down from generation to generation of the mountain women.—Page 658.

when the work was done of his love for her, but until that time he would live in the April borderland of undeclared love. So, forgetful of Jed Embree and his comradely claim upon him, he lingered at the meeting of road and trail when the work of the day was done.

Dream castles he built, too, as he supervised the making of the roadway, not turreted and battlemented châteaux, but a cabin in an engineers' camp where a bright-haired girl would wait his comings. In the dreaming he forgot all the bitterness of the long months before his coming to the Gap, all his resentment toward the speeding world, for it was a wonderful land which he painted for the girl of the mountains, and he came to see it in the colors of his own tubes. It was therefore not desire for sympathy, but conscientious scruple which sent him down one evening to Jed Embree's cabin.

He found the tall mountaineer helpless on a cot which had been set on the gallery of the log house. The man's eyes gleamed brightly at sight of him. "How'd you get here?" he inquired in that drawl which France had not changed in him. Ferris told him of his wanderings and his work, Jed listening with an eager attentiveness which belied his physical disability. "I'm getting on pretty well," he told Ferris cheerfully. "It was hard at first, but I got hold of myself. The gov'ment pays me allowance, and my wife takes care of me fine." But his eyes sought the summits wistfully.

"When were you married?" Ferris asked him, his sympathy dividing between the helpless man and the unknown girl who had assumed this burden.

"September," Jed told him. "She'd promised me afore I went away. I'd like you to meet her."

"I want to," Ferris said.

He left Embree with an awed sense of the man's courage and a tingling thought of what his wife must be. That night, when the bright-haired girl of the limpid eyes came to their trysting-place, he spoke to her of his visit to the mountaineer. "What's she like," he asked her, "the girl who married him?"

She gave him a long look, as if she sought to find if he were playing some game with her. "I thought you knew," she said. "I thought everybody knew that I'm Jed's wife."

He caught her wrist, but he did not speak. The truth seemed to him a far-away fact which he could not yet fathom. "You're what?" he finally gasped.

"I'm Elizabeth Embree," she said.

He let go of her suddenly and stood, his hands down in his pockets. "I'm a fool," he said. "I'm every kind of a fool there is. Good night." He went swiftly up the trail.

At the forking of the path he paused. Before him, up the slope, the camp of the engineers promised him nothing but solitude to brood on his folly. Down in the Gap lights gleamed at Park Freeman's, and he could hear the strumming of banjo and guitar. Not the music, but the knowledge of what one might buy of almost any one of the old men who loitered around the place sent him on the other path. He almost ran toward the store that Brannan had called the Hickory Nut vaudeville stage. Near it, he could hear Freeman's monotonous song:

> "If I had a needle and thread,
> I'd sew my true love to my side,"

droning out on the night air. He pushed open the door of the store and scanned the faces of the half-dozen mountain men encircling the cracker-box where Freeman sat. "Who has any moonshine?" he demanded. Two old men arose in the same instant. "We both have—a little—for a friend," they told him. "I'll buy it," he said, and they followed him out.

That night he slept in utter unconsciousness of woe, of worry, of love, of hate, of work, or of dreams. The next day, however, faced him with the dregs of reality. Through its dragging he cursed himself over and over for his blind folly in accepting the girl's freedom. Her youth, her detachment, her childishness of desire had all deceived him, he realized, absolving her from blame. How did she know that he loved her? To her he was the merchant of the magic carpet, not a man who yearned for her. Why shouldn't she snatch at the only pleasure in her fettered life? He, and he only must suffer for his love of her. But the thought of her, bound for life to helpless Jed Embree, the man whom he had seen fall on the field of

Soissons, milled in Ferris's brain until, for relief from it, he went back night after night to the bottles which the old men at Freeman's found for him so easily. "Moonshine never was law-breakin'," one of them told him.

It was Andrew Jackson, devotedly his slave, who dared to give him warning. "Sallie says," he declared, quoting his mother, the mournful cook, "that you is drinkin' too much green likker."

"What do you know about it?" he asked the child.

"A heap," said Andy. "Sallie says she couldn't scare up a meal if she took one of old man Freeman's flasks, and she reckons you can't build a bridge on it."

"Tell her to mind her own business," Ferris said, but he saw for himself in a flash of revelation that the work was going worse than ever since he had taken to drinking and, for a week, strove valiantly to let green liquor alone. He went no more to the meeting of road and trail and he did not return to see Jed Embree, but he could not forget the girl any the better for his failure to see her. The laurels and rhododendrons, great walls of blossoms on the mountainsides, seemed to be millioned reminders of her, and the stars in the sky at night flashed at him as had her eyes. The first May moonlight night, reminding him too vividly of their meeting, broke down his resolution. For two days he lay, dead to his world's demands of him, while the other engineers went grimly about their work.

The work, up-hill from its inception and already overburdened with the inefficiency of Ferris's predecessors, sagged at first, then stopped. Material failed to come when it should have arrived, workmen would not remain, supplies were being lost in transit. The job had come to the place where it needed cool-headed, steady-handed strength. Sometimes Ferris, arousing himself, gave it spasmodically, but more often he sank into either lethargy or ugliness, both of them logs across the road of progress. Had it not been for little Howe, who refused to notice his tempers or his indifference, and who took on himself the giving of orders which the chief had never authorized, the highway would have stopped in its building. Through good luck and not good management the work moved forward on the road itself, but May wore into June without the beginning of the bridge structuring.

Then, one Sunday afternoon, Elizabeth Embree came up the laurelled trail to the engineers' shack. Little Howe, meeting her, called Ferris and took out of hearing Dale, the only other man at home. The girl sat down on the step of the shack. "I've been hearing a lot about you," she said, "and I've been thinking a lot since I saw you. I guess you've been feeling pretty bad, haven't you?" she asked him with childlike directness.

"Yes," he said, almost resentful of her coming.

"I don't know how to say what I want to say," she told him, "but I know I have to say something." She plaited the folds of her gingham dress between her strong, work-worn hands. "You see," she explained, "the only men I've ever known are the men in the Gap, except the tourists who bought baskets from us. The men here, if they love a girl, let her know it. I never knew you loved me till I heard the men say you were drinking because you found out I was married to Jed. I thought of you as if you was the schoolteacher down at Bat Cave or the circuit-rider. Now I see I did wrong to meet you, but I didn't know it then. But it didn't give you no call," she went on, the heat rising in her soft voice, "to go around getting drunk of Polk County green likker, and not doing the work you was sent here to do!" She faced him indignantly, her eyes burning. "You ought to be ashamed."

"I had to do something," he told her shamefacedly, "to forget what I didn't dare remember."

"We could all of us say that," she told him. "Jed could say it most of all, and he doesn't. That's why I love him, I reckon. I could say it myself, if I thought about what Jed used to be and see what he's going to be as long as he lives." Her eyes scanned the clearing and found Andrew Jackson striding a fallen log. "Look at Sallie," she went on. "She works day after day for her and that poor little boy who has no name and no father, and she doesn't go after moonshine to keep up her courage. Why can't you do as well as a

woman?" she asked him. "I'm a-saying all this," she added hastily, as if fearful lest she had angered him, "because I always meant to be your friend, and because you're Jed's friend. Won't you let drinking alone, as long as you're up here, and finish the job?"

For a moment Ferris looked at her in almost open hostility. How dared she come to him with this plea that was so nearly a demand? But in her eyes he read that honesty which he had glimpsed in their first meeting in the eerie moonlight, and he held out his hand. "I'll try," he told her. He walked down with her to the meeting of the trail with the road. "Jed says he's fighting the second round," she told him ere she bade him good-by.

"It's harder than the first sometimes," he said.

He swung into work the next morning with a grim determination which began to show effect in less than a week. Materials began pouring into the Gap. Workmen came in squads. The sound of his rattling car echoed through the mountains even oftener than the roar of dynamiting. The other men, catching the spirit of his leading, threw into their labors a vim they had lacked in the days of his droning. Foot by foot the highway widened along the Appian Way, and foot by foot the road up to the Eagle's Nest made ready to meet the girdering steel. Up the slopes of Chimney Rock Mountain came the wagons, dragging the great steel bands which would unite the summits of the mountains. Step by step the preparation for their swinging advanced. Hope grew with the lengthening days. "You're going to do it," Westley said at last.

"We are," Ferris corrected, and the pronoun broke down the barrier which his anger against them had started to erect on the night he had met Elizabeth Embree. "You've said it," and "Right-o," indorsed his assertion. "We'll give a picnic on the bridge on the Fourth of July," Howe declared.

"Of this year," said Brannan.

If he fought hard through those nights when he had been wont to drown thought in the consolation of the moonshine Ferris did not reveal his battles. Every evening, when the other men lounged around the cabin or went down to listen to Park Freeman's renditions of mountain ballads and once-popular ditties, he would climb to the Appian Way and measure the work of the day that was ending and the day to come. It would often be dark when he came back to the camp, and he would turn in to bed without more than passing comment; but the men who worked with him knew that he was doing his job well now and they gave to him their best. "It'll be one good road," Westley declared.

Because he found how much he could trust them Ferris left to the others the making of the rest of the road, but upon his own shoulders he supported the responsibility for the completion of the bridge. Beneath his watching eyes it began to crawl across the chasm. Girder followed girder over the dizzy height, and beam went after beam. Day after day, in the blazing sunshine of a Carolina June, he was out upon it, marking, measuring, watching. To him, exulting in its growth in his inner knowledge that it marked his triumph over himself, it became more than a bridge of steel. It was, he sometimes thought as he watched it, the span of his soul. Not with pride alone but with a joyous tenderness he gazed on its structure. In the splendid zest of hard work well done he forgot all else in the world. On the night when it was done he wanted to shout with relief, with delight, with restored assurance of his own power. He had won! Over defeat, over discouragement, over despair he had built his bridge. He came down the mountainside rejoicingly, and for the first time since he had come on the work he began to sing. Only when he came to the camp did he cease. "We've made it!" he cried. "We've done the job the old boys said couldn't be done, and we've done it on time!"

"Lucky for us we beat the storm," Cramer said. "It's coming."

"I don't see any signs of it," Howe protested. "Hope it won't be a gully-washin', toad-stranglin' rain," he quoted the parson's prayer, "but a slow, seepin' rain that'll help the taters."

"It'll be a gully-washer all right," Brannan gloomed, "or I don't know storm-clouds."



Drawn by W. J. Enright.

"Tell her to mind her own business."—Page 661.

"Maybe it'll blow over," Ferris said. "It can't set us back now, anyhow."

"Touch wood," said Westley.

"It'll keep me out of Asheville to-morrow, if it is," Howe mourned, "and Ted said I could go if the bridge was done."

"Wouldn't you think you built the bridge?" the others jeered him. "We may divide honors on the rest of the show, but that's Ferris's own stake," Westley declared. "I couldn't have put over one girder without the rest of you," Ferris said as he went in to Sallie's command of supper. But he knew, for all his gratitude, that the span to the Eagle's Nest would always be his bridge.

With the content of achievement over himself as well as over external obstacles seeping into his spirit, he sat on the low step of the shack, gazing out at the distant flashes of lightning. The majesty of mountain storms had always held him spellbound, and he had, for a moment, the desire to await the coming of this one, but the urge of sleep, cumulative of many sleepless nights, drove him indoors. For a little while the heat kept him restless, but he dropped off at last into a dreamless slumber.

He awoke with the sensation of having been dragged up by some powerful force, and found himself sitting on the edge of his cot, gazing outward through the low window. A deafening peal of thunder crashed above his head, and in a moment a jagged flash of lightning tore down the sky. He heard the other men moving, and he spoke. "Think that struck anywhere around here?"

"No," came Westley's voice. "It's not as near as it looks."

Thunder rumbled over them and lightning forked around them as they sat, watching and listening. Sometimes it seemed to Ferris that the whole mountainside must be torn asunder by the streaks of fire descending from heaven to earth. Then, with a rush and a roar so titanic that it drowned out the rolling of the thunders, the rain descended. Volleying and groaning, shrieking and rattling, it swept in between the mountains, above them, over them, pouring down its torrents till all the slopes became cascades rushing downward in the dark. Silently, measuring the strength and power of the storm, the men in the residency waited. Finally, as one terrific wave of water made onslaught against the house, little Howe spoke. "There goes that turn on Section Nine," he made moan.

"Perhaps it's not as bad up high as it seems here," Westley said with a hopefulness that aroused some vague fear in Ferris. He arose and went to the window, striving to see out into the darkness, but he could discern nothing but the water beating against the pane. "We can't do anything now," he said. "We might as well sleep till morning." But he knew that for him sleep was out of the question, and he sat on the edge of the cot, trying vainly to surmise what damage the cloudburst must have done. After a while the others dropped off as the rain slowed down, but the gray of dawn, coming with the ceasing of the torrent, found him dressed.

With a start of dismay he looked down the slope as he softly opened the door. Trees, uprooted, had been flung down. Everywhere rivers raced downward to swirl in the eddy of the Big Broad below. The falls, augmented by thousands of rivulets, cannonaded like heavy artillery. Fragments of houses dashed against rocks in the tearing stream. Desolation brooded over the mountainsides where summer had rejoiced on the yesterday.

Slowly, slipping at every step, Ferris began to climb toward the summit. Because of the slides he had to take the long way around Chimney Rock, and the grayness was lightening as he came to the turn toward the Appian Way. He had made him a stick for his ascent, but it was of little use on the slippery surface, and he made his way on his hands and knees as he had to leave the trail, now a cascade. He saw thankfully, as he went, though, that the road was holding, although its surface would need to be recovered. The grading was good, he thought, with relief, and the repair could be done in the scheduled time. It might even be possible to save time by bringing in extra supplies over the Eagle's Nest route, now that the bridge was finished. He was still planning the method when he came within sight of the Appian Way, and paused in trembling, horror-stricken unbelief. For the bridge, his bridge, was gone.

Shaking in fear, he rubbed his eyes, refusing to credit their testimony; but they saw only the gap where the bridge had been. He crawled on, hoping against hope that some turn of the way would show him that he had been looking from the wrong angle and that the bridge would arch the chasm, but he came at last, exhausted, bleeding, to the place where the sleepers of the span had started from the rocks, and he saw, beyond doubting, that the bridge had been swept away.

Slowly he crept to the edge and gazed down into the pit hundreds of feet below. There it was, the wreck of what had been his triumph. He gazed down upon its ruins, too stunned at first for bitterness, but finally the horrible, ironic tragedy of it tightened around his heart and he began to sob in terrible, racking grief. Nothing in all his lifetime had seemed to him so hopeless, so final, so catastrophic as this perversion of his struggles. It was as if nature had lifted him to her towers of hope only to fling him down. Futilely but wildly, out of his Promethean agony, he cursed her until out of the curses came not healing, but the iron of defiance. For, in one of the grooves of his grieving brain they ran the way of other curses and met suddenly a memory of another time when he had lain on the ground, swearing piteously at a ruin. It had been on the night when he had worked on the road toward Soissons, under enemy fire, filling in one of its yawning gaps for the passing of the lorries. He had gone back for the ordering of more material, and, before he had returned, a shell had torn again the place of his hours of work. He had flung himself down, blazing oaths at the Germans, and started the labor all over again; for to-morrow night the lorries would come again and no man might leave his work undone when so much depended upon each atom of it. And he had finished it—all over—before gray streaked across the July night.

With the swiftness and the clearness of a motion picture, he saw pass in review those months of his life which were always on the threshold of his spirit, those days from the swing that the Second Engineers made into the Verdun sector in February and the ceaseless making of roads and bridges up to that never-to-be-forgotten 9th of June when they had rushed into Belleau Wood, ahead even of the Marines! The poppied fields of Soissons whirled by, and the slope of Blanc Mont Ridge where the men of the Second had gone up in the face of the mowing German guns, and the slaughter pens of St. Mihiel and the Argonne. Always the Second was leading, the Immortal Second, as the French used to say, and always leading the Second were its engineers, singing, whistling, toying with death as they went out into the night to work and to fight for the land they might never see again.

Closing his eyes, he could see himself sprawled, even as he sprawled now, looking down into another river. They were building the bridge across the Meuse on the night of the 10th of November, not knowing that even then the white flag of the enemy was being raised. "Snap it!" the captain had ordered them, and in twenty minutes they had spanned the stream, twenty minutes of driving work under the constant, ceaseless firing of the Germans beyond. And up on the hill lay that lieutenant of engineers, his lieutenant, killed by a bursting shell and fallen so that his right arm pointed the way for the advancing infantry to take the right-angled path to the bridge. And they had come, the splendid Second, and had driven the Germans back and farther back till the last gun of the war was fired. Then, conquerors, they had rested—but not till then. "By God," Ferris said between his clinched teeth, "if I could do it then, I can do it now!"

Swiftly he saw the way for its doing. It would be hard, grinding, twenty-four-hour-a-day work, but what was it, after all, to that work he had done in that other time? He was alone now, as he had not been alone then, but he felt, curiously, that the host of the men of the Second stood back of him, spurring him on. He was, like Jed, on the second round; and it was the knowledge of their triumph in the first that would carry them through to victory in this, as in all the rounds to come. For that, he saw, as he figured the way to snatch success once more from the wreck, was what the war had done to him. He had thought himself its creditor. Now, in the light of this sunrise, he knew

himself its debtor in this, that never again could his soul acknowledge defeat. For he who has marched with the immortals does not fall into step with the rear-guard.

It was not scorn of his fellows but an understanding sympathy that he took back with him as he shoved and slid and crept his way down to the residency. Not as slackers but as men denied the great gift of his dowering he saw them in the morning light as he told them of the catastrophe. "But it's going back," he said, not vaingloriously but with a determination that held them. "You bet it is," Brannan told him. "We'll declaim on it on the Fourth of July."

"I want to be an engineer," Andrew Jackson told him that night, thrilled into shifting of ambition by the excitement of the day's events.

Ferris looked downward to the cluster of lights which beaconed the dark out of the place where Elizabeth Embree cared for Jed. The last vestige of the springtime had gone in the storm, but he knew that he would always shrine a memory of it in his heart for the sake of the girl of the shining hair and the starry eyes. Somewhere in the Gap a banjo twanged with triple-picking. Slowly the moon thrust its lantern over the tip of the eastern mountain. It was a time and a place of peace, to the child a place of peace given, to the man a place of peace attained. He put his arm around the boy. "It doesn't matter what you are in the second round," he told him, "if you've been a soldier in your soul in the first." Then, softly, he began to sing. Jed Embree, could he have heard it, would have known it for the song which they sang when they went through the poppies. It floated now over Hickory Nut Gap:

"Good-by, girls, I'm through,
Without the least regret——"

SOWER AND REAPER

By Wendell Phillips Stafford

(The Gospel according to St. John 1 : 3)

All things were made by Love,
And without Him nought was made
In the bright heaven above
Or in the nether shade.

With Love are all things fraught.
There is no power in hate
To ruin or rival the work He wrought.
Love only can create.

A Sower went forth to sow,
And the golden grain flew far.
His hand was full: I saw Him throw,
And every seed was a star.

And the hand that scattered the grain
With such a royal sweep,
It is surely the hand that will come again
When the field is ready to reap.

He will put His sickle in
And garner His golden sheaves;
And, where He has garnered, death and sin
Are the stubble that He leaves.



"Don't mind us!" laughed Uncle Horace.—Page 669.

BEYOND SCIENCE

By Harriet Welles

Author of "Anchors Aweigh!", etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. M. ASHE

MY uncle, Professor Horace Fraser, A.A.A.S., B.A., B.Sc., F.R.G.S., M.A., H.S.S., etc., etc., is justly famous as a scientist, an author, and an explorer; his name and his achievements are known abroad as well as in this country. In addition, he is an independently wealthy man, and a most kind and generous gentleman.

When my grandfather left me this small place and old house adjoining Uncle Horace's large and beautiful estate, my husband rather demurred at moving here, as the scale of living, in what has grown to be an exclusive and fashionable suburb, seemed to him to be on a rather more extravagant scale than we young married people were justified in assuming. But, in the end, he yielded to my wishes and, through Uncle Horace's kindness and thoughtfulness, it has worked out delightfully for us. My uncle is often away for months at a time, and while he is gone his gardener has orders to send regularly to me flowers, vegetables, and hothouse grapes and nectarines; his servants cheerfully help out my small staff when I give a luncheon or dinner; and his secretary, Mr. Bates, whom Uncle Horace leaves in charge—and who catalogues and tabulates such notes, data, and specimens as are sent back to await my uncle's return—offers his services as an emergency guest on any and every occasion. I think that Mr. Bates would like to be received and introduced as an intimate friend, but my husband cannot tolerate him.

I do not mean that Mr. Bates is not presentable and efficient—Uncle Horace pays him liberally and quite depends on him—but he is, where people whose goodwill would, in his opinion, be of advantage to him, *too anxious* to please. *Adhesive* is, I fancy, the word that best describes him. Also, I object to the way he plays upon the piano, because he overemphasizes the sentimentality of the music—in fact, that is his principal fault: he overemphasizes everything! But I don't know why I mention Mr. Bates—except that Anihouta adored him. And it is of Anihouta that I am telling.

Anihouta was a large, pensive chimpanzee which Uncle Horace brought

home, five years ago. He had become interested in her during a period of enforced idleness while waiting for tardy guides, somewhere in Africa, and he wanted, after an argument with a fellow scientist, to see how far she could be developed mentally. He wrote Mr. Bates to have a tool-shed put in order for Anihouta's occupancy, with certain other instructions.

Mr. Bates, as always, was immediately and tremendously interested; it seemed, at the time, that his one real yearning had been for just such an experience. He attended to all details of the preparations and, from the first, devoted his attention to Anihouta, making copious notes to show to Uncle Horace. He indulged and encouraged the dazzled chimpanzee in all her tastes, preferences and whims; and wrote papers on the results. Anihouta liked to walk with him about the grounds and, in the beginning, Mr. Bates led her on a short chain; but later, when she was tamer, he discarded the chain and held her paw. I was never quite able to get accustomed to the sight of them strolling about on the lawn. *Incongruous* is, I think, the word that best describes them.

But it was really surprising the number of things that Anihouta learned! In a few months she could, from a bunch of keys, select the right one and unlock the door of her tool-shed; she could count up to seven on her colored blocks; she could sit and drink tea from a teacup while holding the saucer at the correct angle; she could, I regret to say, smoke as many cigarettes as any one would light for her; and she adored Mr. Bates with the sort of increasing, absorbing, and jealous affection that was, to him, apparently and aggravatingly irksome. My husband has never ceased being amused over the fact that, as her education and affection progressed, and she insisted on being Mr. Bates's almost inseparable companion, he persuaded her to don a little blue suit—the sort of trousers-and-shoulder-strap affair which small children wear when they go in sea-bathing. She looked very nice in it.

But just at this point her development ceased and, after conclusively assuring himself that nothing more need be expected of Anihouta, Uncle Horace lost interest in her. This can be easily understood of a busy man whose useful life will, at best, be all too short to complete the wonderful work he is doing. . . . I mention this detail because my husband still affirms that Uncle Horace was cruel to a helpless chimpanzee. But Mr. Bates has no such excuse and he, as soon as he saw that Uncle Horace's attention had wandered, began to neglect, scold, and reprimand the puzzled animal. I wanted to say a cheering word to her, but, before I could decide how to do it, the climax suddenly arrived. I happen to have seen the whole affair because I had stopped in at luncheon-time to show Uncle Horace the stone-mason's estimate for repairing our boundary wall, and I stayed on to talk to him, instead of lunching alone at home. I mention these details because I have been simply astounded, lately, to hear my husband—who was *not* there—tell the story with elaborate enlargements, *and not one single fact.*

Anihouta, dressed in her blue suit, came to the table with Mr. Bates. She ate some sweet crackers very prettily, and I remarked on her progress. Uncle Horace nodded absently.

"I sometimes wonder if we *have* reached the limit of her possibilities. She'll sit by the hour, smoking cigarettes and listening to Bates play on the piano. I'd like to try her on a symphony concert," he said.

"You couldn't take her to a symphony; they don't allow smoking," I commenced. Anihouta interrupted me by beating loudly on her teacup with a spoon.

"No, no, Anihouta! Stop that noise!" commanded my uncle. Turning to the butler, he asked: "What ails her, Jennings?"

"She doesn't like the cream in her tea to separate," answered Jennings, removing the offending beverage and pouring out another cupful. "I'll put milk in this," he amended.

I looked severely at Anihouta. Not for worlds would I have confessed that not liking cream to separate in my tea or coffee has, from my early childhood, been an idiosyncrasy of mine. "Very extraordinary animal," I commented resentfully.

Anihouta, finishing her luncheon, slid

down from her seat, went around the table, and, climbing quickly up on Mr. Bates's knee, put her arms about his neck.

"Don't mind us!" laughed Uncle Horace.

back, outside the gardener's cottage where Mr. Bates admired the baby and played with an older child by drawing it up and down in a small cart—Anihouta standing, unnoticed, near by. Returning toward the house, Mr. Bates paused to stroke



Anihouta standing, unnoticed, near by.

But Mr. Bates, roughly disengaging himself, put Anihouta down. "No!" he reproved her sharply. She looked fixedly at him. After luncheon, at my uncle's request, Mr. Bates took her for a walk while we sat down to go over the stonemason's estimates.

Anihouta, holding Mr. Bates's hand, went happily forth. She was perfectly calm—which makes the events immediately following so unexplainable, for, according to Mr. Bates, all that they did was to go into a hothouse to see a new orchid blossom; stopping, on the way the ingratiating kitchen cat; then, turning, he spoke sharply to Anihouta, who was twitching at the suspenders of her suit. Quite unexpectedly, she grimaced at him.

I was on the veranda saying good-by to Uncle Horace at the time; Mr. Bates, with his usual impressive politeness, lifted his hat to me and bowed deeply, and, just at that second, Anihouta wrenched her paw loose and, chattering shrilly, bounded to the nearest tree; in an instant she was far out of reach on the end of a high branch. Sitting there, she



She divested herself of her blue trousers.

stared impassively down at Uncle Horace and Mr. Bates.

They spent most of the afternoon commanding, cajoling, and directing under that tree, with this slight result: Mr. Bates, losing his temper, shouted peremptorily at Anihouta; she chattered defiantly back. He shouted angrily a second command and, like a flash, she divested herself of her blue trousers, rolled them into a compact bundle and, taking careful aim, flung them at him. They hit him on the head. After this, Uncle Horace and Mr. Bates, to punish her, took the trousers and went into the house.

As a punishment it was not a success. Hardly were they out of sight when Anihouta descended; overtaking the kitchen cat, she killed and tore it into pieces; proceeding rapidly toward the gardener's cottage, she chased the older child while the mother fled, shrieking, with the baby. After that Anihouta flung stones through the glass of the hothouses until evening, when two keepers, hastily summoned from the nearest zoo, lassoed and bound her. At Uncle Horace's well-supplemented request they took her away with them.

I saw her once afterward. I was visiting the zoo, with a youthful relative, and came upon Anihouta sitting in a cage, absorbed in a minute inspection of a little clump of her own fur. "Anihouta!" I called. She gave a start of surprise, and, running to the front of the cage, stared fixedly at me; then, with a shrug of her shoulders, she turned and walked away —nor would she look in our direction again.

Later, telling my husband of the occurrence, I expected him to laugh, but he was quite serious. "Poor deluded beast—you probably reminded her of Bates and his promiscuous philanderings," com-

mented my husband reflectively. I did not answer. I never know whether or not he is joking.

On his next journey of exploration and research, Uncle Horace was away for nearly three years, and Mr. Bates grew to consider my uncle's house as his own; he was very intolerant and very arrogant with the servants—indeed, I sometimes wondered if Jennings would stay, but his thirty-five years in my uncle's employ, coupled with the affectionate consideration which every one who serves my uncle feels for him, made Jennings more patient than, in these days, is the custom among servants.

And then, without a word of warning, Uncle Horace brought home a wife—a young woman whom, during the enforced idleness of convalescing from a fever, he had met daily on the sun-porch of an hospital in some remote and informal settlement. I shall always feel that there was criminal negligence on the part of the doctors and nurses of that institution in leaving my uncle, weak and unprotected, so exposed; but that was, before I knew of it, past preventing.

The young woman in question had been an actress in what my husband describes as a "fly-by-night-scratch company," which is, I imagine, something Oriental, as Violet, my uncle's wife, was the daughter of a colonist in Tahiti or Shanghai, or Samoa—or some other of those South Sea Islands. She had been left behind seriously ill, by her theatrical troupe, and was, when my uncle met her, out of work, prospects, friends, or funds.

With the uncompromising truthfulness of despair she had confided her plight to my uncle and he, being unoccupied, listened attentively—noting, meanwhile, the beautiful curve of her cheek and throat; the wavy masses of her marvellous, red-gold hair. Never before had he had the leisure to observe closely a young woman, and this girl was, one might say, *medically* grafted upon his notice. After days of helpless pondering over her plight, he came to a decision: they were married on the day Violet left the hospital. Uncle Horace, with a sigh of relief, returned to the absorbing interest of his work.

I learned these details later; but first the news of their marriage came like a thunderbolt. Uncle Horace telephoned from New York that he would reach home that afternoon.

"Reefsnyder cabled me that they'd found some dinosaur bones in that limestone formation, within five miles of my house. I took the next boat! Expect us about tea-time—Violet insists on doing a little shopping," he said.

"Violet?" I exclaimed: "*And who is she?*"

Uncle Horace's tone was apologetic. "Haven't I written or cabled you? Well, that *was* shabby of me! Violet is your new aunt, Mrs. Fraser," he explained.

I gasped into the receiver: "How long have you been married?"



Overtaking the kitchen cat she killed . . . it.—Page 670.

"Several months. You see, at the time, Violet had been ill," he explained.

I remembered my manners. "I trust that she is better?" I inquired politely.

"She has indeed regained her health—in fact, she has regained more health than



After that Anihouta flung stones through the glass of the hothouses until evening.—Page 670.

I have ever seen in the possession of one person before. I seem constantly to find it necessary to remind her that I *must and will* have quiet!" remarked my uncle sternly.

They came to our house to dinner that evening. I was almost nervous in my anxiety that the wife of my famous uncle should like me. Fortunately, on account of such short notice, we had only a half-dozen old friends to meet them—I say fortunately because, after the first tribute of admiration to Violet's exquisite hair and coloring, each woman in the room looked in amazement at her really dreadful dress; even as I greeted her I decided that it was my duty to speak to her, at the earliest opportunity, of Kendal's—and to tell her how, as my uncle's wife, she would be expected to dress.

As for Uncle Horace, I had never seen him so animated—so alive, as I said, in all sincerity: "Welcome home, dear uncle!"

He patted my hand. "It's a beautiful dream come true," he said.

"Yes, indeed," I agreed, adding, as I

glanced at his wife: "I wish you every happiness."

His eyes were shining. "Just think, Sarah: at this time next month we shall know definitely whether it is a Ceratops, one of the Trachodontidæ, Theropoda, or Stegosauridæ, or a Plesiosaurus, or some mammalian remains," he said.

"*What?*" I gasped.



Her voice—high, shrill, untrained—singing a common, music-hall song.—Page 674.

"Yes, oh, yes," he assured me.

Here Violet joined us. "Horace, what *are* you saying to make Sarah look so astonished?" she asked; without waiting for an answer she turned to me: "I'm just the wife for a scientist," she informed me; "we had a ramshackle insane asylum near the town where I was brought up, and every once in a while one of the lunatics would escape. We were so used to having strange people come to our doors and say, 'I'm a ham sandwich,' . . . that we'd agree without bothering to listen."

My husband, standing near, broke into unrestrained laughter. Mr. Bates, invited on this special occasion, hovered about, palpitant with admiring ingratiatingness. "Did you ever see any one more beautiful than Mrs. Fraser? And such wit! Such musical genius! Such chic!" he praised so loudly that my uncle and his wife could not fail to hear. I was thankful when dinner was announced.

Violet was not at all shy. After dinner, while the men were smoking, she asked many questions of the women about the neighborhood amusements and pursuits. "It seems jolly dull here to me, and if there's one thing I can't stand it's dulness! Dulness drives me sort of wild," she commented frankly.

"Of course it would, at first. Later, with the innumerable details about the house and garden, you'll wonder how to get the time for all you want to do," I assured her, and purposely turned the conversation to gowns by mentioning Kendal's and praising their work.

Mary Allison nodded acquiescence. "That young man in charge is a genius—he's designed clothes for queens and duchesses in Kendal's London and Paris shops," she said, and added: "I only hope that they aren't going to deteriorate. I've seen several loudly dressed young women there lately—movie stars or actresses, they looked like. Up to now Kendal's have specialized on clothes for gentlewomen."

"Moving-picture stars are probably

the only people who can afford Kendal's present prices—" I hastily interposed. Violet, tossing her head, interupted me: "*I* am an actress!" she said, and repeated flattering notices of her singing that had been printed in the newspapers of towns of which, before this, I had never heard the names. Then, before these strangers, she explained how she had met and married my Uncle Horace.

"Isn't that just like him—the chivalrous, kind-hearted gentleman!" I cried huskily.

She ignored me. "I have a feeling that it would be jolly dull here—if it wasn't for Mr. Bates," she commented with a simper.

I felt almost panicky when I repeated this conversation to my husband. "How could Uncle Horace have made the mistake of marrying such a person?" I cried.

"Cheer up, Sarah," answered my husband. "Your Uncle Horace is lucky in escaping this long—especially when inaction or convalescence is so fatal to him."

"I don't know what you mean," I said.

"First Anihouta. Now Violet. And I've undervalued Bates; I didn't think that he could fool anything but a trusting chimpanzee!" commented my husband, and added: "Your uncle is in *real* trouble now, though—he won't be able to unload *this* specimen on the zoo."

I was too worried to answer. Besides, I couldn't think of anything to say.

At Violet's second appearance socially—a dinner for sixty guests, at the home of a fashionable neighbor—she wore a new dress from Kendal's: pale gray velvet, brocaded in silver, and in her hair a lovely platinum and diamond comb. I thought, when she entered the room, that she was one of the handsomest women that I had ever seen and, at the first opportunity I told Uncle Horace so; I was chilled at his lack of enthusiasm. Every one else spoke quite unreservedly of her beauty. I did wish, once or twice during dinner, that she would laugh and talk less loudly, but in appearance she was all that one could wish. After dinner, in the drawing-room, the men crowded about her.

Uncle Horace had stayed in the library to finish his cigar; Mary Allison and I were deep in the discussion of plans for a treat to the destitute orphan children, in whom we are interested, when I glanced up to see Mr. Bates escorting Violet to the piano, and suddenly upon our astonished ears came her voice—high, shrill, untrained—singing a common, music-hall song. Mary Allison gasped, while I, sitting in horrified, petrified silence, wondered how to stop that dreadful exhibition. I almost wept for joy when my husband appeared in the doorway and stood for a few minutes, listening. Smiling, he sauntered over to me.

"Hush! *Don't say anything!* Go sit with Uncle Horace and keep him from coming in here," he directed in an undertone.

Panic-stricken, I gasped: "How shall I do it?"

"Get him to tell you what, in his opinion, would be the effect on the climate of the Riviera if they irrigated the Desert of Sahara," suggested my husband.

A burst of noisy laughter and encouragement from the men around the piano covered my escape; but even in the library I could hear Violet's penetrating voice although, I am thankful to say, I could not distinguish the words she sang. I had no trouble in keeping Uncle Horace diverted. He had just unpacked a piece of prehistoric pottery which he had brought home from an Aino grave mound, and he explained to me that, while he doubted the possibility of any definite Greek influence and attributed the similarity of decoration to a parallel racial art consciousness, it was the only known jar of the kind in existence. Then, in a lowered voice, he told me of his work in excavating the duck-billed dinosaur embedded in the stone quarry. "The bones are like powder, Sarah—they have to be filled with shellac the minute they are exposed." He added, in a whisper: "The whole body is covered with a skin in which are arranged small polygonal scales——"

From the drawing-room came the sound of unrestrained laughter and loud shouts of: "Bravo! Mrs. Fraser! Another dance!"

I hastily asked: "How long has this—er—animal, been dead?"

"Reefsnyder says about one million years—but I should call it nearer five millions," said my uncle happily. He didn't want to go home, whereas I welcomed the ending of the most uncomfortable evening that I had ever spent.

My husband would make no comment on Violet's performance, except to say that our hostess did not seem pleased. "It's queer how little fun you women get out of your own parties," he yawningly remarked.



They danced peculiar, ungraceful dances.—Page 677.

During the weeks and months following I learned many things about the instability of acquaintances; the insincerity of old friends; and the transitoriness of a supposedly *established* social position. My husband has tried to laugh me out of a bitterness which, ever since, has tinctured my attitude toward people, but, first through loneliness, and now from choice, I have decided that a flower-garden better repays one's time and effort.

Among our friends, after that dinner-party, there came an amazing change. Not in a day, nor even in a week, but by the end of a month the neighborhood feeling toward us was quite perceptibly different. I felt it in the fact that, as I approached a group of women, the lively conversation would suddenly cease and be followed by a nervous burst of greetings. That they were discussing and con-

demning the speech and manners of my uncle's wife was only too evident; added to this—since she had gone to Kendal's for her gowns—was resentment from the younger women whose expenditures, unlike Violet's, were limited. Whether they knew that the callers at my uncle's now consisted of flirtatious husbands and brothers, I do not know; Violet, encouraged and accompanied by Mr. Bates, sang to them, but that soon palled. Soon the flood of invitations which had greeted the return of my uncle and his bride slackened and ceased. Quite suddenly, as far as the better class of people in our neighborhood were concerned, Violet had finished her social career.

Probably, if I had not insisted that Uncle Horace and Violet be included in every invitation that was extended to us, or had not made them the centre of every entertainment we gave, my husband and I might have escaped the boycott of general disapproval; but I am too proud of our family—we still live in the old houses around which these newer, less important people have settled—and of the increasing fame and pre-eminence of my wonderful uncle, to allow such an exception.

At any rate, when I arrived at the experience of calling up old friends to invite them to luncheon or dinner, to hear them reply by the casually voiced question, "Who is coming?" and, when the answer included the names of my uncle and his wife, to have them suddenly recollect a previous engagement, I stopped giving parties; although, noticing Violet's constantly increasing supply of beautiful dresses, and hearing her, to Mr. Bates's accompaniment, practising her dreadful songs in preparation for "further social triumphs," I was divided in my sympathies.

And then, quite suddenly, the flirtatious brothers became bored and Violet, plainly puzzled, was left to her own company and devices. I looked hopefully forward to a period of quiet; in this, as in all other details of those nightmare months, I was disappointed.

I had not realized that, during the years he had spent in my uncle's employ, Mr. Bates must have made friends in the neighborhood—until these people began arriving, as guests, at my uncle's house. I do not mean to infer that there was anything against them except in appearance and manners—but in both these details they were so appallingly and definitely *loud*. They greeted each other with shrieks of enthusiasm; they gathered in corners and shouted with laughter; they screamed at each other from passing motors.

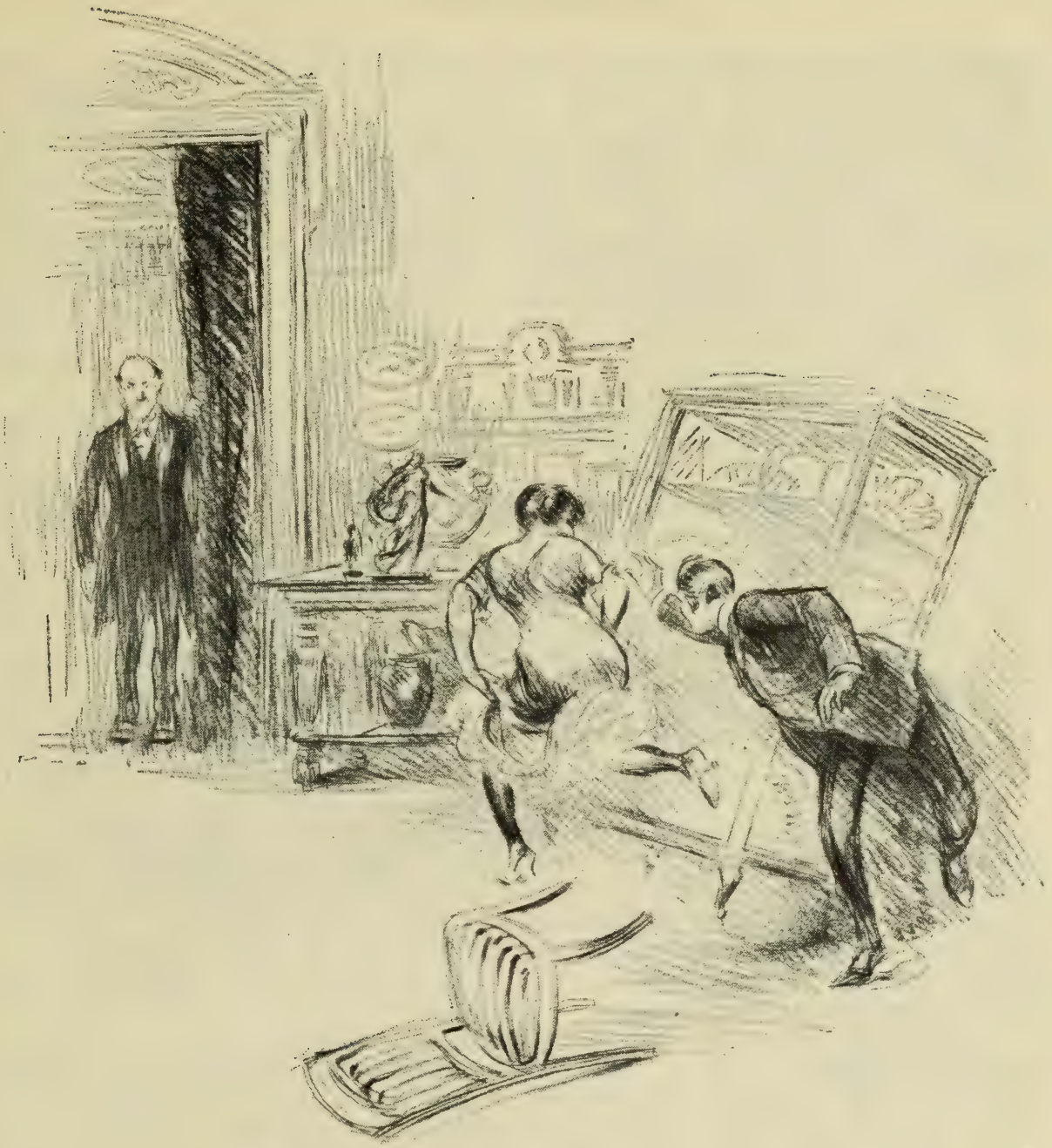
Violet, accepting for herself and Uncle Horace their invitations, was supremely and uncritically happy and, among these new acquaintances, she was a great success. But Uncle Horace rebelled. My husband insists that he never even noticed the change in his social surroundings because, at the time, he was completely absorbed in the interests of the excavating work and, at night—after days spent in the open air—too sleepy to be interested in anything that dragged him away from home. I, who know him better, realize that when my uncle found the people with whom he was thrown were both uninteresting and unintelligent he, very sensibly, refused to be bothered by them.

Violet raged; but Uncle Horace was adamant. He would neither reconsider or temporize when once he arrived at a decision. Tears and pleading drove him into his study where, behind locked doors, he promptly forgot outside annoyances in the joy of his work.

I never knew who was inspired to suggest Mr. Bates as an escort in Uncle Horace's place but, during that spring, he went about everywhere with Violet; and when, in return for courtesies, she entertained, Uncle Horace would not waste the time; my husband and I were not invited. On five consecutive Saturday evenings Violet gave large dinners at the Country Club—then in the midst of its conservative spring season. After the fifth party the board of governors held a special meeting and passed a rule rigidly restricting guest privileges. Poor Violet! Every social flight she essayed started well; then, with amazing suddenness, narrowed down to bringing her back home. And my uncle's house was the one place in which she did not care to tarry!

But those months—those three months! Sometimes, in a nightmare, I dream that I am forced to relive them!

During the dragging weeks, there collected in my uncle's house a veritable rabble of people bent on having the



Uncle Horace . . . let himself in . . . just at that moment.—Page 678.

greatest possible amount of amusement in what *they* probably realized would be a short time. I met there, socially, acrobats, snake-charmers, chorus girls, and the young man from Kendal's. Every day, to weird music augmented—at Mr. Bates's suggestion—by a small drum, they danced peculiar, ungraceful dances; sang new, unmusical songs; ate, or spilled, food all over the drawing-room and music-room furniture; or motored, at forbidden speed, along the country roads.

I felt it to be my duty to spend every afternoon in my uncle's drawing-room, where, if it had not been for Jennings, moving imperturbably about, I should have felt that I had entered the wrong house. I always took my knitting and, when the dancing was too outrageous, concentrated my attention upon it; I realized that I was the centre of much bold, hardly concealed ridicule, in which Mr. Bates joined as far as he safely dared, and I used to wonder if I could *bear* another day of it—but I never expected the end to come as it did.

The party that afternoon had been particularly lawless; when interest in the dancing waned Mr. Bates suggested a game of tag in which the others promptly joined. Running, shrieking, laughing, they raced about the rooms. In the

midst of the deafening uproar Uncle Horace, returning from the quarry, let himself in and crossed the hall.

Just at that moment two of the players, dodging around a cabinet of old fans, overturned it—amidst a crash of splintering glass and a chorus of hysterical screams. I, feeling that the time to interfere had come, was laying down my work when a sudden, strange silence fell. Startled, I looked up.

. . . Uncle Horace stood in the doorway. With intent, staring eyes he glared at the gaudily dressed women, the wreckage of the old cabinet, the unlovely disorder of the dignified room. He was dusty, his hair and clothes were rumpled, his shoes and collar were soiled; this, added to the fixed, unwinking stare of his wild eyes and motionless, unbroken silence, made more impression than mere words could have done; even I, who have known him all my life, was frightened. Remembering the uncanniness of the whole occurrence, I was not surprised that none of the guests could ever be induced to return after they had succeeded in getting themselves swiftly, quietly, and unobtrusively off the place. But it interested me to notice that Mr. Bates slipped humbly away to the study by way of the service stairs, while Violet, sobbing loudly, departed toward her room.

I took Uncle Horace by the arm and shook him gently. "There, there!" I said soothingly. This broke his unnatural calm. He kept repeating: "I must have quiet—I must have quiet," as he walked up and down. "A calamity! A calamity!" he muttered.

I interposed a quieting word: "Isn't that a rather strong description?" I asked.

He turned on me. "*Strong*—for such a catastrophe?" he cried.

I was almost frightened. "But, uncle—the crash you heard was glass. I don't think that the fans were damaged——"

"I presume you mean fins?" he shrieked.

I stepped hurriedly toward the door, but he was there before me. "The fault was mine," he admitted in a hopeless tone. "I know, now, that I should have posted a cordon of guards around that quarry—but how could I have dreamed that a demon band of boys would find and smash that noble dinosaur to powder? They didn't even know what it was but, with rocks, for pure, degenerate, vicious destructiveness—they utterly demolished it! When I remember that its front limbs were mere vestigals! That it undoubtedly was the finest Titanotherium in existence! *Oh!*" he moaned, and shook impotent fists toward the indifferent heavens. "In my own house I must, and will, have quiet!" he added fiercely.

After this peace settled down upon our houses; no visitors approached either place; the long days went serenely past and I began cautiously to breathe again. Uncle Horace became reconciled to his loss and went back to the work on his book. Mr. Bates, frightened, divided his time between the study and the filing cases. Only Violet moped disconsolately about the house and grounds; rode abroad in the limousine, staring, unsmiling, through the window; or, with increasing frequency, spent whole days in town.

"I'm sorry for her," remarked my husband. "After all, clothes and automobiles aren't so wonderful—if you haven't any place to go in them."

"Don't waste your sympathy," I replied sharply, "Mr. Bates sees the dresses."

My husband shook his head. "Bates's eyesight is focussed on which side his bread is buttered," he cryptically remarked. Thoughtfully he added: "Violet is spending her time with those chorus luminaries she had down here—around the restaurants and theatres. If Uncle Horace doesn't bridge about fifty thousand years at one leap, and get back to the present, there'll be trouble."

"We can't disturb him until his book is finished. Eight or ten weeks can't make a vital difference to Violet," I objected.

My husband groaned. "It's plainly evident that you haven't spent much time in a dentist's chair or you wouldn't be so generous with an extra month or two," he criticised.

I did not let him see that he had worried me, but the next day I made it my business to question Violet. She eyed me sullenly.

"It isn't suitable for a member of the family into which you have married to be

seen publicly in such company," I said stiffly.

"I guess I've got to have *some* friends —haven't I? Besides, your young man at Kendal's introduced them to me!" she asserted defiantly. Glibly she added: "Mr. Bates says the chaperonage of a public place is perfectly correct!" Her voice rose: "Everybody to their taste—but I'd rather be shot than to stay boxed up here with you and your beloved uncle, waiting for old age to catch up with me!"

What *her* taste was became illuminatingly clear to me a few days later. I wanted the upholsterer's new address, and slipped over to my uncle's house to ask Jennings for it. "I wrote it on the directory in Professor Fraser's study, Miss Sarah," said Jennings, adding: "He's taking a nap, and asked me not to call him until five. Can you wait the twenty minutes until then?"

"I'll wait here," I told him, sitting down on a porch chair under the music-room window. I had been there a short time when I heard the music-room door open, and knew that Violet and Mr. Bates had entered because, as usual, Violet tripped noisily over a footstool. "I can't see why those traps are littered about!" she said angrily.

"They are to put your feet *on*—not *under*," laughed Mr. Bates; then remembered himself. "How dreary it would be without your vivacity and beauty to brighten this dull house," he purred.

There was a pause. Then: "Bates-y, I'm about fed up with this. Let's go on the vaudeville stage. You, at the piano. Me, a song and dance. I've already had an offer—if I'll let them use my married name on the programme; but I'd much rather do a turn with you."

I think that Mr. Bates and I must have gasped simultaneously, because his voice, when he spoke, was flavored with icicles: "You've quite misjudged me, Mrs. Fraser, if you think that the life you suggest would appeal to me. Without assistance, by my own efforts, I've bettered myself. I shall never willingly leave the luxury and comfort of this house—except



"'Stay here and mildew, you poor fish!'"—Page 680.

to go to a finer one. In the meantime my loyalty to Professor Fraser——"

He coughed. With the evident desire to change the subject, he must have glanced about and spied the small piece of Aino pottery in which Uncle Horace was so interested. "How did that get down here?" he inquired. Violet did not answer.

He hurried on: "Rather an interesting piece, Mrs. Fraser—although your husband thinks the Greek influence——"

She interrupted. "Then you haven't fallen in love with me?" she asked huskily.

I arose, walked noisily across the porch, and rang the bell. Simultaneously with Jennings, Mr. Bates appeared in the hallway. I asked again for the upholsterer's address, and Mr. Bates, with a surprising return of his old empressement, offered to get it. He was more deferential and ingratiating than since Violet's arrival; bowing and smiling he reiterated his wish to be of service. I realized that Violet was angrily watching him through a crack in the music-room door, and, as soon as I could get away, I went home and took some medicine to ward off an imminent sick headache.

Two hours later Uncle Horace came dazedly into our dining-room and, ignoring the servants, said: "We've just had the most painful scene! Bates was helping me index some data when, suddenly, Violet flung open the door. In a loud voice she denounced me, my relatives, and my way of living; then turned on Bates. 'Stay here and mildew, you poor fish!' she cried, and threw my Aino jar violently at him. Instead of trying to catch it, or standing still—*he dodged!* The jar crashed into countless atoms against the marble mantel!"

Uncle Horace covered his eyes. "If it had hit *him* it would not have been demolished!" he moaned. Fiercely, he added: "I have given him six months' pay and told him to be out of my house before I get back. I won't have a person working with me who, in minutes of stress or excitement, hasn't his nerves and his muscles under full control."

"But what of Violet?" I gasped.

He roused himself from his grief over the Aino jar. "Violet? Oh, yes! She's gone. In a sort of fury—without taking her clothes," he said.

"Don't you worry, dear uncle. Violet is just a silly girl! She'll be back—ashamed and penitent," I comforted.

He arose hastily, hurried toward the door, then turned and glared at me. "What *was* it I wanted to remember to ask you?" he questioned. "Oh, yes! Violet said that a young man to whom *you* had introduced her, has secured her an engagement in a theatrical production. Is it possible, my dear Sarah, that this is true?"

I was too stunned to answer.

Violet has never returned.

After a suitable interval Uncle Horace, through his lawyers, arranged that a generous sum be forwarded to her quarterly. And one day he sent for me, and, opening the doors of Violet's wardrobe, he motioned toward the long row of beautiful dresses. "I happened on these yesterday, when I was arranging for more filing space. Should they not be packed and sent to her?" he inquired helplessly.

As we stood there looking at those discarded garments a queer remembrance came to me. Irrelevantly I asked: "Whatever did you do with Anihouta's trousers, Uncle Horace?"

He blinked. "*Anihouta?*" he questioned blankly. . . . "Oh, yes!" He thought it over. "Do you know, my dear Sarah, I begrudge the time I wasted on Anihouta! Professor Turnure is experimenting in training a male chimpanzee, and already it speaks five words! Anihouta was a failure. I'd really like to train a male."

I repeated this conversation to my husband and he was unaccountably interested. "I hope you advised your uncle not to import one unless he also planned to take Bates back," he said.

"You mean that Mr. Bates, having had the leisure and the opportunity to study Anihouta closely, could explain certain deficiencies which Uncle Horace, absorbed in his magnificent work, had not time to notice?" I commenced.

My husband yawned. I prefer this to laughter because, being definitely rude, I can notice it. But before I could speak he voiced a suggestion which has, ever since, been to me the cause of worry, sleeplessness, anxiety, and deep, nervous apprehension:

"I wonder what next Uncle Horace will bring home?" asked my husband.

A WINTER IN ALGIERS

By Mary King Waddington
Author of "Letters of a Diplomat's Wife," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. M. BERGER, AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS

Villa Descamps,
Mustapha Supérieur, Alger.
December 25th, 1919.

CHRISTMAS DAY in Africa! and what a dream of beauty and color, blue sea, blue sky, groves of eucalyptus and olive trees, climbing roses, white-robed Arab women closely veiled, their eyes only showing, bare brown legs and feet, sometimes a silver bracelet on one leg, donkey boys with a nondescript flowing garment, a red fez on their heads; color everywhere. Our villa is charming, stands in a little wood of eucalyptus-trees, with a big garden, balconies, terraces, and marble steps, large high rooms and lovely views on all sides. It is quite in the country, five or six kilometres from Alger, very high up in the hills. Very few people live in the town, and the whole hillside is studded with villas, Moorish almost all, dazzlingly white, flat roofs and narrow windows. Quite at the top, where we are, there are some very comfortable eastern modern houses. I am writing at my window, which gives on a terrace, from which there is a divine view of the sea and the snow mountains of the Djurjura, miles away in Kabylie, and from one corner through the faded drooping leaves of the eucalyptus I have a glimpse of the town of Alger, lying a long white streak far below.

The drawing-room is a delightful room: runs all the width of the house, with windows on three sides, so that we always have the sun. The furniture is sketchy, not much of it, and what there is is very ugly, but when the Paris cases arrive, with a few tables and chairs and silver, the room will look very different. There are some carpets in the house which are absolutely necessary, as all the floors are tiled. However, Charlotte has done wonders with the meagre material she had.

We had rather a rough crossing from Marseilles. The boat, a good one, rolled a good deal, and passengers and chairs and valises slipped about the deck in an uncomfortable way. Our chairs were tied, so we managed pretty well. It was a real "mistral," beautiful as a sight, clear deep blue sky without a cloud, and equally blue sea, cut at intervals by short white rollers coming in every direction. None of us were sick; Mme. S. and I with three other ladies, the only ones who appeared at dinner. The service was difficult, and notwithstanding the racks on the tables, plates and glasses were sliding off and there were fine crashes of broken pottery. It was dark when we got to Alger, but the long, low line of lights of the town was most picturesque. The landing was long and difficult, the pontoons had been swept away by the gale, and we went down the narrow, steep ladder into a crowd of swarthy, gesticulating, chattering Arabs, standing on what looked like loose planks floating vaguely about. I should never have got down, but J. S. took me round the waist and deposited me on the quay. Every one was pushing and shouting, children screaming. I was sorry for one poor baby who was carried off in the arms of an Arab screaming and kicking with fright. The mother was alone with various bags and wraps, and the porter picked up the child quite naturally, as he would have taken a valise. Francis was waiting for us with a motor, J. also for Mme. S., and a drive of about twenty minutes up the hill brought us to the house. They had been rather anxious, as they felt the mistral and were quite sure we were being well shaken. It is too soon to have an impression, but so far the climate is divine. We live with open doors and windows—always a fire in the drawing-room and a very good stove in the hall, which heats the staircase and up-stairs rooms.

To-day the house is deserted; every

one but me has gone to church. The English service has not yet begun and the Catholic chapel of Sainte Marie Mustapha (I love the combination) is a little far: one has to go down a flight of steps, some of them quite gone, which are rather difficult to negotiate. It is certainly the first time in my life that I have not been to church on Christmas Day, but then it is the first Christmas I have spent in Africa. The boys and I will sing "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing" this evening; that will be something of the old Christmas. We shall be a family party; it is the first Christmas since the War that we have all been together, and oh! such a blessed relief not to have to drink the health of "our men at the front." The Sallandrouzes, who have a charming little Arab house not far off, come to dine. Marie has made an excellent plum pudding and our African Christmas promises to be a success.

Monday 29th.

The days pass in a glory of sunshine and color and roses. It is not warm, a pleasant little crisp in the air. I always wear my winter costume with a fur collar; I don't suppose the fur cloak will ever go on unless we make an excursion in a open motor to the "Glacières." The first thing in the morning I am on my terrace, breathing the delicious air—a combination of sea and eucalyptus—and we are in and out of the house twenty times a day. Charlotte and I made an expedition to Alger the other day to find little presents and, we hoped, shining ornaments for her Christmas-tree which we had yesterday, but though the shops looked tempting they have very little to sell. The streets were crowded, not such a motley crowd as in the Cannebière at Marseilles, which was extraordinary—every uniform and language under the sun and everybody in a hurry. Here the crowd is much quieter. The Arabs, even in the humbler classes, move slowly with a certain dignity. The men are usually tall with oval faces, clear-cut features, and steady brown eyes.

The Christmas-tree went off very well. It was very difficult to dress, as the pine was decidedly a Southern pine, the branches soft and drooping; nothing would hold on them, candles were almost impossible to put on, but the boys arranged some electric lights hidden in the leaves and the effect was very good. There were about fifty people, children and grown-ups (I don't realize them all), the admiral commanding the port, with his wife and daughter, and various notabilities of the town. There is a very pleasant society in Alger, as there is a large military force here—General Nivelle, ex-generalissimo, in command. After the distribution of presents the children danced, ending with a "Sir Roger de Coverley," led with much entrain by Nanette (Jean's wife). As the drawing-room is large with very little furniture, there was plenty of room for the young ones to gallop about.

I had my first experience of a meal in an Algerian establishment the other day. Madame is a French Algerian, born here, her husband a Frenchman, one of the leading men in Alger. They have a lovely place some little distance from here on the other side of the mountain. They asked us all five Waddingtons and four Sallandrouzes most hospitably to lunch. The house is a large Arab house with inner courts, columns, stone archways very elaborately carved, and with every modern comfort, open fireplaces, electric light, splendid carpets, and a magnificent view of sea and town. The lunch was very well served by two Spanish girls, who looked very smart in their black dresses and white aprons with handsome embroidery. It seems it is very difficult to find servants here, hardly any Arab women are allowed to take service in a foreign house; some will come in the morning for a few hours, but they will never stay after dark, particularly with people who live far from the town, up in the hills, as we do; neither will they sleep. Of course there are exceptions—Jean's wife, who has lived here for two or three years has had all sorts of amusing experiences. She had an excellent Arab cook one year, not very young, who went all about the town doing her marketing dressed like all the other women, face uncovered, nothing on her head, not troubling herself about any men she met; but one day in the week, Friday, the Arab Sunday, she put herself into costume, full baggy trousers, white draperies and veil covering her face, ex-



Alger.—The Rue Arabe.

The streets interest me enormously, one sees so many things one has read of in all stories of Eastern life.—Page 684.

cept her eyes, and took herself off to the Kasbah, the old Arab town. There are a certain number of Spanish women here, and they make very good servants.

After lunch we walked about the garden, which is enchanting, marble terraces, steps, arches, flowers everywhere, and the most divine view. I have never seen anything like the gardens here, everything seems to grow—trees, bushes, flowers—naturally as if they could not help themselves, must open and blossom in the sun. It is certainly a delicious climate. I can understand, even after ten days here, what so many French officers have told me of their homesickness for Alger. It is funny to see our cook (who is a typical specimen of the peasant of the north of France—tall, strong, fair, accustomed to hard work and outdoor life) in Mustapha. This morning she was discussing with the old Arab who brings us vegetables. He comes with his donkey so heavily laden that one wonders how he ever gets up the steep paths. He is a nice-looking old man, with a long beard, a flowing blue garment, and a red turban bordered with white. He looks very patriarchal, just like the pictures in the Bible story-books. I believe he is fairly honest but they haggle over a sou.

The expeditions to Alger are rather long—it takes quite three-quarters of an hour to get down into the main street where all the shops are. I have only been down twice since I have been here, but I must say the streets interest me enormously, one sees so many things one has read of in all stories of Eastern life. The other day half a dozen men were sitting at a café having their shoes cleaned—a little Arab with his red cap on his head kneeling in front of each man scrubbing and polishing hard. It seems they do their work very well for a few sous. The Arab women all look alike and rather picturesque, but the rest of the female population, a medley of Spaniards, Maltese, a few Italians and Jews, is less interesting.

The Algerian lady never walks, at least in the town, occasionally in her garden. They are astounded at the way English and American women walk about the streets, and in the country up and down slippery, treacherous paths. New Year's day there was a reception at the Admiralty to which the F.'s and the J.'s went! Nothing at the palace, as the governor is in France accompanying M. Clemenceau in his triumphal progress in the war. So far he has been here very little; people seem to think he won't stay long. If (there are so many ifs in a presidential election) Clemenceau is slated President of the Republic he may want to have the governor near him, as they are great friends. We get our papers two or three at a time, about twice a week, three times sometimes when the steamers make fast trips, so we are dependent for news on the *Dépêche Algérienne* or the *Echo d'Alger*. They have of course all the telegrams, and sometimes a good leading article, but I miss the Paris papers (even the *Herald*) with the news and gossip of the outside world, a little stale perhaps when they arrive but giving glimpses of the world I have always lived in, half political, half social, telling what the Parisians are doing. I feel very far away; perhaps that feeling will pass, when I have been here longer and get more accustomed to my new surroundings.

Wednesday, January 6th.

We have had an enchanting day and have not been in the house except to eat and sleep. Jean came to get Charlotte and me this morning in the auto, and we had a lovely turn through the hills to El Biar, one of the neighboring villages, to the property of the Prince d'Annam. It is beautifully situated on the top of a hill looking down on the sea and the great plain of the Mitidja, where so many fortunes have been made. The plain is covered with vines. The Algerian wine is good and sells very well. The house, a regular white Moorish house, low, square, with narrow windows and a flat roof, stands at the end of a fine avenue of palms and India-rubber trees and cactus and mimosas, all the exotic plants we see in greenhouses in the north. He has a curious story—this Prince, of Imperial Annamite stock, exiled from his own country when he was five years old; a prisoner, practically, in Algeria, which he can never leave without permission of the French Government. He has a fair fortune, married a Frenchwoman, and has

three children, a son and two daughters. The girls are brought up like any French girls, but the son, who might perhaps one day become Emperor of Annam, and who is the hope of the party to which his father belongs, is brought up entirely as a royal Prince of Annam. If he were in his own country he would be Emperor and is considered so by some of his people. They live in a certain style, give dinners and garden-parties in the spring. All his servants are Annamite court servants, but they are only allowed to stay one year for fear of plots and disaffections; every year a new lot comes. For the last few years the French Government has been more tolerant and the prince went to France as often as he liked, merely notifying the authorities that he was going. During the war he was not allowed to leave Alger. It seems he is quite a philosopher, accepts the inevitable (perhaps because he has never known anything else), and speaks of himself as "un petit bourgeois d'El Biar." We came back through one of the Arab quarters, down steep twisting roads, and why we didn't run over some of the dogs and children sprawling in the middle of the street I don't understand. We passed a mosque where a number of dirty old men were sitting on the ground leaning against the wall, or on the curbstones in full sun. Others were at work in the doorway of their dark low shops, these principally cobblers. A good many women were in the crowd, some selling oranges and mandarins spread out on the pavement or on a bit of carpet; some very stout ladies attired in loose peignoirs and red and yellow handkerchiefs on their heads, loitering along, looking at everything, talking, but never very loud—little cackling noises like hens. A divine view of the deep-blue sea at every turn. We passed through one or two Jewish streets. One sees at once the difference of nationality—the men haven't the erect—what shall I say?—stand-off carriage of the Arabs.

We passed under the walls of the old palace of the Dey of Alger, close under the famous room where Hussein the last Dey gave a "Coup d'éventail" to the French Consul which settled the fate of Alger and gave France her finest colony.

We drove a little about the town, as J. and C. had various things to do. I waited some little time before the post-office, close to the quay, while J. was sending a telegram and two or three little "bicos" (Arab boys) came up smiling and eager "moi garder voiture, madame." There are always a certain number about in the business parts of the city who take care of the auto when the master is busy. Nearly all the men are their own chauffeurs, and it is convenient to have one's car watched when there is nobody on it, as even in the daytime in a lonely quarter an Arab will steal a few small things. We came home through the bois de Boulogne —a lovely turn, the sea on one side, on the other a deep green ravine which is resting to the eyes.

The beautiful weather lasts. When my shutters are open in the morning about 7 o'clock I see from my bed an infinite space of blue and pink sky and blue sea: when there is any wind the branches of the eucalyptus with their strange, almost white weathered leaves blow across the panes like phantom branches. I wonder sometimes where I am. We went to tea yesterday with Countess de Brazza, who has lived here ever since her husband's death. Count de Brazza was the great African explorer of Congo celebrity —Italian born, but naturalized French, as the Italians would do nothing for him, and the French supplied him with men and money for his mission. She says, like so many people who have lived in Africa, that she could not live anywhere else. An interesting Frenchman, Count de C., was there. He too had the love of Africa, but a much wilder and more distant Africa than Alger. He has lived for years in Abyssinia, his wife with him, and says the climate is divine, the healthiest in the world, and life easy and pleasant in Djibouti, the chief town of Abyssinia.

Another beautiful warm bright day and as usual we have been out all day. The streets have an extraordinary interest for me, there is always something to see. C. and I went down-town this morning and stopped at the little French chapel Ste. Marie de Mustapha, which is really the inside court of an ancient Arab house, a square enclosure with columns and arcades all around it. On the hanging chandeliers there are still the cres-

cents. As we were coming out we saw a pretty little white camel coming along, a man who looked like an Englishman, with a long fair beard and loose tweed clothes, riding him. They were trotting along quite quietly. The gait did not look uncomfortable—a sort of long trot. It was the first camel I had seen. People here told me I would see no Bedouins nor camels in Alger; one must go much farther south, almost to the desert, to see them. We saw too what I suppose was an Arab couple, the man walking proudly in front, the woman behind. She was much better dressed than the ordinary Arab woman one meets walking about the streets. She was closely veiled, but her draperies and veil were in silk and she had on shoes and stockings.

12th.

To-day we have celebrated the seventeenth anniversary of the F.'s wedding. We all went to lunch at a restaurant on the quay, famous for its "bouillabaisse" and fish generally. There were a great many people in the Place de Gouvernement which we have to cross to get to the quay, always the same motley crowd—Arabs, Algerians, Turks, Jews, very smart French officers, Spahis, donkey-boys, bands of bright-eyed little bicos ready for any job—keep your auto, polish your shoes, carry your parcels, anything in fact. Nobody in a hurry, nobody jostling or pushing, a most easy-going leisurely crowd, the Arab element predominating, as it is practically their quarter. Veiled women were walking about, some with their babies wrapped in white woollen blankets tied on their backs, some of the young ones carrying themselves very straight with vases and trays on their heads, moving easily and lightly through the crowd. The restaurant is quite primitive, really a dark shed opening on the quay, but to-day floods of sunshine were steaming in through the open doors. The place was crowded, but F. and Captain D. were waiting for us and had secured a table. We had an excellent lunch, the "bouillabaisse" quite up to its reputation. Various wandering musicians with mandolins and violins came along and played and sang at the door. It was a most intimate meal, every one talking to the proprietor.

The young captain was most interesting, had been through the war, ending as aviator pilot in the Sahara. He told us of a descent in the desert with a broken machine, not knowing where they were and no means of finding out, in a blinding sand-storm which hid everything. They struggled on over hills of sand with burning eyes and blistered feet until they got to the post happily not far off. He told it all very simply quite as if it was an everyday occurrence. He wants to try it again, has the fever of the desert that so many of them get.

The boys were fascinated, hung upon his words; so was the proprietor, who came and stood at the table and told us of the horrors he had seen in the trenches and mud of Flanders. Francis too told some stories of a shell-swept bridge which he often crossed when he was carrying despatches in Champagne. They all fought their battles over again. We have fallen back so entirely (I can't say into our old life again, for that will never come back, but into a sort of normal life, accepting the inevitable and the unrest of the whole world), that memories of the tragic war years seem already part of an almost forgotten past.

We all separated after lunch, the two men went back to their offices, the boys to the lycée, and C. and I walked along the quay, busy enough but nothing like what it was before the war. Trade comes back very slowly, the transport question is always a difficult one, and prices go up every week. The most ordinary necessities of life—butter, eggs, vegetables—are very dear, cost almost four times as much as in ordinary times. We shall soon be obliged to live like the natives on rice and dates.

Sunday 18th.

Still the same warm bright weather, I walked down to the English church, where it is always cold, one feels the chill coming in from the warm air outside. It is a very big, white Moorish building, does not look in the least like a church; but there is plenty of room and the service very well done. The choir, a mixture of men's and women's voices, is very good. Captain D. came to lunch and we spent the whole afternoon in the garden. We had a good many people for tea. We are



A young Moorish woman.

The Arab women all look alike and rather picturesque.—Page 684.

much disappointed over the presidential election, as, like every one else, we could not believe that any one would stand against Clemenceau; as long as the old man wanted the presidency the country owed it to him. When one thinks of his age and his indomitable spirit, never sparing himself, his only idea to lead the armies to victory, it is impossible to understand the vote of the Congress and such ingratitude from the country. I wonder why politics always brings out the small side of men's characters; but it is the history of the world.

The sunset was beautiful to-night, the sea had those green streaks one only sees in the Mediterranean. We begin our days early; at half past six o'clock the household is awake and stirring. The first thing I hear is the boys running out of the gate and galloping down the steep path leading to the tram which they take every day for the lycée; a little later comes Francis, who likes to be at his office early—all work begins early in Alger. Then I see C. in the garden, with a broad-brimmed hat, basket, and scissors, trimming, clipping, watering, planting—quite hard work but she likes it. The flowers are all out, the climbing white roses gradually getting up to my balcony; and a pretty red flower, something between a salvia and a fuchsia, with thick green leaves like little palms, is coming beautifully behind the garden wall, making a screen between the road and us. It is practically a private road, rough and stony so that very little passes except the donkey bringing the vegetables from the town, and occasional English tourists taking their morning walk in the hills. Just now a troop of spahis galloped past, their cloaks floating out like flags in the wind. They generally ride gray, almost white horses and with their white turbans and red cloaks they made a beautiful streak of color as they disappear between the lines of olive-trees and tall eucalyptus. They were led by an officer dressed in khaki, very dark—I should have said he was black, but I am told here that the Arabs are white, but bronzed by the sun. I don't feel as if they were white like me, but perhaps that is a northern prejudice against anything off color.

The dew is extraordinarily heavy in this country. It lies so thick on the leaves even at ten o'clock in the morning, when the sun is well up, that it looks like crystal drops which one could take up in one's hand. I met a curious bit of color when I was walking this morning, in the shape of an Arab girl who stood out vividly between the gray-green olive-trees and cactus that border the narrow path. She was about fifteen years old, dressed in baggy trousers (bare legs and feet) of a bright red-figured pattern. On her head a large square of the same stuff as a veil, but her face uncovered, her straight black hair hanging down over a wonderful white jacket too small for her, showing a great expanse of brown neck; even Zacky the terrier, who is now an old inhabitant, barked and ran round her. She made a remark to me in an utterly unknown language and ran off, laughing, showing her very white teeth, saying "Bonjour, madame."

There are some charming places up here in the hills, Moorish houses and gardens with Anglo-Saxon taste and culture grafted upon the rather crude original building. We went to tea to-day with M. and Mrs. S., who have lived here for years. They have a delightful house and garden in a village the other side of the mountain. The story runs that they came to Alger on their wedding-trip and were so fascinated with the place that they never went back to America to live. The report may be a little exaggerated, but it is true that they have lived here for years. It was too late to see the garden, which must be lovely, but the house has kept its Moorish characteristics, with inner courts, walled gardens, narrow doors and windows. The living-rooms are most comfortable. Mrs. S.'s drawing-room, which they built, would be a delightful room in any American or English house; yet one feels very far from the Western world. We were a small party, very cosmopolitan, but no Arabs. J. brought us home in his motor. It was wonderful, the 20th of January, to feel the soft warm air and to see the beautiful blue sky of the African night, thousands of stars, so much nearer than they ever seem in our gray northern skies.

The days continue bright and warm and are very resting. I have never been in such a quiet place—we are so high that we don't hear any sounds from the town

except the long strident whistle when the steamers leave or arrive. I am getting to know the different whistles, particularly the "Adieux à la terre" when the boats go out. The service is getting more regular, there are almost always three steamers a week each way. I went to lunch with some English friends at the Hotel St. George on Tuesday. The dining-room was full of people, principally English, all sorts and types. We sat on the terrace for coffee and it was really too warm. I am still wearing my winter garments, but a great many people walk about in white serge. My hostess, Lady K., was in a foulard, didn't even put on a light wrap to sit outside. After lunch I walked across to J's., where we had very good music, not more then ten people, all musical and appreciative; just light enough for the musicians to see their notes, and the most lovely sunset view on the sea, the colors too beautiful; it certainly is a dream of colors and clear atmosphere. This morning C. and I have lounged about the garden doing nothing but looking at the flowers. It is a lazy life; when the days get warmer I am sure we shall be like the Arab women, wear loose white garments and sit—I don't like to say "squat"—in the shade of the wall.

Yesterday C. and I and Mme. S. went down to Alger. The two ladies had shopping to do. The shops are really good, but very dear. The grande rue amuses me always; everybody and everything passes in it. We saw an Arab, a tall handsome man with a keen clever face, wearing a black burnoose, red turban, white veil or cowl, drawn tight on each side of his face. He wore glasses and looked as if he might be a professor or a doctor; another one in white, also tall, rather fierce-looking, walking proudly along with three little white-veiled women behind him. In this country the man always walks ahead alone, his womenfolks following; and, though he doesn't seem to know what they are doing, any adventurous young foreigner who tried to get a word or a smile from one of the ladies would have had an uncomfortable surprise. In one of the most crowded parts of the street a procession of Arabs, mounted on small fat donkeys carrying bags of provisions, was crossing very leisurely with an absolute indifference to the trams and touring-motors. The Arabs are the terror of all the men who drive their motors; they never get out of the way no matter how much one blows the horn and there is nothing to do but to wait until they get across the street. I saw too the Englishman (who I think is a Frenchman) trotting along on his nice well-groomed camel. A girl passed close to me dressed in a pink-and-white cotton dress with a pink silk sash, a pink bow in her hair, which was very elaborately dressed, bare legs and feet. No one looked at her, no one seems to look at anything in this country; I suppose they have seen so many specimens of all nationalities, civilized and barbarous, that nothing surprises them.

March 4th.

The town is very animated since yesterday morning, when the English fleet came in, dreadnoughts, cruisers, destroyers. The admiral's ship, *Queen Elizabeth*, of historic notoriety, as she was in the Dardanelles, lies in the harbor alongside the quay, but the three other big ironclads are just outside. Guns were going all day, with the various salutes, and when we passed the governor-general's palace the gates were open and a line of spahis, in their red cloaks and white turbans, drawn up on each side of the entrance. I suppose the admiral, Sir C. Madden, was coming to pay his respects to the governor.

This afternoon we went down to Alger, which was crowded with British sailors in the cafés, in the shops, at the pâtisseries, who will do a flourishing business these days. All sorts of festivities are announced—balls and receptions at the Admiralty, the governor's palace, and on the admiral's flag-ship. Mme. S. and I stood for a long time on the promenade looking at the little boats going between the quay and the ships. They certainly give a great impression of strength and power, but the shapeless gray monsters are not beautiful. It seems the native population was much impressed, when the cannon were going, for the salutes from the English ships, answered by the small cannon in the port of the admiralty. They remarked "Canon An-

glais fait plus de bruit que Canon Français." (The English cannon makes more noise then the French cannon.)

We stopped at the Mosquée on our way back. I had not been there yet. We did not go far into the church, as it was holy building. Several men were praying on their little squares of carpet near us, sometimes standing with their hands raised high over their heads, then suddenly dropping in a heap on the ground motionless, their foreheads nearly touching



A young Arab.

They are a curiously self-contained race. . . . One fancies that their reserve is intended as an eternal protestation of the conquered race.

late, and also we did not want to put on the wonderful slippers (happily over our shoes) that the people shuffle about in, but we saw quite well from the bottom of the church. A wooden screen stood near the door, and from behind it we heard splashing and noise of running water. The Arabs must wash face, hands and feet before they penetrate into the the floor of the mosque, their lips moving. We heard a faint murmur but no distinct sound. They were perfectly absorbed in their prayers, didn't look round or pay any attention to us. They are a curiously self-contained race; I wonder if they think about anything; one rarely sees a trace of emotion of any kind on their impassive faces, yet they don't look insig-

nificant. One fancies that their reserve is intended as an eternal protestation of the conquered race. Are they conquered or even assimilated? They live apart, mix rarely with the French or Algerians, keep their own customs. Many of them of all classes, particularly in this last war, have served in France and done brilliant service. One sees a great many native soldiers in the streets of Alger with the Croix de Guerre and the Légion d'Honneur. Some of the chiefs educated at St.-Cyr are practically French officers, speak French without accent, dress like Europeans, but when they get back to Alger they fall at once into the old life, live on their estates, only come occasionally to Alger. Some of them have fine properties in the South, in the desert even, and receive Europeans who are travelling in that part of the country, but who even then never penetrate into the domestic life of their hosts. In some cases a wing is arranged quite like a European house—bathroom, electric light, and modern French furniture, and that is reserved for stranger guests. They are almost all married, but never speak of their wives, and no foreigner ever sees them except on very rare occasions when some distinguished foreign woman visits a harem. When two Arabs meet after an absence they will talk about everything—their business, their crops, their workmen—but neither one will ask about his friend's wife—she doesn't exist outside of the harem. When the men are real friends they walk about holding each other's hands, sometimes only holding by the little finger.

I often talk with the old residents here (after all, the conquest only dates back ninety years) about the relations between Arabs and French, and they all tell me that the Arabs are hostile to the French, yet the French domination in reality is not cruel nor tyrannical. They don't interfere with the customs nor the religion, nor the daily life of the natives: they brought an enormous amount of money into the country, draining and improving the soil, employing the natives, teaching them how to handle agricultural machines, and in some cases building houses, which the natives refuse to live in; but Algeria is now a French province and must be administered like other French departments, with all the precision and detail that accompany official life in France.

One thing they resent absolutely is the census. They feel as if strangers were preying into their affairs. When the official comes to the Arab hut to know how his household is composed and how many children he has, he never tells the truth. If an Arab has six children, four boys and two girls, he only declares four—girls don't exist. The hostility shows itself in many ways of doing things, also the desire to keep their own customs.

March 24th.

The British have gone and one quite misses the groups of boys (for they all looked like boys) that were swarming in the streets so excited and eager to see all they could. The ball at the admiralty was very well done, the British admiral dancing and enjoying himself very much. The reception at the governor's palace was a little spoiled by the weather. It was showery and the people could not walk about in the gardens, which are lovely, but there was a great show of uniforms and many Arab chiefs looking stately and imposing in their rich draperies and turbans. They don't wear any jewels, unlike the Indian princes who are always covered with them on state occasions, enormous stones but badly cut and badly set so that they don't make the effect they should. The ball on the *Queen Elizabeth* was most brilliant though the night was anything but tempting; it blew and rained up here, and the prospect of a drive of six kilometres in a half-closed automobile for the pleasure of dancing on the deck of a big ship shut in with canvas was not altogether alluring; however, some of the party went and said it was a pretty sight. The ship was brilliantly lighted, two or three bands of music, most abundant supper and floods of champagne; place in the admiral's apartment for the notabilities—governor-general, general commanding the French Corps d'Armée, Prince of Annam (and funny they said he looked, dressed in black silk with a white turban and a chignon). The non-dancing ladies kept on their cloaks and remained downstairs, but all the young ones, with their low dresses, were dancing hard on the deck.

Why they are not all dead of pneumonia I don't know, but I suppose the exercise and excitement kept them warm. They said the deck was dry and the canvas a sufficient protection against the wind and occasional showers.

March 28th.

We went to tea yesterday at a farm belonging to one of the rich Algerians who has made a fortune in wine. He owns acres of vines in the famous Mitidja plains, probably the most fruitful in the world. We were invited to spend the afternoon, and pick as many lemons and oranges as we liked. Unfortunately the day was gray, one of the very few we have had, with an occasional shower, but we decided to go in spite of the weather. The place is on the outskirts of a village on the other side of the mountain. The approach by an avenue of palms is charming. We passed through one court where there were farm buildings and implements and some animals—horses, goats, and of course donkeys (they drink a great deal of goat's milk in this country); then into another where are the house and garden, a square white, red-roofed Arab house, very comfortable, and an immense garden. There were quantities of flowers, roses, violets, a hedge of pink geraniums, and on one side an avenue of mimosas in full bloom looking like walls of gold against the dark sky, quantities of orange and lemon trees loaded with fruit. The boys were instantly at work picking and eating them. It must be enchanting up there on a bright day. The family don't live there, though the house is comfortable, but go out with the children on holidays. We were obliged to have tea indoors, as the weather was not propitious for tea in the garden, and came home loaded with big branches of mimosa and violets and a basket filled with oranges and mandarins. Now that the governor-general has come back, the palace, with the gates always open and two red-cloaked spahis on the sentry-boxes, looks very imposing. There are constantly officers and orderlies riding in and out. The other day we saw an Arab coming out, sitting straight but loosely in his saddle and riding with such a long slack rein, we wondered how he would ever pass the motors and trams that take up almost all the street, but I suppose the horses are well trained and can be trusted to find their way. All the horses here look in good condition, though not quite so round and well fed as those I saw in Alsace.

I would like to see some of the big Arab chiefs in their costumes. We met one to-day—Ben S., almost a Parisian; he is a French officer educated at St.-Cyr, was in all the war, and a prisoner in Germany. He was dressed in a sort of uniform—a khaki big coat, but a white turban with the band of yellow camel's hair that denotes a certain rank. The camel's hair was such a bright color it looked like gold. Charlotte and I walked about a little to-day in one of the Jewish streets, rue de la Lyre. It was interesting to see the different types. There were a great many Arabs walking about as well as Jews, but the Arabs are certainly a much finer race. In one of the squares a public writer was seated on a doorstep, a young Arab dictating a letter to him. Cobblers were at work in little dark doorways. In many of the shops, as carnival is approaching, there were masks and spangled veils and scarfs and skirts. The quarter has a perfectly different aspect from the modern shopping streets we usually frequent. There are many flights of steep steps leading up to the Kasbah, the old Arab town, and little dark, narrow, sinister-looking alleys where certainly never a ray of sunshine penetrates.

We had a foretaste of carnival the other day when we were sitting in the garden. We heard the tum-tumming of a native instrument in the distance and then a band of Arabs presented themselves at the gate—two men and five or six children, the men wearing white burnooses and turbans, the children one scanty garment only, which barely covered them. One of the men played, on a curious instrument looking rather like a long pipe, a strange irregular rhythm and the other danced, if dancing it can be called. He twirled round and round, occasionally making a leap into the air, until we were quite dizzy watching him. They were satisfied with the few pennies we gave them, bowed low, making a fine sweeping gesture with their open hands, and moved on to the next place.

We made a lovely excursion the other day with some English friends in their big touring-car, to Blidah and the Gorges de la Chiffa. It was an interesting road, so perfectly Eastern, orange and lemon groves, cactus hedges, oueds (beds of dried-up rivers with a narrow stream of water running down the middle), long stretches of vine-covered plains, the vines quite low now but in another month they will be high and green. In many of the orange groves the oranges have already been picked; we saw a few gleaming among the leaves. The Blidah oranges are famous all over the world, and are exported in great quantities. Blidah is interesting, a real Arab town. The market-place was full of Arabs squatting on the pavement or on their prayer-rugs. There were plenty of people in the streets, not many uniforms, although there is a French garrison there, and it is considered one of the most attractive posts in Africa.

There seemed to be good shops in the streets. I didn't see anything like a place where Europeans could live. C. says there is a boulevard outside the town where there are good modern houses but we didn't go through it. The road along the Chiffa is wonderful, very good, very narrow, with every now and then a sort of refuge or bay hanging over the precipice to let people pass. We passed a few motors and always the Biblical groups of Arabs and donkeys, the old men riding and the women walking behind. The mountains are high, almost shutting out the daylight, generally masses of rock, but sometimes quite green with trees and bushes, every now and then a torrent tumbling down the slope. We had brought our lunch with us.

We heard the cannon after breakfast to-day—still a sinister sound, though we knew that it was to tell us that the new President was installed at the Elysée. He has a difficult succession. Poincaré bore himself with great dignity and patriotism during all the war years, never spared himself, never doubted one moment that France would win though at a frightful cost of life, but he had a terrible responsibility and will go down to posterity "Le Président de la Guerre," just as Thiers was known after "70" as "Le Libérateur du Territoire." He was so right too to take his place again as senator. With his intelligence and experience he can do much good as an outsider whose decisions would be perfectly impartial. He has nothing to gain; he has had all his country could give him.

Monday, April 19th.

We are having a series of beautiful days and are never in the house except to eat and sleep; the air is delicious, warm in the sun but always a slight breeze, which makes a light wrap necessary for the evening. Yesterday I had a most interesting afternoon. The Jeans came for me in their car and we went to Notre Dame d'Afrique, the church which stands so high on the hills and is seen from a great distance at sea. The route was beautiful, always on the high plains that run along the slope of the mountain, with lovely views of the sea at our feet, the road very good, narrow, and twisting with very sharp turns. I had never been in that quarter before and was astonished at the number of houses—almost all pretty little Moorish villas hidden in the trees, their white walls gleaming through the thick branches. The road was very steep, the church looked inaccessible but wasn't, as several horse carriages were toiling patiently up the hill. The last bit looked like a stone wall ending in nothing apparently; we seemed to be driving straight up into a blue space of sea and sky; however, just at the top a sharp turn brought us into the little square just in front of the church.

Quite on the edge of the cliff facing the sea is the tomb and white marble cross in memory of Cardinal Lavigerie (though he is not buried there but at Constantine), who loved Africa and with his Pères Blancs did so much for the country.

It was almost dark in the church. I could hardly see at first, coming in from the bright sunlight outside, but as I got accustomed to the half light I made out the famous black Virgin very well. She stands very high, dressed in bright-blue draperies, a gold crown on her head and her black face quite distinct. Tapers were burning on each side of the altar and people kneeling before the "Mère Consolatrice qui prie pour nous et pour les

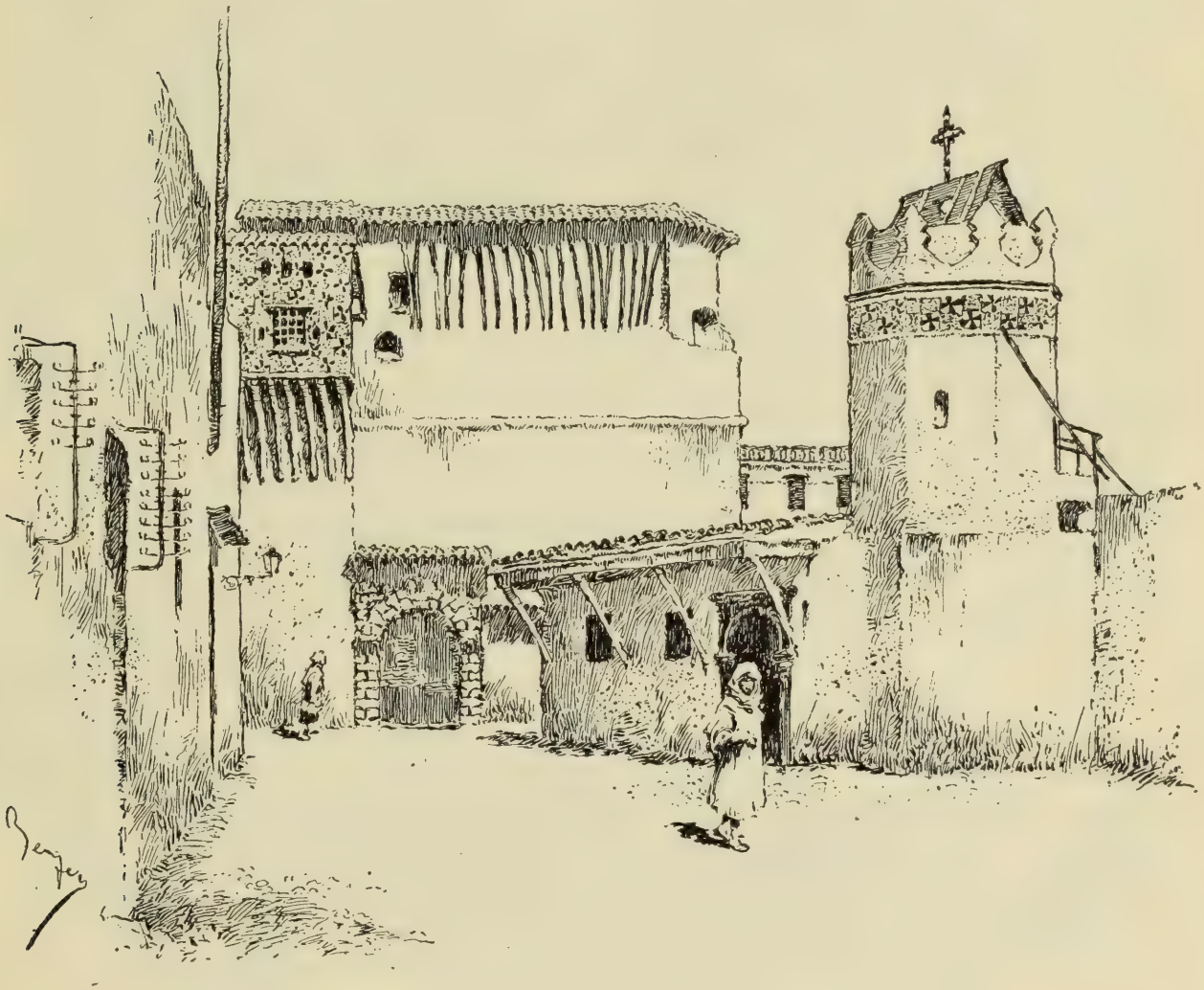
Mussulmans." All the walls were covered with inscriptions and tablets from grateful travellers who had escaped from the perils of the sea, the desert, and attacks from wandering bands of natives. Some of them were pathetic in their simplicity. We came home by another road, steep and narrow and twisting like the one we came up by, but quite enchanting—color, light everywhere.

We saw three or four really handsome young Jewesses with beautiful soft dark eyes and pale smooth skin but always with the marked features of their race and already a tendency to grow fat (all the women get fat in Alger as they grow older); they were generally richly dressed in silk and embroidered skirts, a bright-colored cashmere shawl on their shoulders, and always the black silk band, low on their foreheads drawn tightly around their heads; they wear a great many ornaments, long gold earrings and brooches, and clasps of gold. The men dress like the Arabs (they don't look at all like them) in long caftans, white turbans around the red fez. One or two women were walking about with red and yellow silk handkerchiefs on their heads and loose jackets of very vivid colors, bright green and orange. I saw for the first time an Arab with a blond drooping mustache; he was not quite fair but not nearly so dark as all I have seen here —might easily have passed for an Italian or Spanish bronzed by the southern sun; I should think he must have some foreign blood in his veins. There have been many marriages with white women.

We have been reading an interesting book on the Sahara and Alger written by a Russian woman who lived years in the desert, died there, and is buried in one of the small Arab villages on the borders of the Sahara. It was a fantastic life, she wore man's dress, served in a spahis' regiment, and lived for a long time with a "Sidi Mohammed Quelconque" in the desert. Her descriptions of the roaming wild life, the space, the solitude, the stillness of the desert are quite wonderful. Some of the chapters describing the forming and the starting of a trans-Saharienne caravan, hours of lonely waiting in a small oasis in the heart of the desert dreading an attack from a fierce hostile tribe, all so vivid that through it all one feels the love of this great African continent and the mysterious depths of the Sahara.

Nanette, who has lived here now for some years, is most interesting when she talks about the Arabs and their customs. She went the other day to the harem of one of the big Arab chiefs, Ben S., who was marrying his daughter, and a few foreign ladies, including Mme. A., the wife of the governor-general, had been asked to the ceremony. They were met at the entrance by a French general and the master of the house, Ben S., and taken into an inner court; then the men disappeared and the ladies penetrated into the inner rooms. In one large salon all the family except the bride were assembled from the old grandmother down to the various babies rolling about the floors! The Arab ladies were seated on divans and cushions, there were chairs for the foreigners, and on a mat or bit of carpet in front were three musicians with their curious instruments and still more curious music, long drawn-out notes and a very marked irregular rhythm. The Arab ladies were very richly dressed in baggy silk trousers, silk shirts or vests embroidered in gold, and a sort of jacket or coat of bright color, also embroidered in gold and silver, white veils, some spangled with gold and quantities of jewels, the pearls all baroque, not the beautiful white pearls we wear in the West. Some of the ladies spoke French a little, made very halting efforts at conversation. Coffee and sweets were handed around but time went slowly. Then there was a move, some of the ladies including the foreigners went up-stairs to see the bride, who had not yet made her appearance. They waited some little time in a salon furnished with divans and cushions like the down-stairs rooms, at one end an armchair with three or four cushions so that the occupant would sit very high as if on a throne. Finally, the bride appeared—a girl of about fourteen led in by her grandmother, the oldest person present. She was most elaborately dressed—her coat was of light-blue velvet thick with gold embroderies, her veil white and spangled, she wore a great many jewels, diamonds on her head and

bits of gold in the shape of moon and stars on her forehead and cheeks. As soon as she was settled in her chair her jewel-box of wood inlaid with mother-of-pearl was brought in and deposited on the floor at her feet; she used it as a footstool —that is the way the bride takes possession of her jewels. She didn't talk much, smiled and nodded an answer to some of the foreign ladies' remarks, and they very soon took their leave.



Alger.—The entrance of the Palace of the Kasbah.

Thursday, May 6th.

We are leading the most curious life of complete isolation from the rest of the world except for the meagre and unsatisfactory telegrams in the Algerian papers, which tell us that the strike is not yet finished but that the situation is improving. In the meantime traffic and business are at a standstill. No steamer has left or come into Alger since last Saturday, we have no letters nor papers from France. Yesterday a steamer half-cargo half-passenger left for Marseilles with eight hundred passengers, very little accommodation or food. One of Francis's friends had a mattress which he could put on deck or in one of the passages. When the boat went out her deck was black with passengers all standing packed like sardines. All the Algerian trains are stopped.

We have had two or three very trying days, a very strong north wind, a mistral of unusual vigor—of course here at the top of the hill we get it in full force. Certainly this country is *violent* in all its expression when it blows hard. Doors and windows rattle, panes break, the tall

eucalyptus-trees in the garden sway and bend as if they were going to break in two, and the wind howls around the house as if we were at sea. When the rain begins it falls in straight black sheets, the drops so big that they seem like black pebbles striking against the windows. When the sun comes out it shined down so straight and hard out of the cloudless blue sky that we can hardly bear the intensity of the light.

This afternoon we have made a second visit to the farm of M. R., and if we thought it lovely in the month of January it was fairyland to-day. The drive through the village and outskirts of El-Biar was enchanting, through green twisting lanes, sometimes high hedges of wild roses bordering the road, sometimes gray walls with masses of pink geraniums hanging over them, and always white Moorish houses peeping out through the trees. The avenue of palms made quite a shade as we got to the house. The garden was charming, masses of flowers and bushes of all kinds, quantities of roses as big as peonies and some tall slender papyrus-trees that reminded one of all the Bible pictures of Moses in the bulrushes. The mimosas are over but we walked through an avenue of nèfles,* the little yellow apples looking like gold balls in the sun and at the end a long sweep of vines stretching away to the horizon. Again, as so often here, we had such a sense of space. After making the tour of the garden we went to see the cellars where they make their wine. Everything was spotlessly clean—all the wine-presses and their machines with their brass knobs shining and polished, and the floors looked as if nobody ever walked on them. Mme. L. said it was really something to see at the time of the vintage—quantities of workmen, all the big machines working, and tons of grapes.

May 29th.

I am leaving now in a few days. My winter in Alger is finished; perhaps next year I can get to the Sahara and the limit of civilized life. I should like to see the long unbroken stretches of yellow sand. I say "yellow" in spite of Fromentin, who never used that word. For him the desert plains were golden.

*I don't know what they are in English, I think custard apples.



Little House *of* Christmas

By MARTHA HASKELL CLARK

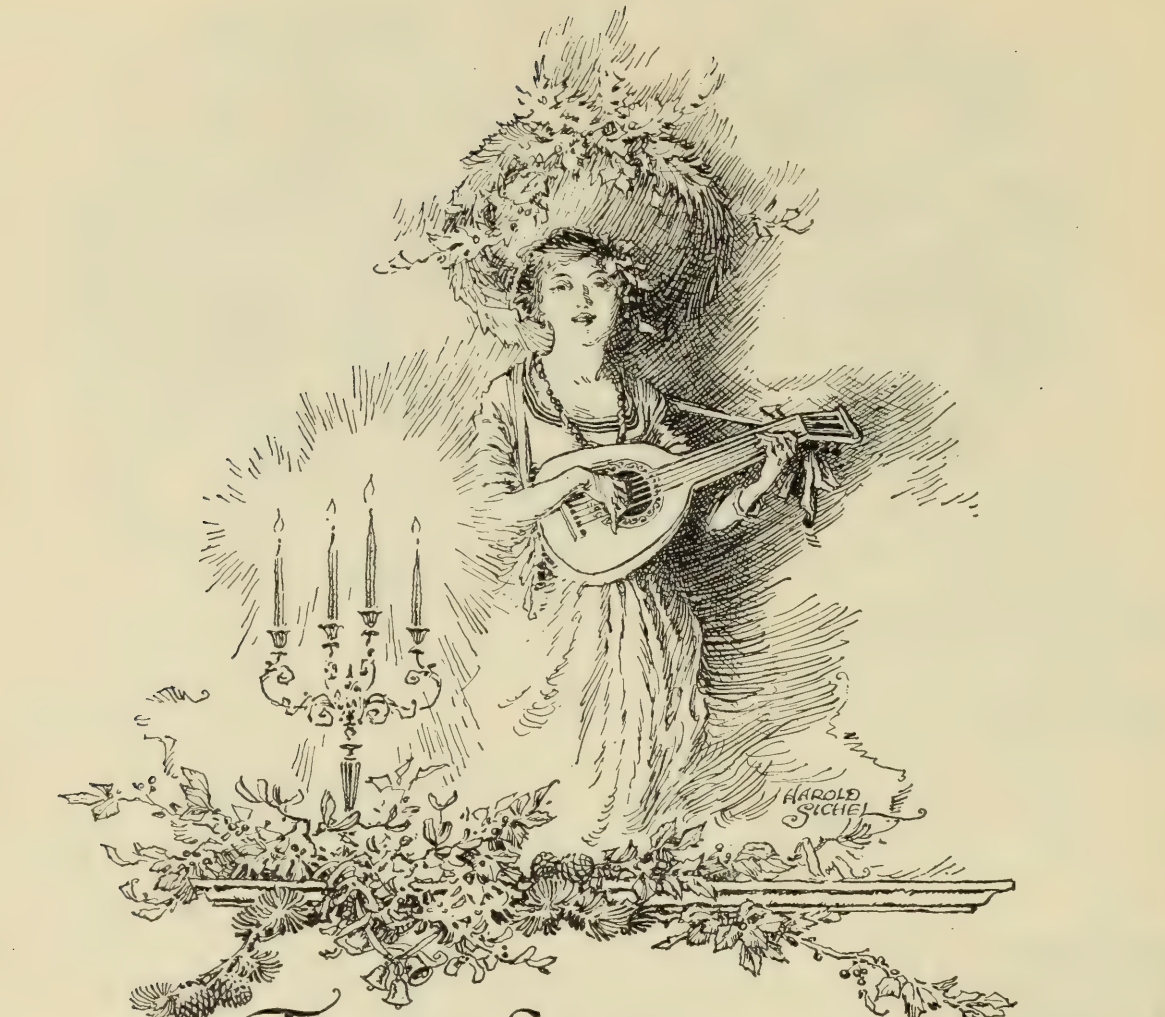
LITTLE House of Christmas, in your white lane set,
Half-way twixt the highways of Remember and Forget,
Once a year your windows wake with welcome taper-glow,
Once a year your gate swings wide to feet of long ago.

Little House of Christmas, at your fragrant feast,
All are bidden to the board, the greatest and the least;
Silk and velvet-mantled Hopes, rub elbows side by side
With little, tattered, beggared Dreams that crept in wistful-eyed.

Little House of Christmas, all drifted deep with snow,
Holly-decked, and sweet with fir, and hung with mistletoe,
All the roads of all the world, cheerless were, and drear,
Were your blazing Yule-logs quenched that beckon once a year.

Hands stretch welcome at your sill the years have thrust apart,
Memories clasp tender arms about each lonely heart,
Long-lost faces gather close, voices loved of old
Ring across the holly-boughs beneath the taper-gold.

Little House of Christmas, in your white lane set,
Half-way twixt the highways of Remember and Forget,
May each storm-blown wanderer, weary and alone,
Hear some voice call cheer to him across your lintel-stone.



Three Songs for Christmas

By

CHARLES W. KENNEDY

I

WE'LL hang the walls with holly boughs,
And silver mistletoe;
We'll light a Yule-flame on the hearth
And fill the room with candle-glow.

Yet Love could still keep Christmas Day,
Though all the house were bare—
One song of Yuletide on your lips—
One spray of holly in your hair.

II

IF I could dress a Christmas Tree
With all the gifts you've given me—

The spell you weave in magic ways
Of quiet peace through all our days;

The healing word, the shy caress,
The secret dream of happiness—

I'd hang them on a Christmas Tree
And give them back, my dear, to thee.

III

WHO hath nor purse, nor golden coin,
Who holds no lands in fee,
He singeth gay on Christmas Day
In jolly beggary.

For who hath nought to give but love,
Gives all his heart away,
And giving all, hath all to give,
Another Christmas Day.



THE FIRST KNIGHT OF THE HOLY CROSS

By John Finley

"And they compel one passing by, Simon of Cyrene, coming from the country, . . . to bear His cross."

A COUNTRYMAN he was from far away
Who'd happened in the Holy Town that day,
Swarthy from hot Cyrene's sun, and strong
To bear the fresh-hewn fragrant tree along
The dolorous way that led to Calvary,—
The first cross-bearer of humanity.

. . . . . .

O knight of Christ, compelled to lift the load
For Him! What radiance fell upon thy road
When He but looked to thee in gratitude
And made of these crossed beams the Holy Rood!
What swift, sweet passion filled thy giant frame
When He said "Follow Me" and spoke thy name!

HOMESICK

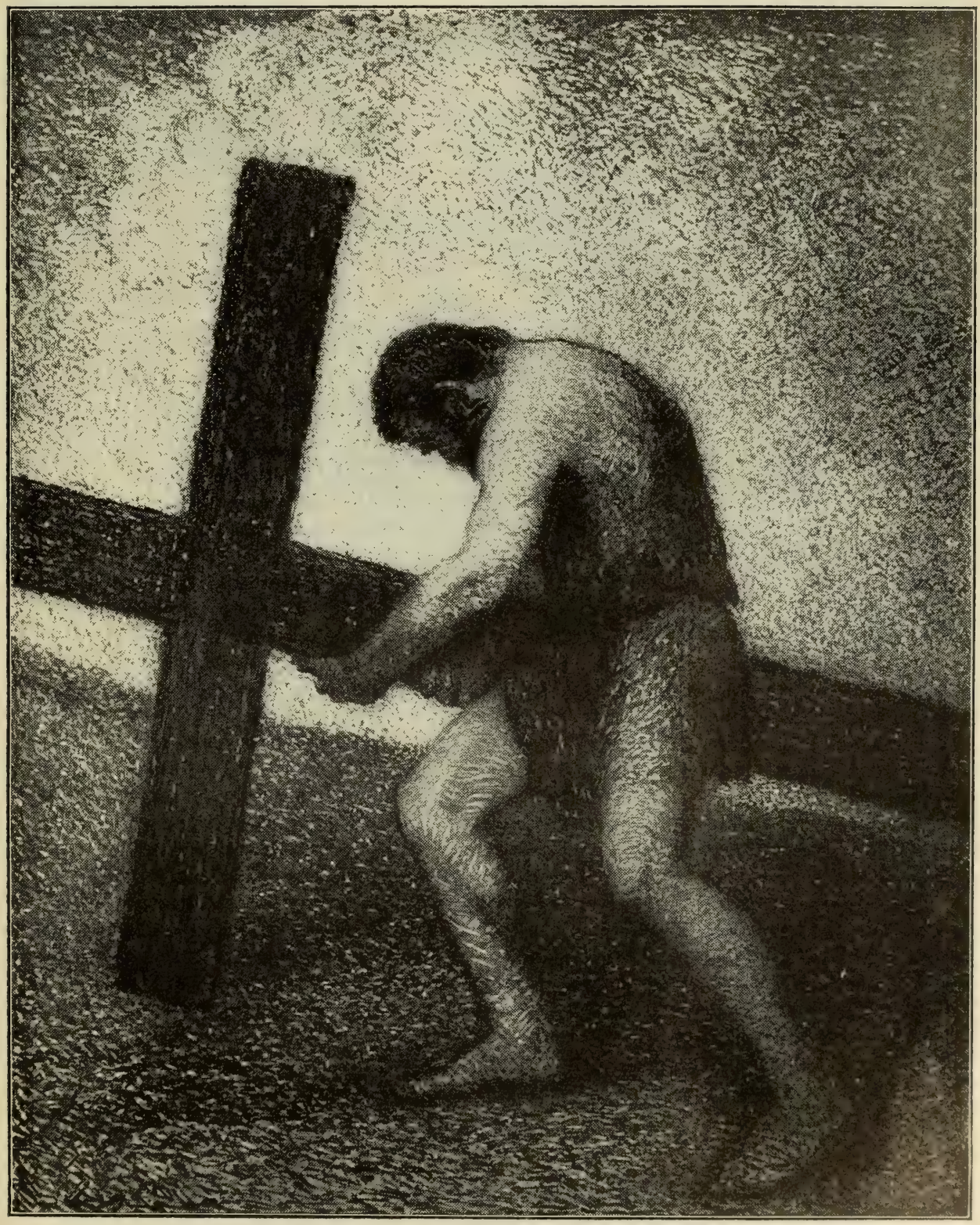
By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

To think, when Spring winds o'er the country roam,
And violets first show their shy, glad faces,
How violets and anemones at home
Are blowing in the well-known shady places;

To think, when June, the royal, stirs the air,
How 'round the gray, dear house, forgotten never,
The roses blossom though I am not there,
And climb the wall, as white, as red as ever;

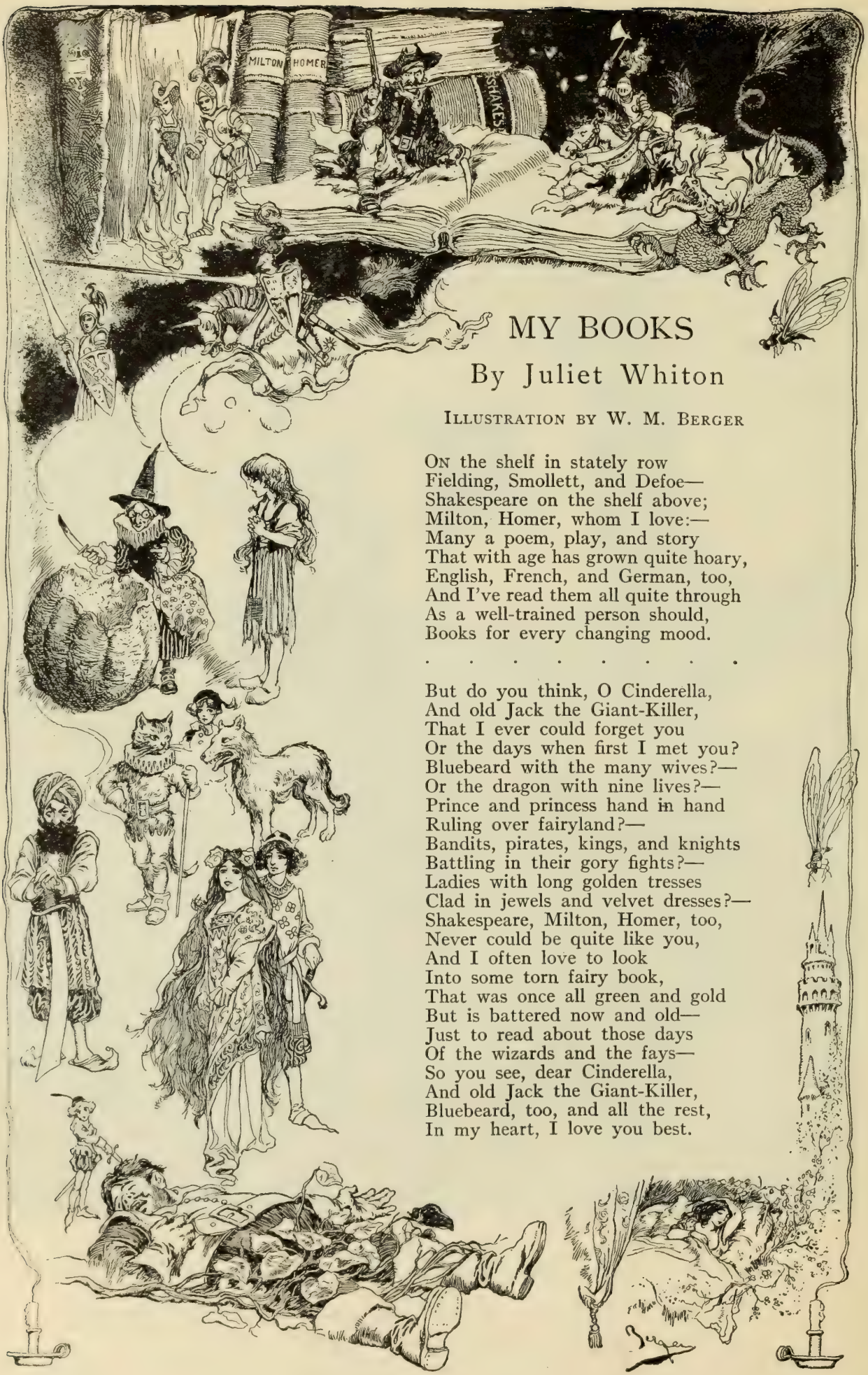
To think, when gales roar down the dying year,
Though friendly voices laugh at stormy weather,
Of other voices that one cannot hear,
Of Autumn fires and nights at home together;

To know a sudden shock of sharp desire,
Striking through living, setting fibres aching,
That heaven may prove—the dogs around the fire,
Mystical music sweeping the pine-woods' lyre,
Lamplight within, outside snow piling higher—
Voices of two who talk to me, heaven-making.



Simon of Cyrene.

From the painting by Augustus V. Tack which suggested the poem, "The First Knight of the Holy Cross."



MY BOOKS

By Juliet Whiton

ILLUSTRATION BY W. M. BERGER

ON the shelf in stately row
Fielding, Smollett, and Defoe—
Shakespeare on the shelf above;
Milton, Homer, whom I love:—
Many a poem, play, and story
That with age has grown quite hoary,
English, French, and German, too,
And I've read them all quite through
As a well-trained person should,
Books for every changing mood.

. . . . . .

But do you think, O Cinderella,
And old Jack the Giant-Killer,
That I ever could forget you
Or the days when first I met you?
Bluebeard with the many wives?—
Or the dragon with nine lives?—
Prince and princess hand in hand
Ruling over fairyland?—
Bandits, pirates, kings, and knights
Battling in their gory fights?—
Ladies with long golden tresses
Clad in jewels and velvet dresses?—
Shakespeare, Milton, Homer, too,
Never could be quite like you,
And I often love to look
Into some torn fairy book,
That was once all green and gold
But is battered now and old—
Just to read about those days
Of the wizards and the fays—
So you see, dear Cinderella,
And old Jack the Giant-Killer,
Bluebeard, too, and all the rest,
In my heart, I love you best.

MY HORSE

By Harley R. Wiley

THE future called, I could but go—
  On you and childhood close the gate;
You missed the Boy, ah, well I know,
  Though darkness shrouds your after-fate,
  O Strong and Beautiful and Great!

Your neck was arched in lordly pride
  When last I loosed your steaming girth
And flung my useless spurs aside,
  Here in the wild land of your birth
  To let a stranger prove your worth.

Not yours to sense the fevered strain
  That heeds not love nor rest nor place;
Unconscious all of parting pain,
  You bent your head with loving grace
  In comradeship against my face.

The land still holds its princely dead.
  Forget? How could this land forget?
Its canyons echo still your tread,
  Against the blue its ridges yet
  Give back your stalwart silhouette.

And Memory whistles through these hills
  Till you come romping down the years!
On phantom winds your neighing shrills,
  Your hoof-beats thunder in my ears—
  'Tis Boyhood's waking heart that hears!

I ride—for all the years I ride
  That mocked me since from you I went!
Steeds later born have lived and died
  Yet time your heart nor broke nor bent—
  Behold your garnered strength unspent!

Against the pale horizon lined,
  The peaks their soaring pageant lift;
They lift and soar but fade behind—
  Our race superb, supremely swift,
  Has set the anchored hills adrift!

The threads of air through wind that sings—
  Such rioting of music reigns—
Grow tense as *ukulele* strings,
  And to your rhythmic hoofs the plains
  Are bursting into organ strains.

Far sink the suns their flaming lights;
  Great stars from shadow heights are drawn;
And through the flower-scented nights
  With spark and flash our flight speeds on
  From golden dawn to golden dawn.

Alas! The present's vital breath
  Dispels the rapture of my dream
And backward sweeps the dust of death,
  Till all my yearning fancies seem
  Gray ashes on a sombre stream.

Somewhere in this fair land, I trust—
  Some silent, sun-warmed, star-loved place—
The grass is greener for your dust,
  Some pendant leaf floats richer grace,
  Some flower lifts a sweeter face.

But if from out the clinging past,
  On shores behind the shadows grim,
The things we loved are ours at last,
  Your form awaits me, proud and slim,
  Your hoofs are stamping at the rim.



THE WEAKNESS OF PSYCHIC RESEARCH: AN EXAMINATION

By Winifred Kirkland

PSYCHIC research has become so popular a preoccupation that no thinking person can escape the challenge: How is my brain to receive its evidence and its doctrine? That question is to be lucidly answered only by examining the subject with sharp distinction, first as science, and second as ethical doctrine. There is both truth and falsity in the contention of spiritists that the general public shrinks cravenly from facing the facts of their discoveries. Undoubtedly in the age-long scoffing at ghosts and attempted intercourse with them there is much of terrified bravado. We are inexcusable in our ignorant contempt for the sheer courage of psychic students, especially those great ones of the generation just past, in daring ridicule and ostracism in order to investigate an unattempted, yet legitimate, branch of science. Many of us are so densely uninformed in regard to the whole subject that we fail to appreciate the strange and subtle intricacies and ingenuities involved in psychic research viewed purely as an experiment in scientific method. In ridiculing spiritist investigation we both insult some of the most intrepid explorers humanity has produced, and also we acknowledge the flimsiness of our faith if we are fearful that any scientific discovery could shake it. Whatever sea any Columbus chooses to attempt, it is by his courage rather than by the mere fact or fiction of his discoveries that we stay-at-home minds are enriched. As well have no science as to believe any area forbidden, as well have no faith as to believe one that could be affected by the moving of a table.

We owe psychic research exactly the same respect that fair-minded people pay to all new science, however startling or repugnant its revelations—but we owe it no more respect than that! Unfortunately it is exactly this further veneration that most spiritists demand. Now, if we have been contemptuous of their claims, they have been equally scornful of our objections. We have a right to ask of all scientific discoverers that they shall be open to all conceivable deductions from given phenomena. We become suspicious when they select only one hypothesis as possible; they may equally resent our rejecting this same hypothesis as the only one impossible. To honest inquiry all things are possible. What we demand of the investigators of psychic phenomena is that they shall be as ready toward explanations so-called natural, as toward explanations so-called supernatural. There are few of us, by the way, who could formulate a distinction between natural and supernatural which would not put some fetter upon the freedom of all research!

Very often, in the toilsome history of man's control of his surroundings, scientists who have thought they were discovering one thing, have discovered something else, something contributing even more to the emancipation of humanity. No one who reads psychic records with a candid mind can doubt that we stand on the threshold of tremendous revelations. Yet it is dogmatic to ascribe spiritist phenomena to spirits without more frankly admitting other possibilities.

Vividly as a sudden search-light in darkness, psychic investigation has illuminated three lines of study—the mysterious nature of matter, the mysterious nature of the subconscious, the mysterious nature of post-mundane intercourse—showing us equally ignorant of all three. Telekinesis, spirit photography, materialization, these reveal how little our boasted materialism knows about matter; Patience Worth and other arresting entities reveal how little our boasted psychology knows about the brain. But might an attitude of humbleness before all mystery inquire why the nature of matter and the

nature of the brain should be less astounding than the nature of disembodied existence? Surely all three departments of study are equally the domain of science, for there is no inherent reason why the undiscovered country on this side of the grave should not be as alluring to explore as the undiscovered country beyond. So long as the world in which we are set is so strange and so challenging, it is only intellectual conceit that dares define one area of knowledge as miraculous, and another as normal. To apply the modest, touchstone question: But what shall the discoveries of psychic science mean to me? Exactly how shall my individual brain translate this new body of knowledge into terms of clearer light and quickened energy? The reply is the reiteration of the point that our attitude toward psychic science should be exactly the same as toward other science. All discovery should give us the mental exhilaration of perceiving new worlds to be attempted. All discovery should emancipate and dignify the human brain by revealing to it new reaches of reverence for a supreme design for human growth. Yet surely to the brain that sees clearly and acknowledges frankly, there appears no reason why the mystery of souls liberated should be more astounding to scientific attention than the mystery of souls incarcerated.

Because we demand that the psychical shall be explored with the same care as the physical, it is an obligation of the brain toward spiritism that psychical research shall not be degraded by charlatans nor cheapened by amateurs. If psychic research is a science worthy the name, then it should be left, as are other sciences, solely to the investigators most thoroughly equipped. The vulgar quackery, the ignorant credulity, the smug complacency of many present-day books is rightly repugnant to all who reverence the dignity of the human mind in the body or out of it. We delegate electricity to electricians, medicine to doctors. When we others meddle with either, we not only incur actual injury to ourselves or our fellows, but we retard the development and deny the importance of either science. It is not because we depreciate, but because we respect, all investigation of death, that we insist that it shall be conducted as carefully as all investigation of life.

When our brains thus acknowledge the legitimate dignity of psychic research, surely its exponents should not accuse us of any superstitious hesitancy before their statements. This hesitancy has a profounder basis than the mere acceptance or rejection of evidence. Our brains admit that the three departments of inquiry opened by psychic research—the mystery of matter, the mystery of the subconscious, the mystery of death—are all equally the domain of science, but at the same time those same brains assert that they are equally *not* the domain of ethics. The examination of our instinctive repugnance to spiritism finds the basis of its logic to be not in the arguments *for*, but in the arguments *from*, psychic research.

It is not by rejecting but by granting the premises of spiritism that its inherent weakness can best be exhibited. If, when its testimony is freely accepted and sincerely applied to daily living, spiritism can still be seen not to advance but to retard the evolution of the man in us from the animal in us, then we are justified in denying, if not its truth, at least its importance. The constant implication of all spiritist argument that psychic discovery has in itself, that is, in its mere authenticity, any moral significance, is fallible. Psychic research concerns our mentality, not our morality. Any scientific discovery appeals first to the brain, and second to the soul. If to-day some scientist should ascertain epochal new facts about the properties of sound waves, and to-morrow should incorporate those facts in some marvellous new invention, his discovery would contribute to the physical and the mental advance of the race, but would have no concern with spiritual development. Such discovery would enter the region of the spiritual only for the people who recognized in it fresh revelations of a directing Force back of all forces, and allowed a quickened reverence for this to clarify their vision and invigorate their actions. Psychic research is more, not less, like other sciences than its students assert, for even should the utmost claims for intermundane in-

tercourse be accepted, the effect would not be in itself a moral stimulus. Suppose we came to believe that we could summon the dead to conversation whenever we pleased, the influence upon us would be not in the acceptance but in the application of this belief. Such a conviction would be enervating or ennobling exactly in proportion to its effect upon our conduct, and that effect would be in exact ratio to the degree of spirituality we had previously attained without any spiritist assistance. There never was a time in history when the effects of spiritism upon both the mental and the moral nature of man could be more clearly examined and evaluated. More people than we dream are to-day being influenced by the subtle implications even more than by the out-and-out claims of psychic research. Never in the world's history have so many people been in a state of mind open to psychic influences. After the holocaust of grief that has lately swept our universe there can never have been a period when more hearts, or hearts more bitterly broken, have been open to messages from the unknown. Within these last years, as at no other time, should one be able to measure the exact degree of inspiration to be expected from psychic contact, for never have so many people believed in that contact.

Has the effect been either to illuminate or to invigorate the ideals of the world? Far from it! This day of readiest acceptance of psychic communication is precisely the day when public idealism has fallen to its lowest. After the high tide of inspiration to which the war bore us, which of us has not veiled his face in shame before the collapse to grossest materialism? Which nation whose duty was toward the regeneration of the world has not reverted to a bestial selfishness? Hardly the best historic period to choose for proof that the voices of spirits have a restraining influence upon the actions of the living, hardly a very convincing proof of the regenerating force of spiritism, these grossly callous years of human history! Do the brethren of Dives show themselves merciful to the beggars of Vienna or Armenia, even though voices are speaking from the dead? What can be said for the moral stimulus claimed to result from the nearness of the spirit world when we see how little the death of millions, with all their passionate devotion to a new era for which they believed they died, has affected the national motives of any nation? No, the only regeneration that can be proved from history past or present has come from spirits on this side of the grave, not on the other.

As we turn from public to private witness of the disintegrating rather than invigorating effect of a belief in psychic contacts, we do not find those of our acquaintance who put in practice such belief our wisest counsellors or strongest aids. As we look about us at those people who are most inspiring to the community and to their friends, we discover them to be not those who spend hours with ouija or with a spirit-pencil, but rather those who keep their attention on this physical world, on its inherent inspiration for all who sincerely search, on its engrossing activity for all who sincerely serve.

It is not whether the dead speak, but what they say, that could give us any valid assistance in living. Yet what the dead say has proved as disappointing to spiritists as to non-spiritists. If one leaves aside all subtleties and exercises mere practical common sense, one is struck by one simple fact characterizing the prominent books of psychic research with which the general public is familiar. The scientific method may vary in degree, the unbodied entity purporting to speak may vary in picturesqueness, but one characteristic of the ethical message involved never varies: the arresting fact is plain that wherever ethical doctrine is concerned—surely the crux of all spiritist argument!—each writer will be seen to get from his new faith exactly what he puts into it, no more and no less. The dramatic form, the apparent garb of some mysterious personality in which the message is cast—one admits freely that this is a subject challenging to imagination and investigation, but the message itself exhibits no miracle, for no spirit has said one word that the recorder might not have said for himself. For each author the new creed is his own curious composite of older creeds, it merely exhibits his own conscious or subconscious philosophy—"No new spirit-power comprising."

A random list of spiritist books confirms the contention: Sir Oliver Lodge is blithe and buoyant; Sir Conan Doyle naïvely rejoices at his rediscovery of an ancient faith; Sir William Barrett is lost in metaphysical conjecture; Dr. Hyslop is bored in advance by the dulness of our future existence; Basil King, himself an earnest Christian clergyman, pictures a heaven modernized but as ecstatic as a mediæval monk's; Margaret Cameron's ghostly informants are humorously of her own political persuasion. The nature of the intelligences that apparently are to-day speaking through mortal pens is a matter for exhaustless debate, but what they say is only what these same pens were capable of saying unaided—and often much better!

The ethical results which each prominent psychic student has so far extracted is exactly the measure of the faith he had before he entered upon the subject. Spiritism has neither for its special investigators nor for the public at large brought forth anything to approach the ethical inspiration already existent. No spirit freed from the limitations of the flesh has yet been able to speak to those still held by it any words approaching in idealism the beauty of life formulated by those teachers of humanity who learned to see and to express God as they found him in this world. Those men who discovered God in this world are still the best teachers for us whose business is still so to discover Him. The wisdom that has come to us from the other side is but a feeble echo of the words that ring through the long, dim corridor of time from the wisdom of Isaiah, or Confucius, or Buddha, or Jesus.

What I ask of the writers of this new book of revelation is simply this: What have you found that is going to help me when I wake up in the morning to be a more vigorous human being, pluckier for to-day's pain, more confident about to-morrow? And what have all your ghostly controls said that was not better said two thousand years ago? Jesus still seems to me to speak with more authority than any ghost I have yet read about, perhaps because he speaks to my common sense, which is more concerned to know how I must live in this world than how I may live in another. The sheer human shrewdness of Jesus is undervalued; he was a most astute psychologist, and no one of his parables shows sharper insight than that of Dives. Dives, to whom death revealed a wasted life, argued that his brethren could be saved if they were addressed from the grave. The sad sagacity of Abraham's rejoinder has not affected the naïve arguments of present-day spiritism. If morals have not inspired them, thus runs the reply to Dives, neither will miracles. "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead."

When he said "persuaded," the greatest psychologist of all time did not mean that the brethren of Dives might not be persuaded to sit down with ouija or an automatic pencil and indulge in beautiful vaporings about heaven, but that they would not be persuaded to stop guzzling and feed the beggars at their gates even "if one went unto them from the dead."

The essential weakness of spiritism is its naïveté. It knows more about human nature after death than it knows about human nature before death. There is childlike simplicity in the implication of all spiritist argument that the certainty that we live after we die would make us nobler men before we die. It might or it might not, but most assuredly there would be no automatic response of morality to the fact of immortality. To believe that an irresistible regeneration would follow a conviction of survival is to ignore both the force of human animality and the force of human spirituality. Being good is not so easy as all that. Being good is a matter of desperate choice, of blind bewilderment, of tragic failure. The fundamental claim of spiritism, the fundamental hope of all who demand material proof of survival, is that the souls of the living would be necessarily invigorated by this conviction. The essential point for the ordinary man or woman is not the proof or disproof of telekinesis, direct voice, materialization, automatic writing; but, granted the authenticity of all of these, what difference does it make to me and to civilization, which is but the slow, torturing emergence of the man from the beast? If there is

something godlike, living secret and prisoned in our flesh, is this divine element strengthened or weakened by attempted communication with departed spirits? In other words, can we logically expect to be spiritualized by spiritism?

It is not as a body of science appealing to mentality, but as a body of ethics appealing to morality, that spiritism fails. As we look back at the long history of our fallible race, and at the short history of our fallible selves, instinct and intelligence both pronounce that the only valid force from chaos toward capacity has been the force inside, not outside, of man himself. However feeble or staled our faith may be, most of us do believe that evolution has an upward trend. Most of us at bottom believe at least this much, that there was a purpose in making man physical and in planting him in a physical world, perhaps that he might have the transcendent privilege of discovering the divine in that world, and in himself—in other words, that he might share his own creation by spiritualizing himself. He could hardly accomplish this except by self-dependence, by accepting his body as a means of revelation rather than by scorning it as a handicap. By our own clearing of our flesh-bound vision, by our own strengthening of our flesh-bound conduct, by recognition of the immortal within ourselves rather than of the immortal outside of ourselves, shall we become men spiritual enough to spiritualize the world.

Common sense is only a name for those instincts which make us keep, as against those instincts that make us break, the age-old laws of human development. Common sense, studying spiritism, pronounces that as ethical theory it is fallible, and in actual practice is enervating. As theory it fails of being the noblest inspiration because it invites us to evade rather than to accept a gage. The way to become an athlete is to play the game on the appointed field, not to go floating off upon a cloud. Indeed, people who think that psychic discovery can effect either inevitable regeneration or inevitable degeneration of the human race are ignorant of basic human nature. There is no inherent moral impulsion in the material proof of survival. There is no more inspiration to nobility in listening to John Smith speak from Paradise than from Chicago. The only ethical import lies in one's obedience to a spirit's directions, and such response depends entirely on the degree of spirituality one has previously attained through methods of self-education not spiritist at all. Any moral act in obedience to a command from the dead would be inferior in quality to a direct response to the spirit within oneself. A man who obeys his own conscience is a more spiritual man than one who obeys a ghost. The exercise of vision and volition is a sterner concern than the mere treading that deceptive road to improvement which psychic research points out. The fundamental fact that all spirituality depends on the development of a man's own spirit as handicapped by his own body, rather than on other spirits freed from theirs, is the clew to the evil effects of all occultism. It is the reason why a healthy instinct rejects spiritism as stunting.

It would clear away much murky mysticism if we faced the issue clearly that proof of survival, at best, would be merely a means, not an end. If physical proof of a postphysical existence is going to make us bigger men while we live and braver men when we die, that would be our sole justification in neglecting the challenge of our present life in order to ascertain the nature of our future life. The influence of spiritism as an ethical force depends not on what it brings to us, but on what we bring to it. This fact is as true of the general theory as it is found true of spiritist books, and as it can be seen true in application to living. Spiritism is no courageous solution of our mundane problems. Unless we interpret all its discoveries in terms of a far older faith, it does not invigorate, it vitiates. If proof of the dignity we shall attain in another world shall subtract from the dignity we have already attained in this one, then it would be better that immortality remained unproved. Communication with the dead is desirable only if it is a trustworthy method of energizing the living. Common sense must examine spiritism, must accept or reject it as a practice, with the clear perception that proof of survival is not so important as an end as it would be as a means.

As a method of emancipating humanity the theories of psychic research go contrary to the laws that seem to govern both the history of the race and the every-day psychology of the individual. Conflict is the law of growth. Survival of the fittest means the survival of those who strengthened their own faculties until these could conquer circumstances. Self-dependence is the only way to have a self in this world or in any other. Evolution has been laboring for æons to make a person out of an amœba. For tens of centuries people have talked of liberty, but that is only a term for the chance to be an individual. If the aim of evolution is an ever-finer differentiation, that aim has been won only by individuals who influenced their environment more than their environment influenced them. Human development has been from within, not from without, and we cannot rationally expect to continue to grow if we now depend on spirit-help outside, rather than on spirit-help inside of ourselves. To revert from being a person to being a ouija-board—one would think that any live man in the body or out of it would resent the degradation!

The laws of individual human psychology are as coercive as the more general laws of all evolution. We all have more respect for a doer than for a dreamer, but we are not all of us aware how dangerous to mentality and to character are dreams without doing. A man who simply looks at his desires and does not attempt to attain them invites insidious mental disease. To be satisfied with merely gazing is a form of hypnotism. This is why any faith—religious, philosophic, scientific—that depends more on contemplation than on embodiment in conduct has never pushed the human race far on its climb, but has either arrested or retarded its development. Because spiritism offers an invitation to contemplate rather than an incentive to act, it is inferior in mere psychology as well as in dynamic appeal to a far older faith.

It is noteworthy that while spiritists herald their discoveries as a new revelation, the spirits themselves are more modest. They do not pretend that their message is anything more than a restatement of ancient doctrine. If psychic messages are a mere restatement, often heavily involved and pathetically attenuated, one wonders why we should not go straight to the original source. A recent newspaper pithily if slangily remarks: "Why pay two bucks to hear Sir Oliver Lodge when you can read it all in the Bible for nothing?" It is of course old-fashioned to be a Christian, but the laws of evolution are so old-fashioned as to be possibly eternal, and Christianity is more in accord with the laws of evolution, which make self-dependence imperative for all growth, and with the laws of every-day psychology, which make action the test of all faith, than are any of the tenets of spiritism.

When we place it beside the naked austerity of Christian idealism it is hard not to see in psychic research an invitation to pamper and coddle the soul's virility. Such research is for accredited investigators who make of it a science, it is not for amateurs who make of it a religion. To those of us who believe in a God the chief question is, does spiritism make our eyes clearer to see Him, or our strength greater to embody Him? The answer is, spiritism may contribute toward faith indirectly; in the nature of things it cannot do so directly. Indirectly, by our own supplying the transcendent link between a truth accepted and a truth applied, spiritism may assist our spirituality by its scientific discoveries. These further our spirituality just in so far as they afford us new reverence for the mind of God, and new energy for work larger than the mere clock hour. Yet the power of spiritist discovery thus to enfranchise us is wholly dependent on the powers thus to interpret it that were formulated both in living and in words by Christianity.

The interrelation of vision and conduct is the strength of Christianity and the weakness of spiritism. Christianity insists that action is the sole measure of conviction, that a man is affected by its beliefs only in so far as his own conscience applies them. No man has clearer eyes because some spirit says to him, "Here is beauty"; no man has greater strength because some spirit says to him, "We have power." To train our earthly eyes for spiritual perception, our earthly energies for service, is the best way of attain-

ing beauty in this world or another. Christian idealism demands active choice, energetic acts, as the sole means of proving its authentic influence. Its psychology is immeasurably more valid, being opposed to the optimistic naïveté of spiritism which expects automatic reaction of conduct to truth. This reaction, on the contrary, requires austere self-discipline, to which the heroism of the living is more an incentive than the precepts of the dead. There is no royal road to spirituality. Dead men are not going to inspire us if the brave and beautiful living have not done so. Christianity recognizes the fact that the sole spiritualizing influence is the response to moral beauty, not to material proof.

The essential grip of Christian idealism is not its ease of application but its difficulty. It is the highest summons ever found to the intrepidity of human aspiration. Mere mysticism brings no enfranchisement to the individual, no improvement to this world's evil conditions. Surely no man ever lived more sensitive to contact with the invisible than Jesus, but he chose to live in even closer contact with the visible. He appealed to the moral, not the mystical, response in a man. He said very little about the next world, but he formulated some amazing suggestions for improving this one. He made conduct, not contemplation, the law of spirituality. He never advocated communion with any spirit but that of God—God in ourselves, God in our fellow man, God in the universe. The Christian ideal is vitalizing because it is not a coddling of our weakness but a challenge to our strength. Even if that ideal is stale to our ears, incrusted with mould, the way to animate it is to go back to the stark virility of the gospels, which photograph a man who won not by evading but by accepting earthly conditions.

Jesus, whose purpose was to impress a spiritual order upon a physical world—Jesus, patiently talking to dullards in parables, saw that the sturdiest builders of his kingdom would be men visioned to perceive and heroic to embody the immortal idealism of Moses and the prophets, rather than men blind enough to require one who went unto them from the dead.

THE TRIAL OF JONATHAN GOODE

By John Preston Buchanan

Illustrations by A. B. Frost

MR. DE LAFAYETTE ROCHAMBEAU was carelessly and nonchalantly leaning against the varicolored post placed in the sidewalk in front of Goble's barber-shop, conversing in sonorous and high-flown phrases with the usual crowd of darkies who occupied the seats in front of the only tonsorial parlor in Halifax, devoted exclusively to the colored trade.

Mr. Rochamber, as he had soon become known, was a recent addition to the colored population of the town, but by now had completely established himself as a real "gentleman of color," whose raiment and conversation entitled him to an undisputed position among the élite. As we behold him, his dark cutaway coat was resplendent with large pearl buttons; on his head the latest style in tan derbies; from vest-pocket to vest-pocket of his mouse-colored waistcoat was strung a glittering gold chain, and dangling therefrom various emblems of various secret orders; his "race hoss" black-and-white-checked trousers were the envy and despair of the colored beaux; and the uppers of his shiny number twelves were covered by delicate gray spats. In the word of Darktown District, Halifax, Virginia, he was "a ring-tailed snortin' sport."

His occupation in Halifax was the or-

ganization of "The Children of the Divine Immaculates": initiation dues, two dollars; weekly dues, two bits; sickness benefits, seven-fifty a week; funeral expenses, one hundred dollars. Every negro in Halifax was rapidly "jinin'," his application accompanied by the necessary two dollars, pocketed by Rochamber, and to be turned over to the duly elected treasurer at the grand initiation of the "Immaculates."

In passing, however, let it be known that no portion of the aforesaid two dollars was ever intended by the elegant Mr. Rochamber to repose in any depository except his own pockets. He was but working one of the confidence games which augmented his financial condition, and enabled him to exist without the unpleasant necessity of physical labor. He was essentially a bird of passage, tarrying for a few weeks in each town and then flitting to pastures green, where a new harvest awaited him.

He well knew the value of personal adornment, and was an adept in the use of high-sounding and ornate language so dear to the negro heart. His "Children of the Divine Immaculates" had appealed to the negroes of Halifax. And why not? For the trifling sum of two dollars they could be initiated, and presented with the sash of the order—a replica of which Rochamber proudly exhibited. Of vivid red, it was clasped at the shoulder with a large green bow, and the wide ribbon was ornamented with strange and mysterious devices, worked in with golden thread. All were assured of a one-hundred-dollar funeral, and the constitution and by-laws required all the survivors to march behind the hearse, attired in their gorgeous sash and white gloves. The dues were the infinitesimal sum of twenty-five cents per week, and all received seven-fifty per week when sick. All this was guaranteed by the Supreme Council of the Children of the Divine Immaculates, located in Washington, D. C. The charter Rochamber already had. It was beribboned and besealed with much sealing-wax, and was to be presented to the lodge at the grand initiation.

The order had grown apace, and two-dollar fees poured in on Rochamber until there remained but a small coterie of recalcitrants to be persuaded to shell out, and these were constantly urged to "jine" by the remainder, waiting impatiently until the required number should have been secured, so the grand initiation could take place.

These unregenerate brethren, who had not been cajoled by the persuasive tongue of Rochamber, were for the most part the old-time darkies, who looked askance at the new order. And the leading spirit among these was Jonathan Goode. If he could be persuaded to be initiated, the rest would follow, and, in order to secure the remainder, it therefore became necessary for Rochamber first to ring in Uncle John.

It was about these unregenerate brethren that Mr. Rochamber was conversing at the moment we behold him. He was of course extremely anxious to secure the application of Uncle John (and the two-dollar fees flowing therefrom), but so far all his efforts had been in vain.

However, while turning over in his mind various ways and means to accomplish his much-desired object, he glimpsed across the street one of the swellest "high yaller" damsels it had been his good fortune to see for some time past.

"Who is that?" he inquired.

"Uncle John Goode's wife, Jinniveve," volunteered one of the darkies. And then a thought struck Rochamber. Why not reach the old man through this dusky damsel? It would be a pleasant job anyway. So he decided to call upon the lady. And he did.

Now everybody knew Uncle John Goode. He was one of the few "old-timey" darkies left. He had been born and raised a slave on the Goode plantation, and when, after the war, their fortune disappeared, he remained with them in their adversity, considered himself one of the family, and when his mistress, after "Ole Marster's" death, purchased the hotel at Halifax as a means of earning a livelihood John accompanied, her and became a fixture, a man of all work, loved by his "Ole Missus" and his "Young Marster," and respected and liked by all who knew him. He belonged to his "white folks," and they belonged to him. On one occasion, when his young master had become disgusted with his work and had attempted to fire him, the old man

gazed at him with an expression of surprise and disgust:

"Fire me! W'at you mean, chile? Lord, I nussed you on dis here knee; and



"Fire me! W'at you mean, chile?"

you fire me! Is you plum crazy? I'se gwine tell Ole Missus right now, I is!"

And of course "Ole Missus" sided with John and there was no more talk of discharging.

John put up the horses of the white folks on court day, and when they stayed all night the morning found their boots blacked by his faithful hands and placed outside their doors. He waited on their poker games, and built their fires, and, until prohibition's ban descended upon the South, his mint juleps were renowned for their fragrance and flavor through all Southside Virginia. He was a distinctive character, respected, liked, and trusted,

honest and reliable, with a gray head filled with sense and a heart full of loyalty and love for his white folks.

He had no use "whatsomnever" for these "new-fangled niggers," and associated with them not, holding himself, as did a majority of the ex-slaves, above the colored class which developed after the war.

When approached by Rochamber he had expressed a decided disinclination to join the "Immaculates."

"But," Rochamber had expostulated, "if you are sick you will get seven-fifty each week."

"Yas," countered Uncle John, "mebbe I does, an' mebbe I don'. I don' know nuttin' 'bouten yo' ''Maculates.' S'posen I gits sick, I'se all right." And he was. Every white friend he had would see that he didn't want, and he knew it. Besides, he had considerable savings.

"And then," argued Rochamber, "just think of the hundred dollar funeral you will have! And the sash! And the procession!" This had proved a clincher with most.

"Funeral!" exclaimed Uncle John, exasperated. "W'at I keer 'bout a funeral! I get burred all right. I hain't seen no dead corpses lyin' 'roun' loose, I hain't! I don' wanter jine, an' I ain' gwinter jine, and dat's all dere is to hit." And that was all.

Now Jonathan had a wife, as we have seen. He had been married twice before, but a few months since had taken unto himself another helpmeet in the person of Genevieve Cooley, one of the colored belles of Halifax. Just why he had done so nobody seemed to know, for Uncle John was on the shady side of eighty, while Miss Cooley was a light-brown damsel of some twenty-eight summers, who, knowing full well the considerable earnings laid up by Uncle John in the county bank, and being of a designing and thrifty nature, had used her position as waitress at the hotel to ingratiate herself with the old man until he had cast his years behind him and for the third time taken unto himself a wife. Genevieve was concerned principally with the short time she believed it would be until she should become the possessor of all his worldly wealth, but she realized that she must so conduct herself as to retain his affections, thus preventing his unfortunately bequeathing his property elsewhere; so she cuddled and cared for the old man until his adoration and jealousy were apparent to all.

Rochamber failed with the old darky, and, being not indifferent to the personal charms of Genevieve, he called upon her, seeking to gain her assistance in the matter of persuading Uncle John to "jine." From that day henceforth, rumor was rife that the organizer of the "Immaculates" and Mrs. Jonathan Goode were "having an affair." No one dared to tell Uncle John of the suspicion, but no one was surprised when one morning it became known that the old man had nearly brained Rochamber with an axe the night before at his home, when he had discovered Rochamber and the wife of his bosom together.

Rochamber was taken to the hospital, and the sheriff went after John, and found him as usual at the hotel, sweeping out the office. A warrant had been sworn out, charging the old darky with assault with intent to kill, and Sheriff Howard told Uncle John he would have to go with him.

"Go whar, Marse Howard?"

"To jail," the sheriff replied, "until you have a preliminary hearing."

"Go 'way, man, you hain't talkin' ter me. Tek me ter jail! W'at you mean? I'se gwine see Marse Hooker right now," and, paying no attention whatever to the sheriff, he laid his broom aside and started down the street to the court-house and Richard Hooker's office, the sheriff behind him.

The office of the commonwealth's attorney for Halifax was in the court-house yard, and Uncle John marched straight in. Dick Hooker was seated at his desk, and looked up as he heard the old man's footsteps.

"Hello, Uncle John. How are you?"

"Tolerable po'ly, thank the Lawd. Tolerable po'ly, Marse Dick."

"And what do you want?"

"Marse Dick," the darky exclaimed, "Mr. Howard done come ter de hotel an' tol' me I gotter go ter jail, an' som'pen 'bouten a limitary herring. I don' know w'at he mean, so I comes right ter you."

Hooker had known John all his life. One of his first recollections was sitting

on the old man's knee and listening with delight to the wonderful folk-tales which the darky could tell so well and with which he whiled away many pleasant hours with his "white chillen." While Dick was growing up, the cabin of Uncle John was as much home to him as the plantation-house of his father. He was like one of the family, linked to them by those ties of sincere affection and devotion so often present between the slaves and their masters in ante-bellum Virginia. No one who has not known the fidelity and devotion of the old slaves can realize their loyalty to their masters and mistresses. They gave themselves to the service they loved, knowing full well that in the time of trouble and distress, in adversity and misfortune, their sorrows would be alleviated and their troubles lessened by those they loved so well.



"Funeral! W'at I keer 'bout a funeral!"—Page 714.

"Uncle John, what have you been doing?" the young lawyer asked.

"Nuttin', sah, nuttin'," and then, hesitatingly, "'cept dat Rochamber nigger hurted hisself at my house las' night."

Seeing that something had happened, Dick called the sheriff aside and, after learning what the old man was charged with, told the officer that he personally would be responsible for him, and the old darky went back to the hotel as if nothing had happened and resumed the even tenor of his way.

Rochamber mended apace, and was soon out, mingling with the colored gentry and depicting a lurid account of the unwarranted, violent, and murderous assault made upon him by Uncle John. The latter, however, refused to discuss the matter and was apparently undisturbed. No one could discern from his demeanor that he was in the least bothered by what had happened. And he wasn't. He had unlimited faith in his white folks and was serenely satisfied that no harm could befall him. To his wife he said, when she questioned him anxiously:

"Trubble! Dere hain't no trubble! Hain't de white folks here gotter do w'at dere is done? Quit pestering me."

And that was all she could get out of him.

The grand jury met on the first day of court, and of course were compelled to make an indictment on the evidence of Rochamber, and the case was set for trial.

John continued his usual duties, greeted each of the jurors as they came in to the hotel, tended the needs of the judge and the court attendants as he had always done, and was totally oblivious of the fact that he was in any danger whatever. If he had been indicted for assault with intent to kill, it was just a part of the procedure the white folks thought necessary, but of no importance to him. He knew he would be taken care of, and no one was less worried than he.

The day for the trial arrived, and when the case was called, the commonwealth's attorney sent for John.

The sheriff found him at the hotel, and when he was told Mr. Hooker wanted him at the court-house he put down his broom and on his coat and accompanied the officer to the court-room, where he was led, around the bar, to the chair reserved for the prisoners.

His attitude was that of a disinterested bystander. Mr. Hooker wanted him and there he was.

The court-room was packed, the negro section to overflowing. Next the commonwealth's attorney sat Mr. Rochamber, his head swathed in bandages, his face still blue under the chocolate, as he gazed at Uncle John with a vengeful glare.

Judge Beasley rapped for order, and inquired:

"John, who is your attorney?"

Uncle John looked up at him.

"Why, jedge, mus' I hab a lawyer?"

"You are charged with a very serious offense," the judge replied, "and you should certainly have counsel. If you have none, I will appoint some one to represent you. Whom do you prefer?"

"Well, jedge, ef I gotter hab one, I chooses Mr. Hooker."

"But he is the commonwealth's attorney. He is the lawyer against you."

This didn't faze John. He knew what he knew, and, while the ways of white folks were strange, he had no qualms.

"I don' keer. Mr. Dick's my lawyer, an' I chooses him, er none." He was adamant.

"I can't appoint him," argued the judge. "Won't you choose some one else —Mr. Bradley or Mr. Watkins?"

"Nary odder one!"

And so the trial proceeded. The prisoner was arraigned and the jury chosen and sworn.

Not a muscle of Uncle John's face moved. He regarded the proceeding as an interesting one, in which he had little part and which did not concern him greatly.

Rochamber took the stand and detailed how, on the night in question, he had visited Uncle John's house for the purpose of inducing him to join the "Immaculates," and while waiting for him discussed the matter with Genevieve. While he was so engaged, John came in and, without any provocation whatever, murderously attacked him with an axe and nearly killed him.

When asked if he desired to question the witness, John replied:

"Naw, jedge, I don' wanter hab nuttin' ter do wid him."

The physician who attended Rochamber next stated that the blow was a very dangerous one and might have proved fatal.

Affairs looked bad. While all the jury knew and liked the old darky, still they had their duty to perform, and could not well allow assaults such as had been described to go unpunished; and although they had every sympathy for the prisoner, it looked as if they must find him guilty.

The evidence for the prosecution was in, and the judge asked John if he had anything to say.

"W'at you wan' me ter say, jedge?" he inquired.

Dick Hooker spoke up.

"Just tell the jury all that happened between you and Rochambeau, Uncle John."

"All right, Marse Dick, ef you says so, I'll do hit."

He turned to the judge and jury.

"Jedge and gemmen," he began, "yer all knows me. Dere hain't a man on dat



"Go whar, Marse Howard?"—Page 714.

jury but w'at has knowed Ole John all his life, and yer all knows dat I tells the truf. I'se done put up yer hosses, and blacked yer boots, and tended ter mos' all of you gemmen, and nussed chillens of lots of yer. Marse Hooker done tole me ter tell 'bouten dis here, and here 'tis:

"Now, I'se gwine tell jes' how dis here rumpus come about, an' I hain't gwine tell no lie 'bouten hit.

"I knows dat nigger Rochamber ober dar. I knows w'en he come ter town, an' I ain' tek no stock in him whatsomnever. He too uppety fer de likes er me, and I hain't gwine jine his 'Maculates needer. One day, w'en I go home, dar he is, a talkin' to Jinniveve. I hain't say nuttin'. Agin I goes home, an' dar he is agin, an' I don' like hit, none at all. None you gemmens would like a strange nigger hangin' 'round yo' house, an' I don' needer. I don' wan' him a pesterin' aroun', an' w'en I meets him on de street, in fron' de hotel, I sez ter him, I sez, mos' 'specful like:

"'Mr. Rochamber, I don' know yer, an' I don' know w'ar yer come f'um. I don' know nuttin' 'bouten yer, an' w'ile I hain't disrespectin' yer, I tells yer now, jes' as 'fatically ez I kin, dat me an' my wife hain't gwine jine de 'Maculates, an' I axes yer, mos' 'spectfully, not ter com' 'roun' my house w'en I hain't dar.'

"An' at dat, jedge, he 'low ez how he won'. I goes home anudder day ter dinner, w'ich is mos' onusual, kaze I ginnerly eats at de hotel, but, ez I sez, I goes home, an' dar dat nigger is agin, a settin' at my table, a-eatin' my co'n cakes and sirrup, an' den, jedge and gemmen, I gits sorter tolerable riled like, an' I jes' 'litely axes him out in de yard, an' he come, an' I sez to him, easy like, I sez:

"'Hain't I done tol' yer ter stay 'way f'um my house?' An' he 'lows ez how I has. An' I axes him: 'Hain't I don' tol' yer ter stay 'way f'um my wife?' An' he 'lows ez how I has, an' den I sez: 'Dar is de street, and hyar is yer. Mek 'quaintence wid each odder ri' now, an' don' go slanchwise needer.' An' dey did, an' he didn't. Den I went inter de house, I did, an' I 'low to Jinniveve, sez I:

"'Don' let dat nigger come hyar no mo'.'

"An' she 'low she wouldn't.

"Den, jedge, I sorter perambulated 'roun', an' I diskiver dat dat nigger hain't no good, jes' lak I tho't, an' he warn't gwine ter my house fer no good, ez w'at he warn't."

The old darky paused a moment in his recital and, after wiping his face with the bandanna, proceeded:

"Well, jedge an' gemmen, t'ings sorter connived 'long 'twell dat day dat nigger tell 'bouten. I done come home, an' started fo' church, w'en I fin' I done forgot my testamen', and I goes back fer ter git hit, an' w'en I open de do', dar sits dat nigger, an', jedge and gemmen, I tells yer I wuz real riled, ez w'at I wuz, an' widout no 'liminaries, I sez ter him, sez I:

"'Nigger, hain't I ax you 'litely fer ter stay 'way f'um my house? Now, I'se gwine tell yer. Yer is a mos' motorious nigger. I'se done learn yer meks tracks w'ar dere warn't no tracks: yer's pull stumps w'ar dere warn't no stumps, an' I 'vises you, ri' now, fer ter pull yer legs tergedder an' hit de road, fer yer house is on fire, an' let de win' blow, nigger, an' let de sun shine w'ar hit list, but don' yer come back.'

"An' den, jedge and gemmen, dat nigger 'low ter me, he did, dat hit warn't no bizziness er mine, hit warn't, w'ar he went, ner w'at he did, an' I 'lows ter him, I did:

"'Ain' dis my house?' An' he 'low hit were.

"An' den I 'low ter him:

"'Ain' dis my wife?' An' he 'low hit were.

"An' den I sez ter him, a little rilder like:

"'Den, if hit hain't my bizziness, in de name ob Gawd, whose bizziness is hit?'

"An' wid dat, dat nigger jum' up, an' 'vance on me fer ter hit me, an' I 'vances back'ard fer to 'fen' mysel', an 'den he 'vance furder forrud, an' I 'vance furder back'ard, an' I yell ter him, I did:

"'Back up, nigger, back up!'"

The old man jumped up in his excitement, and acted the part he was describing, his arms out in front of him and his voice almost a yell.

"But dat nigger don' back, but he kept on 'vancing furder forrud, an' I wuz 'vanced plum back'ard ter de wall, 'fendin' myself, 'twell in mekin' a turn, I jes'

sorter axidently glimpse an axe, an', jedge an' gemmen——"

His voice was incredulous, as he illustrated by a turn of the head just how he "glimpsed" the axe.

"Don' yer know dat I grab dat axe fer ter frow hit outen de winder so dat nigger kyant git hit, an' w'en I got hit in my han', an' 'fo' I could frow hit, dat fool nigger jes' tuk a runnin' buttin' start ri' at dat axe, an' 'fo' I could git hit outen his way, nearly bus' his brains out."

The old man paused and, with his courtly bow to the court and jury, finished:

"An' now, jedge and gemmen, if yer is froo wid me, I'se gwine on back fer to help Ole Missus git supper for yer gemmen"; and without a word being said, he walked down the aisle and out the court-house.

The verdict was "Not guilty."



"Nearly bus' his brains out."

THE NEW IGNORANCE

By Lothrop Stoddard
Author of "The Rising Tide of Color," etc.

THE war's shattering of the world's economic life is one of the commonplaces of our day. That marvellous commercial integration of the planet which existed in 1914 is no more. Slowly and painfully we strive to repair the tattered fabric of credit, exchange, and intercommunication which retards industrial convalescence and dooms whole peoples to stagnation and famine. Even within national frontiers the domestic circulation of products has become a much more costly and difficult matter.

Now all this we fully realize. What we do not so realize is the even graver shattering of the world's intellectual life. When the Great War burst in 1914, our planet was integrated intellectually fully as much as it was integrated commercially. Seven years ago the world's intellectual life was as ubiquitous as it was intense. Every civilized country contained a large and active intellectual class whose constant output of ideas was not only at once communicated to their fellow citizens by floods of low-priced books, pamphlets, periodicals, and newspapers, but was also rapidly transmitted to the ends of the earth by many distributing agencies. Not only was there international free trade in books and papers; whole armies of translators, popularizers, critics, and pamphleteers lived by carrying on the exchange of ideas in science, politics, literature, and art. Learned men came and went ceaselessly across frontiers, and met in scientific congresses. Every discovery was instantly debated in a thousand forums. In fine: the world was substantially an intellectual unit, infinitely sensitive, infinitely responsive, continually cross-fertilized by countless stimuli from the most diverse quarters.

How different is the situation to-day! From its first hour the war wrought immeasurable havoc in the realm of ideas. The world's intellectual unity was at once shattered, the intellectuals themselves being drafted for war ends. And the close of the war brought slight improvement. The appalling economic situation entailing ruthless concentration upon material reconstruction, the continuance of disturbed conditions, the difficulties of intercommunication, and the persistence of war psychology—all these things retard recovery and even threaten to prolong or aggravate the present lamentable situation. It is not too much to say that national impoverishment and isolation, combined with the breakdown of international intercourse, are plunging the world into a New Ignorance which, if long continued, might presage the coming of a new Dark Age.

Let us examine the main factors in this unhappy trend of the times.

Taking up first conditions within the various nations, we find several disquieting features. To begin with, soaring costs and chronic scarcity have wrought havoc in the intellectual field, as in every other branch of human activity. We feel this sensibly even in the United States, and of course America is a favored land compared with Europe—the world's chief intellectual centre down to 1914.

Consider England and France. These countries suffer from an acute paper shortage (not unknown to America), while mounting publishing costs of every description aggravate the situation. Not long ago the veteran British publisher John Murray stated that he was forced constantly to reject valuable manuscript works because, in the present state of the book trade, they simply could not be published. In France the determination of publishers to double the price of books has precipitated what the French term "La Crise du Livre" ("The Crisis of the Book"). The effects on both authors and public are thus described by the English publicist Sisley Huddleston: "The decision of the publishers to raise the selling price of books from three francs fifty

centimes to seven francs is no doubt commercially justified, but from the point of view of the young French writer it is disastrous. How is he going to make himself known? Who will buy his books? The public can deprive itself more easily of books than of sugar, and doubtless will not care overmuch. Such authors as Anatole France, Henri Bordeaux, and Maurice Barrès will always find purchasers, but the little community at Montparnasse and at Montmartre, who work conscientiously and who hope some day to find their merits recognized, are plunged in consternation. For them the book at seven francs is the end of all things. If Paris really finds its artistic and literary centres wiped out it will, indeed, be a strange Paris. Doubtless many of the members of the little coteries are without great value, but it should not be forgotten that out of them emerge the men who keep the French spirit alive, who carry on the torch of European civilization. It is a grave matter, not only for them but for the world."

As the French novelist and critic Paul Bourget remarks on this same point: "If a book is priced too high, its sale will surely be lessened; and this diminution of its sale will have three effects: being less sold, the book will be less read, the thought with which it is laden will be less spread abroad, and this will mean a diminution of the general culture of the nation. Moreover, dear books mean a lessening of the nation's influence abroad. Worst of all, such a situation means a lessening of the author's independence."

This ban on the diffusion of new ideas extends to every type of output. For example, in many European universities research students can no longer afford to publish their theses, while learned societies find themselves increasingly unable to print their Proceedings. And what is true of new ideas applies almost equally to old ones. Take the matter of the popular diffusion of "classics." Before the war, popular-priced "Libraries" were published in every European country, so that any poor man could build up a considerable library of low-cost standard works. In Germany, for instance, the little volumes of the famous Reklam Universal Library sold for twenty pfennigs —five cents. To-day they sell for two marks forty pfennigs—twelve times the price of 1914. Lastly, newspapers have grown much more expensive. Here in America they have trebled in price, while in many parts of Europe they cost from six to ten times as much as they did before the war. And, of course, the intellectual ban extends beyond books and papers. Young artists are throwing up their brushes in despair because of the price of paint and canvas, sculptors close their studios owing to the prohibitive cost of marble, while technical schools, medical schools, and scientific research institutes of every description vegetate or close down in face of the tremendous rise in costs of apparatus or the frequent impossibility of obtaining indispensable chemicals.

So much for the matter of intellectual output. Now what about the creators of this output—the intellectuals themselves? Their present position can nowhere be considered a brilliant one. We have already analyzed the handicaps which the war has placed upon their activity, handicaps which tend to depress their earning power below pre-war levels. Yet, with their stationary or diminished incomes, they are hit by the vastly increased cost of living. The war seems to have enriched Brawn, but it has impoverished Brain. Both in Europe and America it is the same story, and Mr. Masterman utters a universal commonplace when he writes of England: "In the great newspaper offices the linotype compositor who prints the paper can afford to despise the income of the journalist who writes the paper."

Now what is to be the outcome of social conditions in which lamplighters and street-cleaners are paid better than professors and publicists? The present generation of intellectuals—men of established reputation and assured audience—may weather the storm. But how about the rising generation—the men whose reputation is still in the making, and to whom the public has not yet lent ear? How can they survive? Lastly, what of the coming generation—the students, who have not yet even begun to carve out their careers?

These queries demand answers, for

those new generations must be formed if the torch of learning is to be carried on. Yet how, under the conditions existing in Europe, and to a lesser degree in America, can this be done? The gulf between past and present is well described by Paul Bourget. "If the present conditions persist," he avers, "we shall suffer an irreparable falling away in the recruitment of the liberal professions. It is these very students who will of necessity become rarer as the years pass. Those of my time who lived in the Latin Quarter may recall the modest budgets of other days. For twenty-five or thirty francs (five dollars to six dollars) a month, the future doctor or lawyer was comfortably lodged. 'Pension' rates of ninety francs were a luxury, those of seventy francs were the usual rule. Let us consider this. A provincial family, though only fairly well-to-do, could under these conditions maintain at Paris a son of the future. In the same way a young man of letters could exist during his apprentice years by teaching others. . . . Would he undertake it to-day? Could he do so?"

Students in post-war Paris may not live in luxury, yet beside their fellows in some other parts of Europe their lot is an enviable one. Consider this picture of contemporary student life in Vienna, sketched by the Austrian writer Ludwig Hirschfeld: "The café student—he comes from the country—is a stranger in Vienna, and lives in a furnished room that has no other comfort than the furniture. His landlord has refused to provide heat, light, and similar luxuries. How the student manages to feed and clothe himself from his modest income is a secret which he keeps to himself. It will surely exhaust his youthful vigor to survive the winter semester which is just beginning. He rises at six o'clock, makes his toilet in the chilly darkness, and drinks a cup of questionable tea. His lectures begin at seven. During the remainder of the forenoon he is attending various courses in rooms that are just a little better heated than outdoors, taking down notes with hands that are red and stiff with cold. It does not take long to devour the diminutive meal in the refectory or in some public kitchen. Then comes the afternoon, which he uses to review the wisdom he has acquired in the morning. Properly to do this, he should have a comfortable study room, either private or in common with other students. Since there is no such provision, he resorts to that great asylum of male lodgers—the café. Oh that it were the idyllic Vienna café of yesterday! But now it is an ugly, smoky, barnlike place. . . . So he manages to spend three or four hours a day until it is time to return to his miserable lodgings—the dark, unheated, furnished room."

To give the final touches to this picture we might add that the professors whom our beggar-student hears are themselves starving, while the very institution which he attends is on the verge of collapse for lack of funds. To show how the grants to Austrian schools and universities, fixed in 1913, have depreciated to a mere pittance owing to the fall in the value of money, it is sufficient to state that the entire government subsidy to the Vienna Meteorological Institute does not suffice to subscribe for one English periodical, considered essential to its work.

Of course conditions in Western Europe are much better than those in Austria, yet it is doubtful if Vienna's intellectual life is much below that prevailing in most parts of Central and Eastern Europe, notably Russia. The result of the virtual extinction of many centres hitherto noted for intense intellectual activity cannot be other than an impoverishment both of their particular countries and of the world as a whole. The work of thinkers, artists, scientists, and inventors is the common heritage of mankind, and in so far as such work is diminished, mankind is poorer, while civilization halts or retrogrades.

Furthermore, what we have thus far considered is only half the problem. Up to this point we have discussed merely the war's bad effects on the internal intellectual activity of the various nations. But we have already seen that the activity and fecundity of modern intellectual life was vitally dependent upon its world-character; upon the immediacy with which ideas were diffused, discussed, elaborated, and re-diffused for fresh discussion and further elaboration. Now this intellectual integration the war destroyed. It has not been repaired, and it

probably will not be repaired for years to come. There are too many handicaps to speedy recovery. The continuance of war in Eastern Europe, the menace of political and social conflicts in Central Europe, and the persistence of hostile feeling inhibiting free intellectual communion between the peoples of the two groups of belligerent nations engaged in the late war, are serious hindrances to Europe's intellectual reunion.

But all these are as nothing beside the handicap of the general economic situation. The hard fact is that, with the exception of England and the small neutrals, Europe is semi-bankrupt. Beside the American dollar and, to a lesser degree, the English pound sterling, the Continental currencies are worth comparatively little and, in some cases, worth virtually nothing at all beyond their respective frontiers. This means that the various European nations are shut off from each other and from the world at large by barriers of paper money. These barriers vary greatly in height, but they are universally present and they produce pernicious effects. Their narrowing, isolating action cannot be overestimated. We Americans are already keenly alive to this through seeing our products, though desperately needed, barred out from many European countries because those countries are literally unable to pay for them on a basis of dollar exchange. But we should realize that what is true of the economic field is equally true of the intellectual realm. We witness it even as between America and England. Relatively slight as is the valuta difference between the American dollar and the English pound sterling, it is yet enough to impede noticeably the sale of American books on the British market. Now consider the difference between the American dollar and the French franc, the Italian lira and the German mark. Finally, think of the difference between our dollar and the Polish mark, the Austrian crown, and the Russian rouble, all of which, in terms of dollar exchange, are worth virtually nothing at all. These instances will give a general idea of the situation. Now let us examine some of its consequences.

Before the war the currency of practically all civilized nations was on a gold basis. Money thus being a standardized commodity, all other commodities, expressed in terms of standard money, were easily interchangeable. Books, periodicals, and newspapers circulated freely in foreign countries at domestic prices, plus small freightage or postal charges. Furthermore, personal exchanges were relatively as easy as impersonal ones. Travel was neither difficult nor expensive, so that persons of modest means might visit foreign lands, enroll in foreign universities, and attend international learned or technical congresses. The interchange and checking-up of ideas by both personal and impersonal contacts was thus constant, multifarious, and intense.

To-day all this is entirely changed. Between England and America, to be sure, pre-war conditions persist substantially unaltered, and this is the most hopeful factor in the situation. But as regards intellectual exchange between England and the Continent, and between the various Continental nations, conditions are very unsatisfactory. English (and of course American) books and periodicals cannot circulate on the Continent because of their high cost, which, in the lower valuta countries, becomes absolutely prohibitive even for State libraries and universities. The intellectual impoverishment of Continental Europe can be gauged by a few instances. Germany is by no means in the lowest valuta class, yet last winter Professor Harnack, director of the Berlin State Library, reported: "Foreign books and newspapers no longer can be purchased; the Berlin State Library can buy out of its budget only one hundred and seventy instead of two thousand three hundred foreign newspapers. More than one million marks would be necessary to buy the new works which appeared abroad during the war, and only a tenth of that sum is available." If such is the situation in Germany, imagine the situation in the lowest valuta countries. I have already mentioned the striking case of the Vienna Meteorological Institute, whose entire government subsidy would not suffice to subscribe for one essential English periodical. Another side-light is furnished by the Viennese literary historian Professor Castle, who writes: "Our great libraries will soon be

utterly unable to purchase new books, for the income from their endowments scarcely pays for the binding of presentation copies. The university library already is compelled to circulate some of its less-used books unbound. What the old police state and its censorship failed to do will soon be achieved; Austria soon will be completely shut off from the intellectual life of the outer world by the barrier of its paper money."

Similar isolating conditions exist in Poland. An English journalist visiting that country last spring noticed that no one appeared to be interested in the League of Nations. "But we know nothing about it," was the answer. "You forget that we have been blockaded." And this journalist reports that on his return through Germany, radical leaders interviewed him to get the English conception of Guild Socialism. The name had reached them but not one of the many books and pamphlets which describe it. Concerning these episodes, the journalist remarks: "Of our whole movement of thought this big half of Europe, normally the more curious and receptive half, knew as much as we usually know of currents of thought in Japan."

Most complete of all, however, is the intellectual isolation of Russia. Practically cut off from the outer world since 1914, Russia's isolation since the Revolution has been absolute, so far as the large stream of human ideas is concerned. No books worth mentioning have reached Russia since 1916. The results of this intellectual isolation are amazing. As recently as last spring the London *Nation* stated that the Soviet Government had not yet obtained the full text of the peace treaties, and that Russian geographers were trying to guess from wireless radiograms how the map of Europe had been redrawn at Versailles. The scientific destitution is appalling. A noted Russian physicist is writing a book, but he knows nothing of what has been done in the West during the last four years. Rumors of Einstein's startling theory of relativity had reached him, but he could procure no scientific account of it. The shelves of even the greatest Russian libraries are bare of any recent books and periodicals. Neither of Western nor of German science can Russian savants procure any information. Of course Russia's extreme isolation is due in great part to the pressure of war and blockade. Yet, after all, supposing all obstacles to entry were removed to-morrow, the rouble would still be worth virtually nothing abroad, and hence the cost of importing anything like an adequate supply of foreign books and periodicals would be too great for even the government to bear.

The economic situation is thus seen to be the great handicap to the resumption of full intellectual intercourse between the world's peoples. And that handicap, even under the most favorable circumstances, will not be soon or easily overcome. Of course, if the world can really get peace, sensible ameliorations of the present acute conditions will soon come about, and great institutions like national libraries and state universities will no longer be deprived of the basic necessaries of intellectual life. Yet this touches merely the fringe of the subject. The intellectual classes as a whole must be supplied with a modicum of intellectual food if they are to function and produce on anything like their pre-war scale. This, however, will take considerable time. The intellectual classes are, as we have already seen, those who are hit hardest by the high cost of living. And living costs must long remain high. Europe's economic life has been profoundly shattered, while the colossal war debts can be reduced only by prolonged and crushing taxation. Bowed beneath these burdens and possessed of scant earning power, how can Europe's intellectuals afford to buy books and periodicals, foreign or domestic, much less travel and study in foreign lands?

Yet until these conditions are remedied, the intellectual life of many countries must remain thin and impoverished, while intellectual isolation and narrow vision must increasingly prevail. And that can spell only a retrogression of human progress, a decline of civilization, comparable in some respects to the twilight of Rome as it passed toward the night of the Dark Ages. From the menace of such a catastrophe, from the threat of this New Ignorance, it is high time that the constructive minds of the race took serious thought as to how it may be best averted.

CANDLES OF FAITH

By Blair Niles

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY ELENORE ABBOTT

IN Number Eleven the shades were drawn, shutting out the bright December day. To Martha Oakley, coming in from the light, the figures in the room were vague and shadowy, almost indistinguishable. They sat about like black spectres, and their hushed greeting suggested that there was some one they feared to disturb.

Martha felt suddenly cold and tremulous. She took a low seat by the grate, where lumps of cannel coal glowed, subdued, without crackle or splutter.

As she stretched her hands over the fire, she mechanically pushed back the sleeves of Meta Crawford's black blouse. It seemed to Martha that she had spent the last twenty-four hours in thus pushing back those overhanging sleeves. She disliked borrowing other people's clothes; but her mother had protested:

"There's no need, dear, to shop, when Meta has been so kind. I always feel that at such a time one should avoid above everything being conspicuous."

When her mother said "at such a time," Martha understood that she expected an unquestioning acquiescence. There had often been "such a time," for their family connection was large and punctilious; but to-day Martha's young soul knew a fierce revulsion.

She hated the gloom and that company of black shadows of which she was one—shadows who from time to time rose and crossed the hall into the back room, from which, after a few moments, they returned sobbing.

Martha watched the sobs gradually diminish and the soft, useless little hands close and unclose over their damp handkerchiefs. She alone did not stir from her seat.

The glowing coals tinted her deep-creamy skin and burnished the thick black hair that waved back from her low forehead. She pressed her firm hands together until the row of callous spots at the base of her fingers ground one against the other, recalling with a rush of tenderness green, rolling links and fluttering red flags, with Great-Uncle Nathaniel teaching a little girl the proper grip and stance. And then she instinctively pressed them harder, those callous spots that brought back so poignantly the sunlit golf course; for Martha was afraid of breaking down—of being drawn irrevocably into the blackness of the room.

She felt the eyes of her aunts and her cousins and her mother fixed upon her, and finally she heard Aunt Emmeline saying:

"I made Hazel go in to see him. I know she's only a child, but I think we should learn early never to spare ourselves——"

"I quite agree with you," came from the desk where Lida Roswell sorted out papers. "I've ordered Green to leave the casket open. Every one who cared for him will want to look at him. . . . I wonder why uncle kept this? . . ." She turned the pages of a yellowed old letter.

Martha wanted to scream. How could they sit there talking like that! Their emphasis on the past tense was horrible to her: "Every one who cared," as if even the caring were over too! Couldn't they see how their every word and act denied their Faith!

And Aunt Lida! There was something brazenly cruel in the calm assurance with which she was reading over Uncle Nathaniel's letters. Yesterday she wouldn't even have considered touching them. Why did she, and all the others, feel that death justified this profanation of personal privacy?

Martha recoiled with each rustle of the papers—her uncle's papers. What right had they! How hatefully her aunt's white fingers stood out in unconscious repugnance at the dust gathered on Great-Uncle Nathaniel's past. Each

one of those papers had meant something to him—had been kept for a purpose. Nothing so accentuated his death to Martha as did this invasion of his private belongings.

"I don't really see why he kept all this——"

A maid brought in a florist's box and there was a little buzz of interest as Aunt Emmeline cut the string.

"From General and Mrs. Northrop," she announced, "'with profound sympathy in your sorrow for the loss of one we were proud to call our friend.'"

"How lovely of them!"

"What are they, Emmeline?"

"Oh, the most wonderful wreath of gardenias. . . ." And with the opening of the box a heavy fragrance was added to the melancholy pervading the room.

Under cover of the interruption Martha's mother whispered nervously: "Aren't you going in to look at him, dear?"

The girl shook her head. Where was their Faith? she asked herself. Why did they persistently go on as though what lay in the back room—as though that were Uncle Nathaniel!

"I think I'll go up-stairs and see Lois," she heard herself stammer aloud.

"Oh, yes, poor Lois!" murmured Emmeline Thorne. "The child is completely used up. She's so sensitive, you know. Then she's had such a time getting anything suitable to wear to-morrow. None of the things that were sent in fitted her—she's so *petite*——"

Mrs. Thorne's eternal theme was the glorification of her daughters. Unfortunately, she seemed never able to extol them without an implied disparagement of other members of the family.

Martha knew as she left the room that they were all pitying her mother because she, Martha, was so peculiar. They'd always considered her peculiar. She said quaint things as a child; and then she'd insisted on learning a profession and upon being self-supporting; she'd held suffrage banners at street meetings; and now she played golf all day Sunday. Pitying Anne Oakley because of her daughter Martha had become a family habit.

Lois Thorne turned at once from her mirror to envelop Martha in an expansive, perfumed embrace.

"Oh, Marty, isn't it dreadful! Death is so horrible! Have you seen Aunt Janey? She's just too pathetic! She stays in there all the time. I don't know what she'll do when they take him away!"

"No, I haven't seen her yet. It's worse for her than any of us. She took care of him——"

"What are they doing down-stairs? Have any more flowers come? . . . Oh, gardenias! I love them! Do you think it would be all right for me to wear a few? . . . They're dead white, you know——"

"Lois, where on earth did you get those clothes?" Martha interrupted, suddenly observant.

"My dear, I *had* to shop. Mother insisted. . . . Of course I went in a taxi with the curtains all drawn so that no one saw me——"

"What if they had? You aren't guilty of anything, Lois; you didn't poison Uncle Nat."

"Marty!"

"Yes, I mean it! Why do we have to go skulking about like criminals? The men of the family don't——"

"That's different."

"I don't see why!"

"Oh, Marty, I never can argue with you; you say such funny things. It just is different, that's all."

"I don't want to be queer, Lois. It would be ever so much more comfortable to be like the rest of you. Why, I wish I could be high-church and anti—anti everything!"

"Then why aren't you?" Lois inspected her little pink nails to see whether they needed another polish.

"I have to be what I am."

"Well"—Lois turned to the mirror—"it's very trying to have you so eccentric, Marty, and it's fearfully hard on Aunt Anne." Lois was carefully rouging her lips, until they looked like American beauty rose-leaves fallen upon a marble table, for her skin was a clear, pure white.

"I hope you like my things. I went to Yvette's. I always said it was the one place for mourning. I walked right into this black chiffon. . . . Pearls are all

right, don't you think? . . . Oh, did they tell you Lane Fowler was coming?"

"Lane!"

The room vibrated with Martha's contralto cry. Lane Fowler was the son of Uncle Butler Roswell's first wife and not the least bit related; but they had all grown up together, until Lane went West to his mother's people. That happened when Martha was sixteen. In the eight years that had passed, none of them had seen him.

"Lane!"

"Yes, he'll be here any minute. It seems he's just back from abroad with the *Croix de Guerre* and all the rest of it. Uncle Butler says he's as rich as Crœsus; his mother's brother left him a safe full of stocks and bonds."

"Oh-h-h!" It was quite clear why none of the borrowed mourning had been suitable for Lois; why Yvette's had been necessary.

Evidently, sophisticated Aunt Emmeline considered Lane a "catch." Somehow Martha couldn't think of Lane as a catch. He was still to her just the jolliest playmate she'd ever had. She remembered her dismay when she'd discovered he wasn't a real cousin like the Roswell boys. . . . And now her playfellow was coming back a man.

"Oh, I must prepare you." Lois was finishing off the tip of her nose with dabs of powder. "I must warn you, Lane has lost an arm, they say. . . ."

When the two girls descended to the library it was dusk and the men of the family had assembled. They had all been taken into the back room. Martha knew this because the aunts were weepy again and because Uncle Butler and his sons were blowing their noses. They belonged to the red-faced heavy type of man in whom emotion manifests itself in some such way.

Uncle Butler, she had noticed as a child, invariably blew his nose at funerals. He would produce a vast handkerchief from coat-tails where you never imagined there were pockets, and then he would blow lustily with such a trumpeting that you wanted to laugh. The whole performance had fascinated her. It had seemed quite as marvellous as any sleight-of-hand trickster on the stage; and in the years before she had learned to suppress ideas, she had propounded to a shocked family circle the conundrum: "Why is Uncle Butler at a funeral like Gabriel?"

Now he and his four grown-up sons all blew together, making, she thought, a concert of it.

Martha stopped at the door, realizing at once that Lane Fowler was in the room. For just a second, people and things seemed confused; the room was so dim, she explained; and then she heard Aunt Emmeline purring:

"Here is my Lois, Lane——"

"Indeed, I remember Lois." How poised his quiet voice was—how natural! He hadn't felt it necessary to change it just because dear Uncle Nathaniel——

"And isn't this little Marty?" He was very close to her now, where she stood in the doorway with Meta's blouse falling loosely away from her throat and its sleeves hanging over her fingers. She was all rich cream and black, like some fine old etching; but, unconscious of her own artistic values, she realized only that Lane had stretched out his hand to her.

A little later, even the vision of Lane was blurred, for Jane Gilbert had slipped into the room, and fixed in her wide, dry, grief-stunned eyes Martha saw all the hopeless misery of the world; and Martha could not look upon pain without a passionate desire to relieve it. She remembered long ago picking up a baby bird fallen from its nest. It had fluttered feebly in her hand, and she had been alarmed to think how little would crush the tiny bones beneath its bare featherless skin. Her Aunt Janey's hands, as she cuddled them, felt like that—fluttery and helpless and frightened.

There was a heavy creaking on the stairs and Martha knew it was the undertaker's men; for Aunt Janey's hands suddenly became quite still and very cold, and Uncle Butler Roswell began speaking—talking of nothing in a very loud tone, whereas before, his voice had been decorously hushed. She knew it too, because no one asked, "Who is that?" when all day they had welcomed and investigated every sound. And she knew it because of the strained expression on their faces and because they

avoided looking at each other. Again her revolted young soul cried out: "What good is their Faith to them?"

Martha was going home for the night, but before she left she drew her aunt down into the lower hall, where they would be undisturbed.

"Aunt Janey, I can't bear to see you suffer this way——"

"Marty, it's the empty days—the days that are coming—that I am afraid of. Why, I might live twenty years! . . . At ten o'clock he always had his milk and then I would sit with him in the park till lunch; after that there was the house to keep quiet while he took his nap; at four the milk again, and in the evening cribbage——"

Jane Gilbert choked. Her eyes stared, as though in the dark corner by the hat-rack she saw marching ahead of her a procession of vacant years, of days in which the hours were tolled off by the things that did not happen, the duties no longer performed.

It was as though she said to herself: "Five years from to-day at ten o'clock in the morning he will not need his milk; ten years from to-night I shall not be playing cribbage with him; fifteen years . . ."

"Was there, after all, such a thing as Faith?" Martha wondered. Aunt Janey had always been devoutly religious. Nothing in her life remained fixed now but the hours of church services; yet her eyes sought the shadows and never once were lifted to the Winged Victory on the mantel.

"Aunt Janey, would it help you if you believed—really believed, I mean—that after the twenty years you would truly see Uncle Nat again? Would that help?"

"Why, Martha, of course I——"

"Do you? . . . In the way that you'd believe if Uncle Nat had gone to Europe, for example? You'd miss him, I know; but would you feel as you do now?"

Jane Gilbert found no answer to the probing in her niece's steady eyes.

"No, you wouldn't," Martha pursued her advantage. "None of us would be going on like this. . . ." She made a gesture that included their black garments and the drawn shades. "Yet you all pretend that you think uncle's gone to a much better and happier place than Europe. . . . If any one should honestly say they didn't agree . . . that they felt death was the final act, you'd be most awfully horrified; but when a test like this comes, everything you do proves that there's no real Faith. Don't you see that, Aunt Janey dear?"

"But, Martha——"

"You all laughed the other day at Meta—Meta, whose four brothers never came back from the Argonne—because she actually believes they still exist and that they've communicated with her. Aunt Lida was indignant and said it was blasphemous. I don't know much about it. Until this happened I never thought, but I do know there's all sorts of evidence that's convinced cleverer people than Aunt Lida. As for being blasphemous, if Aunt Lida'd lived two thousand years ago, Christ would have shocked her out of her sandals!"

Outside, Martha found Lane Fowler pacing up and down.

"Why, Lane, I didn't know you were out here! I'm afraid you're frozen!"

"You must walk home," he said. "The air will buck you up."

The recent snow was still spotless in the long crosstown street. Everywhere windows and doors flaunted holly wreaths. Only the windows of Number Eleven were dark—as dark as empty eye-sockets of a skeleton; while from the door, the wind caught up and waved black streamers of crape. Yet Great-Uncle Nathaniel had loved Christmas; and it had been his custom to place a wreath in every window of his high brownstone house!

"To-morrow will be Christmas eve," commented Martha wonderingly as she fell into step. "Do you remember, Lane, how Uncle Nat used to have candles in all the windows, from the basement to the top story?"

"Yes, and how it was the duty of each child to light one of them——"

"To-morrow night, for the first time, oh, perhaps in fifty years, there'll be no candles in the old house! Lighting them—the Christ candles—would be improper

'at such a time,' they'd say," mimicked Martha. . . .

"The family will all be gone, leaving poor little Aunt Janey there to face the lonely years."

"It's cruelly hard for her."

"Yes, you see Uncle Nat was such a darling——"

"There is no one like him."

"That doing without him is going to be dreadfully difficult."

To Martha this was a new Lane. She had remembered him only as the leader in all their childish frolics. Now she felt as though, beyond the welcome in his eyes, there lay an undiscovered country.

Martha went on to speak of her inward rebellion against the spectacle of that huge family, mourning according to rule and convention; and Lane dismissed it with: "It's inherited tradition, Marty. Go back as far as you like, and you'll find the human race has always dramatized its woe."

And then he made her talk of herself, of the eight years since they'd parted, especially of her work as an ambulance driver. And Nathaniel Gilbert's comradeship with his great-niece crept unconsciously into all she told.

"You've made me feel young again, Lane," Martha said, when they parted at her door. "I mean you've made me feel a child. I thought to-day that, without Uncle Nat, I'd never know that sensation any more. You see, since Nell's twins came three years ago, I've just been to mother like any other grown-up person. That's what grandchildren do in a family, I suppose. Not that the twins aren't ducks; but, well, mother's maternity is the sort that's limited to infancy; it's the young of the species that appeal to her. Uncle Nat, now, looked inside and saw that there's a part of you that doesn't grow up——"

The little flat where Martha and her mother lived was quite dark and empty. Martha remembered that it was their maid's "night out," and that if she ate, she must prepare the meal herself.

As she changed to a white negligée, she discovered that the walk across the park had made her hungry.

Mechanically she heated up a bowl of soup, toasted crackers, and cut open an orange; she set a tray and carried her supper into the living-room; all as carefully as though she were arranging it for her mother. Martha was essentially a dainty person; it would not have been possible for her to do anything unattractively.

As she ate, she reflected that Lane had talked not at all of himself; yet she knew, without being told, that much revelation had come to him over there in Flanders.

There were lines about his mouth that spoke of a revelation of physical pain. A slight compression of the lips testified to some battle never listed in the manœuvres of an army, some battle fought and won. The empty left sleeve tucked into his coat-pocket told her that he had gone out to meet death. The poise of his head suggested that he had commanded others as well as himself; while added to the old humorous twinkle in his eyes, there was a new tenderness. But besides all this, there was something more, something that included these things and yet exceeded them. It was as though some transcendent revelation had come to Lane Fowler on those fields of Flanders, and Martha's groping spirit longed to know what was that revelation.

After the supper-things were cleared away, Martha felt oppressed by loneliness.

On her desk lay white wrapping-paper, a bolt of red ribbon, and the box of cigars she'd brought to give her Uncle Nat for Christmas; all just as she'd left them when the summons had come.

A piercing realization of what had happened gripped Martha at the sight and the faint odor of the box of "Bock Panetelas." She knew suddenly that this was how her Aunt Janey felt about everything in that house where she'd lived ever since Nathaniel Gilbert had, in his wholesale generosity, adopted his dead brother's entire family of four daughters and two sons.

He had never married, giving up his life to them and filling the house with their childish laughter, literally unto the third and fourth generation: for one by one they had grown up and married, leaving what Nathaniel called the "old roost," and going off to establish little roosts of their own; until he jokingly de-

clared that the Gilberts were peopling more than their share of the earth.

Only Jane had stayed on, becoming the very core of the old man's life.

It was the barely perceptible odor of "Bock Panetelas" that brought to Martha an acute sense of her aunt's desolation. Why, she wouldn't be able to move about that house without continually having her heart contract as Martha's had done at the odor of those cigars. She could put out of sight his clothes, his great tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles, his cane, but the very walls and ceilings would whisper to her of him, making it impossible for her to get away from her loss. Every morning it would be waiting for her when she waked and at night she would lie staring up at it in the darkness.

"If only"—Martha cried—"if only their Faith helped them!"

She gave her shoulders a decided shake. "This won't do!" she exclaimed. "I'll work."

Martha's work was designing. She did patterns for wall-papers and chintzes. "That," she always said, "takes me out of the parasite class; for fun, I do pastels . . . oh, landscapes chiefly, and children."

Now she set to work, determined to master her depression, for defeat had no place in Martha's vocabulary. She was planning a design for chintz. It was to be in yellow poppies, strikingly conventionalized, almost cubist.

Poppies! She'd grown to know and love them the year she'd spent at Santa Barbara with Uncle Nat and Aunt Janey. For a minute she didn't see the design quite distinctly. Was life always going to be subject to these swift clouds of grief, passing suddenly across the sun and dimming even one's work—work which had always been a sanctuary, never before invaded!

The yellow poppies grew under her dauntless brush. Yellow poppies . . . galloping through miles of them . . . and Aunt Janey waiting on the veranda with tea and things . . . poor Aunt Janey, whose days were now to be tolled off by the passing of hours, empty of accustomed duties! . . .

Martha laid aside her brush and began sketching in with pencil a background of interlaced leaves and stems.

Yellow poppies and green leaves . . . and now Christmas wreaths and long black crape streamers tossing in the night wind . . . with everybody saying, "Poor Uncle Nat"—all but Lane—Lane was different . . . he'd used the present tense; he'd said, "There *is* no one like him"; quite distinctly he'd used the present . . . yellow poppies, galloping through miles of them. . . .

Martha's hand, the one that held the pencil, felt cold and a little numb. The chill spread up her arm to the shoulder and then down her side. Something seemed to lift and guide her arm. She had a sense of detachment, as though she no longer controlled her hand. For a moment it moved over the paper, and then fell limp upon the table; and she heard, as though very far away, the tap of the pencil as it slipped from her inert fingers and dropped upon the drawing-board. . . .

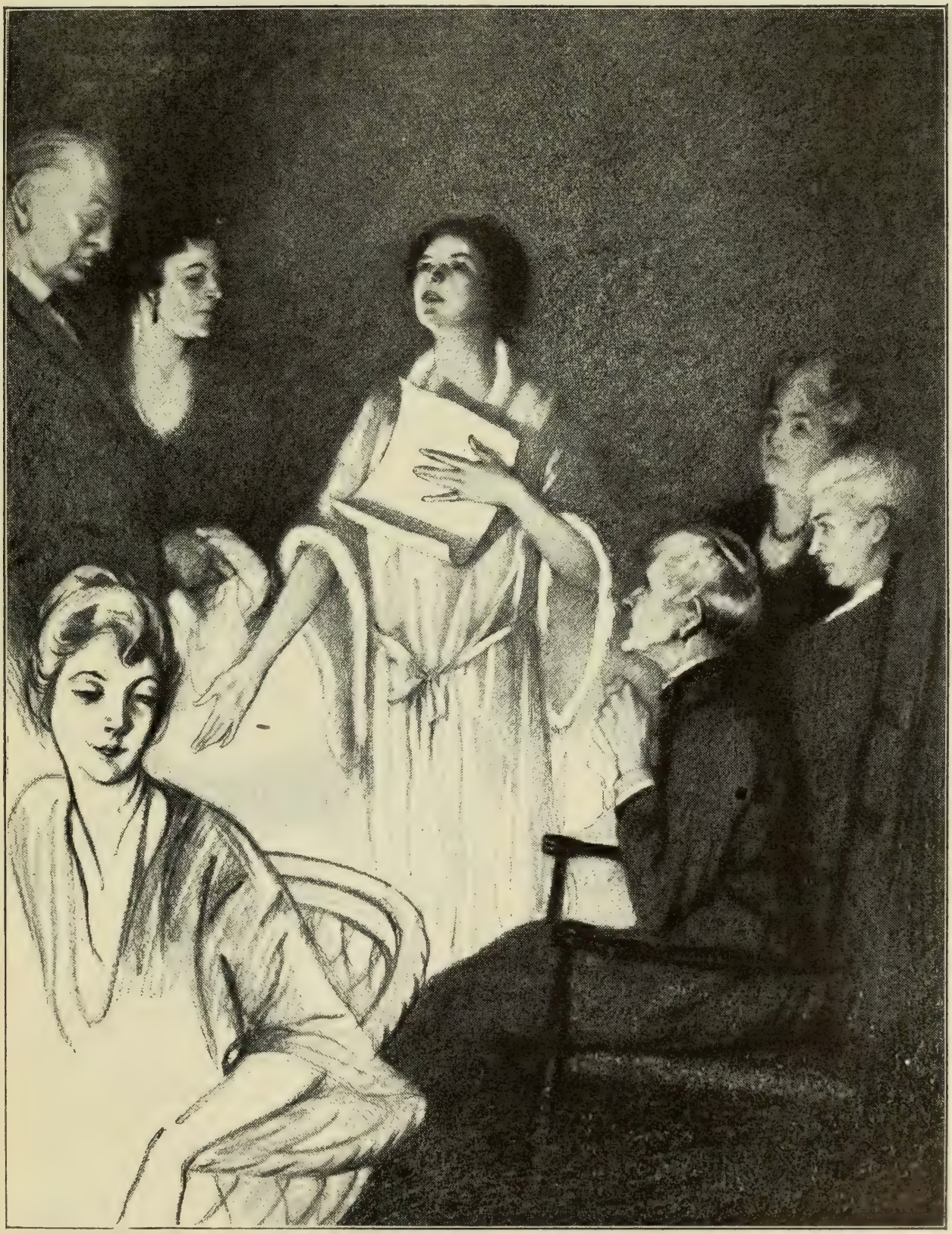
Martha never knew how long she sat gazing straight ahead before she looked again at her work and saw written there on the white paper the words: "My Holly Berry! My Holly Berry!" She was bewildered,—for they were in a fine, cramped hand, whereas her own was large and flowing.

"My Holly Berry!" written twice over. She had heard those words somewhere, recently and repeated twice, just as they were written. But when and where had she heard them? . . .

It was beside a fire, a fire yellow like poppies in the sun . . . and there had been the odor of cigar-smoke, the odor of "Bock Panetelas," . . . while a hand, transparent and aged, had stroked the sleeve of her dress, a scarlet suit with a big squirrel collar . . . "Bock Panetelas," and the words "My Holly Berry!" spoken twice over . . . Uncle Nat! . . . And there was his writing before her, fine and small. . . .

A vast peace filled the room. Martha felt it all about her, as you feel sunshine although your eyes may be closed and you see nothing.

"My Holly Berry!" Uncle Nat had remembered! The thought of her, and even of her crimson suit, had gone with him into the unknown, and he had used the happy little memory to convince her!



Drawn by Elenore Abbott.

Blazing with the fire of youth, of inspiration, and of hope, Martha told her story.—Page 732.

A warm sweet serenity enveloped her. Somewhere there was still the Uncle Nat she loved! What did they—everybody—mean by saying we take nothing out of this world; that we leave it as we came; merely because bank-deposits and houses and furniture are left behind?

If that were true, what would be the use of it all? And how did they account for the best and dearest things? What did they think became of the tender human affections, of the mind richly stored with literature and history, of the love of beauty and joy? Those things were no longer here. . . . Why could they not be —there? They *were* there! Had not Uncle Nat come back to tell her just that?

So this . . . this . . . was Faith!

As Martha trailed up the stairs she heard her Uncle Butler Roswell's voice. He seemed to be delivering a sort of lecture on the past virtues of Nathaniel Gilbert; enumerating the honors the world had paid him, dwelling upon his high standing in business circles; and the word "business" was leading easily and naturally to a discreet discussion of the estate and of the probable contents of the will, when Martha, slightly breathless from the stairs, burst into the room.

"Has anything happened?"

"What is it, Martha?"

"Was there a fire? Or a burglar?" This last from Martha's mother, fearing for her possessions.

Even Butler Roswell was astonished, for Martha had stopped only to throw a fur cape over her white negligée and to pull on carriage-boots over her bedroom slippers. Thus she had jumped into a taxi, not bothering about hat or gloves, but clutching firmly a big sheet of drawing-paper, partly covered by a design of yellow poppies, with down in one corner a few words scribbled in a small neat hand.

"Martha, what *is* it?"

Blazing with the fire of youth, of inspiration, and of hope, Martha told her story to Uncle Butler and the group of black-garbed women who had made up his audience.

The cape fell back from her shoulders, until when she finished on her triumphant ringing note of Faith, she stood among them slim and unearthly in the loose white robe with its bands of swan's-down outlining her slender throat and arms.

Before that cry of Faith had died away, while it seemed still to be quivering in the air, Mrs. Oakley commanded: "Martha, *do* pick up your cape and put it on!"

As the girl instinctively obeyed, she looked despairingly around the room. Uncle Butler was blowing his nose; any such "display," as he would have called Martha's emotion, embarrassed him. There was a general murmur from the aunts about "the child's being wrought up," but nobody, not even Aunt Janey, took her seriously.

Martha made them look at that familiar handwriting beneath her half-finished design. She made Jane Gilbert corroborate the incident the words recalled; for, she remembered, her aunt had been sitting knitting under the light and had looked up to smile at the old man's unfailing love of what was bright and gay.

But for everything, they had a prompt explanation; as though they were eager to prove that the dead body is all, the spirit nothing.

Martha's eyes dropped to the floor. She found herself staring mutely at their well-shod feet, and thinking it strange that feet remained young so much longer than faces.

Her Aunt Emmeline suppressed a yawn and glanced at the clock. Uncle Butler said he would see Martha home. She protested that the taxi was waiting, that there was no need; but all the time he was tugging on his overcoat. Uncle Butler was resolutely doing his duty as the protecting male, and Martha saw resistance to be useless. It was noticeable that early in the evening the younger men had contrived to escape.

Rolling along in the taxi, Uncle Butler recovered his breath and began to discourse kindly on the dangers of dabbling in things occult. Upon which Martha declared that she hadn't been dabbling, and had no intention of dabbling; that she felt we must live our own lives here and leave them free there to go on——

"Stuff! Stuff!"

This communication, she believed, had been given, without seeking on her part, as a message of hope and comfort for all of them.

"Disordered nerves, my dear . . . disordered nerves. Take my word for it, you'll see things differently after a night's rest."

Martha shrank silently back into her corner.

Outside there were Christmas wreaths in the windows, and the street-lamps made glimmering pools of light upon the snow.

Why, she wondered impotently, why did they all cling so desperately, so fiercely, to convention; why did they seek solace in the pomp of woe, rather than in Faith!

Martha Oakley woke to find the sun flooding in over her bed. It was too nice and restful to get up just yet. What day was it, anyway? Things didn't co-ordinate very quickly. The dreamless night seemed to have washed her brain so clear that facts and details reassembled very slowly. And why hurry them when she felt so amazingly serene? Still, it must be some particular day, with definite duties and appointments, though she couldn't somehow say what. She turned lazily, pillowing her cheek on one hand; and her long black hair wrapped itself about her until she seemed like some high-bred Spanish señorita looking out from under a mantilla.

The sun moved across the room and touched the box of "Bock Panetelas" on her desk. . . . Oh, yes, the Panetelas reminded . . . it was the day before Christmas . . . and—and it was also the day of Uncle Nat's funeral. . . .

But, now she began to remember, last night he—dear Uncle Nat—had come to her . . . and Uncle Butler had said that after a night's rest she would see it all differently; that in the morning she would realize that sort of thing to be "tosh."

Well, she didn't! Stripped of all agitation, calmly in the morning light, it was more than ever astoundingly true that Uncle Nat lived! . . .

The thing that greatly troubled her, as the mosaic of life gradually pieced itself together, was how to impart her faith to Jane Gilbert.

The night before, while the others scoffed, Jane's stricken eyes had been bewildered; she so piteously needed to believe!

Martha felt that if there were some way she could demonstrate her faith to be not merely parrotlike words but a vital fact, as real to her as the rising and setting of the sun, then Jane Gilbert would be ready to accept it for herself. If there were only something she could do to prove . . .

At last an idea came to her. . . . It came in the light streaming through the window . . . but, for all sorts of reasons, that idea was repugnant.

She was sensitive, and family displeasure was a thing to which no amount of experience had ever hardened her. Then there was Lane! She knew how beautiful Lois would look in her soft black hat faced with white crape. She recalled her yesterday with amber hair piled high above the perfect oval of her face, and her skin as white as milk against the clinging black of her frock.

Martha was unflinchingly honest with herself. Yesterday had emphasized what she'd always felt about Lane—emphasized it and augmented it. Her shrinking from the idea that came in on those waves of morning light, she knew to be more than anything else because of Lane.

He was so much dearer even than she had remembered. She admired his type, dominant, squarely clear-cut; and she loved his surprisingly poetic interpretation of that type.

He could not fail to think Lois exquisite. Men, she thought in her vernacular, always "fell for" that sort of thing. Well, no matter, she must do something about Aunt Janey's tragic eyes, even at the risk of repelling Lane.

She recognized that as a possibility, even though Lane were what she called "different"; for observation had shown her that men often found repulsive anything that made women conspicuous.

And Lois . . . Lois would be so lovely! . . .

But there was Aunt Janey, the very hours of whose days would be a constant stab; Aunt Janey whose eyes gazed with

anguish along the vacant years . . . she must at all costs convince Aunt Janey!

The procession was already forming when Martha reached the church. She found she'd been allotted to young Winston Roswell, while Lois and Lane were just in front of them.

"Gad, Marty!" whispered Winston, "what's the big idea? . . . Gosh, but the family will never let up on you after this! You're in for it and no mistake!"

But that Martha had foreseen, and already she felt riveted upon her horrified looks which penetrated even crape veils.

To the lamentation of Chopin's funeral march, Martha, her cheeks flaming, entered the church on Winston's arm. With the rest she stood or sat or bowed her head.

The church was hung with greens, for the next day would be Christmas, and though there were dead, the living must be provided for. The pungent odor of pine and cedar brought back to Martha frosty Christmas mornings when the man lying there in the coffin had been the gayest Santa Claus any children ever knew. With his snowy hair and beard and his merry eyes, he had needed no make-up, beyond the stuffing of a pillow under his waistcoat and a bag of gifts on his back.

Martha felt that, had he not come to her, had he not written that precious little message, she could never have borne this; with the odor of Christmas greens in her nostrils and the wailing organ to insist that it was Uncle Nat who lay in that black box with silver handles.

So, though her cheeks might burn, her inward peace never faltered. Uncle Nat was not really there, cold and still in a coffin. . . . He had come to her to say that! . . .

Her Faith had withstood this test, and never would it find a more searching one.

By fours they put them into the carriages; in the order of their relationship and their supposed degree of sorrow. Uncle Butler and Aunt Lida, her mother and Aunt Janey, Aunt Emmeline Thorne and Uncle Mark, Lois and Hazel, Hester and Arthur, Winston and Miriam. By fours and fours the sombre figures entered, and disappeared behind drawn shades and closed doors.

Martha found herself shut into the last carriage with Lane Fowler. They had run out of fours.

Now that the ordeal was over, the fire died out of her face and she leaned back, pale and a little faint. She was not sure, but she thought she heard Lane whisper to himself: "Dear Marty!"

Later he said aloud: "I was afraid I wouldn't be able to manage this; but what's the use of having been on the General Staff if it doesn't teach you how to handle a situation?"

"Manage what?"

"Getting you to myself in this carriage. You don't think things like this happen by chance, do you?"

"If I thought at all, I suppose I'd an idea it was a mistake on the part of the sexton; or that he thought I—I didn't belong with the others. . . ." And after a silence: "I'm glad you aren't shocked, Lane." Martha spoke with an uncertain quaver.

"Why should I be shocked?"

"Didn't you know . . . don't you see, Lane, that I wore my . . . my *red* suit to Uncle Nat's funeral?"

"Little Marty"—his voice was deeply tender—"I saw only that you had dramatized Faith! . . ."

It was the evening of that day before Christmas, and in Number Eleven three figures—Jane Gilbert, Martha Oakley, and Lane Fowler—passed from basement to drawing-room, from drawing-room to library, and from library to bedrooms, until in every window a candle burned and the light of their Faith glowed in the long quiet street.

THE WAGON AND THE STAR

By Myra Sawhill

Illustrations by F. C. Yohn

NO one knew why little middle-aged John Robbins had first been called "The Major." Perhaps the very incongruity of the military title, as applied to him, had had something to do with it. But whatever the origin of the nickname, time and custom had dulled its absurdity in the eyes of an indolent world prone to accept things as they are.

The world, in this instance, was a sharply circumscribed affair. In shape it was not unlike a dumb-bell, one end, the Quality Bazaar, Outfitters to Ladies; the other, balancing it nicely at the end of a few shabby city blocks, a third-rate boarding-house. Within the rigid confines of this dumb-bell, surrounded by the myriads of similar bodies that form the constellation of a great city, Robbins was "The Major."

Robbins himself had accepted the warlike appellation with the utmost seriousness. He wore it proudly, not merely as a title but as a decoration. And invariably he spoke of himself in the third person, after the manner of royalty, as "The Major." Perhaps he had first done this in a spirit of facetiousness; if so, the facetiousness had long since disappeared. He would cleverly gather the shimmering folds of some pretty new silk over his extended arm, and with disarming lack of self-consciousness and an air of the utmost candor murmur impressively to the customer:

"Madame will not regret the purchase. The major is convinced that this will be the most wanted shade of the season."

The dazzled customer seldom realized that the little man was speaking of himself. To her the quoted "major" was some great and distant authority in the realm of fashion, and under the hypnotic influence of his indorsement the sale was accomplished.

If Wilkins, the floorwalker, greeted John Robbins with a cordially condescending:

"Well, how's the major this morning?" the answer came promptly, something like this:

"Fine, fine! He just got in in his private car this morning. Been a splendid season in California this year."

Or a similar query from Lizzie Weir, who had been in the Bazaar almost as long as the major himself, would be answered with:

"His yacht docked in New York last night, but the major turned up bright and early this morning, fit as a fiddle!"

This ever-ready facility in humorous retort—for such it was supposed to be—had made the major, silent enough unless in response to some such lead, immensely popular in the dumb-bell. No one realized how far below the surface these imaginings had developed; no one penetrated far enough to discover their real function in John Robbins's life, or the shining goal he had set for himself.

The exterior portion of him sold silk at the Quality Bazaar; but his real inner self led a rose-colored existence in vivid contrast to the drab realities forced upon the outer man. To entertain his friends —so ran the major's creed—this might be indicated in light flippancies of imaginative conversation, but the goal itself was a thing too sacred to be put into words.

For the major yearned ardently to be a hero. That Nature, with no sympathy for such an ambition, had built him five feet three, given him a little up-turned nose, and in time grayed some of his hair and removed the rest, did not daunt him. His soul, he considered, had been cast in heroic mould if his body had not. Some day he intended to do something wonderful, sublime.

All of this reached back half a century or so to the days when little Johnny Robbins, slight and frail and undersize, had had to walk softly and speak gently to

escape annihilation at the hands of sturdy youngsters not more than half his age. It was then that he found consolation in the idea that underneath he was as good as other fellows! And it was then that he began to invent wonderful situations in which John Robbins, the real John, flourished after the manner of boy heroes in the books that boys love. Before him pirates cringed abjectly. Assorted desperadoes, confounded by his superior strategy, surrendered to him sullenly but with evident admiration.

Little Johnny Robbins had grown older, but he had never quite grown up. Life continued to be negatively unkind to him, and, gifted with a vivid intensity of imagination that might have distinguished him in some creative art had his lot been cast in a different sphere, he continued in his day-dreams to make of it what he chose.

When the United States went into the war the major went to a recruiting station and begged, begged humbly, to be taken into the service.

"I—I will do anything at all, sir, anything at all!" he told the sergeant in charge. For the moment the major had dropped his prideful nickname—he knew it would not be proper there.

"Don't you see, a man of your age couldn't endure the exposure," the officer explained kindly.

"But if the maj—if—*I*—could do—something first!" he pleaded wistfully.

But the government was obdurate. It did not need the services of silk salesmen of fifty-odd, and Robbins was thrown back on his old device for making life endurable. Vicarious valor was less satisfying than ever, but he did the best he could. It was then that his long-established nickname had been of special comfort to him, took on added significance, indeed. It seemed to give substance to the inner part of him, to make real this vision who did great deeds. As "The Major" he went over the top with the best of them, and fought the good fight as ardently as they.

The major never thought of all this as romance; but that was what it was, the one touch of romance in his commonplace existence, simple childish romance, the "Let's pretend" of early years carried out to its logical conclusion by a little, lonely, insignificant man now half a century beyond his childhood days.

Then one day Romance, real Romance of the fairy-story order, took the major's book of life into her hands and turned a page.

A large, important-looking envelope found its way to the dingy boarding-house end of the dumb-bell. The envelope contained a brief request from one of the city's greatest law firms that Mr. John Robbins would call at its offices at his earliest convenience.

The major slept little that night. When the noon-hour released him the next day he lost no time carrying out the mysterious request. He was admitted promptly to one of the inner offices, greeted with a courtesy bordering on deference by a member of the firm, and was told things, unbelievable things, that set his heart thumping sickeningly against his ribs.

"There—there—is no doubt about this, Mr. Jeffry?" The major mopped his forehead with a handkerchief held in an unsteady hand.

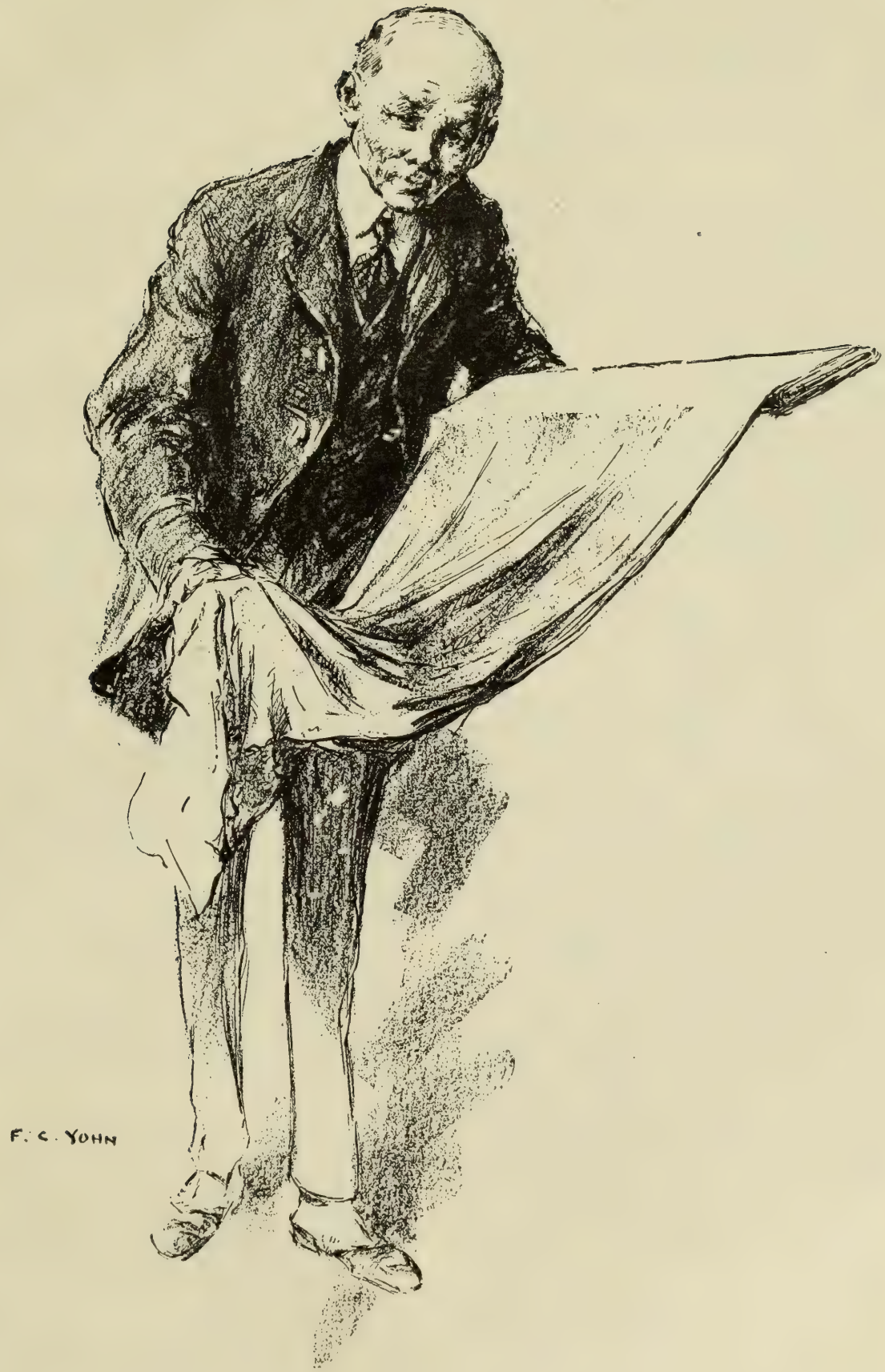
"No," Jeffry replied emphatically. Then with a keen glance at the perturbed little man opposite him, he summed it all up concisely: "No, there is no doubt about it. We verified everything before we notified you. This man was a cousin of your father, Peter Robbins. He made a fortune in Alaska, in Nome, and—much more remarkably—succeeded in keeping it. At his death, recently, he left it to your father or to his heirs. As your father is deceased and you are his only heir the money is yours—every dollar of it."

"And—you say—I'll have—" Robbins faltered dazedly.

"At a very conservative estimate you will have rather more than twenty-five thousand dollars a year. A very comfortable, a *very* comfortable income indeed, Mr. Robbins."

Comfortable! This to the major who had lived his most affluent years on about twenty-five dollars a week. Comfortable!

The sheer shock of the thing quite unsettled the major's intellect for the balance of the day. With the folds of a vivid



"Madame will not regret the purchase."—Page 735.

green sport silk draped over his outstretched arm he assured a customer that: "The major is convinced that midnight blue will be one of the most wanted shades this season."

The other clerks knew nothing of what had happened and looked at him apprehensively.

"Say, what's wrong with the major?" Little Mary Neland leaned down from her elevated cash-carrier station back of the silk-counter and asked Lizzie Weir in a worried stage whisper. "Honest, he's actin' kinda nutty!"

"Must be sick, or something," Miss Weir responded with an anxious glance in the major's direction, and at the first opportunity said a few words to Wilkins.

The floorwalker watched the major a few minutes, then approached the counter with a kindly:

"Not feeling well this afternoon, major?"

"Certainly, certainly! The major is always well," the little man returned in a dazed, abstracted tone.

"Perhaps you had better take the rest of the day off—we're not very busy—and see a doctor," Wilkins urged with unprecedented solicitude.

But the major shook his head. "No, no—fit as a fiddle," he replied as naturally as he could.

And Tommy Johns, of the shipping department, a slender stripling with an ominous chronic cough, walked six blocks out of his way in the cold that night to see the major safely home.

It was only that first trying afternoon that seriously disturbed the major's equilibrium. By the next morning he had regained a good portion of his poise; no one had occasion to notice anything unusual in his behavior. He kept the amazing news to himself and went through the treadmill routine of the Quality Bazaar just as he had done for many years.

He knew quite well what he meant to do. He had been submerged all his life; now he intended to take his place in the great world as a man of substance, of property. Only the details needed to be worked out, and within a week he had accomplished that.

The city was in the grip of a blizzard. Ice-bound, snow-bound, it was held tight and shivering in the grip of one of the worst storms on record. The major, who had never liked cold weather at its best—and this was easily its worst—resigned from both ends and the middle of the dumb-bell, and took a train for southern Florida.

Through the channels of the Sunday papers the names of the great resort hotels were quite familiar to him. Equipped with the most correct of masculine wardrobes—chosen with the help of Jimmy Drew, formerly of the dumb-bell orbit but now a satellite in an exclusive haberdashery—the major sped toward the Royal Magnolia as fast as the long train could buckle and jerk its way down through the Southern States.

Serene and hospitable, like an overgrown home of old Colonial days, stands the Royal Magnolia. With its lawns and gardens, hibiscus hedges and stately palms, a deep-blue summer sea for background, the great buff building seemed nothing short of paradise to the little major. In an ecstasy that would have been too keen for comfort except for an uneasy suspicion that presently he would waken in his cold little room in the boarding-house and find that none of this was true, the major wandered along verandas that seemed endless; through the spacious lobby of the hotel with its green velvet carpets, groups of white pillars, and its cool white basket furniture. Everywhere were groups of well-dressed women chatting easily in low, well-bred voices, and equally well-dressed and rather pompous men whose faces, for the most part, were very red and whose hair was very white.

The advent of the major made not the slightest ripple in the Royal Magnolia. With the exception of the chambermaid who attended to his room, the waiter who served his meals, and hopeful bell-hops who presented him with chairs he didn't want whenever he paused a moment in his strolling round about, no one really knew the major was in the Royal Magnolia. No one called him "The Major." No one called him anything except the clerks in the office who said: "Certainly, Mr. Robbins," quite affably to his occasional requests—there were no com-

plaints, the major could not have thought of one.

The activity of the big hotel was to him like an entrancing moving picture; the throng of well-dressed people scarcely more real than figures on a screen. He watched them curiously, impersonally, and after a time he began to comprehend that it is quite within the capabilities of man—and woman—to dispose of a princely twenty-five thousand a year without disturbing himself—and herself—unduly. He had known, of course, that people spent large sums of money, but he had never before encountered the process. He had supposed vaguely that it would entail a wild, spectacular sort of existence; but he began to see that this well-ordered, genteel manner of life might easily be trusted to accomplish astounding financial results. Occasional chats with a man from Oklahoma, who knew everything and everybody and had no hesitation in diffusing knowledge, proved most enlightening.

It seemed that, while a half-million was a fairly substantial sum to have about one, it was something of a commonplace in the Royal Magnolia. There were, indeed, he discovered, scattered around the lobby or on the verandas, not a few people whose yearly incomes equalled that amount or surpassed it!

The major sighed as he realized that he was still a cipher, as much a commonplace in the Royal Magnolia as he had been as salesman at the silk-counter of the Quality Bazaar. This wonderful new fortune was apparently not so wonderful as it had seemed to his unsophisticated mind. It was a devastating thought.

With his sense of values alarmingly discredited the major fell a ready victim to the overpowering personality of Benton, Benton, the great outstanding figure of the Royal Magnolia's unobtrusive ménage. One might live for days in the hotel without consciousness of the revolution of its wheels, the creaking of its machinery; but no one could be oblivious of Benton, overlord of the great dining-room. Despite the delicate chocolate hue of race, Benton had a presence that a Marshal of France might well have envied.

Statesmen and millionaires approached the portals of his domain with a diffidence they affected to conceal. With largess they sought exemption from the grilling recollection of past crimes and misdemeanors, which a stern glance from beneath Benton's bushy, iron-gray eyebrows had such power to conjure up in their own minds.

Lesser folk slunk past the imperial presence as unobtrusively as might be, minds centred uneasily on the faulty cut of a coat, a hat slightly past its prime, or some other defect in sartorial make-up that they had hoped, foolishly enough, might have escaped detection.

Among these latter was the little major. Thanks to Jimmy Drew of the exclusive haberdasher's shop, and to his own exquisite sense of color that years of training in the silk department had developed, the major's outfit might be classed as faultless. Not so the handiwork of niggardly Nature. Never had the little man been so conscious of his insignificance of stature, ridiculous up-turned nose, and rapidly retreating hair-line, as when he passed Benton, the magnificent, and started down the endless aisle of the main dining-room with Benton's eagle eyes fixed accusingly on the most sensitive spot of his short spine.

Then one morning at breakfast-time, Benton graciously condescended to act as personal escort and in regal form preceded the major part of the way to his distant table. This was worse, much worse. Benton was big, he was broad, his features were straight and regular, his iron-gray hair of distinguished effect was plentiful in the extreme. In short, Benton was all that the major was not, and to follow in his wake caused the little man acute agony of mind.

The major endured it as best he might. Breakfast over he left the dining-room still much perturbed but with head held very high, walked rapidly through the lobby and along the veranda past a jog in the building where a group of women sat. He walked on a few steps, then sat down in a wicker chair pulled up close against the wall, screened entirely from the eyes of the women he had just passed but in reality very close to them.

"What a funny little man!" a girlish voice rippled with enjoyment.

"Isn't he absurd!" some one else agreed.

Unconsciously the major glanced around to see this queer-looking person. There was no one in sight. With a sickening sense of shock the major understood.

The desirability of seeing ourselves as others see us may well be doubted by any one who has experienced the sensation, Robert Burns to the contrary notwithstanding. With a crash the little major's house of life fell in a heap of wreckage.

There was, perhaps, no logical reason for this—the major had never cherished illusions about his outer self—but feelings are seldom logical. Silently he got out of his chair and slipped away, his beautiful belief in his destiny shaken cruelly.

Why, he wondered wretchedly, had he ever thought there was anything extraordinary in his make-up? A hero! His face burned. He was afraid of mice, he admitted bitterly, and spiders of a certain size sent waves of nausea over him. A hero! No, he would never be that—he could see it now—never! "Absurd," that was what they thought him, and small wonder. That was what he was, what he always had been, and what he would continue to be.

Long years before John Robbins had hitched his wagon to a star. Wagons do not lend themselves readily to this mode of locomotion, and on this very rough stretch of road the little major was in danger of losing his seat. The star had grown very dim; all that he was conscious of was the jolting of the wagon.

He wandered wretchedly into the lobby and paused aimlessly not far from a group of people who, in excitement over something, all seemed to be talking at once.

"Isn't it just *too* wonderful?" the words caught the major's drifting attention.

He did not know what these people were talking about, and he did not care. The mere words revealed the truth to him: he did not belong in this place, he never would, and more than that he didn't want to! No one he had ever known would have spoken in such words as this well-dressed woman had used just now. "Can you beat it?" was the way the old dumb-bell phrased its astonishment. And very suddenly the major knew that he was homesick, homesick!

When the seven-thirty train went north that night the major went too. With the sure instinct of a child whose feelings have been hurt he turned to bury his face in the comfortable lap of his old environment.

The dingy boarding-house where he had lived so long was not given to the exquisite cleanliness that had so rejoiced his heart in the Royal Magnolia—that is a luxury in a great, grimy city and not for denizens of third-rate boarding-houses. So the major established himself at a leading down-town hotel. As soon as possible he found his way to the employees' entrance of the Quality Bazaar. There he encountered Tommy Johns helping to load packages on the eleven o'clock delivery wagon.

"Well, look who's here!" Tommy straightened his slender height, grasped the major's hand, and stood looking down at the little man with beaming eyes. The troublesome old cough caught him and held him speechless for a moment, but after the paroxysm was over he went on cheerfully: "How's the major? Say, we sure missed you around the place. Sure did."

"Honest, son?" A pleased light leaped into the major's eyes. "Well, the major's glad to get back. Mighty fine down there, but there's no place like home, no place like home."

The major's progress through the Bazaar was a long ovation. Everywhere his old comrades greeted him with heart-warming enthusiasm. When he reached his own old department he found Wilkins amazingly cordial, and faded little Lizzie Weir more pleased than he had ever seen her.

"Well, how's the health?" Wilkins inquired, beaming.

"Fine, fine! Never better," the major replied, beaming back at him and at the others who had crowded around; but there followed none of the flights of imagination every one had grown to look for.

But business was brisk in the Bazaar that morning, and, much as they longed to linger and ask questions, the major's old friends drifted off reluctantly, one by one.

Mary Neland leaned down from her



It was not long before the major was an ardent and persistent reader of the tape.—Page 742.

lofty perch back of the silk counter and with voice sunk low asked wistfully:

"Say, major, what kinda hats 're they wearing down at that swell place?"

"Embroidered georgette, and straw, and satin. Pink mostly, or white," the major replied obligingly to a question that would have tried the soul of a man not in the business of outfitting ladies.

"Oh, I do love hats," Mary murmured softly, a far-away look creeping into eyes that were far too large and dark for a face that was very small and very white.

Then even little Mary Neland was swallowed by the insistent demands of commerce. The major was left to wander alone about his old stamping-ground, and at length, for want of something better to do, to drift back to the hotel.

It had been fine to get back, to see the well-known faces of people he was used to, and to see them light with pleasure at his coming. That was pleasant, very pleasant, but the little man's heart ached in spite of it. The castle in Spain, in which he had lived so long, had been demolished and he could not build it up again. Fantastic as had been its architecture, its shadowy substance had been very real to him; never before had he doubted that it would at last develop satisfying material qualities. But clearly, now, it never would.

He brooded deeply over this in the abundant leisure that soon hung heavily on his hands. He had never had any interests except his dreams and his work. Bereft of both of them, he was drifting, rudderless, in an uncharted sea.

It was inevitable, no doubt, that with both idle time and idle money on his hands the major should be caught in a flare of speculation that seized the city. Talk of the market was rife in the lobby of the hotel. It was not long before the major was an ardent and persistent reader of the tape.

He went cautiously, at first, bought small blocks of good stocks and paid for them outright. Then he began to buy in larger quantities and on margin. His brokers were affable, the crowd around the ticker, respectful. The major began to feel that things were looking up.

A company had been formed to exploit a new and idealistic device for exploding ammunition at long range. It was frankly admitted that the invention was not quite perfected, but in spite of this flaw the idea caught the popular imagination. Centuries ago Julius Cæsar discovered that men are easily persuaded to believe what they want to believe. The idea is still strictly up to date. A horde of small investors with a little money to throw away did so quite effectually under the auspices of the Anti-Ammunition Company.

Anti-Ammunition stock was soaring merrily when the major caught the fever and plunged. He bought a large block of it, and bought it on margin. The stock went up three points higher, then fell with a crash. With steady eyes and steady hands the major watched it fall. His whitened lips were the only indication that in its descent into the whirlpool of calamity the stock had sucked down after it fifty thousand dollars of his money.

"You'll get it back again, major," a kindly devotee of the ticker assured him. "Make up for it in something else."

"Yes," the little man raised steady eyes to his comforter. "Yes."

There was a calm decisiveness about the major's tone that impressed the group around him.

"Watch that man if you want some thrills!" an old-timer in the broker's office suggested to a novice. "Some of these days he'll get into the game for all he's worth!"

A week or two passed. Then came hectic days when the street rocked under the spectacular advance of Big Injun Oil.

Big Injun Oil was selling placidly around fifty-three dollars when it displayed a sudden tendency toward the dramatic. A rumor that the company had struck a rich flow of oil in the far West started the boom. Big Injun stock went up by leaps and bounds.

Piper, the man from Oklahoma who had helped educate the major during his stay in Florida, had appeared in the city some days before, bubbling with enthusiasm anent the future of oil. He talked oil to every one, including the major. Up to the limitations imposed by physical man, Piper lived on oil. So far as any one knew he bought no oil stock.

The major did, however. When Big

Injun Oil was well above par and still rising, the major bought a thousand shares. Steadily the stock continued to rise, steadily and rapidly. And at intervals throughout one feverish spring day the major bought blocks of various sizes until he held, on margin, close to ten thousand shares. By eleven o'clock the next day Big Injun Oil had reached its zenith—194. At noon it began to wane. Contradictory rumors regarding the strike in oil had begun to circulate.

The crowds that are always attracted by a spectacular rise in some so-called security felt the reaction first. They lost their nerve, and sold rapidly and wildly, each one hoping to get out before his paper profits were obliterated.

Down went the stock, point by point at first, then by twos and threes. At closing time it was dropping ten points at a time. Steadier by morning, for a time it hung poised around ninety. Then it took another downward plunge and did not rest until it reached forty-seven.

Many a white-faced man, who had bought heavily on margin and been forced to cover the decline in his holdings, faced ruin as best he might.

The major was calm, but had nothing to say.

"Cleaned out, I suppose," hazarded one gloomy speculator to another as the major left the office.

"Absolutely," agreed the second man. "Over at the Columbia National a fellow told me Robbins had drawn out every dollar he possessed! Too bad!" he admitted easily, for men bear the misfortunes of others with considerable equanimity.

The Quality Bazaar was far removed from the stock market, but even to that remote region the news of the major's loss penetrated.

A day came when Wilkins, plainly agitated, stopped at the silk-counter with a distressful bit of news.

"Do you know, the—the major is coming back here to work!"

"Coming back here to work!" gasped Miss Weir. "Here in the silk department?"

"Um-huh," confirmed Wilkins. "They say he dropped a half million or so on the stock market. Awful sorry for the old chap. Nice old fellow—none better!" Wilkins's voice developed unsatisfactory qualities. He turned abruptly and hurried down the aisle.

A few days later the major was back in his old dumb-bell world, back in his shabby old room in the boarding-house, and back of the silk counter in the Quality Bazaar. He made no explanation, offered no word of extenuation or regret. Every one was very kind to him. No one ventured a curious question.

The major was more quiet than he had been in the past. The easy persiflage that had so entertained his comrades in the Bazaar fell to their lot no longer.

But if the major had changed, so had the Quality Bazaar. It had been sold rather recently to an Eastern syndicate. The management had been entirely changed, the entire policy of the shop altered. The store was now being run along up-to-date business lines. The interests of employees were apparently studied with intelligence and sympathy.

Mary Neland was released from weary attendance on the pneumatic cash-carrier and became messenger between the millinery department and its work-room. Tommy Johns was taken out of the shipping department, where he had to use his frail strength in continual lifting of more or less heavy packages, and put on one of the motor delivery-wagons. These changes, comparatively slight to the casual observer, were typical of the altered aspect of things all over the store.

One eventful Saturday night every pay envelope in the Quality Bazaar held a substantial increase. Many a tired worker forgot weariness and remembered that spring was almost there.

But spring, that year, did not justify the vague hopes that seem its special mission to inspire. It signified its advent by four unseasonably warm, stifling days that left the stricken city exhausted, gasping for its breath.

Elderly little Miss Weir celebrated the third of those dreadful days by suddenly dropping down in a little heap in the narrow space behind the silk-counter. Restored to consciousness by cold water, rather too abundantly applied, she was promptly sent home in a taxicab—a luxury she had never encountered before.

"The major's vacation begins to-morrow," Robbins confided to Smithers, a new clerk in the silk department, one day not long after that.

"This early?" Smithers was astonished.

"Yes, a week now, before the late spring sales, they said, and a week late in the summer." Then to an inquiring customer:

"Yes, madame, certainly. Green, you say."

When the major got back from his little trip he found the Bazaar seething with excitement. The picture of a big white farmhouse on a wooded ledge above a wide and placid river, had been posted on the employees' bulletin-board the day before. Below the picture was the amazing announcement that had set the Quality Bazaar in such a flutter:

RIVERDALE FARM.

OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE QUALITY BAZAAR, INC., FOR THE USE OF EMPLOYEES.

250 ACRES OF WOODLAND AND MEADOW. BOATING, BATHING, AND FISHING.

RATES MODERATE, ARRANGED ON BASIS OF SALARY RECEIVED. ADDITIONAL INFORMATION CAN BE SECURED FROM THE OFFICE.

A second notice announced that every employee in the shop was to be given two weeks' vacation with full pay.

The Quality Bazaar had not quite gone mad, but it had certainly verged in that direction. The office force, it seemed, had made it clear that every one who wanted to could go to Riverdale Farm. Rough places in the way were to be smoothed out, difficulties to vanish like fog before the sun. A general holiday atmosphere held possession of the shop. A whirlwind of enthusiasm picked up youthful feet and made them want to skip and dance; straightened discouraged, middle-aged shoulders; and put new light into tired, elderly eyes.

With brooding wistfulness the major stood before the bulletin-board and studied the announcement.

"Too bad you had to take so much of your vacation early, major," Smithers sympathized with him. "But you'll get some time off, later, and then you can go up there, too."

"Yes," admitted the little man slowly, as he turned away. "Yes."

Late that same afternoon Tommy Johns was asked to go to the office at once. With sudden sick foreboding he made his way toward that dread region. All winter he had feared some such summons. His face was very white, as he opened the door, and his eyes had a desperate, trapped expression. There was no one in the office except Mr. Joyce, the manager. Tommy's knees seemed curiously inadequate. As Joyce indicated a chair near his desk, Tommy tumbled into it and sat there gasping as if he had been running.

"Well, young man," Joyce began kindly enough, "the Company thinks you are—are scarcely able to go on with your work here——"

"Oh, I am! Yes, I am, really! I—I'm stronger than I look," Tommy interrupted, his white face taking on a tinge of gray. "I do as much as the other fellows——"

"Yes, yes, I know you do," Joyce explained quickly. "We're not discharging you, Johns, we are going to give you a vacation. A good long one. All summer, with full pay."

The relief was too great. Tommy flushed painfully, then buried his face in his hands and sobbed convulsively.

"You'll be all right in a minute"—Joyce laid his hand kindly on the young fellow's shaking shoulder.

"It's—it's my mother," Tommy sobbed. "She's sick, and she hasn't anybody but me. If I got canned, or—or piked out——"

"Well, you're not going to get canned, I just told you so, or pike out either. Not a chance of it. You can take your mother with you and go up to Riverdale to-morrow and stay as long as you need to."

"Both of us?" Tommy was gazing at him with startled, red-rimmed eyes.

"Both of you," Joyce agreed gently.

"Can you beat it!" Johnny murmured ecstatically. "Can you beat it!"

Mrs. Johns and Tommy had been installed some weeks in a tiny cottage some distance from the large house, and fresh



"I know that some man with a good big heart of the right sort must have thought of all this."—Page 746.

air, rest, and good food in abundance had begun to show results when the first relay of Quality Bazaar employees reached Riverdale Farm. The picture of the place, on the bulletin-board, had been attractive, but ten happy people found the reality much more so.

The house was a big, rambling white structure, a farmhouse of the better order. Immaculate in glistening white paint, gay with red and white awnings, its long, shaded veranda comfortably furnished with wicker furniture, it looked too good to be true to the city-bound people who miraculously found themselves at home in it.

"Some class to this, I'll say." Thus the entranced Smithers. And no one contradicted him.

The house was furnished with good taste but with extreme simplicity. The food was excellent, abundant, and plain, with plenty of the country commonplaces that are such luxuries in a city.

"Is it custard?" a pale little cash-girl whispered to Lizzie Weir as the thick, golden liquid she was pouring from a good-sized pitcher settled with rich deliberation over a dish of luscious strawberries.

"No, dear," Miss Weir replied with the superior sophistication of early life on a Middle Western farm, "it's cream—Jersey cream!"

After some hours of dazed delight in the surroundings the little community found itself, and went to work with a will to get the most out of these precious wonder-days. It was not hard to do, with tennis-courts and a croquet-ground near the house, and a wide, sandy bathing-beach around the bend of the river. Three bright new rowboats rocked alluringly in the low white boat-house. And one memorable day a commodious covered launch chugged cheerfully up to the little dock and announced that it was at home.

It was late summer before the major's turn came. The first thing he did when he got there was to visit the little cottage where Mrs. Johns and Tommy lived. He had not seen Tommy since he had left the store for Riverdale early in the spring.

"Why, son," he exclaimed, "you don't look like the same kid. Blessed if you do! The major wouldn't have known you if he'd met you down-town some place."

Tommy laughed happily.

"I've gained twenty pounds, major, and I hardly cough at all. The doc from the village came over to see me when I first came. He made me lie around and keep quiet and eat and eat and eat! And you bet I did, too. Now he says I can go around some, and if I do what I'm told I'll be as good as new in a little while. And look at mother! She says she hasn't felt so good for ten years!"

"That's right," little Mrs. Johns agreed. "The only thing that worries me is that I can't thank the kind man who did all this. Yes, of course, I know it's the Company, but I know that some man with a good big heart of the right sort must have thought of all this. It's him I'd like to thank."

"Well, don't worry because you can't," laughed the major. "Whoever did it is satisfied—you can bank on that—if you get well and enjoy yourselves. That's what he wanted—not thanks."

That evening the entire little Riverdale community was grouped on the grassy ledge above the river. The major, quiet as usual, sat rather on the outskirts of the group. His mild blue eyes, calm as with a pervading peace, were fixed on the line of distant hills.

Into the midst of this scene of quiet contentment strode a husky old farmer.

"Say, I'd like to see the fellow that bought this place from me a while back. Any one know where he might be found?"

"The Quality Bazaar bought this place, sir," Wilkins, by right of his superior position in the store, answered with dignity.

"Never heard of the Quality Bazaar," returned the intruder. "Man named—let's see, now, what was it he called himself? Declare if I haven't forgotten! That does beat all!" The old man paused thoughtfully and disposed deftly of accumulated tobacco juice. "Moved West when I sold this place, but had to come back on some business. Thought mebby I might sell a parcel of land across the river to the fellow who bought this farm."

"The individual who bought from you doubtless sold again to the Quality Bazaar people. At least they own the place

now." Wilkins offered this businesslike suggestion with conscious pride.

"P'raps he did—p'raps he did," the visitor conceded. "Guess I'll have to look into it a little further. Well, sorry to have disturbed you folks. Good evenin'." And thereupon he rapidly retraced his steps to the roadway. He had almost reached the gate when he turned and shouted back:

"Robbins, that was the name. Don't happen to mean nothin' to any of you, I suppose." Receiving no reply, he turned again and went on.

"Robbins!" Mrs. Johns exclaimed softly.

The major, who had been partially screened from the visitor by a tall shrub and now leaned forward to watch his departure, gave a perceptible start. Every one gazed at him, galvanized into speechlessness.

"Robbins!" Wilkins echoed Mrs. Johns's exclamation. "He couldn't have meant you, major!"

The major did not answer.

"But—but where did you get the money? Didn't you lose it in—in that—fool oil speculation?" Wilkins stammered.

The major sat silent an instant. Then he squared his shoulders and met the question.

"No. The major had had his lesson—paid fifty thousand dollars for it. The major bought oil for some one else, for a friend who had his own reasons for buying and wanted it kept a secret."

"But—but you—haven't got your money still!" Wilkins gasped. "You went back to work—and lived in the old boarding-house——"

"Why, don't you see, all of you?" Inspiration had touched little Mrs. Johns. "He—he spent it for us! It was the major who did all this. It was the major who bought the Quality Bazaar!"

Suddenly the modest little major found he could not bear it. A swift sense of panic swept him off his feet and started him toward the house.

This broke the spell that sheer stupefaction had laid on his loyal fellow workers. With moist eyes and low broken exclamations of gratitude, of appreciation, they gathered around him and cut off his retreat.

"Why, major," Wilkins had to struggle with an unaccommodating lump in his throat. "You're—you're a—hero! A regular hero!"

The major's heart leaped at the magic of the word. Had he dreamed it, he wondered, as he had done so often in the years that had passed? He looked into the eyes of those around him, and, thrilled to his soul with the ecstasy of unexpected attainment, found that this time it was not a dream.

ON THE THAMES

By Hugh Burnaby

Beneath a willow-tree I lie
While silver Thames glides gently by;
Like pleasant dreams he slips away
Too strange and beautiful to stay.

Guarding his flower-spangled banks
Stand slender reeds in whisp'ring ranks
Of sharp green spears, as if they knew
He passed their army in review.

Above him hover murmuring
His tiny soldiers on the wing.
Their generals, the dragon-flies,
Hang poised, or dart to snatch a prize.

He passes to triumphal airs
From hidden feathered choristers
That hymn his tranquil majesty
Forever winding towards the sea.

WHO WAS ROBINSON?

By Agnes Porter

Illustration by L. Pern Bird

JOANNA WYLIE sighed as she looked at herself in the darkened mirror in the darkened room. Pale hair, pale eyes, pale undergarments, and long pale legs ending in very high black button boots. She had come to that stage of frightenedness in which one forgets what one means to do next. But Theodore's heavy breathing on the cot reminded her. It was just like him to go to sleep when all the world was getting dark and interesting and the city lights began to bloom up and down the streets. Joanna untwisted a few buttons from their buttonholes, regarded herself in the mirror as a slim flash of white, and dived into Theodore's red-and-white sailor-suit. She had been in it once before, with petticoats on, but had been rather cramped as to sitting down, and now she felt the greater freedom as the sailor trousers hung loose and cold on her legs and the "jumper" bloused around her waist.

Her gray-yellow hair was "dutched" above her ears, anyway, and lo! she was a boy—she was Robinson. Long ago she had known she was Robinson, and now she knew again with a flash of pure delight, and she ran into the hall as lightly as Peter Pan, and commenced climbing the skylight ladder that led to her roof and his roof, that is, Etheridge's roof, about whom every one knows that he is the great inventor, whose name will light the ages when we all are dust.

Now she was living; true, she had lived before once or twice, but nothing that felt like this, with a trouser on each leg, and nothing to hinder from "shinnying," and no skirts to be frowsing and fluffing out at the sides, and in dancing-school, "Do pull down your skirts, Joanna," and no nurse at her side, "Do walk quietly, Joanna," and "Do be a lady, Joanna."

"I'm not a lady," declared Joanna, half-way up to the roof, and now she was all the way up, and the city lay below like a map. But it was nothing compared to Etheridge's skylight. For he was a great inventor, and Joanna wanted to be one, too.

In the middle of her second bureau-drawer, underneath her white-ribbed second-best dancing-class stockings, she had an invention. It was not entirely invented yet, but it was the beginnings of an apparatus by which one pulled oneself up into an apple-tree. And so you see that, incomplete as it was, Joanna knew the burning delight that is called Inventing. This was why she did not cast one look at the city, but climbed into Etheridge's laboratory skylight.

Mother had told her never to do it. So had father. Etheridge never saw nor heard nor spoke to anybody, or perhaps he would have, too. But now Joanna knew that she was going in. She knew now why boys were bold and called out remarks to people in autos, like "Cheese it, you guy!" and "Hello, Micky!" She knew now why boys dared spit water out between their front teeth, and why they didn't care if they bloodied each other's noses. It was the trousers. In them you stood good and square and true, with each leg like a support, and you felt courage run up and down between your knees and your toes. You were not afraid, and nobody noticed you, and there was not the voice that always said when you were happy, "Oh, Joanna, pull down your skirt"—that one terrible command!

With a sob that came from nowhere and was lost quickly in a burst of silent laughter, she let herself down into the laboratory. Etheridge would understand, though he would never know she was Joanna. She would be "Robinson" there. So, in this comfortable assurance, she dropped herself into the most fascinating room she had ever seen. Not a laboratory, but a tiny kitchen. A long board table was set with oilcloth, cups,



Drawn by L. Pern Bird.

"And who is this?"—Page 750.

and saucers. A coffee-pot chugged on the little gas-range, and she saw a large platter of hamburg steak through the open oven door.

Then Joanna heard voices approaching. Her trousered legs were too new to give her perfect boldness. With the old sorry Joanna-qualm she hopped into hiding between the stove and the wall.

Two seconds later the great blue light blazed overhead, throwing the kitchen into a glare. Two seconds more and they had pulled the little rabbit out of its hiding.

"And who is this?" asked the great Etheridge.

And one of his assistants (God bless him) replied in all good faith: "Why, it's only the janitor's boy."

But Joanna, taking courage, replied in her small, sweet voice: "I'm Robinson."

And suddenly it seemed so good to one who had been lonely, so dear to one who had not been understood, to be sitting on Etheridge's great knee, that if she had not worn trousers she would have cried. But as it was, it was beautiful.

They all sat down to their comfortable meal, and in the midst of them sat a little pale-haired "boy," who gulped at his coffee joyfully and gobbled the hamburg steak. They were a hungry, heavy-eyed crew, with crumpled shirts and dingy hands, but they made so vastly merry over their meal that Robinson was in transports.

The great Etheridge's eyes glimmered as he met the steady, adoring gaze of Robinson, and he wiped his mouth with his hand and leaned back in his chair for five minutes with a pipe:

"Well, boy, what work are you going to do, eh?"

"I'm an inventor, too," said Robinson.

"You are? Good! What do you invent?"

Robinson detailed it. "It's a slip-noose you hang over the limb of a tree, and you step into it and pull yourself up," said Robinson excitedly. The assistants laughed. And Robinson, who in other circumstances would have felt like crying, laughed too; he was a boy now. "Boys do not cry"—he had often heard mother tell Theodore so. But it was different when mother said: "Girls must not be cry-babies!" So instead Robinson laughed. But Etheridge removed his pipe for a moment. He pulled Robinson to him, and Robinson loved the feel of his big, warm, strong hands.

"That's the idea," he said kindly. "Keep it up. You fellows may laugh, but it was just his age I got my biggest idea. It's not worked out yet."

At that there was a reverent silence among the big fellows. The great inventor was slapping the hair on Robinson's head now, kindly strokes that one gives to a dog—not the sleek dabs one is always bestowing upon little girls' hair-ribbons. Again Robinson had the inward desire to sob, but the trousers checked it.

Suddenly the inventor snapped his meerschaum into its case and got up. "We've taken just twelve minutes of our night," he said. "By golly, boys, if you saw how short life is, like I do, you wouldn't waste it. All over in a flash of black and white! Come." His fierceness was checked by the sight of Robinson. He pulled him along roughly. "Just what we want for our test, Nick," he said.

Now they might have operated upon Robinson with no anæsthetics; he would not have minded—from them. As it was, they placed him in front of a talking-machine and asked him to sing. And he sang the only song he knew, "Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me!" and if in places he flatted the notes a little, it was because he was having an evening of paradise. He thought it would be good always to live here among the machines and the men and never go back to a world of clean dresses and dancing-school. And then a dreadful nightmarish thing happened. Robinson—no, this was Joanna—felt something slippery start to glide down her arm, something cold and slippery, that fell down as far as her little thin wrist. It was her bracelet, the gold one Aunt Mary had given her instead of the electric fountain that she had begged for. She had chewed at it to try to get it off, but the spring was broken. Now it had slid down her arm. Any second Etheridge would notice it.

She knew what would happen. They

would see the bracelet; there would be an outcry. They would see that she was a girl. They would send her home. No more life, no more adventure, no more invention! Better to break the spell now and go—while she was still Robinson. So she went.

And Etheridge, squinting at his record, heard a sob and saw a flash of red and white, which was gone when he looked again.

Nick inquired of the janitor, who said he had a boy, but his boy was only five, and was visiting his granny in Brookline. And on inquiry next door it was proved that the boy of the house was sound asleep "and the other one is a girl." So Etheridge and his assistants wondered "Who was Robinson."

Meantime it was 1916, and that, among other things more and less horrible, meant that it was the year of the Great Plague. Frantic parents woke their children in the night to find out whether the little hands and feet were supple as they should be, and in spite of every precaution the sickness walked in the noontide and entered the house next to Etheridge.

It was the house where Joanna lived that it walked, and it was the bed where Joanna lay that it laid itself, and finally she was tied hand and foot, poor child, with invisible chains, and Theodore and sailor-suits and all such homelike things drifted away, and the nursery became a white-hung land like an ice-block Esquimaux hut, tense with wretched anxiety.

So Joanna lay; who knows the why of its being Robinson instead of some other? Back of it all, was it perhaps some strap in her life that had galled too long, some chafing at the restraint of slippers and white dresses and doll presents, the weighted-down assertion that she should be of the girls girly, the early frost of circumstance closing in?

This is fine writing, undoubtedly. For it is meant to be. Also there is no changing destiny. And not one of us would have done better in Joanna's place. She refused to swallow medicine; she said that it was bad enough to be scared and frightened, and have no feeling in your arms or legs; she said that as long as she could talk (for her voice alone was left her) she would not waste her time swallowing.

And she did not. But lay staring straight up at the white ceiling, very stiff and very scared, and sang loudly. "Jesus, tender Shepherd," she sang. Not because she liked it, but because from being long repeated it came so easily to her lips.

"'All this day Thy hand has led me!'" she chirped.

The two consulting physicians in the hall coughed. They were affected. Wherein they did Joanna a grave injustice. Her thoughts were not on a certain dark gate which she was closely approaching, nor upon the words of the hymn. For to the boy Robinson those words recalled a thrill of adventure which was the sole reason that she insisted on them in her discomfort.

Of course the doctors did not know. To them she was a little girl to be watched and guarded. But some one else working in his laboratory next door heard the little words and dropped his hammer.

"Golly! There is—Robinson. Just in time, too. I need him for this record." Etheridge, single-minded, contemptuous of circumstance as all masters of it are, and seeing only the end in the beginning, dropped his stuff upon the floor and rushed forth, his invention in mind, to find the boy.

It never occurred to him that it was strange to hear those words at that instant. To the inventor naught in the universe is strange. Upon its shelves everything in the world of nature lies orderly; when he needs it, he reaches it down. So did Etheridge.

He followed the voice. It had reached the end: "'Happy there with Thee to dwell.'"

The doctors and nurse were consulting in the room across the hall, and they neither saw nor heard the great man blunder up the stairs.

As he stopped at the door, Joanna, bound in iron, was asking:

"I can't turn my head; who's there?"

Etheridge saw her tiny clothes over the chair—her petticoats and her stockings and her hair-ribbons. Yet he heard Robinson's voice. Then his intuition

told him everything. It is what all inventors have that makes them jump over the chasms. And he understood.

And yet as ever, with those minds, one little life was nothing but a link in the chain of his invention.

"I'm here; it's Etheridge," he replied. "Will you help me again?"

"Yes," replied her small, sweet voice, "only I guess you won't want me now. I'm a girl. I was only Robinson for the one night. Besides, I am stiff, like when you have sat on your feet an hour."

The great man came over to the little bed and stared over into her face and smiled at her pale eyes and hair.

She smiled gallantly back.

"You were the fellow, all right, that came over to see me."

"I was!" her voice rang.

"Well, then, laddie, I shall take you over there to help me now."

He went to the hall and spoke in his low, controlling tone to the doctors. They hesitated. At last one of them said softly:

"We have done all we can. Take her over there if she wants to go. Wrap her up well. She cannot be much worse without—" He finished his staccato speech to the air, for Etheridge was back at the child's bedside.

With one sweep of his big arms he had her and all the bedding.

"Where are we going?" she asked wistfully.

"Home!" said he.

"Where's that?"

"Why, where we do what we love best."

"I can't do it much," said Joanna. "It is always so messy; sticks and wire and dirt." Her voice faded away faintly.

"Look here, little pal, do you feel as if something was pulling you away?" he asked roughly.

Her little "yes" was feeble but quite audible.

The sweat stood on Etheridge's forehead.

"Well, now, you say 'I won't go,' with all your might," said Etheridge, with a sort of fierce directness. For the first minute in his life his will-power was concentrated on something else than his invention. It was necessary to his work that she should stay.

"But I'm so tired," said Joanna, "and so stiff. I feel like a shark had hold of my toes and was swimming off with me. Why must I stop?"

Yet his voice penetrated the hazy blackness that swirled around her.

"Robinson, little Robinson, *stop!* If you go you will spoil my best cylinder record."

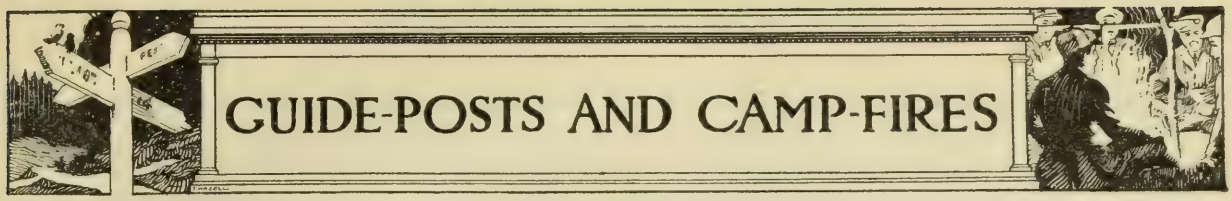
And way down in the blackness Robinson heard his voice and smiled, and pushed back the shark. Because it was the voice of man to man, and not of man to baby-girl; the voice of the great thundering work of the world to be done, to which one's life is proud to be sacrificed.

So, stiff and strange as she was, she rallied—and stayed.

And it was Etheridge who saw her unfold her small, frozen hands.

"They are ready to wind the m'chine," she said.

And that was Robinson.



BY HENRY VAN DYKE

CHRISTMAS GREENS

[THE ELEVENTH PAPER]

"THE time draws near the birth of Christ,"—

you remember, reader, the rest of that lovely canto of *In Memoriam*, where the bells of four villages answer each other through the misty night while the wreaths of evergreen are woven with memories and regrets to deck the church and the home in honor of the best of all birthdays.

Once more the Yuletide draws near,—near at least to the Slave of the Magazine, though by the dull, prosaic almanac it is still months away. For me it is proximate and pressing. The editor cajoles and threatens: the printer waits at extra wages for overtime: to-morrow will be Christmas and the day after will be New Year; and I must gather the figurative greens to-day, or leave our Christmas Camp-fire without a token of remembrance or a sign of cheer.

But what a day is this on which I set about my pleasant task! Indian summer at its golden best: the blue of the sky subdued by a silvery haze to the tint of turquoise, faintly luminous: the verdure of the woodlands, ripened and dulled a little by the August heat, now shot through with the first rich threads of autumnal glory: the mountains growing higher and more aerial, as they recede in the light mist, until they change into bastions of opal and amethyst: the deep blue of the open sea ever deepening far away, while the white flower of foam above the hidden reef, expands and closes with every passing wave,—a mystic lily on a sleeper's breast. Over the pastures and meadows the long gossamers go drifting on the soft air, or lie close upon the emerald aftermath, glistening with tiny drops of moisture. From every orchard the smell of ripening apples comes out to us, and from the tangled thicket we catch the odor of fox-grapes, waiting for the frost to sweeten them. Wild asters and goldenrod adorn the wayside; gentians bloom in secret places. The little birds have assembled their silent companies for southward flight. But they are loath to leave their summer haunts, and if we go warily through the wood, they will flock around us suddenly, fluttering through the coppice in search of food, flitting from branch to branch of the dark firs, lisping, calling, whispering *sotto voce*, no doubt talking over their plans for the long journey to Central America.

All round us as we walk through this transient and ephemeral beauty, the more hardy and enduring growths which are to serve for adornment in our homes at the midwinter festival are visible and suggestive to the inward eye which looks far ahead. Here the young spruces and balsam-firs, shapely and symmetrical pyramids of absolute green, are standing by thousands in the open places,—regiments of Christmas-trees! Here

> "The ground-pine trails its pretty wreath
> Running over the club-moss burrs,"

ready to be twined into garlands or long festoons. Here the glistening, prickly holly lights its dark foliage with red berries; and the ground-hemlock hides its delicate coral fruit like drops of translucent wax under its spreading branches; and the climbing bittersweet curls back its orange pods to show the scarlet-covered seeds within; and the pale-green mistletoe,—not just here perhaps, but a little farther south,—prepares its pearly berries to sanction kisses yet unkissed.

Nature in her lavish way provides in beauty for every season: flowers that fade and vanish as the summer goes: gold and crimson leaves that fall as the autumn

wanes: and evergreens that will stay with us in rich and sober loveliness when

"Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing."

All these things are given us to enjoy. They are best in the place where nature put them, out-of-doors: but a little of each and all we may rightly take, if we will, to deck our dwellings, if for no other purpose than to be a fragrant reminder that we are more akin to nature than to our houses.

Shall we grieve, then, at the thought that some of these pretty, wild, growing things will be cut and gathered for Christmas greens? Not I,—if the cutting and gathering are wisely done, with kindly forethought of the coming generations, so that no sort of harmless vine or amiable tree shall be exterminated from the earth. Let us not spoil our love of nature with a sickly sentimentalism. There are enough evergreen things in our country to provide a sign of Christmas for every house and church in it. To gather them prudently is to practise a kind of forestry. For my part I can think of no fairer way for a little fir-tree to complete its life than by becoming for a while the sparkling centre of a circle of human joy,—a Christmas-tree! If your imagination must endow the little fir with feelings, why not give it this fine emotion of ending in glory?

I confess myself out of sympathy with those writers who complain that they must write their Christmas stories in midsummer and their August fiction in midwinter. Incongruous it may seem, but such incongruity is of the very warp and woof of life. Always we are looking backward and forward while we live the passing hour. Every true pleasure hath in it an extract of the past and a tincture of the future. I think it was that great artist John La Farge who said "all drawing of the things we see is an exercise of memory, and the things we have seen enter into it." The springs of poetry, Wordsworth found, have their origin in "emotion recollected in tranquillity." This is true of noble sorrow as of worthy joy. There is not one little delight that comes to us without a flavor of reminder. When we lie on a bed of balsam boughs in the forest we dream of a Christmas-tree. When we enter the room where the gift-laden, candle-lighted tree waits for the children, the very smell of it carries us away to camp in the greenwood.

You may call this "sentimental," if you will, Brother Gradgrind, and scoff at it in your sour, self-satisfied way. But it is by this thread that our personalities are held together. If you have it not, as you boast, that is probably why you are a person so little to be envied, a thing of shreds and patches, but no man. There is no present reality for us humans, without memory and hope. Lose the first, and you are dead; lose the second, and you are buried. But in Christmas, as truly as in Easter, if we come to it in the spirit, there is a power of resurrection.

The custom of adorning our houses and places of worship at this season with green tokens from the winter woods came down to us, no doubt, from heathen ancestors who dwelt, as we do, in what is ironically called the north temperate zone. It was partly a tribute to unknown gods, and partly an expression of man's wish to make himself comfortable and even merry in the teeth of the rudest weather. In the tropics, of course, there would be no call for this defiance of the frost. And in the southern hemisphere the seasons would be reversed; instead of Christmas greens there would be a festival of flowers out-of-doors. There must be something charming in that; yet those who have tasted the ruder and more bracing joys of a northern Christmas always hone for them, and cannot be comforted with palms and pomegranates. Shakespeare, in *Love's Labor's Lost,* makes Biron say,

"At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows."

Some hold that the decking of houses with green branches in December originated among the Druids, and was a pious provision for the poor sylvan spirits,—elves, and fays and good goblins,—who needed a shelter from the nipping cold. That may be what the Druids told the people; but I think natural inclination and a love of beauty had a good deal to do with it. Religious customs are most easily accepted when they fit with human desires.

Holly with its bright sheen and vivid

color was the symbol of mirth and good cheer. Ivy was sacred to Bacchus, and hung over the door of wine-shops; yet if I mistake not there was also an ancient tradition that while it invited to drinking it was a talisman against drunkenness,—a most considerate and convenient arrangement! Laurel and bay were signs of honor and festivity. Mistletoe was the most weird and magical of all the Christmas greens, feared a little because of its association with druidical sacrifices, yet loved a good deal for its modern uses. They say that in the olden time it was admitted in the Yuletide decoration of houses, but not of churches. Yet one of the antiquarians tells us that in the eighteenth century, in York Cathedral, it was the custom on Christmas Eve to carry a branch of mistletoe to the high altar and "proclaim a public and universal liberty, pardon, and freedom to all sorts of inferior and even wicked people at the gates of the city toward the four quarters of heaven." Here we find, perhaps, a hint of that liberty of osculation with which the homely plant is now connected. And this, again, we may dimly trace back to the Scandinavian myth. For the arrow with which the rascally Loki tricked the blind Höder into killing Baldur the beautiful, was made of mistletoe. When the fatal shaft was plucked out, the mistletoe was given into the keeping of Freya, the love-goddess; and henceforth on every one who passes beneath it she bestows a kiss,—a right pleasant legend with a happy ending! Yet after all, if Freya,—well, I will say no more than this, *if* Freya!

There is a quaint reference on this point in Hawthorne's "English Note-Books," under date of December 26, 1855. He was then American Consul at Liverpool living in the cosey boarding-house of Mrs. Blodgett. "On Christmas Eve and yesterday," he says, "there were branches of mistletoe hanging in several parts of the house, in the kitchen, the entries, the parlor, and the smoking-room,—suspended from the gas-fittings. The maids of the house did their utmost to entrap the gentlemen boarders, old and young, under the privileged places, and there to kiss them, after which they were expected to pay a shilling. It is very queer, being customarily so respectful, that they should assume this license now, absolutely trying to pull the gentlemen into the kitchen by main force, and kissing the harder and more abundantly the more they were resisted. A little rosy-cheeked Scotch lass—at other times very modest—was the most active in this business. *I doubt whether any gentleman but myself escaped.* [Italics mine.] I heard old Mr. S—— parleying with the maids last evening and pleading his age; but he seems to have met with no mercy, for there was a sound of prodigious smacking immediately afterwards. J—— was assaulted, and fought most vigorously; but was outrageously kissed—receiving some scratches, moreover, in the conflict. The mistletoe has white wax-looking berries, and dull green leaves, with a parasitical stem." Oh, Mr. Hawthorne! Was it comedy or tragedy that you meant to write? Would you have us congratulate, or pity you on your "escape" from the rosy-cheeked Scotch lass? Did you lock yourself in your room and refuse nourishment for forty-eight hours? At all events you kept your pale Puritan humor in that gay galley of British fun.

The old English customs and manners of Yuletide,—the general atmosphere of festive preparation, the carolling of the "waits" on Christmas Eve, the service in the village church on Christmas Morn, the feasting in servants' hall and dining-room, the Yule-clog blazing on the broad hearth and the boar's head borne in with ceremony, the Wassail-Bowl and the Christmas-Pie, the songs and dances and games under the Lord of Misrule, the mummery in fancy dress, the ghost-stories by the fireside, the pervasive spirit of joviality and good comradeship between young and old, wise and simple, rich and poor,—these Christmas charms are nowhere set forth more enchantingly than in *The Sketch-Book* of Washington Irving. No wonder that Sir Walter Scott loved the book and the author. Yet even when he wrote, the genial Knickerbocker saw these ways and manners as antiquities, in a vanishing light; and he prefaced his essays with a quotation from a still earlier *Hue and Cry after Christmas:* "But is old, old, good old Christmas gone? Nothing but the hair of his good,

gray, old head and beard left? Well, I will have that, seeing I cannot have more of him."

That seems to be the proper, regular, inevitable attitude to take about Christmas,—a kind of hail-and-farewell tone,—as if one would say, "let us have one more jolly good time, it may be the last." In that fruitful little book *Guesses at Truth*, written in 1827, I find this passage: "It was a practice worthy of our ancestors to fill their houses at Christmas time with their relations and friends; that when Nature was frozen and dreary out of doors, something might be found within doors 'to keep the pulses of their hearts in proper motion.' The custom, however, is only appropriate among people who happen to have hearts. It is bad taste to retain it in *these days*, when everybody worth hanging

oublie sa mère
Et par bon ton se défend d'être père."

So runs the song from age to age,—O good old times! O bad present times! O worse,—or it may be better,—times to come!

I wonder what particular ways and manners of our own day the people of the twenty-second century will regard as especially picturesque and romantic.

There is plenty about Christmas in the treasure-house of English poetry, from Milton's glorious hymn to the lyrics of Eugene Field and Bliss Carman and Lady Lindsay. Richest and most Christmassy are the old ballads and carols and the poems by such writers as George Wither and Robert Herrick. But every poet when he comes to this subject shows something of his own personal character and sentiment,—his way of looking at life. Thus Stevenson writes a ballad of *Christmas at Sea*, and Kipling of *Christmas in India*.

To some of us there is a peculiar brightness and sweetness in the memories associated with the homely household rites of putting up the greens and dressing the tree. This is done on Christmas Eve, after the younger children, or perhaps the grandchildren, have hung up their stockings and gone to bed. The elder children help. There is a joyous bustle and an air of secrecy about the business. If you hear a patter of small feet on the stair or see a tousled head peeping through the banisters, you must pretend to notice nothing. The tall step-ladder must be brought up from the cellar, and it is usually very rickety. There are wreaths to be hung in windows and festoons to be looped over doors. A new way of decorating the pillars is much called for, but after many experiments you always come back to the old way. (Reader, I know not what your favorite way may be, but I am all for spirals of ground-pine.) Then the tree must be set up, on a white cloth, and decked with tiny candles, and hung with ornaments, old and new. (Don't forget the old ones, or the children will miss them.) Then the presents, the simpler the better, must be arranged in little piles under the tree. Last of all, there are certain pictures,—"the old familiar faces," gone away, but never nearer than to-night—and each one of them must have its wreath of green, or perhaps a flower in a little vase before it. While you are doing this you have few words, but long, long thoughts. Now it is midnight, and so to bed, for the children will have emptied their stockings by sunrise, and will be down in force to assault the room where the tree is hidden.

This is Christmas at home,—the best place. But who can tell where the holy day will find him,—how far away, how lonely, in what strange and hard surroundings? Shall he then be robbed of its joy? Shall it pass by without a bit of green and a blessing? Not if he have the heart to put forth his hand and touch the hem of its garment.

Many a boy, in the years just passed, has had a rough Christmas. A letter came to me the other day from a young Canadian farmer, a stranger, who had been reading these Camp-fire papers, and this is what he wrote:

"The memory comes back embellished by many a pleasant and stirring adventure in the Balkans and takes one back to Christmas Day 1916. I was one of a British Artillery observation party and we were then leading a precarious existence on the bald, bare and lofty crown of Hill 380, which overlooked Ghergheli, that border town of many vicissitudes. Our attack, made a few days previously,

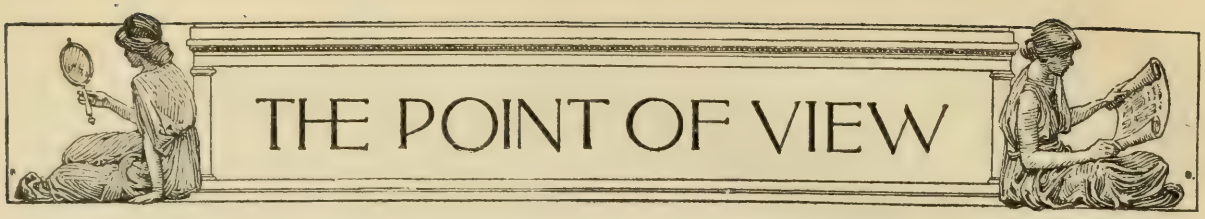
had fizzled into chaos owing to small numbers and faulty liaison work with the Zouaves on our left. Incidentally our ration supply had failed for about five days and a brief, (very brief in fact,) survey of our larder found us with a leg of mutton of the 'white lean' (fat) description and three tins of the ubiquitous 'bully.' Of tea, sugar, bread or fuel there were none, and even if hope springs eternal according to Pope, it is apt to run rather in the valley of melancholy when a party of nine have to spend Christmas day in a poorly constructed shelter, and with a few pounds of raw meat as sole sustenance. The hilltop was exposed to machine-gun fire and also enfilade artillery *strafes*, and so movement of any kind was somewhat hazardous and even, in the circumstances, futile. I had joined the French *sous-lieutenant* in the O. P., and in saddened strains we conversed of *Noël* under more cheerful and homely conditions. Towards evening, observation became difficult, and so, posting a look-out man in case of infantry flares for barrage, we crawled back to our inhospitable dugout and exchanged cigarettes with a view to await the possible, though highly improbable, arrival of the ration party. From the men's quarters came sounds of a melancholy dirge known to the troops as 'Looking for Rum.' A casual glance in the direction showed a faint trickle of light, wavering over the ground. My companion and I crawled from our sleeping-bags and crossed to the other dugout. It was a sight of great content to a pair of chilly and hungry mortals. In a battered tin helmet was a cheery fire, over which one of the telephonists fried bully beef in his dixie lid. Further inspection showed that the fire came from the outlaw leg of mutton! And so in its greasy and spluttering flame we saw, each in his own way, that life after all was worth living. We gathered round and sat in the warmth, nibbling at fried bully beef and swapping yarns, regardless of wars or War Lords. That Christmas night was well on its way to relegation among the happy and curious incidents of life, when a nasty shriek sounded and a dull 'phoof' of an exploding gas shell. We donned our gas helmets and in a spirit of braggadocio infused by our fire, allowed the mutton to burn on as a further inducement to the prowess of the Austrian gunners. Fortune must have felt benevolent, because we sat for about three quarters of an hour in the glow before it spluttered out. And the happy ending came at four in the morning with the ration train of mules."

Reader, do you think the war has spoiled Christmas? Do you believe the coming revolution, the social upheave, the triumph of materialism, the anarchy, or the dictatorship of the proletariat, or whatever may be before us, is going to destroy it, and leave no room for its return? I tell you, no! Whatever turnings and overturnings, whatever calamity and ruin, are in store for this battered old world, we shall not be poorer than the blessed Mary and Joseph when they walked to Bethlehem, and that same night

> "The stars in the bright sky looked down where
> He lay,—
> The little Lord Jesus asleep on the hay."

Whatever fantasies of government or no-government the brains of men may devise, the heart of man will always ask and take a day of rest and peace, gladness and good-will to sweeten the long year. So let us put up our bits of Christmas green, brother, with brave and cheerful hearts: and if we want something to strengthen and steady us, we will read by our camp-fire this verse of Charles Kingsley:

> "O blessed day, which giv'st the eternal lie
> To self, and sense, and all the brute within;
> O come to us amid this war of life;
> To hall and hovel come: to all who toil,
> In senate, shop, or study; and to those
> Who sundered by the wastes of half a world,
> Ill-warmed and sorely tempted, ever face
> Nature's brute powers, and men unmanned to
> brutes.
> Come to them, blest and blessing, Christmas
> Day!
> Tell them once more the tale of Bethlehem,
> And kneeling shepherds, and the Babe Divine,
> And keep them men indeed, fair Christmas
> Day."



IT was Christmas Eve, 1917, my first Christmas in Paris, and the Souchezes and the de Mariots had asked me to go with them to *la messe de minuit.* A little before eleven we set out. There were eight of us: large, jovial Madame de Mariot, whom I mentally named "the pink mother" because of her sweaters and her complexion; her two daughters, Madeleine, the sweet, and Yvonne, the lively, in whom the American youths who drifted to the pension from time to time were always interested; Françoise Souchez, whose lover was fighting in Belgium; her brother, Etienne, with the glorious red hair—he was seventeen and would be called up in March to *faire son service;* Etienne's younger and less charming brother; the Irish aviator on headquarters duty in Paris; and I, of *la Croix-Rouge Américaine.* We crossed the Pont de l'Alma to the right bank. A thick mist hung over the Seine. Earlier in the day it had been drizzling rain and the pavements were covered with a thin coating of ice. We walked in the middle of the street, but the asphalt was nearly as bad as the sidewalks. "Il glisse," every one had shouted as soon as we took the first step out of the pension courtyard, but we were in a mood to find slipperiness amusing rather than annoying. The fat pink mother clung to my arm and "glissed" alarmingly. I am always extremely unsteady on ice, but she did not know that, and I comforted myself with the thought that I could probably manage to fall on top. Etienne, always gallant and always particularly good to me, walked at her other elbow and gave me what help he could. The Irish aviator, who had shattered my illusions the first night we met by assuring me that flying was very chilly and exceedingly dull, was sliding recklessly between Françoise and Yvonne, flourishing the twisted leather stick with the loaded head which was the object of Etienne's especial admiration. Between "glisses" I asked the pink mother (conversation with Etienne was impossible) to what church we were going. To St. Pierre de Chaillot, it appeared, only a short distance away and "*une église de Paris très chic.*" *Chic* as an ecclesiastical adjective seems to me to possess a peculiar charm.

Peace and War

We reached the *chic* church not long after eleven. It was warm and softly lighted, an ugly church by daylight, brown-pillared and wall-papered, but beautiful now with its warmth and candle-light. After a December in Paris you appreciate the æsthetic quality of warmth. The place was already crowded. When we at last found seats they were close against the wall, so that all we saw of the high altar was a great square of glowing gold, but directly in front of us was the *crèche,* very lovely with its background of the roofs of Bethlehem against a blue-black sky. Mary in her shining robe bent over the straw, where the *petit Jésus* lay, but he, not yet born, was covered with a white cloth.

For nearly an hour we sat there in the warm dimness, and I indulged in my favorite pastime of subtracting five hours and thinking of what my family were doing now. I was always sure that when I thought of them like that they were thinking of me; certainly, in the case of a mother that was pretty safe, and, anyway, it made a material shrinkage in the three thousand miles. This time I was very sure that my picture of them was correct. They were sitting before the fire on the long, blue settle, dipping into an advance box of the morrow's candy and reading aloud Dickens's "Christmas Carol," which my mother's mother read to her and she has read to us on every Christmas Eve since the time when we were so little that the story of the third spirit had to be omitted. I wondered if they thought me peacefully sleeping, or if it entered their minds that I was at a midnight mass in Paris with an Irish aviator and six French refugees—yes, refugees, for the Souchezes' home in the Aisne lay in ruins and the de Mariots' house in the Somme was serving as headquarters for forty British officers.

Just before midnight the organ and a 'cello began softly to play, and as the twelve strokes of the hour pealed out a man's voice rose strong and sweet and clear

in that loveliest of carols, "*Minuit Chrêtienne.*" The "*Noël, Noël,*" at the end of each verse took your heart, all full of peace before, and poured it brimming over with joy. Then a gorgeous white-and-gold priest approached the *crèche*, drew off the cloth and folded it; it was Christmas day, the little Jesus was born. One by one the people went to the *crèche*, lit candles and prayed on their knees before him. The mass began. Three times it was celebrated at the glowing altar, and all the while the organ played softly on. Sometimes a violin joined with it, sometimes the 'cello, sometimes it was the man's voice and then again the voice of a *tout petit garçon*, and through it all the little silver bells of the mass rang and rang and rang again. My French friends went up to take the sacrament, and I knelt on my rush-bottomed prie-dieu and prayed as I have seldom prayed in all my life before. I did not forget the war, I did not even think, as we had thought two months ago, that it would be over in the spring, but I knew with an unshakable conviction that it would end somehow in the right way—that all the labor and the suffering would not have been in vain. There in the midst of war I found peace, that peace which the world cannot give, not cold and starry, as I have known it once or twice before, but warm and candle-lit and singing in my heart.

It was Christmas Eve, 1918, and the liner was seven days out from Bordeaux. Her passenger list bore the names of as gloomy a lot of Americans as ever embarked upon a transatlantic voyage. Every last one of us had taken our passage with the conviction that even a French liner scheduled to sail on the 3d of December could not avoid getting home in time for Christmas; we had cabled the fact to our respective families at a franc a word, and here we were on Christmas Eve at least three days from port. Consequently we disliked each other intensely, and we took it out in being disagreeable or aloof or seasick, according to our temperaments. We were not a fascinating group of persons, even had we been in happier frames of mind. There was none of the cosmopolitan leaven which added piquancy to most war-time voyages. Our only representatives of the Allied nations were a Serbian who sang rather decently and a very plain French war-bride. We were almost one hundred per cent American, but not, alas! of the army—middle-aged Red Cross and Y men, some ambulance boys and a sprinkling of women. There were only four people in the lot worth talking to, so we decided the second day out, the girl who had been driving a motor at Toul and I, as we huddled side by side in our wind-swept deck-chairs. We, of course, were two of the four. The others were the walrus-mustached *commissaire*, who gave us tea every day in his little cabin and discoursed to us on French politics and the position of women, and the ambulance man with the beard, the one whose Belgian police dog had jumped overboard in a pathetic attempt to find his master. The master and I spent Christmas Eve together on the forward saloon deck. I sat on a big bulkhead thing—I don't know its proper nautical name—my heels drumming against its sides, my long black cape wrapped closely round me. He stood leaning against the bulk-head, smoking, his eyes on the prow swinging smoothly up and down again into the gray-black sea. Usually we had more things to talk about than we could cover in a long evening. To-night we told each other sullenly how much we wished we were anywhere but here and then fell silent, watching the dipping prow and busy with our own unhappy thoughts. I had not even the consolation of a pipe. Right before us the tall mast, where the crow's-nest hung, rose black against the stars, and fell again. Off our port bow glowed a great golden light that might have been the star of Bethlehem, but we steamed on and left it off our port bow. Down from the deck above drifted a burst of drunken laughter. The ambulance boys were "celebrating" in the smoking-room. It was not cold, but the wind blew hard, a warm, persistent, irritating wind. There was nothing buoyant about it, nothing bracing; it was not going anywhere, it was only endlessly wearying with its insistent, meaningless activity. And yet the world was at peace, at peace on Christmas Eve for the first time in five long years. If this Christmas Eve was a symbol of the peace for which men fought and died, then it was indeed a peace without victory.

But perhaps I did not read the symbol aright. Perhaps we have not yet reached the peace which we have won. We have

left war behind, but we are still upon the ocean out of sight of land.

The Telephone-Room

THERE is one room in our old house which, from our first occupation, has steadily refused to conform to any of the normal, conventional uses of a room. Though it lies between the kitchen and dining-room and has an exposure which catches the morning sun, it has not fallen in with our notion of making a breakfast-room of it. Neither, in those first helpless days when we thought "we *must* have a maid," did it lend itself gracefully to the rôle of maid's sitting-room. There were too many doors in it for the peace of mind of "followers." Probably all people who have had experience with old houses know how wilful they can be. A refractory room will never yield to dictation, but must be let alone on the chance that, sooner or later, some suitable rôle will present itself.

The introduction of the telephone was the cue for which our anomalous little apartment waited, reserving itself, not obstinately as we supposed, but with a fine, single-minded, resolute wisdom which might teach a lesson to mutable, groping humanity. It knew its own when it saw it, and at once its assertion of will became as positive as it had lately been negative. We had rather expected to put the telephone in a corner of the hall where it could be heard in all parts of the house. Our "party line" has many subscribers, and the business of recognizing our own particular summons is not simple. But, no! though the hall was willing enough, even eager, it had no show whatever against the suddenly concentrated volition of the room in the rear of the house; and before we any of us quite knew what was happening, the telephone was installed close by the side door that opens out on the little south porch. It was not very convenient for us, but it was immensely convenient for our neighbors, and that was the happy point.

Only a few of our neighbors have telephones of their own. Considering the situation beforehand, from the cold, stupid point of view of the city apartment-dweller, we should probably have preferred that they should all be equipped with the means of transacting their business in their own homes. But that prejudgment would only have proved how thoroughly stupid we were. In the first place, our particular line meanders across half a township and is so crowded and voluble that patience, patience (and sometimes a quick dash of impatience) is needed if one is to get a word in edgewise. I frequently spend half an hour waiting for a chance to order a yeast cake from the village store. One neighbor in particular flies to the ear of her bosom friend twenty times a day to say that she scorched her potatoes (no wonder!) or that her new shirt-waist doesn't fit, or that she thinks it's going to rain. I acknowledge the impropriety of overhearing these confidences, but I have to —we all have to—in order to seize the wire when at last it is momentarily free. It is amusing to hear us clicking our receivers and sighing audibly all up and down the line. This difficulty being what it is, one can understand that new subscribers are not particularly desired in our part of the valley.

The reason is low and selfish, however, and, to do us justice, it is not the reason which ranks first with Christopher and me when we assure our neighbors we'd rather have them use our telephone than install their own. Our great argument may be selfish too (I suppose most arguments are), but at least it is not self-centred; it consists in the grateful knowledge that through their use of our telephone our neighbors enlarge and deepen our life, permitting us to share experience which otherwise we should never have had. Country life does this, anyway. In the city existence is specialized and groups of friends are apt to be of one temper and tradition; but in the country everything that happens, happens more or less to every one, and all temperaments associate. We had begun to realize this before we installed our telephone, and, as soon as the latter step was taken, we understood that the telephone-room was henceforth the type and symbol of what we liked best about our new life. It belonged not so much to us as to the neighborhood; for that reason it had not been willing to subserve the uses of our private household, and for that reason it had seven doors (mystic number, by the way!) through which our neighbors might enter, and through which we of the household might scatter when we found ourselves *de trop*.

Vermonters are traditionally proud and independent; they do not like to be exten-

sively "beholden." Therefore it follows that our neighbors use our telephone mostly for inexorable reasons, and when we hear the side gate swing open and quick footsteps come up the walk, our first thought is: "Something has happened!" Then, with a strangely alert balance of mind, one of us hastens to answer the knock at the door, ready to respond to any one of a number of tones in which the familiar question may be put: "Please, may I use the telephone?" Generally, I am sorry to say, it is into the shadow instead of the light that the balance swings; for the joyful crises of life need no remedies and, as a rule, bring their own implements with them. The doctor, the telegraph operator, and, alas! the undertaker are the people most often summoned by our neighbors over our telephone. Sometimes the initial appeal inaugurates a long, heart-rending series of similar applications, so that for days we are harrowed by suspense and burdened by responsibility. One of us must be always within earshot of the telephone bell and ready to hasten up the road with whatever message may arrive. How I ran, how I flew, how I waved my hand and shouted when "Your son better" came! But, alas! how soberly Christopher and I looked into each other's face the next morning, and how cravenly glad we were that our neighbor had started for what she supposed to be her boy's convalescent bedside, and we should not have to break the fatal news to her.

Most of the people who use our telephone naturally prefer to carry on their own conversations; but a few of them have never learned to feel at ease in the manipulation of mouthpiece and receiver, and they sometimes put us on our mettle by asking us to deliver all sorts and kinds of messages. "Oh, say! I don't know how to do it. It drives all the words right out of my head and makes me feel awful queer. You do it for me. You just tell the doctor I ain't quite satisfied and I'm going to call some one else. Not exactly in those words, you know, but so's not to hurt his feelings." Or: "Say, I've got a chance to trade horses with a man across the valley and I wish you'd speak to him for me. Tell him my horse is as sound as a nut. I don't know just how to put it, and, anyway, he'd believe you sooner than he would me." On these occasions Christopher and I vie with each other in discovering errands to take us immediately and imperatively to remote parts of the house; but whichever one of us succeeds in "passing the buck" comes creeping back presently to admire the other's conversational antics. Christopher guilelessly conducting a horse-trade is a treat for gods and men.

Not often, however, are our services as auxiliary mouthpieces desired, and not always is it expedient even that we share experience. Now and then it happens that a youthful neighbor, male or female, hesitatingly knocks at the door and asks so shyly, with such heightened color and evasive eyes, to use the telephone that I know my duty at once and make haste to withdraw behind some one of the seven doors, closing it conspicuously behind me. I hate to do this. My appetite for romance is as keen as any one's, and it doesn't seem fair that most of the vicarious life which the telephone brings me should be in the minor key. Christopher says that I have my full share of feminine curiosity, too. But I am helpless to take advantage of my opportunities for eavesdropping; the telephone-room will not let me, it keeps me firmly in my place. Generally that place is the kitchen, and I am sometimes put to it to know what to do about an impending meal. Shall I let it dry up in the oven, while Christopher waits hungrily in his corresponding imprisonment behind the dining-room door? Or shall I defiantly brave the telephone-room's displeasure and scurry across it with my dinner dishes? Now and then I have risked the latter offense—"After all, am I, or am I not, the mistress of this house?" —but I have always been sorry. The floor of the telephone-room has burned my feet. "Mistress of the rest of the house, perhaps," it has sternly informed me, "but not of me. I should think you would know that by this time. I belong to the person who is using the telephone." Abashed, I have taken refuge with Christopher, and the rest of the dinner has dried or burned.

The result of all this is that I am coming to look on the telephone-room with a kind of awe. We cannot be said to hold it in trust for the neighborhood, since we do not hold it; it concedes nothing to our title-deed. But we are permitted to house it and enable it to fulfil its destiny. It is an august little place, compact of tragedy and comedy, and all the deep significance of human life. Its wall are written with an invisible script wherein drama lurks.

THE FIELD OF ART



Black Leopards.

F. S. CHURCH, N. A.

By Lucia Fairchild Fuller, A. N. A.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM MR. CHURCH'S PAINTINGS

OUR country has often been reproached with the fact that it has no national art. And in the sense that it has no homogeneous "American School" corresponding with the Dutch, English, or Italian schools, the reproach is undoubtedly true. But while most of our modern artists, who have travelled abroad so easily, studied, and often lived for years in foreign lands, show inevitably many influences which are not American, we have a few painters who represent us as folk-lore represents the older nations, and who could have been produced by no country save our own.

F. S. Church is one of these. Read the story of his life which follows; look at the accompanying illustrations of his pictures; note the ever-recurring combination of our two most fundamental national characteristics: a swift practical ability and a high poetic idealism. Whence but from the United States could such a man have come? And where else could his pictures with all their unsophisticated sincerity, and their humor, have been produced? He is as indigenous to us as the granite of the hillsides, from which his character seems to have been hewn.

Mr. Church was born at Grand Rapids, Michigan, in 1842. His father was a lawyer and a noted Greek scholar, and at one time editor of the *Detroit Free Press*. He began to draw very early in life; and as he was rather a delicate little boy, often kept out of school by attacks of inflammatory rheumatism, his talent became a refuge to him in his hours of enforced idleness, and was markedly developed while he was still young. In spite of illness, however, he soon showed an imaginative courage about the conduct of his life. When he was about ten years old, he began to try to make himself self-supporting. He carried the daily papers to

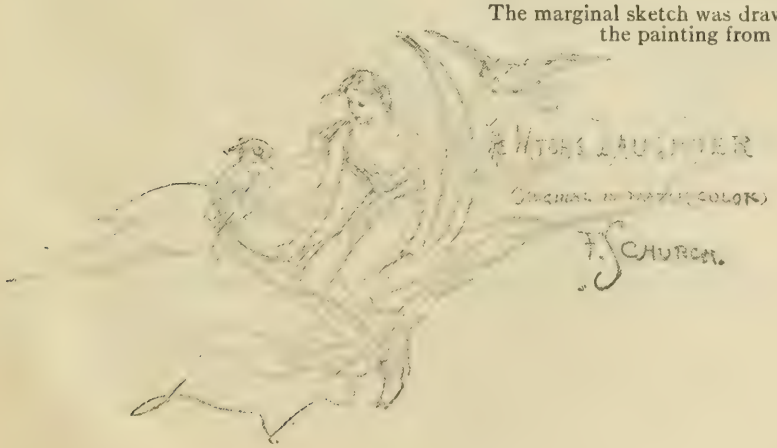
their subscribers every morning for the sum of one dollar a week, and he used this money for the obtaining of lessons from a Holland artist who was living in the neighborhood. Profiting by his instruction, it was not long before he painted a panorama, its subject bloodthirsty, its colors the most brilliant obtainable, which is now in the possession of the Grant B. Schley family.

Grand Rapids was but a small place at that time, and there was no railroad. The early settlers included, however, many college graduates from New England and New York, men and women of refinement, and others, who had the true pioneer spirit that makes for the advancement of a new country. Even if they came miles by ox-team through the forests, or by boat through the lakes and up the river, they nearly all had their Bibles and Shakespeare, and a good bookstore was always in evidence. They were dependent on the daily stage for the Eastern weeklies and the news of the world, but the home store furnished all standard works. Mr. Church was an omnivorous reader of all kinds of books, including, with most boys of those times, a taste for the delightful old yellow-backs. It was when Mr. Church's father gave him a copy of Hawthorne's "Wonder Book" and "Tanglewood Tales" that the young artist came at once into his own. Looking at his later pictures, one sees how deep an influence the old Greek myths held for him throughout the succeeding years.



The Witch's Daughter.

The marginal sketch was drawn on the mount of the photograph of the painting from which this plate was made.



At thirteen the lad left home to take a position which his aunt had procured him with the American Express Company in Chicago, and there he worked until he was twenty-six years of age,—with the exception of the years of the Civil War. During that time he naturally served. At the first call to the colors (though he was but eighteen years old) he volunteered "for three months," as (while still it was believed that the war would soon be over) the first 75,000 men were asked to do. Mr. Church went to the front in 1861 in a battery of light artillery which was part of the town militia and was the first company to leave Chicago. At the close of the three months, he re-enlisted for three years, and with his battery (Company A, First Illinois Artillery) he served through the war, on active duty all the time. As he had the opportunity, he drew, but all that he could make was comic caricatures which enlivened his comrades, none of which—so far as I know—are now in existence. He wrote often to his mother through those long four years, and far later, after her death, he came across the packet of his letters which she had carefully preserved. He burned them. He knew that a good deal of important data might have been got from them; but, as he matured, he had made many a close ex-Confederate friend, and had come to realize that each one of them had been fighting for what he believed to be the right, and fighting well, through suffering and privations which the Northern soldier had not been called upon to endure. He wished the old partisan feelings of his youth to be forgotten.

Meantime, at the close of the Civil War, Mr. Church returned to Chicago to his old position with the American Express Company, just as so many other young men all over the country were returning to their aforetime positions of homely toil. Among the young men who were working with him there was the late Mr. Grant B. Schley, the well-known financier. The two became close friends; and this friendship was of great importance to Mr. Church in his later career, as we shall see. But at the time of which I am writing, neither was wholly conscious of the great tie which was being formed between them; nor aware of the innate superiority on which it was based. They discussed their plans and dreams as young men are apt to do, but, I imagine, neither guessed how completely his secret ambitions were to be fulfilled. Instead of only dreaming, each worked. Late in life Mr. Schley built for Mr. Church a beautiful studio at his country place at Far Hills, N. J., where the artist worked for eighteen years. Mr. Church had himself transferred to the company's night shift, and joined a class for art students which Walter Shirlaw (who gave his help gratuitously) was teaching, and there he studied through the days. Often he would fall asleep in the midst of his drawing, and wake to find himself tied up and decorated by his companions; but when they learned, as they did, that all night long he had been toiling hard, they stopped their teasing. Indeed all seem to have respected and loved him; and Shirlaw himself distinguished the young man by a particularly admiring friendship which lasted as long as Shirlaw lived.



From a letter to his friend, Mr. Grant Schley.

In spite of all this work by night and study by day, Mr. Church, who had become a remarkably strong man, found time to make constant independent sketches of people and of animals.



St. Cecilia.

Then, in 1870, his aunt, who was living in New York, invited her talented nephew to come and make her a visit. Mr. Church accepted the invitation. He left the Express Company's service, which Mr. Schley left at the same time; and both friends made a great simultaneous step forward on their respective careers. It was for each the traditional "first step which alone counts."

Mr. Church entered the academy school, and there he drew under the direction of Professor L. E. Wilmarth. Also he got a copy of Ruskin's "Elements of Drawing," which he studied profoundly, as he would advise every art student to do. He continued his habit of constant sketching of people and of animals, and now, inspired by Ruskin's words, of most careful landscape foregrounds also. These latter have been of the greatest help to him because of the accessories they provided him over and over again for use in his later paintings. As yet he worked only in black-and-white; but he had begun to work professionally in that medium; so that, when Chicago burned in October, 1871, it was natural that he should remain in New York where he was already making his living by his drawings. These early drawings of his were for the most part comic in character: pictures of birds, animals, and barnyard fowls,—even of mosquitoes making ready for a mischievous attack upon mankind. They were published in the Harper publications, *St. Nicholas*, and many other magazines, and were very widely popular. It was then that the word "comic" became associated with Mr. Church's name; and in a curiously persistent way it has always clung there. As a matter of fact, beauty was then, as now, his sole real passion; and he dealt in comedy for the simple reason that he knew there was always a

ready market for these light-hearted drawings.

The Japanese consider Hokusai a "comic artist" much as we have so considered Mr. Church. Both have drawn comic pictures,—and great comic pictures at that,—but the Hokusai who will always be remembered is Hokusai the delicate decorator, who, as Whistler said, "dipped his brushes in light and air," and the Church who will remain to us as among our greatest artists is the Church who represents the high beauty of our fair young womanhood and the pale, tender colors of our native land, as in his later pictures he has done.



The Viking's Daughter.
By courtesy of the owner, John Gellatly, Esq.

What turned Mr. Church from black-and-white to color was the strange, and to us fortunate, fact that suddenly his drawings ceased to sell. He had never had any instruction in painting, but he began to try. An artist friend of his went down to an art shop with him and advised him what colors to buy, and Mr. Church went home and set to work.

It took him some years to obtain the complete mastery of this new medium (water-color, with the addition of Chinese white which gave his water-colors the appearance of work in tempera, and made his later transfer to oil paintings an easy one); but while he worked at it he continued to earn his living; only now by making illustrations of a more serious character. In these he found himself. Mr. Church's first serious effort in figure illustration was made at his aunt's home on the Hudson. It showed a young girl standing on a look-out in the tree-tops, such as was commonly to be seen along the river in those days and was called "Up in a Crow's Nest." When it was reproduced as a full-length in *Harper's Weekly* it met with an immediate success. It was copied in periodicals abroad, and Mr. Church found himself besieged to make other drawings of a similar kind. While he carried out these commissions he continued to work at painting,—and not many years had passed

before his work received wide recognition. Mr. Church's name became known all over the world, and every one of his pictures held a particular individual charm. There was, to be sure, rather a wide difference between his old comic drawings and this subsequent period, as there had been in his boyhood between his delight in one Sweeney Todd and his love for Hawthorne; but none the less Mr. Church had come into his own again, and this time completely. A realm in which he was king lay before him,—a realm as fair and jocund as a May morning. It was no longer merely comic, but was more as Mr. Church's later oil-paintings, are known to all followers of American art. His subjects, idyllic and touched with charming fantasy, remained always basically the same: that is to say, a lovely girl, with birds or animals. He tells us that the idea of this combination was first inspired in him by the following incident. One morning, while drawing at the Central Park Zoo, he noticed a singularly beautiful young sculptress modelling one of the lions there. She wore some roses at her belt, and when her small model was finished, she stood up, took the flowers, and tossed them lightly into



Desolation.

often irradiated by humor as dancing waves are by the sun. Innocence went with him there, and Truth, which, in the light of his later works, one can see glimmering in every old comic drawing he ever made. Fantastic as his animals had been they were always *real* animals—their joints in the right places, their proportions correct; for to their making had gone years of patient and faithful study. I do not mean by this severe study, undertaken with gritted teeth and a whipping will. Mr. Church was always as light of heart in his work as the results would indicate. Love and joy walked always hand in hand with him. But he never believed in the "art made easy" which is so prevalent just now. Knowledge lay back of every line he ever drew.

These beautiful early water-colors, as well the lion's cage. He depicted the scene afterward, and from that time on parallel themes were dominant in the kingdom of his own high fairy-land, to which he has so often transported the world.

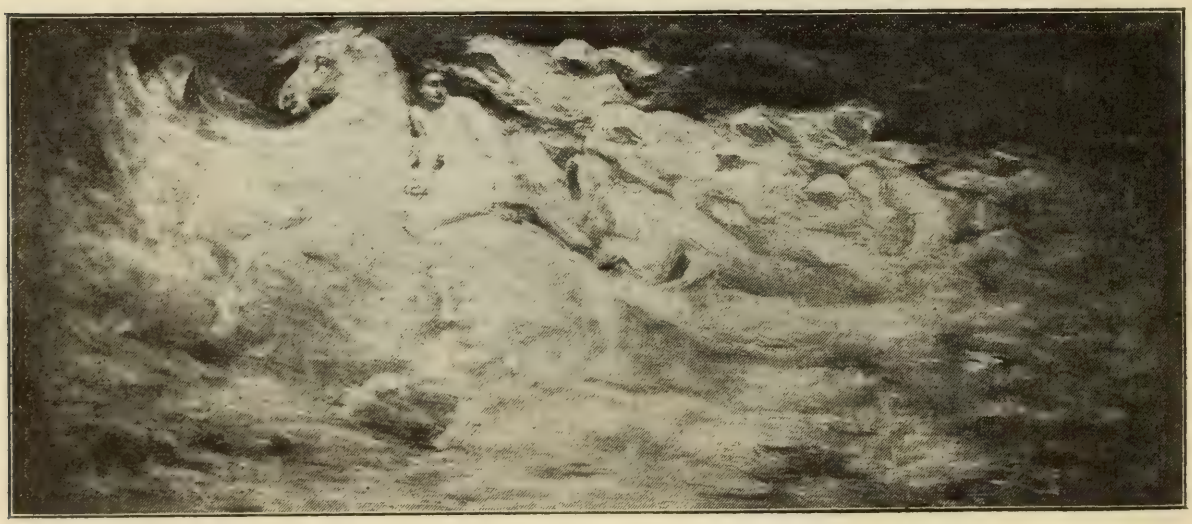
Meantime, outwardly, reward after reward had come to him. He was made a member of the American Society of Water-Color Painters; and in 1885, after he had begun to paint in oils, he was elected a National Academician. Presently he was represented in the St. Louis Art Museum, in the Metropolitan Museum of New York, the National Gallery in Washington, and other public places, besides in the notable private collections of Mr. John Gellatly (who owns "The Viking's Daughter"), Colonel Frank Hecker in Detroit, Mr. W. K. Bixby in St. Louis, Mr. Grant B. Schley in New York, and many more.

A constant discussion was waged in men's clubs and ladies' drawing-rooms concerning the real meaning of Mr. Church's pictures. Did he intend to show the power of feminine purity and its ability to subdue all passions, however savage? Or did the beautiful young girl who recurred so constantly throughout his work more comprehensively represent an all-embracing heavenly love? Were the paintings allegories, in short; and was Mr. Church in reality a great moral teacher? Even such children as cared for pictures talked endlessly about these, although their line of inquiry was a different one from that of the grown-ups. Gravely they wondered whether Mr. Church had found the "Fairy Cap," for which each one of them had searched so fruitlessly through woods and over bare hillsides,—that small red cap which, when placed on the head of any mortal, enabled him to understand the language of animals, and to see the "little people" at their dances and their play.

Mr. Church was indifferent to all this talk about his paintings, if indeed it ever came to his ears at all. From his own point of view, as he once expressed it to a friend, he "just did them, that is all, without thinking of anything else but that"; and this comment of his own, keeping their origin shrouded in the same bright mystery which so envelops them, adds, to my mind, the last expressive grace to his pictures.

As to Mr. Church's own personality, it shines visibly through all his work. I remember a young doctor's saying, as he looked at a photograph of "Desolation": "I wish I knew the man who painted that! He must be one of the best men in the world,—really good, you know, and full of understanding and human sympathy. You *can* tell what a painter is like by his pictures, can't you?" And when I agreed,—"What a friend this man would be!" he added, "you could trust him through thick and thin." Perhaps the only attribute of Mr. Church which his works do not disclose is his capacity for writing delightful, spontaneous letters, gay, and freely illustrated; and these (one of which is here reproduced) are treasured so carefully by his friends that no doubt they will some day be made public to the world.

It is too soon to assign Mr. Church his rightful place in the hierarchy of art. In democratic countries, where a Vermeer may be ignored and forgotten for centuries, and a Sir John Millais may be the people's idol, this can never be done with assurance during a man's lifetime. But two things are sure even now: whoever sees Mr. Church's pictures must be gladder for their existence and for his own; and whichever one of his countrymen reads the story of that splendid, independent, honest life, must be the prouder to be also an American.



The Fog.

By courtesy of Colonel Frank J. Hecker.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 7.

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